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THE HERMIT OF THE CRATER.—*The Crater.*

WORKS

IMORE COOPER

WALLINGFORD.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

NEW YORK:
P. F. COLLIER, PUBLISHER.
1891.

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THE CRATER.

PREFACE.

THE reader of this book will very naturally be disposed to ask the question, why the geographies, histories, and other works of a similar character, have never made any mention of the regions and events that compose its subject. The answer is obvious enough, and ought to satisfy every mind, however "inquiring." The fact is, that the authors of the different works to which there is any allusion, most probably never heard there were any such places as the Reef, Rancocus Island, Vulcan's Peak, the Crater, and the other islands of which so much is said in our pages. In other words, they knew nothing about them.

We shall very freely admit that, under ordinary circumstances, it would be *prima facie* evidence against the existence of any spot on the face of this earth, that the geographies took no notice of it. It will be remembered, however, that the time was, and that only three centuries and a half since, when the geographies did not contain a syllable about the whole of the American Continent; that it is not a century since they began to describe New Zealand, New Holland, Tahiti, Oahu, and a vast number of other places, that are now constantly alluded to, even in the daily journals. Very little is said in the largest geographies, of Japan, for instance; and it may be questioned if they might not just as well be altogether silent on the subject, as for any accurate information they do convey. In a word, much as is now known of the globe, a great deal still remains to be told, and we do not see why the "inquiring mind" should not seek for information in our pages, as well as in some that are ushered into public notice by a flourish of literary trumpets, that are blown by presidents, vice-presidents and secretaries of various learned bodies.

One thing we shall ever maintain, and that in the face of all who may be disposed to underrate the value of our labors, which is this:—there is not a word in these volumes which we now lay before the reader, *as grave matter of fact*, that is not entitled to the most implicit credit. We scorn deception. Lest, however, some cavilers may be found, we will present a few of those reasons which occur to our mind, on the spur of the moment, as tending to show that everything related here *might* be just as true as Cook's voyages themselves. In the first place, this earth is large, and has sufficient surface to contain, not only all the islands mentioned in our pages, but a great many more. Something is established when the possibility of any hypothetical point is placed beyond dispute. Then, not one half as much was known of the islands of the Pacific, at the close of the last, and at the commencement of the present century, as is known to-day. In such a dearth of precise information, it may very well have happened that many things occurred touching which we have not said even one word. Again, it should never be forgotten that generations were born, lived their time, died, and have been forgotten, among those remote groups, about which no civilized man ever has, or ever will hear anything. If such be admitted to be the facts, why may not *all* that is here related have happened, and equally escape the knowledge of the rest of the civilized world? During the wars

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all that region, as an Ithusy, or a Seneky, or a Dianthy, or an Antonizetty, or a Deidamy.* The Woolstons, in particular, were a plain family, and very unpretending in their external appearance, but of solid and highly respectable habits around the domestic hearth. Knowing perfectly how to spell they never dreamed any one would suspect them of ignorance. They called themselves as their forefathers were called, that is to say, Wooster, or just as Worcester is pronounced; though a Yankee schoolmaster tried for a whole summer to persuade our hero, when a child, that he ought to be styled Wool-ston. This had no effect on Mark, who went on talking of his uncles and aunts, "Josy Wooster," and "Tommy Wooster," and "Peggy Wooster," precisely as if a New England academy did not exist on earth; or as if Webster had not actually put Johnson under his feet!

The father of Mark Woolston (or Wooster) was a physician, and, for the country and age, was a well-educated and skillful man. Mark was born in 1777, just seventy years since, and only ten days before the surrender of Burgoyne. A good deal of attention was paid to his instruction, and fortunately for himself, his servitude under the eastern pedagogue was of very short duration, and Mark continued to speak the English language as his fathers had spoken it before him. The difference on the score of language, between Pennsylvania and New Jersey and Maryland, always keeping in the counties that were not settled by Germans or Irish, and the New England states, and *through* them, New York is really so obvious as to deserve a passing word. In the states first named, taverns, for instance, are still called the Dun Cow, the Indian Queen, or the Anchor; whereas such a thing would be hard to find at this day among the six millions of people who dwell in the latter. We question if there be such a thing as a coffee-house in all Philadelphia, though we admit it with grief, the respectable town of Brotherly Love has, in some respects, become infected with the spirit of innovation. Thus it is that good old "State House *Yard*" has been changed into "Independence Square." This certainly is not as bad as the *tour de force* of the aldermen of Manhattan, when they altered "Bear Market" into "*Washington* Market!" for it is not a prostitution of the name of a great man, in the first place, and there is a direct historical allusion in the new name that everybody can understand. Still, it is to be regretted; and we hope this will be the last thing of the sort that will ever occur, though we confess our confidence in Philadelphian stability and consistency is a good deal lessened, since we have learned, by means of a late law-suit, that there are fifty or sixty aldermen in the place; a number of those worthies that is quite sufficient to upset the proprieties in Athens itself!

Dr. Woolston had a competitor in another physician, who lived within a mile of him, and whose name was Yardley. Dr. Yardley was a very respectable person, had about the same degree of talents and knowledge as his neighbor and rival, but was much the richer man of the two. Dr. Yardley, however, had but one child, a daughter, whereas Dr. Woolston, with much less of means, had sons and daughters. Mark was the oldest of the family, and it was probably owing to this circumstance that he was so well educated, since the expense was not yet to be shared with that of keeping his brothers and sisters at schools of the some character.

In 1777, an American college was little better than a high school. It could not be called, in strictness, a grammar school, inasmuch as all the sciences were glanced at, if not studied; but, as respects the classics, more than a grammar school it was not, nor that of a very high order. It was a consequence of the light nature of the studies that mere boys graduated in those institutions. Such was the case with Mark Woolston, who would have taken his degree as a Bachelor of Arts, at

* Absurd and forced as these strange appellations may appear, they are all genuine. The writer has collected a long list of such names from real life, which he may one day publish—Orchistra, Philena, and Almina are among them. To all the names ending in a, it must be remembered that the sound of a final y is given.

Nassau Hall, Princeton, had no tan event occurred, in his sixteenth year, which produced an entire change in his plan of life, and nipped his academical honors in the bud.

Although it is unusual for square-rigged vessels of any size to ascend the Delaware higher than Philadelphia, the river is, in truth, navigable for such craft almost to Trenton Bridge. In the year 1793, when Mark Woolston was just sixteen, a full-rigged ship actually came up, and lay at the end of the wharf in Burlington, the little town nearly opposite to Bristol, where she attracted a great deal of the attention of all the youths of the vicinity. Mark was at home, in a vacation, and he passed half his time in and about that ship, crossing the river in a skiff of which he was the owner, in order to do so. From that hour young Mark affected the sea, and all the tears of his mother and eldest sister, the latter a pretty girl only two years his junior, and the more sober advice of his father, could not induce him to change his mind. A six weeks' vacation was passed in the discussion of this subject, when the Doctor yielded to his son's importunities, probably foreseeing he should have his hands full to educate his other children, and not unwilling to put this child, as early as possible, in the way of supporting himself.

The commerce of America, in 1793, was already flourishing, and Philadelphia was then much the most important place in the country. Its East India trade, in particular, was very large and growing, and Dr. Woolston knew that fortunes were rapidly made by many engaged in it. After turning the thing well over in his mind, he determined to consult Mark's inclinations, and to make a sailor of him. He had a cousin married to the sister of an East India, or rather of a Canton shipmaster, and to this person the father applied for advice and assistance. Captain Crutchely very willingly consented to receive Mark in his own vessel, the *Rancocus*, and promised "to make a man and an officer of him."

The very day Mark first saw the ocean he was sixteen years old. He had got his height, five feet eleven, and was strong for his years and active. In fact, it would not have been easy to find a lad every way so well adapted to his new calling, as young Mark Woolston. The three years of his college life, if they had not made him a Newton, or a Bacon, had done him no harm, filling his mind with the germs of ideas that were destined afterward to become extremely useful to him. The young man was already, indeed, a sort of factotum, being clever and handy at so many things and in so many different ways, as early to attract the attention of the officers. Long before the vessel reached the capes, he was at home in her, from her truck to her keelson, and Captain Crutchely remarked to his chief mate, the day they got to sea, that "young Mark Woolston was likely to turn up a trump."

As for Mark himself, he did not lose sight of the land, for the first time in his life, altogether without regrets. He had a good deal of feeling in connection with his parents, and his brothers and sisters; but, as it is our aim to conceal nothing which ought to be revealed, we must add there was still another who filled his thoughts more than all the rest united. This person was Bridget Yardley, the only child of his father's most formidable professional competitor.

The two physicians were obliged to keep up a sickly intercourse, not intending a pun. They were too often called in to consult together to maintain an open war. While the heads of their respective families occasionally met, therefore, at the bedside of their patients, the families themselves had no direct communications. It is true, that Mrs. Woolston and Mrs. Yardley were occasionally to be seen seated at the same tea-table, taking their hyson in company, for the recent trade with China had expelled the bohea from most of the better parlors of the country; nevertheless, these good ladies could not get to be cordial with each other. They themselves had a difference on religious points, that was almost as bitter as the differences of opinions between their husbands on the subject of alteratives. In

that distant day, homœopathy, and allopathy, and hydropathy, and all the opathies, were nearly unknown; but men could wrangle and abuse each other on medical points just as well and as bitterly then as they do now. Religion, too, quite as often failed to bear its proper fruits, in 1793, as it proves barren in these, our own times. On this subject of religion, we have one word to say, and that is, simply, that it never was a meet matter for self-gratulation and boasting. Here we have the Americo-Anglican church, just as it has finished a blast of trumpets, through the medium of numberless periodicals and a thousand letters from its confiding if not confident clergy, in honor of its quiet, and harmony, and superior polity, suspended on the very brink of the precipice of separation, if not of schism, and all because it has pleased certain ultra sublimated divines in the other hemisphere to write a parcel of tracts that nobody understands, themselves included. How many even of the ministers of the altar fall, at the very moment they are beginning to fancy themselves saints, and are ready to thank God they are "not like the publicans!"

Both Mrs. Woolston and Mrs. Yardley were what is called "pious"; that is, each said her prayers, each went to her particular church, and very *particular* churches they were; each fancied she had a sufficiency of saving faith, but neither was charitable enough to think in a very friendly temper of the other. This difference of religious opinion, added to the rival reputations of their husbands, made these ladies anything but good neighbors, and, as has been intimated, years had passed since either had entered the door of the other.

Very different was the feeling of the children. Anne Woolston, the oldest sister of Mark, and Bridget Yardley, were nearly of an age, and they were not only schoolmates, but fast friends. To give their mothers their due, they did not lessen this intimacy by hints or intimations of any sort, but let the girls obey their own tastes, as if satisfied it was quite sufficient for "professors of religion" to hate in their own persons, without entailing the feeling on posterity. Anne and Bridget consequently became warm friends, the two sweet, pretty young things both believing, in the simplicity of their hearts, that the very circumstance which in truth caused the alienation, not to say the hostility of the elder members of their respective families, viz., professional identity, was an additional reason why *they* should love each other so much the more. The girls were about two and three years the juniors of Mark, but well grown for their time of life, and frank and affectionate as innocence and warm hearts could make them. Each was more than pretty, though it was in styles so very different as scarcely to produce any of that other sort of rivalry, which is so apt to occur even in the gentler sex. Anne had bloom and features and fine teeth, and, a charm that is so very common in America, a good mouth; but Bridget had all these added to expression. Nothing could be more soft, gentle and feminine than Bridget Yardley's countenance in its ordinary state of rest; or more spirited, laughing, buoyant or pitying than it became as the different passions or feelings were excited in her young bosom.

As Mark was often sent to see his sister home, in her frequent visits to the madam's house, where the two girls held most of their intercourse, he was naturally enough admitted into their association. The connection commenced by Mark's agreeing to be Bridget's brother, as well as Anne's. This was generous, at least; for Bridget was an only child, and it was no more than right to repair the wrongs of fortune in this particular. The charming young thing declared that she would "rather have Mark Woolston for her brother than any other boy in Bristol; and that it was delightful to have the same person for a brother as Anne!" Notwithstanding this flight in the romantic, Bridget Yardley was as natural as it was possible for a female in a reasonably civilized condition of society to be. There was a vast deal of excellent, feminine self-devotion in her temperament, but not a

particle of the exaggerated, in either sentiment or feeling. True as steel in all her impulses and opinions, in adopting Mark for a brother she merely yielded to a strong natural sympathy, without understanding its tendency or its origin. She would talk by the hour with Anne touching *their* brother, and what they must make him do, and where he must go with them, and in what they could oblige him most. The real sister was less active than her friend, in mind and body, and she listened to all these schemes and notions with a quiet submission that was not entirely free from wonder.

The result of all this intercourse was to awaken a feeling between Mark and Bridget, that was far more profound than might have been thought in breasts so young, and which colored their future lives. Mark first became conscious of the strength of this feeling when he lost sight of the Capes, and fancied the dear little Bucks County girl he had left behind him, talking with his sister of his own absence and risks. But Mark had too much of the true spirit of a sailor in him to pine or neglect his duty; and, long ere the ship had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, he had become an active and handy lad aloft. When the ship reached the China seas, he actually took his trick at the helm.

As was usual in that day, the voyage of the *Rancocus* lasted about a twelve-month. If John Chinaman were only one-half as active as Jonathan Restless, it might be disposed of in about one-fourth less time; but teas are not transported along the canals of the Celestial Empire with anything like the rapidity with which wheat was sent to market over the rough roads of the Great Republic, in the age of which we are writing.

When Mark Woolston reappeared in Bristol, after the arrival of the *Rancocus* below had been known there about twenty-four hours, he was the envy of all the lads in the place, and the admiration of most of the girls. There he was, a tall, straight, active, well-made, well-grown, and decidedly handsome lad of seventeen, who had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, seen foreign parts, and had a real India handkerchief hanging out of each pocket of a blue roundabout of superfine cloth, besides one around his half-open well-formed throat, that was carelessly tied in a true sailor knot! The questions he had to answer, and *did* answer, about whales, Chinese feet, and "mountain waves!" Although Bristol lies on a navigable river, up and down which frigates had actually been seen to pass in the Revolution, it was but little that its people knew of the ocean. Most of the worthy inhabitants of the place actually fancied that the waves of the sea were as high as mountains, though their notions of the last were not very precise, there being no elevations in that part of the country fit even for a windmill.

But Mark cared little for these interrogatories. He was happy; happy enough at being the object of so much attention; happier still in the bosom of a family of which he had always been the favorite and was now the pride; and happiest of all when he half ravished a kiss from the blushing cheek of Bridget Yardley. Twelve months had done a great deal for each of the young couple. If they had not quite made a man of Mark, they had made him manly, and his *soi-disant* sister wondered that any one could be so much improved by a sea-faring life. As for Bridget, herself, she was just bursting into young womanhood, resembling the bud as its leaves of green are opening to permit those of the deepest rose-colored tint to be seen, before they expand into the full-blown flower. Mark was more than delighted, he was fascinated; and young as they were, the month he passed at home sufficed to enable him to tell his passion, and to obtain a half-ready, half-timid acceptance of the offer of his hand. All this time, the parents of these very youthful lovers were as profoundly ignorant of what was going on, as their children were unobservant of the height to which professional competition had carried hostilities between their respective parents. Doctors Woolston and Yardley no longer met even in consultations; or, if they did meet in the house of some patient whose patron-

age was of too much value to be slighted, it was only to dispute, and sometimes absolutely to quarrel.

At the end of one short month, however, Mark was once more summoned to his post on board the *Rancocus*, temporarily putting an end to his delightful interviews with Bridget. The lovers had made Anne their confidant, and she, well-meaning girl, seeing no sufficient reason why the son of one respectable physician should not be a suitable match for the daughter of another respectable physician, encouraged them in their vows of constancy, and pledges to become man and wife at a future, but an early day. To some persons all this may seem exceedingly improper, as well as extremely precocious; but the truth compels us to say, that its impropriety was by no means as obvious as its precocity. The latter it certainly was, though Mark had shot up early, and was a man at a time of life when lads, in less genial climates, scarcely get tails to their coats; but its impropriety must evidently be measured by the habits of the state of society in which the parties were brought up, and by the duties that had been inculcated. In America, then, as now, but little heed was taken by parents, more especially in what may be called the middle classes, concerning the connections thus formed by their children. So long as the parties were moral, bore good characters, had nothing particular against them, and were of something near the same social station, little else was asked for; or, if more were actually required, it was usually when it was too late, and after the young people had got themselves too deeply in love to allow ordinary prudential reasons to have their due force.

Mark went to sea this time, dragging after him a "lengthening chain," but nevertheless filled with hope. His years forbade much despondency, and while he remained as constant as if he had been a next-door neighbor, he was buoyant and the life of the whole crew, after the first week out. This voyage was not direct to Canton, like the first; but the ship took a cargo of sugar to Amsterdam, and thence went to London, where she got a freight for Cadiz. The war of the French Revolution was now blazing in all the heat of its first fires, and American bottoms were obtaining a large portion of the carrying trade of the world. Captain Crutchely had orders to keep the ship in Europe, making the most of her, until a certain sum in Spanish dollars could be collected, when he was to fill up with provisions and water, and again make the best of his way to Canton. In obeying these instructions, he went from port to port; and as a sort of consequence of having Quaker owners, turning his peaceful character to great profit, thus giving Mark many opportunities of seeing as much of what is called the world as can be found in seaports. Great, indeed, is the difference between places that are merely the marts of commerce and those that are really political capitals of large countries! No one can be aware of, or can fully appreciate the many points of difference that, in reality, exist between such places, who has not seen each, and that sufficiently near to be familiar with both. Some places, of which London is the most remarkable example, enjoy both characters; and when this occurs, the town gets to possess a tone that is even less provincial and narrow, if possible, than that which is to be found in a place that merely rejoices in a court. This it is which renders Naples, insignificant as its commerce comparatively is, superior to Vienna, and Genoa to Florence.

While it would be folly to pretend that Mark, in his situation, obtained the most accurate notions imaginable of all he saw and heard, in his visits to Amsterdam, London, Cadiz, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Leghorn, Gibraltar, and two or three other ports that might be mentioned and to which he went, he did glean a good deal, some of which was useful to him in after life. He lost no small portion of the provincial rust of home, moreover, and began to understand the vast difference between "seeing the world" and "going to meeting and going to mill."* In addition to

* This last phrase has often caused the writer to smile, when he has heard a countryman say, with a satisfied air, as is so often the case in this good re-

these advantages, Mark was transferred from the forecastle to the cabin before the ship sailed for Canton. The practice of near two years had made him a very tolerable sailor, and his previous education made the study of navigation easy to him. In that day there was a scarcity of officers in America, and a young man of Mark's advantages, physical and moral, was certain to get on rapidly, provided he only behaved well. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that our young sailor got to be the second mate of the *Rancocus* before he had quite completed his eighteenth year.

The voyage from London to Canton, and thence home to Philadelphia, consumed about ten months. The *Rancocus* was a fast vessel, but she could not impart her speed to the Chinamen. It followed that Mark wanted but a few weeks of being nineteen years old the day his ship passed Cape May, and what was more, he had the promise of Captain Crutchely of sailing with him as his first officer in the next voyage. With that promise in his mind, Mark hastened up the river to Bristol as soon as he was clear of the vessel.

Bridget Yardley had now fairly budded, to pursue the figure with which we commenced the description of this blooming flower, and, if not actually expanded into perfect womanhood, was so near it as to show beyond all question that the promises of her childhood were to be very amply redeemed. Mark found her in black, however; or, in mourning for her mother. An only child, this serious loss had thrown her more than ever in the way of Anne, the parents on both sides winking at an association that could do no harm, and which might prove so useful. It was very different, however, with the young sailor. He had not been a fortnight at home, and getting to be intimate with the roof-tree of Doctor Yardley, before that person saw fit to pick a quarrel with him, and to forbid him his house. As the dispute was wholly gratuitous on the part of the doctor, Mark behaving with perfect propriety on the occasion, it may be well to explain its real cause. The fact was, that Bridget was a heiress; if not on a very large scale, still an heiress, and, what was more, unalterably so in right of her mother; and the thought that a son of his competitor, Doctor Woolston, should profit by this fact, was utterly insupportable to him. Accordingly he quarreled with Mark, the instant he was apprised of the character of his attentions, and forbade him the house.

To do Mark justice, he knew nothing of Bridget's worldly possessions. That she was beautiful, and warm-hearted, and frank, and sweet-tempered, and feminine, and affectionate, he both saw and felt; but beyond this he neither saw anything, nor cared about seeing anything. The young sailor was as profoundly ignorant that Bridget was the actual owner of certain three per cents. that brought twelve hunderd a year, as if she did not own a "copper," as it was the fashion of that period to say, "*cents*" being then very little, if at all, used. Nor did he know anything of the farm she had inherited from her mother, or of the store in town, that brought three hundred and fifty more in rent. It is true that some allusions were made to these matters by Doctor Yardley, in his angry comment on the Woolston family generally, Anne always excepted, and in whose favor he made a salvo, even in the height of his denunciations. Still Mark thought so much of that which was really estimable and admirable in Bridget, and so little of anything mercenary, that even after these revelations he could not comprehend the causes of Dr. Yardley's harsh treatment of him. During the whole scene, which was purposely enacted in the presence of his wondering and trembling daughter,

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public, that "such or such a thing here is good enough for *me;*" meaning that he questions if there be anything of the sort that is better anywhere else. It was uttered many years since by a shrewd Quaker in West-Chester, who was contending with a neighbor on a subject that the other endeavored to defend by alluding to the extent of his own observation. "Oh, yes, Josy," answered the Friend, "thee's been to meeting and thee's been to mill, and thee knows all about it!" America is full of travelers who have been to meeting and who have been to mill. This it is which makes it unnecessarily provincial.

Mark behaved perfectly well. He had a respect for the Doctor's years, as well as for Bridget's father, and would not retort. After waiting as long as he conceived waiting could be of any use, he seized his hat, and left the room with an air of resentment that Bridget construed into the expression of an intention never to speak to any of them again. But Mark Woolston was governed by no such design, as the sequel will show.

CHAPTER II.

"She's not fourteen."
"I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

DIVINE wisdom has commanded us to "Honor your father and your mother." Observant travelers affirm that less respect is paid to parents in America than is usual in Christian nations—we say *Christian* nations; for many of the heathen, the Chinese for instance, worship them, though probably with an allegorical connection that we do not understand. That the parental tie is more loose in this country than in most others we believe, and there is a reason to be found for it in the migratory habits of the people, and in the general looseness in all the ties that connect men with the past. The laws on the subject of matrimony, moreover, are so very lax, intercourse is so simple and has so many facilities, and the young of the two sexes are left so much to themselves, that it is no wonder children form that connection so often without reflection and contrary to the wishes of their friends. Still, the law of God is there, and we are among those who believe that a neglect of its mandates is very apt to bring its punishment, even in this world, and we are inclined to think that much of that which Mark and Bridget subsequently suffered, was in consequence of acting directly in the face of the wishes and injunctions of their parents.

The scene which had taken place under the roof of Doctor Yardley was soon known under that of Doctor Woolston. Although the last individual was fully aware that Bridget was what was then esteemed rich, at Bristol, he cared not for her money. The girl he liked well enough, and in secret even admired her as much as he could find it in his heart to admire anything of Doctor Yardley's; but the indignity was one he was by no means inclined to overlook, and, in his turn, he forbade all intercourse between the girls. These two bitter pills, thus administered by the village doctors to their respective patients, made the young people very miserable. Bridget loved Anne almost as much as she loved Mark, and she began to pine and alter in her appearance, in a way to alarm her father. In order to divert her mind, he sent her to town, to the care of an aunt, altogether forgetting that Mark's ship lay at the wharves of Philadelphia, and that he could not have sent his daughter to any place, out of Bristol, where the young man would be so likely to find her. This danger the good doctor entirely overlooked, or, if he thought of it at all, he must have fancied that his sister would keep a sharp eye on the movements of the young sailor, and forbid him *her* house too.

Everything turned out as the Doctor ought to have expected. When Mark joined his ship, of which he was now the first officer, he sought Bridget and found her. The aunt, however, administered to him the second portion of the same dose that her brother had originally dealt out, and gave him to understand that his presence in Front Street was not desired. This irritated both the young people, Bridget being far less disposed to submit to her aunt than to her father, and they met clandestinely in the streets. A week or two of this intercourse brought matters to a crisis, and Bridget consented to a private marriage. The idea of again going to sea, leaving his betrothed entirely in the hands of those who disliked him for his father's sake, was intolerable to Mark, and it made him so miserable, that the tenderness of the deeply enamored girl could not withstand his appeals. They agreed to get married, but to keep their union a secret until Mark should become

of age, when it was hoped he would be in a condition, in every point of view, openly to claim his wife.

A thing of this sort, once decided on, is easily enough put in execution in America. Among Mark's college friends was one who was a few years older than himself, and who had entered the ministry. This young man was then acting as a sort of missionary among the seamen of the port, and he had fallen in the way of the young lover the very first day of his return to his ship. It was an easy matter to work on the good nature of this easy-minded man, who, on hearing the ill treatment offered to his friend, was willing enough to perform the ceremony. Everything being previously arranged, Mark and Bridget were married, early one morning, during the time the latter was out, in company with a female friend of about her own age, to take what her aunt believed was her customary walk before breakfast. Philadelphia, in 1796, was not the town it is to-day. It then lay, almost entirely, on the shores of the Delaware, those of the Schuylkill being completely in the country. What was more, the best quarters were still near the river, and the distance between the *Rancocus*—meaning Mark's ship, and not the creek of that name—and the house of Bridget's aunt, was but trifling. The ceremony took place in the cabin of the vessel just named, which now that the captain was ashore in his own house, Mark had all to himself, no second-mate having been shipped, and which was by no means an inappropriate place for the nuptials of a pair like that which our young people turned out to be, in the end.

The *Rancocus*, though not a large, was a very fine, Philadelphia-built ship, then the best vessels of the country. She was of a little less than four hundred tons in measurement, but she had a very neat and commodious poop-cabin. Captain Crutchely had a thrifty wife, who had contributed her full share to render her husband comfortable, and Bridget thought that the room in which she was united to Mark was one of the prettiest she had ever seen. The reader, however, is not to imagine it a cabin ornamented with marble columns, rose-wood, and the maples, as so often happens nowadays. No such extravagance was dreamed of fifty years ago; but, as far as judicious arrangements, neat joiner's work, and appropriate furniture went, the cabin of the *Rancocus* was a very respectable little room. The circumstance that it was on deck contributed largely to its appearance and comfort, sunken cabins, or those below decks, being necessarily much circumscribed in small ships, in consequence of being placed in a part of the vessel that is contracted in its dimensions under water, in order to help their sailing qualities.

The witnesses of the union of our hero and heroine were the female friend of Bridget named, the officiating clergyman, and one seaman who had sailed with the bridegroom in all his voyages, and who was now retained on board the vessel as a ship-keeper, intending to go out in her again, as soon as she should be ready for sea. The name of this mariner was Betts, or Bob Betts as he was commonly called; and as he acts a conspicuous part in the events to be recorded, it may be well to say a word or two more of his history and character. Bob Betts was a Jerseyman—or, as he would have pronounced the word himself, a Jarseyman—in the American meaning of the word, however, and not in the English. Bob was born in Cape May County, and in the *State* of New Jersey, United States of America. At the period of which we are now writing he must have been about five-and-thirty, and seemingly a confirmed bachelor. The windows of Bob's father's house looked out upon the Atlantic Ocean, and he snuffed sea air from the hour of his birth. At eight years of age he was placed as cabin-boy on board a coaster; and from that time down to the moment when he witnessed the marriage ceremony between Mark and Bridget he had been a sailor. Throughout the whole war of the Revolution Bob had served in the navy, in some vessel or other, and with great good luck, never having been made a prisoner of war. In connection with this circum-

stance was one of the besetting weaknesses of his character. As often happens to men of no very great breadth of views, Bob had a notion that that which he had so successfully escaped, viz., captivity, other men, too, might have escaped had they been equally as clever. Thus it was that he had an ill-concealed, or only half-concealed contempt for such seamen as suffered themselves, at any time or under any circumstances, to fall into the enemies' hands. On all other subjects Bob was not only rational, but a very discreet and shrewd fellow, though on that he was often harsh and sometimes absurd. But the best men have their weakness, and this was Bob Betts's.

Captain Crutchely had picked up Bob, just after the peace of 1783, and had kept him with him ever since. It was to Bob that he had committed the instruction of Mark, when the latter first joined the ship, and from Bob the youth had got his earliest notions of seamanship. In his calling Bob was full of resources, and, as often happens with the American sailor, he was even handy at a great many other things, and particularly so with whatever related to practical mechanics. Then he was of vast physical force, standing six feet two in his stockings, and was round-built and solid. Bob had one sterling quality—he was as fast a friend as ever existed. In this respect he was a model of fidelity, never seeing a fault in those he loved, or a good quality in those he disliked. His attachment to Mark was signal, and he looked on the promotion of the young man much as he would have regarded preferment that befell himself. In the last voyage he had told the people in the forecastle "That young Mark Woolston would make a thorough sea-dog in time, and now he had got to be *Mr.* Woolston, he expected great things of him. The happiest day of my life will be that on which I can ship in a craft commanded by *Captain* Mark Woolston. I teached him myself how to break the first sea-biscuit he ever tasted, and next day he could do it as well as any on us! You see how handy and quick he is about a vessel's decks, shipmates; a ra'al rouser at a weather earin'—well, when he first come aboard here, and that was little more than two years ago, the smell of tar would almost make him swound away." The latter assertion was one of Bob's embellishments, for Mark was never either lackadaisical or very delicate. The young man cordially returned Bob's regard, and the two were sincere friends, without any phrases on the subject.

Bob Betts was the only male witness of the marriage between Mark Woolston and Bridget Yardley, with the exception of the officiating clergyman; as Mary Bromley was the only female. Duplicate certificates, however, were given to the young couple, Mark placing his in his writing-desk, and Bridget hers in the bosom of her dress. Five minutes after the ceremony was ended, the whole party separated, the girls returning to their respective residences, and the clergyman going his way, leaving the mate and the ship-keeper together on the vessel's deck. The latter did not speak, so long as he saw the bridegroom's eyes fastened on the light form of the bride, as the latter went swiftly up the retired wharf where the ship was lying, on her way to Front Street, accompanied by her young friend. But, no sooner had Bridget turned a corner, and Bob saw that the attraction was no longer in view, than he thought it becoming to put in a word.

"A trim-built and light-sailing craft, Mr. Woolston," he said, turning over the quid in his mouth; "one of these days she'll make a noble vessel to command."

"She is my captain, and ever will be, Bob," returned Mark. "But you'll be silent concerning what has passed."

"Ay, ay, sir. It is not my business to keep a log for all the women in the country to chatter about, like so many monkeys that have found a bag of nuts. But what was the meaning of the parson's saying, 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow'—does that make you any richer, or any poorer, sir?"

"Neither," answered Mark, smiling. "It leaves me just where I was, Bob, and where I am likely to be for some time to come, I fear."

"And has the young woman nothing herself, sir? Sometimes a body picks up a comfortable chestful with these sort of things, as they tell me, sir."

"I believe Bridget is as poor as I am myself, Bob, and that is saying all that can be said on such a point. However, I've secured her now, and two years hence I'll claim her, if she has not a second gown to wear. I dare say the old man will be for turning her adrift with as little as possible."

All this was a proof of Mark's entire disinterestedness. He did not know that his young bride had quite thirty thousand dollars in reversion, or in one sense in possession, although she could derive no benefit from it until she was of age, or married, and past her eighteenth year. This fact her husband did not learn for several days after his marriage, when his bride communicated it to him, with a proposal that he should quit the sea and remain with her for life. Mark was very much in love, but this scheme scarce afforded him the satisfaction that one might have expected. He was attached to his profession, and scarce relished the thought of being dependent altogether on his wife for the means of subsistence. The struggle between love and pride was great, but Mark, at length, yielded to Bridget's blandishments, tenderness and tears. They could only meet at the house of Mary Bromley, the bridesmaid, but then the interviews between them were as frequent as Mark's duty would allow. The result was that Bridget prevailed, and the young husband went up to Bristol and candidly related all that had passed, thus revealing, in less than a week, a secret which was intended should remain hid for at least two years.

Doctor Woolston was sorely displeased, at first; but the event had that about it which would be apt to console a parent. Bridget was not only young, and affectionate, and beautiful, and truthful; but, according to the standard of Bristol, she was rich. There was consolation in all this, notwithstanding professional rivalry and personal dislikes. We are not quite certain that he did not feel a slight gratification at the thought of his son's enjoying the fortune which his rival had received from his wife, and which, but for that will of the grandfather, would have been enjoyed by that rival himself. Nevertheless the good Doctor did his duty in the premises. He communicated the news of the marriage to Doctor Yardley in a very civilly-worded note, which left a fair opening for a settlement of all difficulties, had the latter been so pleased. The latter did not so please, however, but exploded in a terrible burst of passion, which almost carried him off in a fit of apoplexy.

Escaping all physical dangers in the end, Doctor Yardley went immediately to Philadelphia and brought his daughter home. Both Mark and Bridget now felt that they had offended against one of the simplest commands of God. They had *not* honored their father and their mother, and even thus early came the consciousness of their offense. It was in Mark's power, however, to go and claim his wife and remove her to his father's house, notwithstanding his minority and that of Bridget. In this last respect, the law offered no obstacle; but the discretion of Doctor Woolston did. This gentleman, through the agency of a common friend, had an interview with his competitor, and they talked the matter over in a tolerably composed and reasonable temper. Both the parents, as medical men, agreed that it would be better that the young couple should not live together for two or three years, the very tender age of Bridget, in particular, rendering this humane as well as discreet. Nothing was said of the fortune, which mollified Doctor Yardley a good deal, since he would be left to manage it, or at least to receive the income so long as no legal claimant interfered with his control. Elderly gentlemen submit very easily to this sort of influence. Then, Doctor Woolston was exceedingly polite, and spoke to his rival of a difficult case in his own practice, as if indirectly to ask an opinion of his competitor. All this contributed to render the interview more amicable than had been hoped, and the parties

separated, if not friends, at least with an understanding on the subject of future proceedings.

It was decided that Mark should continue in the *Rancocus* for another voyage. It was known the ship was to proceed to some of the islands of the Pacific, in quest of a cargo of sandal-wood and bêche-lêmar, for the Chinese market, and that her next absence from home would be longer, even, than her last. By the time the vessel returned, Mark would be of age, and fit to command a ship himself, should it be thought expedient for him to continue in his profession. During the period the vessel still remained in port, Mark was to pay occasional visits to his wife, though not to live with her; but the young couple might correspond by letter, as often as they pleased. Such was an outline of the treaty made between the high contracting parties.

In making these arrangements, Doctor Yardley was partly influenced by a real paternal interest in the welfare of his daughter, whom he thought altogether too young to enter on the duties and cares of the married life. Below the surface, however, existed an indefinite hope that something might yet occur to prevent the consummation of this most unfortunate union, as he deemed the marriage to be, and thus enable him to get rid of the hateful connection altogether. How this was to happen, the worthy doctor certainly did not know. This was because he lived in 1796, iustead of in 1847. Nowadays, nothing is easier than to separate a man from his wife, unless it be to obtain civic honors for a murderer. Dr. Yardley, at the present moment, would have coolly gone to work to get up a lamentable tale about his daughter's fortune and youth, and her not knowing her own mind when she married, and a ship's cabin, and a few other embellishments of that sort, when the worthy and benevolent statesmen who compose the different legislatures of this vast Union would have been ready to break their necks, in order to pass a bill of divorce.

Had there been a child or two, it would have made no great difference, for means would have been devised to give the custody of them to the mother. This would have been done, quite likely, for the first five years of the lives of the dear little things, because the children would naturally require a mother's care; and afterward, because the precocious darlings, at the mature age of seven, would declare, in open court, that they really loved "ma" more than they did "pa!" To write a little plainly on a very important subject, we are of opinion that a new name ought to be adopted for the form of government which is so fast creeping into this country. New things require new names; and, were Solomon now living, we will venture to predict two things of him, viz., he would change his mind on the subject of novelties, and he would never go to Congress. As for the new name, we would respectfully suggest that of Gossipian, in lieu of that of Republican, gossip fast becoming the lever that moves everything in the land. The newspapers, true to their instincts of consulting the ruling tastes, deal much more in gossip than they deal in reason; the courts admit it as evidence; the juries receive it as fact, as well as the law; and as for the legislatures, let a piteous tale but circulate freely in the lobbies, and bearded men, like Juliet when a child, as described by her nurse, will "stint and cry, ay!" In a word, principles and proof are in much less esteem than assertions and numbers, backed with enough of which, anything may be made to appear as legal, or even constitutional.

But neither of our doctors entered into all these matters. It was enough for them that the affair of the marriage was disposed of, for a time at least, and things were permitted to drop into their ancient channels. The intercourse between Bridget and Anne was renewed, just as if nothing had happened, and Mark's letters to his virgin bride were numerous, and filled with passion. The ship was "taking in," and he could only leave her late on Saturday afternoons, but each Sunday he contrived to pass in Bristol. On such occasions he saw his charming wife at church, and he walked with her in the fields, along with Anne and a favored ad-

mirer of hers, of an afternoon, returning to town in season to be at his post on the opening of the hatches, of a Monday morning.

In less than a month after the premature marriage between Mark Woolston and Bridget Yardley, the *Rancocus* cleared for the Pacific and Canton. The bridegroom found one day to pass in Bristol, and Doctor Yardley so far pitied his daughter's distress as to consent that the two girls should go to town under his own care, and see the young man off. This concession was received with the deepest gratitude, and made the young people momentarily very happy. The Doctor even consented to visit the ship, which Captain Crutchely, laughing, called St. Mark's Chapel, in consequence of the religious rite which had been performed on board her. Mrs. Crutchely was there, on the occasion of this visit, attending to her husband's comforts, by fitting curtains to his berth, and looking after matters in general in the cabin; and divers jokes were ventured by the honest ship-master, in making his comments on, and giving his opinion of the handiwork of his own consort. He made Bridget blush more than once, though her enduring tenderness in behalf of Mark induced her to sit out all the captain's wit, rather than to shorten a visit so precious one moment.

The final parting was an hour of bitter sorrow. Even Mark's young heart, manly, and much disposed to do his duty as he was, was near breaking; while Bridget almost dissolved in tears. They could not but think how long that separation was to last, though they did not anticipate by what great and mysterious events it was to be prolonged. It was enough for them that they were to live asunder two whole years; and two whole years appear like an age, to those who have not yet lived their four lustrums. But the final moment must and did arrive, and the young people were compelled to tear themselves asunder, though the parting was like that of soul and body. The bride hung on the bridegroom's neck, as the tendril clings to its support, until removed by gentle violence.

Bridget did not give up her hold upon Mark so long as even his vessel remained in sight. She went with Anne, in a carriage, as low as the Point, and saw the *Rancocus* pass swiftly down the river, on this its fourth voyage, bearing those in her who as little dreamed of their fate as the unconscious woods and metals, themselves, of which the ship was constructed. Mark felt his heart beat, when he saw a woman's handkerchief waving to him from the shore, and a fresh burst of tenderness nearly unmanned him, when, by the aid of the glass, he recognized the sweet countenance and fairy figure of Bridget. Ten minutes later, the distance and interposing objects separated that young couple for many a weary day!

A few days at sea restored the equanimity of Mark's feelings, while the poignant grief of Bridget did not fail to receive the solace which time brings to sorrows of every degree and nature. They thought of each other often, and tenderly; but, the pain of parting over, they both began to look forward to the joys of meeting, with the buoyancy and illusions that hope is apt to impart to the bosoms of the young and inexperienced. Little did either dream of what was to occur before their eyes were to be again gladdened with the sight of their respective forms.

Mark found in his stateroom—for, in the *Rancocus*, the cabin was fitted with four neat little staterooms, one for the captain, and two for the mates, with a fourth for the supercargo—many proofs of Bridget's love and care. Mrs. Crutchely, herself, though so much longer experienced, had scarcely looked after the Captain's comfort with more judgment, and certainly not with greater solicitude, than this youthful bride had expended on her bridegroom's room. In that day, artists were not very numerous in America, nor is it very probable that Doctor Yardley would have permitted his daughter to take so decided a step as to sit for her miniature for Mark's possession; but she had managed to get her profile cut, and to have it framed, and the mate discovered it placed carefully among his

effects, when only a week out. From this profile Mark derived the greatest consolation. It was a good one, and Bridget happened to have a face that would tell in that sort of thing, so that the husband had no difficulty in recognizing the wife, in this little image. There it was, with the very pretty slight turn of the head to one side, that in Bridget was both natural and graceful. Mark spent hours in gazing at and in admiring this inanimate shadow of his bride, which never failed to recall to him all her grace, and nature, and tenderness and love, though it could not convey any direct expression of her animation and spirit.

It is said ships have no Sundays. The meaning of this is merely that a vessel must perform her work, week-days and sabbaths, day and night, in fair or foul. The *Rancocus* formed no exception to the rule, and on she traveled, having a road before her that it would require months ere the end of it could be found. It is not our intention to dwell on the details of this long voyage, for two reasons. One is the fact that most voyages to the southern extremity of the American Continent are marked by the same incidents; and the other is, that we have much other matter to relate, that must be given with great attention to minutiæ, and which we think will have much more interest with the reader.

Captain Crutchely touched at Rio for supplies, as is customary; and, after passing a week in that most delightful of all havens, went his way. The passage round the Horn was remarkable neither way. It could not be called a very boisterous one, neither was the weather unusually mild. Ships do double this cape, occasionally, under their top-gallant-sails, and we have heard of one vessel that did not furl her royals for several days, while off that formidable headland; but these cases form the exception and not the rule. The *Rancocus* was under close-reefed topsails for the better part of a fortnight, in beating to the southward and westward, it blowing very fresh the whole time; and she might have been twice as long struggling with the southwesterly gales, but for the fortunate circumstance of the winds veering so far to the southward as to permit her to lay her course, when she made a great run to the westward.

When the wind again hauled, as haul it was almost certain to do, Captain Crutchely believed himself in a meridian that would admit of his running with an easy bowline, on the larboard tack. No one but a sailor can understand the effect of checking the weather-braces, if it be only for a few feet, and of getting a weather-leach to stand without "swinging-out" on its bowline. It has much the same influence on the progress of a ship that an eloquent speech has on the practice of an advocate, a great cure or a skillful operation on that of a medical man, or a lucky hit in trade on the fortunes of the young merchant. Away all go alike, if not absolutely with flowing sheets, easily, swiftly, and with less of labor than was their wont. Thus did it now prove with the good ship *Rancocus*. Instead of struggling hard with the seas to get three knots ahead, she now made her six, and kept all, or nearly all, she made. When she saw the land again, it was found there was very little to spare, but that little sufficed. The vessel passed to windward of everything, and went on her way rejoicing, like any other that had been successful in a hard and severe struggle. A fortnight later, the ship touched at Valparaiso.

The voyage of the *Rancocus* may now be said to have commenced in earnest. Hitherto she had done little but make her way across the endless waste of waters; but now she had the real business before her to execute. A considerable amount of freight which had been brought on account of the Spanish government, was discharged, and the vessel filled up her water. Certain supplies of food that was deemed useful in cases of scurvy were obtained, and after a delay of less than a fortnight the ship once more put to sea.

In the year 1796 the Pacific Ocean was by no means as familiar to navigators as it is to-day. Cooke had made his celebrated voyages less than twenty years before, and the accounts of them were

then before the world; but even Cooke left a great deal to be ascertained, more especially in the way of details. The first inventor, or discoverer of anything, usually gains a great name, though it is those who come after him that turn his labors to account. Did we know no more of America to-day than was known to Columbus, our knowledge would be very limited, and the benefits of his vast enterprise still in their infancy.

Compared with its extent, perhaps, and keeping in view its ordinary weather, the Pacific can hardly be considered a dangerous sea; but he who will cast his eyes over its chart will at once ascertain how much more numerous are its groups, islands, rocks, shoals and reefs than those of the Atlantic. Still, the mariners unhesitatingly steered out into its vast waters, and none with less reluctance and fewer doubts than those of America.

For nearly two months did Captain Crutchely, after quitting Valparaiso, hold his way into the depths of that mighty sea, in search of the islands he had been directed to find. Sandal-wood was his aim, a branch of commerce, by the way, which ought never to be pursued by any Christian man, or Christian nation, if what we hear of its uses in China be true. There, it is said to be burned as incense before idols, and no higher offense can be committed by any human being than to be principal, or accessory, in any manner or way, to the substitution of any created thing for the ever-living God. In after-life Mark Woolston often thought of this, when reflection succeeded to action, and when he came to muse on the causes which may have led to his being the subject of the wonderful events that occurred in connection with his own fortunes. We have now reached a part of our narrative, however, when it becomes necessary to go into details, which we shall defer to the commencement of a new chapter.

CHAPTER III.

"God of the dark and heavy deep!
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summon'd up their thundering bands;
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
Or hurry trembling o'er the seas,
Till calmed by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace."
—PEABODY.

THE day that preceded the night of which we are about to speak was misty, with the wind fresh at east-southeast. The *Rancocus* was running off southwest, and consequently was going with the wind free. Captain Crutchely had one failing, and it was a very bad one for a ship-master; he would drink rather too much grog, at his dinner. At all other times he might have been called a sober man; but, at dinner, he would gulp down three or four glasses of rum and water. In that day rum was much used in America, far more than brandy; and every dinner-table, that had the smallest pretension to be above that of the mere laboring man, had at least a bottle of one of these liquors on it. Wine was not commonly seen at the cabin-table; or, if seen, it was in those vessels that had recently been in the vine-growing countries, and on special occasions. Captain Crutchely was fond of the pleasures of the table in another sense. His eating was on a level with his drinking; and for pigs, and poultry, and vegetables that would keep at sea, his ship was always a little remarkable.

On the day in question, it happened to be the birthday of Mrs. Crutchely, and the captain had drunk even a little more than common. Now when a man is in the habit of drinking rather more than is good for him, an addition of a little more than common is very apt to upset him. Such, in sober truth, was the case with the commander of the *Rancocus* when he left the dinner-table, at the time to which there is particular allusion. Mark, himself, was perfectly sober. The taste of rum was unpleasant to him, nor did his young blood and buoyant spirits crave its effects. If he touched it at all, it was in very small quantities, and greatly diluted with water. He saw the present condi-

tion of his superior, therefore, with regret; and this so much the more, from the circumstance that an unpleasant report was prevailing in the ship that white water had been seen ahead, during a clear moment, by a man who had just come from aloft. This report the mate repeated to the captain, accompanying it with a suggestion that it might be well to shorten sail, round-to, and sound. But Captain Crutchely treated the report with no respect, swearing that the men were always fancying they were going ashore on coral, and that the voyage would last forever, did he comply with all their conceits of this nature. Unfortunately, the second-mate was an old sea-dog, who owed his present inferior condition to his being a great deal addicted to the practice in which his captain indulged only a little, and he had been sharing largely in the hospitality of the cabin that afternoon, it being his watch below. This man supported the captain in his contempt for the rumors and notions of the crew, and between them Mark found himself silenced.

Our young officer felt very uneasy at the account of the sailor who had reported white water ahead, for he was one of the best men in the ship, and altogether unlikely to say that which was not true. It being now six o'clock in the evening, and the second-mate having taken charge of the watch, Mark went up into the fore-top-gallant cross-trees himself, in order to get the best look ahead that he could before the night set in. It wanted but half an hour or so of sunset, when the young man took his station in the cross-trees, the royal not being set. At first he could discern nothing ahead, at a distance greater than a mile, on account of the mist; but just as the sun went below the waters it lighted up the westward and Mark then plainly saw what he was perfectly satisfied must be breakers, extending for several miles directly across the vessel's track!

Such a discovery required decision, and the young man shouted out—

"Breakers ahead!"

This cry, coming from his first officer, startled even Captain Crutchely, who was recovering a little from the effect of his potations, though it was still treated with contempt by the second mate, who had never forgiven one as young as Mark, for getting a berth that he fancied due to his own greater age and experience. He laughed openly at this second report of breakers, at a point in the ocean where the chart laid down a clear sea; but the captain knew that the charts could only tell him what was known at the time they were made, and he felt disposed to treat his first officer, young as he was, with more respect than the second-mate. All hands were called in consequence, and sail was shortened. Mark came down to assist in this duty, while Captain Crutchely himself went aloft to look out for the breakers. They passed each other in the top, the latter desiring his mate to bring the ship by the wind, on the starboard tack, or with her head to the southward, as soon as he had the sail sufficiently reduced to do so with safety.

For a few minutes after he reached the deck, Mark was fully employed in executing his orders. Sail was shortened with great rapidity, the men working with zeal and alarm, for they believed their mess-mate when the captain had not. Although the vessel was under top-mast studding-sails when the command to take in the canvas was given, it was not long before Mark had her under her three topsails, and these with two reefs in them, and the ship on an easy bowline with her head to the southward. When all this was done the young man felt a good deal of relief, for the danger he had seen was ahead, and this change of course brought it nearly abeam. It is true the breakers were still to leeward, and insomuch most dangerously situated; but the wind did not blow strong enough to prevent the ship from weathering them, provided time was taken by the forelock. The *Rancocus* was a good, weatherly ship, nor was there sufficient sea on to make it at all difficult for her to claw off a lee shore. Desperate, indeed, is the situation of the vessel that has rocks or sands under her lee, with the gale blowing in her teeth, and heavy seas sending her bodily, and surely, however

slowly, on the very breakers she is struggling to avoid! Captain Crutchely had not been aloft five minutes before he hailed the deck, and ordered Mark to send Bob Betts up to the cross-trees. Bob had the reputation of being the brightest lookout in the vessel, and was usually employed when land was about to be approached, or a sail was expected to be made. He went up the fore-rigging like a squirrel, and was soon at the captain's side, both looking anxiously to leeward. A few minutes after the ship had hauled by the wind, both came down, stopping in the top, to take one more look to leeward.

The second mate stood waiting the further descent of the captain, with a sort of leering look of contempt on his hard, well-dyed features, which seemed to anticipate that it would soon be known that Mark's white water had lost its color, and become blue water once more. But Captain Crutchely did not go so far as this, when he got down. He admitted that he had seen nothing that he could very decidedly say was breakers, but that, once or twice, when it lighted up a little, there had been a gleaming along the western horizon which a good deal puzzled him. It might be white water, or it might be only the last rays of the setting sun tipping the combs of the regular seas. Bob Betts, too, was as much at fault as his captain, and a sarcastic remark or two of Hillson, the second mate, were fast bringing Mark's breakers into discredit.

"Jest look at the chart, Captain Crutchely," put in Hillson; "a regular Tower Hill chart as ever was made, and you'll see there *can* be no white water hereabouts. If a man is to shorten sail and haul his wind at every dead whale he falls in with, in these seas, his owners will have the balance on the wrong side of the book at the end of the v'y'ge!"

This told hard against Mark, and considerably in Hillson's favor.

"And could *you* see nothing of breakers ahead, Bob?" demanded Mark, with an emphasis on the "*you*," which pretty plainly implied that the young man was not so much surprised that the captain had not seen them.

"Not a bit of it, Mr. Woolston," answered Bob, hitching up his trousers, "and I'd a pretty good look ahead too."

This made still more against Mark, and Captain Crutchely sent for the chart. Over the map he and the second mate pondered with a sort of muzzy sagacity, when they came to the conclusion that a clear sea *must* prevail around them, in all directions, for a distance exceeding a thousand miles. A great deal is determined in any case of a dilemma when it is decided that this or that fact *must* be so. Captain Crutchely would not have arrived at this positive conclusion so easily, had not his reasoning powers been so much stimulated by his repeated draughts of rum and water that afternoon; all taken, as he said and believed, not so much out of love for the beverage itself, as out of love for Mrs. John Crutchely. Nevertheless, our captain was accustomed to take care of a ship, and he was not yet in a condition to forget all his duties in circumstances so critical. As Mark solemnly and steadily repeated his own belief that there were breakers ahead, he so far yielded to the opinions of his youthful chief mate as to order the deep-sea up, and prepare to sound.

This operation of casting the deep-sea lead is not done in a moment, but, on board a merchant vessel, usually occupies from a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes. The ship must first be hove-to, and her way ought to be as near lost as possible before the cast is made. Then the getting along of the line, the stationing of the men, and the sounding and hauling in again, occupy a good many minutes. By the time it was all over, on this occasion, it was getting to be night. The misty, drizzling weather threatened to make the darkness intense, and Mark felt more and more impressed with the danger in which the ship was placed.

The cast of the lead produced no other result than the certainty that bottom was not to be found with four hundred fathoms of line out. No one, however, not even the muzzy Hillson, attached much importance to this fact, inasmuch

as it was known that the coral reefs often rise like perpendicular walls in the ocean, having no bottom to be found within a cable's length of them. Then Mark did not believe the ship to be within three leagues of the breakers he had seen, for they had seemed, both to him and to the seaman who had first reported them, to be several leagues distant. One on an elevation, like that of the top-gallant cross-trees, could see a long way, and the white water had appeared to Mark to be on the very verge of the western horizon, even as seen from his lofty lookout.

After a further consultation with his officers, during which Hillson had not spared his hits at his less experienced superior, Captain Crutchely came to a decision, which might be termed semi-prudent. There is nothing that a seaman more dislikes than to be suspected of extra-nervousness on the subject of doubtful dangers of this sort. Seen and acknowledged, he has no scruples about doing his best to avoid them; but so long as there is an uncertainty connected with their existence at all, that miserable feeling of vanity which renders us all so desirous to be more than nature ever intended us for, inclines most men to appear indifferent even while they dread. The wisest thing Captain Crutchely could have done, placed in the circumstances in which he now found himself, would have been to stand off and on, under easy canvas, until the return of light, when he might have gone ahead on his course with some confidence, and a great deal more of safety. But there would have been an air of concession to the power of an unknown danger that conflicted with his pride, in such a course, and the old and well-tried ship-master did not like to give the "uncertain" this advantage over him. He decided therefore to stand on, with his topsails reefed, keeping bright lookouts ahead, and having his courses in the brails, ready for getting the tacks down to claw off for windward, should it prove to be necessary. With this plan Mark was compelled to comply, there being no appeal from the decrees of the autocrat of the quarter-deck.

As soon as the decision of Captain Crutchely was made, the helm was put up, and the ship kept off to her course. It was true, that under double-reefed topsails and jib, which was all the canvas set, there was not half the danger there would have been under their former sail; and, when Mark took charge of the watch, as he did soon after, or at eight o'clock, he was in hopes, by means of vigilance, still to escape the danger. The darkness, which was getting to be very intense, was now the greatest and most immediate source of his apprehensions. Could he only get a glimpse of the sea a cable's length ahead, he would have felt vast relief; but even that small favor was denied him. By the time the captain and second mate had turned in, which each did after going below and taking a stiff glass of rum and water in his turn, it was so dark our young mate could not discern the combing of the waves a hundred yards from the ship, in any direction. This obscurity was owing to the drizzle that filled the atmosphere, as well as to the clouds that covered the canopy above that lone and wandering ship.

As for Mark, he took his station between the knightheads, where he remained most of the watch, nearly straining the eyes out of his head in the effort to penetrate the gloom, and listening acutely to ascertain if he might not catch some warning roar of the breakers, that he felt so intimately persuaded must be getting nearer and nearer at each instant. As midnight approached, came the thought of Hillson's taking his place, drowsy and thick-headed as he knew he must be at that hour. At length Mark actually fancied he heard the dreaded sounds; the warning, however, was not ahead, but well on his starboard beam. This he thought an ample justification for departing from his instructions, and he instantly issued an order to put the helm hard a-starboard, so as to bring the vessel up to the wind, on the contrary tack. Unfortunately, as the result proved, it now became his imperative duty to report to Captain Crutchely what he had done. For a minute or two the young man thought of keeping silence, to stand on his

present course, to omit calling the second mate, and to say nothing about what he had done, keeping the deck himself until light should return. But reflection induced him to shrink from the execution of this plan, which would have involved him in a serious misunderstanding with both his brother officers, who could not fail to hear all that had occurred in the night, and who must certainly know, each in his respective sphere, that they themselves had been slighted. With a slow step, therefore, and a heavy heart, Mark went into the cabin to make his report, and to give the second mate the customary call.

It was not an easy matter to awaken either of those who slept under the influence of potations as deep as the nightcaps taken by Captain Crutchely and Mr. Hillson. The latter, in particular, was like a man in a state of lethargy, and Mark had half a mind to leave him, and make his condition an excuse for not having persisted in the call. But he succeeded in arousing the captain, who soon found the means to bring the second mate to a state of semi-consciousness.

"Well, sir," cried the captain, as soon as fairly awake himself, "what now?"

"I think I heard breakers abeam, sir, and I have hauled up to the southward."

A grunt succeeded, which Mark scarce knew how to interpret. It might mean dissatisfaction, or it might mean surprise. As the captain, however, was thoroughly awake, and was making his preparations to come out on deck, he thought that he had done all that duty required, and he returned to his own post. The after-part of the ship was now the best situation for watching, and Mark went up on the poop, in order to see and hear the better. No lower sail being in the way, he could look ahead almost as well from that position as if he were forward; and as for hearing, it was much the best place of the two, in consequence of there being no wash of the sea directly beneath him, as was the case when stationed between the knightheads. To this post he soon summoned Bob Betts, who belonged to his watch, and with whom he had ever kept up as great an intimacy as the difference in their stations would allow.

"Bob, your ears are almost as good as your eyes," said Mark; "have you heard nothing of breakers?"

"I have, Mr. Woolston, and now own I did see something that may have been white water, this arternoon, while aloft; but the captain and second mate seemed so awarse to believing in sich a thing, out here in the open Pacific, that I got to be awarse, too."

"It was a great fault in a lookout not to let what he had seen be known," said Mark, gravely.

"I own it, sir; I own how wrong I was, and have been sorry for it ever since. But it's going right in the wind's eye, Mr. Woolston, to go ag'in captain and dickey!"

"But, you now think you have *heard* breakers—where away?"

"Astarn first; then ahead; and, just as you called me up on the poop, sir, I fancied they sounded off here, on the weather bow."

"Are you serious, Bob?"

"As I ever was in my life, Mr. Mark. This oversight of the arternoon has made me somewhat conscientious, if I can be conscientious, and my sight and hearing are now both wide awake. It's my opinion, sir, that the ship is in the *midst* of breakers at this instant, and that we may go on 'em at any moment!"

"The devil it is!" exclaimed Captain Crutchely, who now appeared on the poop, and who caught the last part of Bob Betts's speech. "Well, for my part, I hear nothing out of the way, and I will swear the keenest-sighted man on earth can see nothing."

These words were scarcely out of the captain's mouth, and had been backed by a senseless, mocking laugh from Hillson, who was still muzzy, and quite as much asleep as awake, when the deep and near roar of breakers was most unequivocally heard. It came from to windward, too, and abeam! This was proof that the ship was actually among the breakers when Mark hauled up, and that she was now passing a danger to leeward,

that she must have previously gone by, in running down on her course. The captain, without waiting to consult with his cool and clear-headed young mate, now shouted for all hands to be called, and to "stand by to wear ship." These orders came out so fast, and in so peremptory a manner, that remonstrance was out of the question, and Mark set himself at work to obey them in good earnest. *He* would have tacked in preference to wearing, and it would have been much wiser to do so; but it was clearly expedient to get the ship on the other tack, and he lent all his present exertions to the attainment of that object. Wearing is much easier done than tacking, certainly; when it does not blow too fresh, and there is not a dangerous sea on, no nautical maneuver can be more readily effected, though room is absolutely necessary to its success. This room was now wanting. Just as the ship had got dead before the wind, and was flying away to leeward, short as was the sail she was under, the atmosphere seemed to be suddenly filled with a strange light, the sea became white all around them, and a roar of tumbling waters arose that resembled the sound of a small cataract. The ship was evidently in the midst of breakers, and the next moment she struck!

The intense darkness of the night added to the horrors of that awful moment. Nevertheless, the effect was to arouse all that there was of manliness and seamanship in Captain Crutchely, who from that instant appeared to be himself again. His orders were issued coolly, clearly, and promptly, and they were obeyed as experienced mariners will work at an instant like that. The sails were all clewed up, and the heaviest of them were furled. Hillson was ordered to clear away an anchor, while Mark was attending to the canvas. In the meantime, the captain watched the movements of the ship. He had dropped a lead alongside, and by that he ascertained that they were still beating ahead. The thumps were not very hard, and the white water was soon left astern, none having washed on deck. All this was so much proof that the place on which they had struck must have had nearly water enough to float the vessel, a fact that the lead itself corroborated. Fifteen feet aft was all the *Rancocus* wanted, in her actual trim, and the lead showed a good three fathoms at times. It was when the ship settled in the troughs of the sea that she felt the bottom. Satisfied that his vessel was likely to beat over the present difficulty, Captain Crutchely now gave all his attention to getting her anchored as near the reef, and to leeward of it, as possible. The instant she went clear, a result he now expected every moment, he was determined to drop one of his bower anchors, and wait for daylight before he took any further steps to extricate himself from the danger by which he was surrounded.

On the forecastle the work went on badly, and thither Captain Crutchely proceeded. The second mate scarce knew what he was about, and the captain took charge of the duty himself. At the same time he issued an order to Mark to get up tackles, and to clear away the launch, preparatory to getting that boat into the water. Hillson had bent the cable wrong, and much of the work had to be done over again. As soon as men get excited, as is apt to be the case when they find serious blunders made at critical moments, they are not always discreet. The precise manner in which Captain Clutchely met with the melancholy fate that befell him was never known. It is certain that he jumped down on the anchor-stock, the anchor being a cock-bill, and that he ordered Mr. Hillson off of it. While thus employed, and at an instant when the cable was pronounced bent, and the men were in the act of getting inboard, the ship made a heavy roll, breakers again appeared all around her, the white foam rising nearly to the level of her rails. The captain was seen no more. There is little doubt that he was washed from the anchor-stock, and carried away to leeward, in the midst of the darkness of that midnight hour.

Mark was soon apprised of the change that had occurred, and of the heavy re-

sponsibility that now rested on his young shoulders. A feeling of horror and of regret came over him at first; but understanding the necessity of self-command, he aroused himself at once to his duty, and gave his orders coolly and with judgment. The first step was to endeavor to save the captain. The jolly-boat was lowered, and six men got into it, and passed ahead of the ship with this benevolent design. Mark stood on the bowsprit, and saw them shoot past the bows of the vessel, and then, almost immediately, become lost to view in the gloomy darkness of the terrible scene. The men never re-appeared, a common and an unknown fate thus sweeping away Captain Crutchely and six of his best men, and all, as it might be, in a single instant of time!

Notwithstanding these sudden and alarming losses, the work went on. Hillson seemed suddenly to become conscious of the necessity of exertion, and, by giving his utmost attention to hoisting out the launch, that boat was got safely into the water. By this time the ship had beaten so far over the reef as scarcely to touch at all, and Mark had everything ready for letting go his anchors the instant he had reason to believe she was in water deep enough to float her. The thumps grew lighter and lighter, and the lead-line showed a considerable drift; so much so, indeed, as to require its being hauled in and cast anew every minute. Under all the circumstances, Mark expected each instant to find himself in four fathoms' water, and he intended to let go the anchor the moment he was assured of that fact. In the meantime, he ordered the carpenter to sound the pumps. This was done, and the ship was reported with only the customary quantity of water in the well. As yet her bottom was not injured, materially at least.

While Mark stood with the lead-line in his hand, anxiously watching the drift of the vessel and the depth of water, Hillson was employed in placing provisions in the launch. There was a small amount of specie in the cabin, and this, too, was transferred to the launch; everything of that sort being done without Mark's knowledge, and by the second mate's orders. The former was on the forecastle, waiting the proper moment to anchor; while all of the after-part of the ship was at the mercy of the second mate, and a gang of the people, whom that officer had gathered around him.

At length Mark found, to his great delight, that there were four good fathoms of water under the ships bows, though she still hung abaft. He ascertained this fact by means of Bob Betts, which true-hearted tar stood by him, with a lantern, by swinging which low enough the marks were seen on the lead-line. Foot by foot the ship now surged ahead, the seas being so much reduced in size and power, by the manner in which they had been broken to windward, as not to lift the vessel more than an inch or two at a time. After waiting patiently a quarter of an hour, Mark believed that the proper time had come, and he gave the order to "let run." The seaman stationed at the stopper obeyed, and down went the anchor. It happened, opportunely enough, that the anchor was thus dropped just as the keel cleared the bottom, and the cable being secured at a short range, after forging ahead far enough to tighten the latter, the vessel tended. In swinging to her anchor a roller came down upon her, however; one that had crossed the reef without breaking, and broke on board her. Mark afterward believed that the rush and weight of this sea, which did no serious harm, frightened the men into the launch, where Hillson was already in person, and that the boat either struck adrift under the power of the roller, or that the painter was imprudently cast off in the confusion of the moment. He had got in as far as the windlass himself himself, when the sea came aboard; and, as soon as he recovered his sight after the ducking he received, he caught a dim view of the launch, driving off to leeward on the top of a wave. Hailing was useless, and he stood gazing at the helpless boat until it became lost, like everything else that was a hundred yards from the ship, in the gloom of night. Even then Mark was by no means conscious of the extent of

the calamity that had befallen him. It was only when he had visited cabin, steerage and forecastle, and called the crew over by name, that he reached the grave fact that there was no one left on board the *Rancocus* but Bob Betts and himself!

As Mark did not know what land was to be found to leeward, he naturally enough hoped and expected that the people in both boats might reach the shore, and be recovered in the morning; but he had little expectation of ever seeing Captain Crutcherly again. The circumstances, however, afforded him little time to reflect on these things, and he gave his whole attention, for the moment, to the preservation of the ship. Fortunately, the anchor held, and, as the wind, which had never blown very heavily, sensibly began to lessen, Mark was sanguine in the belief it would continue to hold. Captain Crutchely had taken the precaution to have the cable bitted at a short range with a view to keep it, as much as possible, off the bottom; coral being known to cut the hempen cables that were altogether in use, in that day, almost as readily as axes. In consequence of this bit of foresight, the *Rancocus* lay at a distance of less than forty fathoms from her anchor, which Mark knew had been dropped in four fathoms' water. He now sounded abreast of the mainmast, and ascertained that the ship itself was in nine fathoms. This was cheering intelligence, and when Bob Betts heard it, he gave it as his opinion that all might yet go well with them, could they only recover the six men who had gone to leeward in the jolly-boat. The launch had carried off nine of their crew, which, previously to this night, had consisted of nineteen, all told. This suggestion relieved Mark's mind of a load of care, and he lent himself to the measures necessary to the continued safety of the vessel with renewed animation and vigor.

The pump-well was once more sounded, and found to be nearly empty. Owing to the nature of the bottom on which they had struck, the lightness of the thumps, or the strength of the ship herself, it was clear that the vessel had thus far escaped without any material injury. For this advantage Mark was deeply grateful, and could he only recover four or five of the people, and find his way out into open water, he might hope to live again to see America, and to be re-united to his youthful and charming bride.

The weather continued to grow more and more moderate, and some time before the day returned the clouds broke away, the drizzle ceased, and a permanent change was to be expected. Mark now found new ground for apprehensions even in these favorable circumstances. He supposed that the ship must feel the influence of the tides so near the land, and was afraid she might tail the other way, and thus be brought again over the reef. In order to obviate this difficulty, he and Bob set to work to get another cable bent, and another anchor clear for letting go. As all our readers may not be familiar with ships, it may be well to say that vessels, as soon as they quit a coast on a long voyage, unbend their cables and send them all below out of the way, while, at the same time, they stow their anchors, as it is called; that is to say, get them from under the catheads, from which they are usually suspended when ready to let go, and where they are necessarily altogether on the outside of the vessel, to positions more inboard, where they are safer from the force of the waves and better secured. As all the anchors of the *Rancocus* had been thus stowed, until Captain Crutchely got the one that was down off the gunwale, and all the cables below, Mark and Bob had labor enough before them to occupy several hours in the job thus undertaken.

CHAPTER IV.

"Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and grassy brine."

—PERCIVAL.

OUR young mate, and his sole assistant, Bob Betts, had set about their work on

the stream-cable and anchor, the lightest and most manageable of all the ground-tackle in the vessel. Both were strong and active, and both were expert in the use of blocks, purchases, and handspikes; but the day was seen lighting the eastern sky, and the anchor was barely off the gunwale, and ready to be stoppered. In the meanwhile the ship still tended in the right direction, the wind had moderated to a mere royal-breeze, and the sea had so far gone down as nearly to leave the vessel without motion. As soon as perfectly convinced of the existence of this favorable state of things, and of its being likely to last, Mark ceased to work, in order to wait for day, telling Bob to discontinue his exertions also. It was fully time, for both of those vigorous and strong-handed men were thoroughly fatigued with the toil of that eventful morning.

The reader may easily imagine with what impatience our two mariners waited the slow return of light. Each minute seemed an hour, and it appeared to them as if the night was to last forever. But the earth performed its usual revolution, and by degrees sufficient light was obtained to enable Mark and Bob to examine the state of things around them. In order to do this the better, each went into a top, looking abroad from those elevations on the face of the ocean, the different points of the reef, and all that was then and there to be seen. Mark went up forward, while Bob ascended into the main-top. The distance between them was so small, that there was no difficulty in conversing, which they continued to do, as was natural enough to men in their situation.

The first look that each of our mariners bestowed, after he was in his top, was to leeward, which being to the westward, was of course yet in the darkest point of the horizon. They expected to obtain a sight of at least one island, and that quite near to them, if not of a group. But no land appeared! It is true, that it was still too dark to be certain of a fact of this sort, though Mark felt quite assured that if land was finally seen, it must be of no great extent, and quite low. He called to Bob, to ascertain what *he* thought of appearances to leeward, his reputation as a lookout being so great.

"Wait a few minutes, sir, till we get a bit more day," answered his companion. "There is a look on the water, about a league off here on the larboard quarter, that seems as if something would come out of it. But one thing can be seen plain enough, Mr. Mark, and that's the breakers. There's a precious line on 'em, and that, too, one within another, as makes it wonderful how we ever got through 'em as well as we did!"

This was true enough, the light on the ocean to windward being now sufficient to enable the men to see, in that direction, to a considerable distance. It was that solemn hour in the morning when objects first grow distinct, ere they are touched with the direct rays from the sun, and when everything appears as if coming to us fresh and renovated from the hands of the Creator. The sea had so far gone down as to render the breakers much less formidable to the eye, than when it was blowing more heavily; but this very circumstance made it impossible to mistake their positions. In the actual state of the ocean, it was certain that wherever water broke, there must be rocks or shoals beneath; whereas, in a blow, the combing of an ordinary sea might be mistaken for the white water of some hidden danger. Many of the rocks, however, lay so low, that the heavy sluggish rollers that came undulating along, scarce did more than show faint, feathery lines of white, to indicate the character of the places across which they were passing. Such was now the case with the reef over which the ship had beaten, the position of which could hardly have been ascertained, or its danger discovered, at the distance of half a mile. Others again were of a very different character, the water still tumbling about them like so many little cataracts. This variety was owing to the greater depth at which some of the rocks lay than others.

As to the number of the reefs, and the difficulty in getting through them, Bob was right enough. It often happens that there is an inner and outer reef to the

islands of the Pacific, particularly to those of coral formation; but Mark began to doubt whether there was any coral at all in the place where the *Rancocus* lay, in consequence of the entire want of regularity in the position of these very breakers. They were visible in all directions; not in continuous lines, but in detached parts; one lying within another, as Bob had expressed it, until the eye could not reach their outer limits. How the ship had got so completely involved within their dangerous embraces, without going to pieces on a dozen of the reefs, was to him matter of wonder; though it sometimes happens at sea, that dangers are thus safely passed in darkness and fog, that no man would be bold enough to encounter in broad daylight, and with a full consciousness of their hazards. Such then had been the sort of miracle by which the *Rancocus* had escaped; though it was no more easy to see how she was to be got out of her present position, than it was to see how she had got into it. Bob was the first to make a remark on this particular part of the subject.

"It will need a reg'lar branch here, Mr. Mark, to carry the old *Rancocus* clear of all them breakers to sea again," he cried. "Our Delaware banks is just so many fools to 'em, sir!"

"It is a most serious position for a vessel to be in, Bob," answered Mark, sighing—"nor do I see how we *are* ever to get clear of it, even should we get back men enough to handle the ship."

"I'm quite of your mind, sir," answered Bob, taking out his tobacco-box, and helping himself to a quid. "Nor would I be at all surprised should there turn out to be a bit of land to leeward, if you and I was to Robinson Crusoe it for the rest of our days. My good mother was always most awarse to my following the seas on account of that very danger; most especially from a fear of the savages from the islands round about."

"We will look for our boats," Mark gravely replied, the image of Bridget, just at that instant, appearing before his mind with a painful distinctness.

Both now turned their eyes again to leeward, the first direct rays of the sun beginning to illumine the surface of the ocean in that quarter. Something like a misty cloud had been settled on the water, rather less than a league from the ship, in the western board, and had hitherto prevented a close examination in that part of the horizon. The power of the sun, however, almost instantly dispersed it, and then, for the first time, Bob fancied he did discover something like land. Mark, however, could not make it out, until he had gone up into the cross-trees, when he too got a glimpse of what, under all the circumstances, he did not doubt was either a portion of the reef that rose above the water, or was what might be termed a low-straggling island. Its distance from the ship they estimated at rather more than two leagues.

Both Mark and Bob remained aloft near an hour longer, or until they had got the best possible view of which their position would allow of everything around the ship. Bob went down, and took a glass up to his officer, Mark sweeping the whole horizon with it, in the anxious wish to make out something cheering in connection with the boats. The drift of these unfortunate craft must have been toward the land, and that he examined with the utmost care. Aided by the glass, and his elevation, he got a tolerable view of the spot, which certainly promised as little in the way of supplies as any other bit of naked reef he had ever seen. The distance, however, was so great as to prevent his obtaining any certain information on that point. One thing, however, he did ascertain, as he feared, with considerable accuracy. After passing the glass along the whole of that naked rock, he could see nothing on it in motion. Of birds there were a good many, more indeed than from the extent of the visible reef he might have expected; but no signs of man could be discovered. As the ocean, in all directions, was swept by the glass, and this single fragment of a reef, which was less than a mile in length, was the only thing that even resembled land, the melancholy conviction began to force itself on Mark and Bob, that all their shipmates had

perished! They might have perished in one of several ways; as the naked reef did not lie precisely to leeward of the ship, the boats may have driven by it, in the deep darkness of the past night, and gone far away out of sight of the spot where they had left the vessel, long ere the return of day. There was just the possibility that the spars of the ship might be seen by the wanderers, if they were still living, and the faint hope of their regaining the vessel, in the course of the day, by means of their oars. It was, however, more probable that the boats had capsized in some of the numerous fragments of breakers, that were visible even in the present calm condition of the ocean, and that all in them had been drowned. The best swimmer must have hopelessly perished, in such a situation, and in such a night, unless carried by a providential interference to the naked rock to leeward. That no one was living on that reef, the glass pretty plainly proved.

Mark and Bob Betts descended to the deck, after passing a long time aloft making their observations. Both were pretty well assured that their situation was almost desperate, though each was too resolute, and too thoroughly imbued with the spirit of a seaman, to give up while there was the smallest shadow of hope. As it was now getting past the usual breakfast hour, some cold meat was got out, and, for the first time since Mark had been transferred to the cabin, they sat down on the windlass and ate the meal together. A little, however, satisfied men in their situation; Bob Betts fairly owning that he had no appetite, though so notorious at the ship's beef and a biscuit, as to be often the subject of his messmates' jokes. That morning even he could eat but little, though both felt it to be a duty they owed to themselves to take enough to sustain nature. It was while these two forlorn and desolate mariners sat there on the windlass, picking, as it might be, morsel by morsel, that they first entered into a full and frank communication with each other, touching the realities of their present situation. After a good deal had passed between them, Mark suddenly asked—

"Do you think it possible, Bob, for us two to take care of the ship, should we even manage to get her into deep water again?"

"Well, that is not so soon answered, Mr. Woolston," returned Bob. "We're both on us stout, and healthy, and of good courage, Mr. Mark; but 'twould be a desperate long way for two hands to carry a wessel of four hundred tons, to take the old '*Cocus* from this here anchorage, all the way to the coast of America; and short of the coast there's no ra'al hope for us. Hows'ever, sir, *that* is a subject that need give us no consarn."

"I do not see that, Bob; we shall have to do it, unless we fall in with something at sea, could we only once get the vessel out from among these reefs."

"Ay, ay, sir—could we get her out from among these reefs, indeed! There's the rub, Mr. Woolston; but I fear 'twill never be 'rub and *go*.'"

"You think, then, we are too fairly in for it, ever to get the ship clear?"

"Such is just my notion, Mr. Woolston, on that subject, and I've no wish to keep it a secret. In my judgment, was poor Captain Crutchely alive and back at his post, and all hands just as they was this time twenty-four hours since, and the ship where she is now, that *here* she would have to stay. Nothing short of kedging can ever take the wessel clear of the reef to windward on us, and man-of-war kedging could hardly do it then."

"I am sorry to hear you say this," answered Mark, gloomily, "though I feared as much myself."

"Men is men, sir, and you can get no more out on 'em than is in 'em. I looked well at these reefs, sir, when aloft, and they're what I call as hopeless affairs as ever I laid eyes on. If they lay in any sort of way, a body might have some little chance of getting through 'em, but they don't lay, no how. 'Twould be 'luff' and 'keep her away' every half minute or so, should we attempt to beat up among 'em; and who is there aboard here to brace up, and haul aft, and ease off, and to swing yards sich as our'n?"

"I was not altogether without the hope, Bob, of getting the ship into clear water; though I have thought it would be done with difficulty. I am still of opinion we had better try it, for the alternative is a very serious matter."

"I don't exactly understand what you mean by attorneytives, Mr. Mark; though it's little harm, or little good that any attorney can do the old '*Cocus*, now! But as for getting this craft through them reefs, to windward, and into clear water, it surpasses the power of man. Did you just notice the tide-ripples, Mr. Mark, when you was up in the cross-trees?"

"I saw them, Bob, and am fully aware of the difficulty of running as large a vessel as this among them, even with a full crew. But what will become of us, unless we get the ship into open water?"

"Sure enough, sir. I see no other hope for us, Mr. Mark, but to Robinson Crusoe it awhile, until our times come; or, till the Lord, in his marcy, shall see fit to have us picked up."

"Robinson Crusoe it!" repeated Mark, smiling at the quaintness of Bob's expression, which the well-meaning fellow uttered in all simplicity, and in perfect good faith—"where are we to find even an uninhabited island, on which to dwell after the mode of Robinson Crusoe?"

"There's a bit of a reef to leeward, where I dare say a man might pick up a living, after a fashion," answered Bob, coolly; "then, here is the ship."

"And how long would a hempen cable hold the ship in a place like this, where every time the vessel lifts to a sea, the clench is chafing on a rock? No, no, Bob—the ship cannot long remain where she is, depend on *that*. We must try and pass down to leeward, if we cannot beat the ship through the dangers to windward."

"Harkee, Mr. Mark; I thought this matter over in my mind, while we was aloft, and this is my idee as to what is best to be done, for a start. There's the dingey on the poop, in as good order as ever a boat was. She will easily carry two on us, and, on a pinch, she might carry half a dozen. Now my notion is to get the dingey into the water, to put a breaker and some grub in her, and to pull down to that bit of a reef, and have a survey of it. I'll take the sculls going down, and you can keep heaving the lead, by way of finding out if there be sich a thing as a channel in that direction. If the ship is ever to be moved by us two, it must be by going to leeward, and not ty attempting to turn up ag'in wind and bide among them ere rocks, out here to the eastward. No, sir; let us take the dingey, and surwey the reef, and look for our shipmates; a'ter which we can best tell what to undertake, with some little hope of succeeding. The weather seems settled, and the sooner we are off the better."

This proposal struck Mark's young mind as plausible, as well as discreet. To recover even a single man would be a great advantage, and he had lingering hopes that some of the people might yet be found on the reef. Then Bob's idea about getting the ship through the shoal water by passing to leeward, in preference to making the attempt against the wind, was a sound one; and on a little reflection, he was well enough disposed to acquiesce in it. Accordingly, when they quitted the windlass, they both set about putting this project in execution.

The dingey was no great matter of a boat, and they had not much difficulty in getting it into the water. First by slinging, it was swayed high enough to clear the rail, when Bob bore it over the side, and Mark lowered away. It was found to be tight, Captain Crutchely having kept it half full of water ever since they got into the Pacific, and in other respects it was in good order. It was even provided with a little sail, which did very well before the wind. While Bob saw to provisioning the boat, and filling its breakers with fresh water, Mark attended to another piece of duty that he conceived to be of the last imporrance. The *Rancocus* carried several guns, an armament prepared to repel the savages of the sandalwood islands, and these guns were all mounted and in their places. There were two old-fashioned sixes and eight twelve-

pound carronades. The first made smart reports when properly loaded.

Our young mate now got the keys of the magazine, opened it and brought forth three cartridges, with which he loaded three of the guns. These guns he fired with short intervals between them, in hopes that the reports would be carried to the ears of some of the missing people, and encourage them to make every effort to return. The roar of artillery sounded strangely enough in the midst of that vast solitude; and Bob Betts, who had often been in action, declared that he was much affected by it. As no immediate result was expected from the firing of these guns, Mark had no sooner discharged them than he joined Betts, who by this time had everything ready, and prepared to quit the ship. Before he did this, however, he made an anxious and careful survey of the weather, it being all-important to be certain no change in this respect was likely to occur in his absence. All the omens were favorable, and Bob reporting for the third time that everything was ready, the young man went over the side, and descended, with a reluctance he could not conceal, into the boat. Certainly it was no trifling matter for men in the situation of our two mariners to leave their vessel all alone, to be absent for a large portion of the day. It was to be done, however; though it was done reluctantly and not without many misgivings, in spite of the favorable signs in the atmosphere.

When Mark had taken his seat in the dingey, Bob let go his hold of the ship and set the sail. The breeze was light and fair to go, though it was by no means so certain how it would serve them on the return. Previously to quitting the ship, Mark had taken a good look at the breakers to leeward, in order to have some general notion of the course best to steer, and he commenced his little voyage, but entirely without a plan for his own government. The breakers were quite as numerous to leeward as to windward, but the fact of their being so many of them made smooth water between them. A boat or a ship that was once fairly a league or so within the broken lines of rocks, was like a vessel embayed, the rollers of the open ocean expending their force on the outer reefs, and coming in much reduced in size and power. Still the uneasy ocean, even in its state of rest, is formidable at the points where its waters meet with rocks and sands, aud the breakers that did exist, even as much embayed as was the dingey, were serious matters for so small a boat to encounter. It was necessary, consequently, to steer clear of them, lest they should capsize or fill this, the only craft of the sort that now belonged to the vessel, the loss of which would be a most serious matter, indeed.

The dingey slid away from the ship with a very easy movement. There was just about as much wind as so small a craft needed, and Bob soon began to sound, Mark preferring to steer. It was, however, by no means easy to sound in so low a boat, while in such swift motion; and Bob was compelled to give it up. As they should be obliged to return with the oars, Mark observed that then he would feel his way back to the ship. Nevertheless, the few casts of the lead that did succeed, satisfied our mariners that there was much more than water enough for the *Rancocus*, between the reefs. *On* them, doubtless, it would turn out to be different.

Mark met with more difficulty than he had anticipated in keeping the dingey out of the breakers. So very smooth was the sort of bay he was in—a bay by means of the reefs to windward, though no rock in that direction rose above the surface of the sea—so very smooth, then, was the sort of bay he was in, that the water did not break in many places, except at long intervals; and then only when a roller heavier than common found its way in from the outer ocean. As a consequence, the breakers that did suddenly show themselves from a cause like this, were the heaviest of all, and the little dingey would have fared badly had it been caught on a reef, at the precise moment when such a sea tumbled over in foam. This accident was very near occurring once or twice, but it was escaped, more

by Providential interference than by any care or skill in the adventurers.

It is very easy to imagine the intense interest with which our two mariners drew near to the visible reef. Their observations from the cross-trees of the ship had told them this was all the land anywhere very near them, and if they did not find their lost shipmates here, they ought not to expect to find them at all. Then this reef, or island, was of vast importance in other points of view. It might become their future home; perhaps for years, possibly for life. The appearances of the sunken reefs, over and among which he had just passed, had greatly shaken Mark's hope of ever getting the ship from among them, and he even doubted the possibility of bringing her down, before the wind, to the place where he was then going. All these considerations, which began to press more and more painfully on his mind, each foot as he advanced, served to increase the intensity of the interest with which he noted every appearance on, or about the reef, or island, that he was now approaching. Bob had less feeling on the subject. He had less imagination, and foresaw consequences and effects less vividly than his officer, and was more accustomed to the vicissitudes of a seaman's life. Then he had left no virgin bride at home, to look for his return; and had, moreover, made up his mind that it was the will of Providence that he and Mark were to "Robinson Crusoe it" awhile on that "bit of a reef." Whether they should ever be rescued from so desolate a place was a point on which he had not yet begun to ponder.

The appearances were anything but encouraging, as the dingey drew nearer and nearer to the naked part of the reef. The opinions formed of this place, by the examination made from the cross-trees, turned out to be tolerably accurate, in several particulars. It was just about a mile in length, while its breadth varied from half a mile to less than an eighth of a mile. On its shores, the rock along most of the reef rose but a very few feet above the surface of the water, though at its eastern, or the weather extremity, it might have been of more than twice the usual height; its length lay nearly east and west. In the center of this island, however, there was a singular formation of the rock, which appeared to rise to an elevation of something like sixty or eighty feet, making a sort of a regular circular mound of that height, which occupied no small part of the widest portion of the island. Nothing like tree, shrub, or grass was visible, as the boat drew near enough to render such things apparent. Of aquatic birds there were a good many; though even they did not appear in the numbers that are sometimes seen in the vicinity of uninhabited islands. About certain large naked rocks, at no great distance, however, from the principal reef, they were hovering in thousands.

At length the little dingey glided in quite near to the island. Mark was at first surprised to find so little surf beating against even its weather side, but this was accounted for by the great number of the reefs that lay for miles without it; and, particularly, by the fact that one line of rock stretched directly across this weather end, distant from it only two cables' lengths, forming a pretty little sheet of perfectly smooth water between it and the island. Of course, to do this, the line of reef just mentioned must come very near the surface; as in fact was the case, the rock rising so high as to be two or three feet out of water on the ebb, though usually submerged on the flood. The boat was obliged to pass round one end of this last-named reef, where there was deep water, and then to haul its wind a little in order to reach the shore.

It would be difficult to describe the sensations with which Mark first landed. In approaching the place, both he and Bob had strained their eyes in the hope of seeing some proof that their shipmates had been there; but no discovery rewarded their search. Nothing was seen, on or about the island, to furnish the smallest evidence that either of the boats had touched it. Mark found that he was treading on naked rock when he had landed, though the surface was tolerably smooth. The rock itself was of a sort

to which he was unaccustomed; and he began to suspect, what in truth turned out on further investigation to be the fact, that instead of being on a reef of coral he was on one of purely volcanic origin. The utter nakedness of the rock both surprised and grieved him. On the reefs, in every direction, considerable quantities of sea-weed had lodged, temporarily at least; but none of it appeared to have found its way to this particular place. Nakedness and dreariness were the two words which best described the island; the only interruption to its solitude and desolation being occasioned by the birds, which now came screaming and flying above the heads of the intruders, showing both by their boldness and their cries, that they were totally unacquainted with men.

The mound in the center of the reef was an object too conspicuous to escape attention, and our adventurers approached it at once, with the expectation of getting a better lookout from its summit, than that they had on the lower level of the surface of the ordinary reef. Thither then they proceeded, accompanied by a large flight of the birds. Neither Mark nor Bob, however, had neglected to turn his eyes toward the now distant ship, which was apparently riding at its anchor, in exactly the condition in which it had been left, half an hour before. In that quarter all seemed right, and Mark led the way to the mount, with active and eager steps.

On reaching the foot of this singular elevation, our adventurers found it would not be so easy a matter as they had fancied, to ascend it. Unlike the rest of the reef which they had yet seen, it appeared to be composed of a crumbling rock, and this so smooth and perpendicular as to render it extremely difficult to get up. A place was found at length, however, and by lending each other a hand, Mark and Bob finally got on the summit. Here a surprise was ready for them, that drew an exclamation from each, the instant the sight broke upon him. Instead of finding an elevated bit of table-rock, as had been expected, a circular cavity existed within, that Mark at once recognized to be the extinct crater of a volcano! After the first astonishment was over, Mark made a close examination of the place.

The mound, or barrier of lava and scoriæ that composed the outer wall of this crater, was almost mathematically circular. Its inner precipice was in most places absolutely perpendicular, though overhanging in a few; there being but two or three spots where an active man could descend in safety. The area within might contain a hundred acres, while the wall preserved a very even height of about sixty feet, falling a little below this at the leeward side, where there existed one narrow hole, or passage, on a level with the bottom of the crater; a sort of gateway, by which to enter and quit the cavity. This passage had no doubt been formed by the exit of lava, which centuries ago had doubtless broken through at this point, and contributed to form the visible reef beyond. The height of this hole was some twenty feet, having an arch above it, and its width may have been thirty.

When Mark got to it, which he did by descending the wall of the crater, not without risk to his neck, he found the surface of the crater very even and unbroken, with the exception of its having a slight descent from its eastern to its western side; or from the side opposite to the outlet, or gateway, to the gateway itself. This inclination Mark fancied was owing to the circumstance that the water of the ocean had formerly entered at the hole, in uncommonly high tides and tempests, and washed the ashes which had once formed the bottom of the crater toward the remote parts of the plain. These ashes had been converted by time into a soft, or friable rock, composing a stone that is called tufa. If there had ever been a cone in the crater, as was probably the case, it had totally disappeared under the action of time and the wear of the seasons. Rock, however, the bed of the crater could scarcely be yet considered, though it had a crust which bore the weight of a man very readily, in nearly every part of it. Once or twice Mark broke through, as one would fall

through rotten ice, when he found his shoes covered with a light dust that much resembled ashes. In other places he broke this crust on purpose, always finding beneath it a considerable depth of ashes, mingled with some shells, and a few small stones.

That the water sometimes flowed into this crater was evident by a considerable deposit of salt, which marked the limits of the latest of these floods. This salt had probably prevented vegetation. The water, however, never could have entered from the sea, had not the lava which originally made the outlet left a sort of channel that was lower than the surface of the outer rocks. It might be nearer to the real character of the phenomenon were we to say that the lava which had broken through the barrier at this point, and tumbled into the sea, had not quite filled the channel which it rather found than formed, when it ceased to flow. Cooling in that form, an irregular crevice was left, through which the element no doubt still occasionally entered, when the adjacent ocean got a sufficient elevation. Mark observed that, from some cause or other, the birds avoided the crater. It really seemed to him that their instincts warned them of the dangers that had once environed the place, and that, to use the language of sailors, "they gave it a wide berth," in consequence. Whatever may have been the cause, such was the fact; few even flying over it, though they were to be seen in hundreds, in the air all round it.

CHAPTER V.

> "The king's son have I landed by himself;
> Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
> In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
> His arms in this sad knot."—TEMPEST.

HAVING completed this first examination of the crater, Mark and Bob next picked their way again to the summit of its wall and took their seats directly over the arch. Here they enjoyed as good a lookout as the little island afforded, not only of its own surface, but of the surrounding ocean. Mark now began to comprehend the character of the singular geological formation, into the midst of which the *Rancocus* had been led, as it might almost be by the hand of Providence itself. He was at that moment seated on the topmost pinnacle of a submarine mountain of volcanic origin—submarine as to all its elevations, heights and spaces, with the exception of the crater where he had just taken his stand and the little bit of visible and venerable lava by which it was surrounded. It is true that this lava rose very near the surface of the ocean, in fifty places that he could see at no great distance, forming the numberless breakers that characterized the place; but, with the exception of Mark's Reef, as Bob named the principal island on the spot, two or three detached islets within a cable's length of it, and a few little more remote, the particular haunts of birds, no other land was visible, far or near.

As Mark sat there, on that rock of concrete ashes, he speculated on the probable extent of the shoals and reefs by which he was surrounded. Judging by what he then saw, and recalling the particulars of the examination made from the cross-trees of the ship, he supposed that the dangers and difficulties of the navigation must extend, in an east and west direction, at least twelve marine leagues; while, in a north and south, the distance seemed to be a little, and a very little less. There was necessarily a good deal of conjecture in this estimate of the extent of the volcanic mountain which composed these extensive shoals; but, from what he saw, from the distance the ship was known to have run amid the dangers before she brought up, her present anchorage, the position of the island, and all the other materials before him to make his calculation on, Mark believed himself rather to have lessened than to have exaggerated the extent of these shoals. Had the throes of the earth, which produced this submerged rock, been a little more powerful, a beautiful and fertile island, of very respectable dimensions, would probably have been formed in its place.

From the time of reaching the reef,

which is now to bear his name in all future time, our young seaman had begun to admit the bitter possibility of being compelled to pass the remainder of his days on it. How long he and his companion could find the means of subsistence, in a place so barren, was merely matter of conjecture; but so long as Providence should furnish these means, was it highly probable that solitary and little-favored spot was to be their home. It is unnecessary to state with what bitter regrets the young bridegroom admitted this painful idea; but Mark was too manly and resolute to abandon himself to despair, even at such a moment. He kept his sorrows pent up in the repository of his own bosom, and endeavored to imitate the calm exterior of his companion. As for Bob, he was a good deal of a philosopher by nature; and, having made up his mind that they were doomed to "Robinson Crusoe it," for a few years at least, he was already turning over in his thoughts the means of doing so to the best advantage. Under such circumstances, and with such feelings, it is not at all surprising that the present situation and their future prospects soon became the subject of discourse, between these two solitary seamen.

"We are fairly in for it, Mr. Mark," said Bob, "and differ from Robinson only in the fact that there are two of us; whereas he was obliged to set up for himself and by himself, until he fell in with Friday!"

"I wish I could say *that* was the only difference in our conditions, Betts, but it is very far from being so. In the first place he had an island, while we have little more than a reef; he had soil, while we have naked rock; he had fresh water, and we have none; he had trees, while we have not even a spear of grass. All these circumstances make out a case most desperately against us."

"You speak truth, sir; yet is there light ahead. We have a ship, sound and tight as the day she sailed; while Robinson lost his craft under his feet. As long as there is a plank afloat, a true salt never gives up."

"Ay, Bob, I feel that, as strongly as you can yourself; nor do I mean to give up, so long as there is reason to think God has not entirely deserted us. But that ship is of no use, in the way of returning to our friends and home; or, of no use as a ship. The power of man could scarcely extricate her from the reefs around her."

"It's a bloody bad berth," said Bob, squirting the saliva of his tobacco halfway down the wall of the crater, "that I must allow. Howsomever, the ship will be of use in a great many ways, Mr. Mark, if we can keep her afloat, even where she is. The water that's in her will last us two a twelvemonth, if we are a little particular about it; and when the rainy season sets in, as the rainy season will be sure to do in this latitude, we can fill up for a fresh start. Then the ship will be a house for us to live in, and a capital good house, too. You can live aft, sir, and I'll take my swing in the forecastle, just as if nothing had happened."

"No, no, Bob; there is an end of all such distinctions now. Misery, like the grave, brings all upon a level. You and I commenced as messmates, and we are likely to end as messmates. There is a use to which the ship may be put, however, that you have not mentioned, and to which we must look forward as our best hope for this world. She may be broken up by us, and we may succeed in building a craft large enough to navigate these mild seas, and yet small enough to be taken through, or over the reefs. In *that* way, favored by Divine Providence, we may live to see our friends again."

"Courage, Mr. Mark, courage, sir. I know it must be hard on the feelin's of a married man, like yourself, that has left a perfect pictur' behind him, to believe he is never to return to his home again. But I don't believe that such is to be our fate. I never heard of such an end to a Crusoe party. Even Robinson, himself, got off at last, and had a desperate hard journey of it, after he hauled his landtacks aboard. I like that idee of the new craft 'specially well, and will lend a hand

to help you through with it with all my heart. I'm not much of a carpenter, it's true; nor do I suppose you are anything wonderful with the broad-ax and adze; but two willing and stout men, who has got their lives to save, can turn their hands to almost anything. For my part, sir, since I *was* to be wrecked and to Robinson it awhile, I'm gratefully thankful that I've got you for a companion, that's all!"

Mark smiled at this oblique compliment, but he felt well assured that Bob meant all for the best. After a short pause he resumed the discourse by saying:

"I have been thinking, Bob, of the possibility of getting the ship safely down as far as this island. Could we but place her to leeward of that last reef off the weather end of the island, she might lie there years, or until she fell to pieces by decay. If we are to attempt building a decked boat, or anything large enough to ride out a gale in, we shall want more room than the ship's decks to set it up in. Besides, we could never get a craft of those dimensions off the ship's decks, and must, of necessity, build it in some place where it may be launched. Our dingey would never do to be moving backward and forward so great a distance, for it will carry little more than ourselves. All things considered, therefore, I am of opinion we can do nothing better to begin with than to try to get the ship down here, where we have room, and may carry out our plans to some advantage."

Bob assented at once to this scheme, and suggested one or two ideas in approbation of it that were new even to Mark. Thus, it was evident to both, that if the ship herself were ever to get clear of the reef, it must be by passing out to leeward; and by bringing her down to the island so much would be gained on the indispensable course. Thus, added Bob, she might be securely moored in the little bay to windward of the island; and, in the course of time, it was possible that by a thorough examination of the channels to the westward, and by the use of buoys, a passage might be found, after all, that would carry them out to sea. Mark had little hope of ever getting the *Rancocus* extricated from the maze of rocks into which she had so blindly entered, and where she probably never could have come but by driving over some of them; but he saw many advantages in this plan of removing the ship, that increased in number and magnitude the more he thought on the subject. Security to the fresh water was one great object to be attained. Should it come on to blow, and the ship drift down upon the rocks to leeward of her, she would probably go to pieces in an hour or two, when not only all the other ample stores that she contained, but every drop of sweet water at the command of the two seamen, would inevitably be lost. So important did it appear to Mark to make sure of a portion of this great essential, at least, that he would have proposed towing down to the reef, or island, a few casks, had the dingey been heavy enough to render such a project practicable. After talking over these several points still more at large, Mark and Bob descended from the summit of the crater, made half of its circuit, and returned to their boat.

As the day continued calm, Mark was in no hurry, but passed half an hour in sounding the little bay that was formed by the sunken rocks that lay off the eastern or weather end of the Crater Reef, as, in a spirit of humility, he insisted on calling that which everybody else now calls Mark's Reef. Here he not only found abundance of water for all that he wanted, but to his surprise he also found a sandy bottom, formed no doubt by the particles washed from the surrounding rocks under the never-ceasing abrasion of the waves. On the submerged reef there were only a few inches of water, and our mariners saw clearly that it was possible to secure the ship in this basin, in a very effectual manner, could they only have a sufficiency of good weather in which to do it.

After surveying the basin itself with sufficient care, Bob pulled the dingey back toward the ship, Mark sounding as they proceeded. But two difficulties were found between the points that it was so desirable to bring in communication with each other. One of these difficulties con-

sisted in a passage between two lines of reef that ran nearly parallel for a quarter of a mile, and which were only half a cable's length asunder. There was abundance of water between these reefs, but the difficulty was in the course, and in the narrowness of the passage. Mark passed through the latter four several times, sounding it, as it might be, foot by foot, and examining the bottom with the eye; for in that pellucid water, with the sun near the zenith, it was possible to see two or three fathoms down, and nowhere did he find any other obstacle than this just mentioned. Nor was any buoy necessary, the water breaking over the southern end of the outer, and over the northern end of the inner ledge, and nowhere else near by, thus distinctly noting the very two points where it would be necessary to alter the course.

The second obstacle was much more serious than that just described. It was a reef with a good deal of water over most of it; so much, indeed, that the sea did not break unless in heavy gales, but not enough to carry a ship like the *Rancocus* over, except in one, and that a very contracted pass, of less than a hundred feet in width. This channel it would be indispensably necessary to buoy, since a variation from the true course of only a few fathoms would infallibly produce the loss of the ship. All the rest of the distance was easily enough made by a vessel standing down, by simply taking care not to run into visible breakers.

Mark and Bob did not get back to the *Rancocus* until near three o'clock. They found everything as they had left it, and the pigs, poultry, and goat, glad enough to see them, and beginning to want their victuals and drink. The two first are to be found on board of every ship, but the last is not quite so usual. Captain Crutchely had brought one along to supply milk for his tea, a beverage that, oddly enough, stood second only to grog in his favor. After Bob had attended to the wants of the brute animals, he and Mark again sat down on the windlass to make another cold repast on broken meat —as yet, they had not the hearts to cook anything. As soon as this homely meal was taken, Mark placed a couple of buoys in the dingey, with the pig-iron that was necessary to anchor them, and proceeded to the spot on the reef, where it was proposed to place them.

Our mariners were quite an hour in searching for the channel, and near another in anchoring the buoys in a way to render the passage perfectly safe. As soon as this was done, Bob pulled back to the ship, which was less than a mile distant, as fast as he could, for there was every appearance of a change of weather. The moment was one, now, that demanded great coolness and decision. Not more than an hour of day remained, and the question was whether to attempt to move the ship that night, when the channel and its marks were all fresh in the minds of the two seamen, and before the foul weather came, or to trust to the cable that was down to ride out any blow that might happen.

Mark, young as he was, thought justly on most professional subjects. He knew that heavy rollers would come in across the reef where the vessel then lay, and was fearful that the cable would chafe and part, should it come on to blow hard for four-and-twenty hours continually. These rollers, he also knew by the observation of that day, were completely broken and dispersed on the rocks, before they got down to the island, and he believed the chances of safety much greater by moving the ship at once, than by trying the fortune of another night out where she then lay. Bob submitted to this decision precisely as if Mark was still his officer, and no sooner got his orders than he sprang from sail to sail, and rope to rope, like a cat playing among the branches of some tree. In that day, spencers were unknown, staysails doing their duty. Thus Bob loosed the jib, main-topmast and mizzen-staysails, and saw the spanker clear for setting. While he was thus busied, Mark was looking to the stopper and shank-painter of the sheet-anchor, which had been got ready to let go, before Captain Crutchely was lost. He even succeeded in getting that

heavy piece of metal a-cockbill, without calling on Bob for assistance.

It was indeed time for them to be in a hurry; for the wind began to come in puffs, the sun was sinking into a bank of clouds, and all along the horizon to windward the sky looked dark and menacing. Once Mark changed his mind, determining to hold on, and let go the sheet-anchor where he was, should it become necessary; but a lull tempted him to proceed. Bob shouted out that all was ready, and Mark lifted the ax with which he was armed, and struck a heavy blow on the cable. That settled the matter; an entire strand was separated, and three or four more blows released the ship from her anchor. Mark now sprang to the jib-halyards, assisting Bob to hoist the sail. This was no sooner done than he went aft to the wheel, where he arrived in time to help the ship to fall off. The spanker was next got out as well as two men could do it in a hurry, and then Bob went forward to tend the jib-sheet, and to look out for the buoys.

It was indispensable in such a navigation to make no mistake, and Mark enjoined the utmost vigilance on his friend. Twenty times did he hail to inquire if the buoys were to be seen, and at last he was gratified by an answer in the affirmative.

"Keep her away, Mr. Mark—keep her away, you may, sir; we are well to windward of the channel. Ay, that'll do, Mr. Woolston—that's your beauty, sir. Can't you get a sight of them b'ys yourself, sir?"

"Not just yet, Bob, and so much the greater need that you should look out the sharper. Give the ship plenty of room, and I'll let her run down for the passage, square for the channel."

Bob now ran aft, telling the mate he had better go on the forecastle himself and con the ship through the passage, which was a place he did not like. Mark was vexed that the change should be made just at that critical instant, but bounding forward, he was between the knightheads in half a minute, looking out for the buoys. At first he could not see them; and then he most felt the imprudence of Bob's quitting his post in such a critical instant. In another minute, however, he found one; and presently the other came in sight, fearfully close, as it now appeared to our young mariner, to its neighbor. The position of the ship, nevertheless, was sufficiently to windward, leaving plenty of room to keep off in. As soon as the ship was far enough ahead, Mark called out to Bob to put his helm hard up. This was done, and away the *Rancocus* went, Mark watching her with the utmost vigilance, lest she should sheer a little too much to the one side or to the other. He hardly breathed as the vessel glided down upon these two black sentinels, and, for an instant, he fancied the wind or the current had interferred with their positions. It was now too late, however, to attempt any change, and Mark saw the ship surging onward on the swells of the ocean, which made their way thus far within the reefs, with a greater intensity of anxiety than he had ever before experienced in his life. Away went the ship, and each time she settled in the water, our young man expected to hear her keel grating on the bottom, but it did not touch. Presently the buoys were on her quarters, and then Mark knew that the danger of this one spot was passed!

The next step was to find the southern end of the outer ledge that formed the succeeding passage. This was not done until the ship was close aboard of it. A change had come over the spot within the last few hours, in consequence of the increase of wind, the water breaking all along the ledge, instead of on its end only; but Mark cared not for this, once certain he had found that end. He was now halfway between his former anchorage and the crater, and he could distinguish the latter quite plainly. But sail was necessary to carry the ship safely through the channel ahead, and Mark called to Bob to lash the helm amidships after luffing up to his course, and to spring to the maintopmast staysail halyards, and help him hoist the sail. This was soon done, and the new sail was got up, and the sheet hauled aft. Next followed the mizzen staysail, which was spread in the same

manner. Bob then flew to the wheel, and Mark to his knightheads again. Contrary to Mark's apprehensions, he saw that the ship was luffing up close to the weather ledge, leaving little danger of her going on to it. As soon as met by the helm, however, she fell off, and Mark no longer had any doubt of weathering the northern end of the inner ledge of this passage. The wind coming in fresher puffs, this was soon done, when the ship was kept dead away for the crater.

There was the northern end of the reef, which formed the inner basin of all, to double, when that which remained to do was merely to range far enough within the reef to get a cover, and to drop the anchor. In order to do this with success, Mark now commenced hauling down the jib. By the time he had that sail well in, the ship was off the end of the sunken reef, when Bob put his helm a-starboard and rounded it. Down came the main-topmast staysail, and Mark jumped on the forecastle, while he called out to Bob to lash the helm a-lee. In an instant Bob was at the young man's side, and both waited for the ship to luff into the wind, and to forge as near as possible to the reef. This was successfully done also, and Mark let go the stopper within twenty feet of the wall of the sunken reef, just as the ship began to drive astern. The canvas was rolled up and secured, the cable paid out, until the ship lay just mid-channel between the island and the sea-wall without, and the whole secured. Then Bob took off his tarpaulin and gave three cheers, while Mark walked aft, silently returning thanks to God for the complete success of this important movement.

Important most truly was this change. Not only was the ship anchored, with her heaviest anchor down, and her best cable out, in good holding ground, and in a basin where very little swell ever penetrated, and that entering laterally and diminished in force; but there she was within a hundred and fifty feet of the island, at all times accessible by means of the dingey, a boat that it would not do to trust in the water at all outside when it blew in the least fresh. In short, it was scarcely possible to have a vessel in a safer berth, so long as her spars and hull were exposed to the gales of the ocean, or one that was more convenient to those who used the island. By getting down her spars and other hamper, the power of the winds would be much lessened, though Mark felt little apprehension of the winds at that season of the year, so long as the sea could not make a long rake against the vessel. He believed the ship safe for the present, and felt the hope of still finding a passage, through the reef to leeward, reviving in his breast.

Well might Mark and Bob rejoice in the great feat they had just performed. That night it blew so heavily as to leave little doubt that the ship could never have been kept at her anchor, outside; and had she struck adrift in the darkness nothing could have saved them from almost immediate destruction. The rollers came down in tremendous billows, breaking and roaring on all sides of the island, rendering the sea white with their foam, even at midnight; but, on reaching the massive, natural wall that protected the *Rancocus*, they dashed themselves into spray against it, wetting the vessel from her truck down, but doing her no injury. Mark remained on deck until past twelve o'clock, when finding that the gale was already breaking, he turned in and slept soundly until morning. As for Bob, he had taken his watch below early in the evening, and there he remained undisturbed until the appearance of day, when he turned out of his own accord.

Mark took another look at the sea, reefs and islands from the main-topmast cross-tree of the ship as she lay in her new berth. Of course the range of his vision was somewhat altered by this change of position, and especially did he see a greater distance to the westward, or toward the lee side of the reefs. Nothing encouraging was made out, however; the young man rather inclining more to the opinion than he had ever done before that the vessel could not be extricated from the rocks which surrounded her. With this conviction strong-

ly renewed, he descended to the deck to share in the breakfast Bob had set about preparing the moment he quitted his cat-tails; for Bob insisted on sleeping in the forecastle, though Mark had pressed him to take one of the cabin state-rooms. This time the meal, which included some very respectable ship's coffee, was taken on the cabin table, the day being cloudless, and the sun's rays possessing a power that made it unpleasant to sit long anywhere out of a shade. While the meal was taken, another conversation was held touching their situation.

"By the manner in which it blew last night," Mark observed, "I doubt if we should have had this comfortable cabin to eat in this morning, and these good articles to consume, had we left the ship outside until morning."

"I look upon it as a good job well done. Mr. Mark," answered Bob. "I must own I had no great hopes of our ever getting here, but was willing to try it; for them rollers didn't mind half-a-dozen reefs, but came tumbling in over them in a way to threaten the old '*Cocus* with being ground into powder. For my part, sir, I thank God from the bottom of my heart that we are here."

"You have reason to do so, Bob; and while we may both regret the misfortune that has befallen us, we had need remember how much better off we are than our shipmates, poor fellows!—or how much better we are off than many a poor mariner who loses his vessel altogether."

"Yes, the saving of the ship is a great thing for us. We can hardly call this a shipwreck, Mr. Mark, though we have been ashore once; it is more like being docked than anything else!"

"I have heard, before, of vessels being carried over reefs, and bars of rivers, into berths they could not quit," answered Mark. "But, reflect a moment, Bob, how much better our condition is, than if we had been washed down on this naked reef, with only such articles to comfort us as could be picked up along shore from the wreck!"

"I'm glad to hear you talk in this rational way, Mr. Mark; for it's a sign you do not give up, or take things too deeply to heart. I was afeard that you might be thinking too much of Miss Bridget, and make yourself more unhappy than is necessary for a man who has things so comfortable around him."

"The separation from my wife causes me much pain, Betts, but I trust in God. It has been in His pleasure to place us in this extraordinary situation, and I hope that something good will come of it."

"That's the right sentiments, sir—only keep such feelings uppermost, and we shall do right down well. Why, we have water, in plenty, until after the rainy season shall be along, when we can catch a fresh supply. Then, there is beef and pork enough betwixt decks to last you and me five or six years; and bread and flour in good quantities, to say nothing of lots of small stores, both forward and aft."

"The ship is well found, and, as you say, we might live a long time, years certainly, on the food she contains. There is, however, one thing to be dreaded, and to provide against which shall be my first care. We are now fifty days on salted provisions, and fifty more will give us both the scurvy."

"The Lord in His mercy protect me from that disease!" exclaimed Bob. "I had it once, in an old v'y'ge round the Horn, and have no wish to try it ag'in. But there must be fish in plenty among these rocks, Mr. Mark, and we have a good stock of bread. By dropping the beef and pork, for a few days at a time, might we not get shut of the danger?"

"Fish will help us, and turtle would be a great resource, could we meet with any of *that*. But, man requires mixed food, meats and vegetables, to keep him healthy; and nothing is so good for the scurvy as the last. The worst of our situation is a want of soil, to grow any vegetables in. I did not see so much as a rush, or the coarsest sea-plant, when we were on the island yesterday. If we had soil, there is seed in plenty on board, and this climate would bring forward vegetation at a rapid rate."

"Ay, ay, sir, and I'll tell you what I've got in the way of seeds, myself. You may

remember the delicious musk and water-melons we fell in with last v'y'ge, in the east. Well, sir, I saved some of the seed, thinking to give it to my brother, who is a Jarsey farmer, you know, sir; and, sailor-like, I forgot it altogether, when in port. If a fellow could get but a bit of earth to put them melon-seeds in, we might be eating our fruit like gentlemen, two months hence, or three months, at the latest."

"That is a good thought, Betts, and we will turn it over in our minds. If such a thing is to be done at all, the sooner it is done the better, that the melons may be getting ahead while we are busy with the other matters. This is just the season to put seed into the ground, and I think we might make soil enough to sustain a few hills of melons. If I remember right, too, there are some of the sweet potatoes left."

Bob assented, and during the rest of the meal they did nothing but pursue this plan of endeavoring to obtain half-a-dozen or a dozen hills of melons. As Mark felt all the importance of doing everything that lay in his power to ward off the scurvy, and knew that time was not to be lost, he determined that the very first thing he would now attend to, would be to get all the seed into as much ground as he could contrive to make. Accordingly, as soon as the breakfast was ended, Mark went to collect his seeds, while Bob set the breakfast things aside, after properly cleaning them.

There were four shoats on board, which had been kept in the launch, until that boat was put into the water, the night the *Rancocus* ran upon the rocks. Since that time they had been left to run about the decks, producing a good deal of dirt, and some confusion. These shoats Bob now caught and dropped into the bay, knowing that their instinct would induce them to swim for the nearest land. All this tnrned out as was expected, and the pigs were soon seen on the island, snuffing around on the rocks, and trying to root. A small quantity of the excrement of these animals still lay on the deck, where it had been placed when the launch was cleaned for service, no one thinking at such a moment of cleaning the decks. It had been washed by the sea that came aboard quite across the deck, but still formed a pile, and most of it was preserved. This manure Mark was about to put in a half-barrel, in order to carry it ashore, for the purpose of converting it into soil, when Bob suddenly put an end to what he was about, by telling him that he knew where a manure worth two of that was to be found. An explanation was asked and given. Bob, who had been several voyages on the western coast of America, told Mark that the Peruvians and Chilians made great use of the dung of aquatic birds as a manure, and which they found on the rocks that lined their coast.

Now two or three rocks lay near the reef that were covered with this deposit, the birds still hovering about them, and he proposed to take the dingey and go in quest of a little of that fertilizing manure. A very little, he said, would suffice, the Spaniards using it in small quantities, but applying it at different stages in the growth of the plant. It is scarcely necessary to say that Bob had fallen on a knowledge of the use of the article which is now so extensively known under the name of guano, in the course of his wanderings, and was enabled to communicate the fact to his companion. Mark knew that Betts was a man of severe truth, and he was so much the more disposed to listen to his suggestion. While our young mate was getting the boat ready, therefore, Bob collected his tools, provided himself with a bucket, passed the half-barrel, into which Mark had thrown the sweepings of the decks, into the dingey, and descended himself and took the sculls. The two then proceeded to Bob's rock, where, amid the screams of a thousand sea-birds, the honest fellow filled his bucket with as good guano as was ever found on the coast of Peru.

While the boat was at the rock, Mark saw that the pigs had run round to the western end of the island, snuffing at everything that came in their way, and trying in vain to root wherever one of

them could insert his nose. As a hog is a particularly sagacious animal, Mark kept his eyes on them while Bob was picking out his guano, in the faint hope that they might discover fresh water, by means of their instinct. In this way he saw them enter the gateway of the crater, pigs being pretty certain to run their noses into any such place as that.

On landing, Mark took a part of the tools and the bucket of guano, while Bob shouldered the remainder, and they went up to the hole and entered the crater together, having landed as near to the gateway as they could get, with that object. To Mark's great delight he found that the pigs were now actually rooting with some success, so far as stirring the surface was concerned, though getting absolutely nothing for their pains. There were spots on the plain of the crater, however, where it was possible, by breaking a sort of crust, to get down into coarse ashes that were not entirely without some of the essentials of soil. Exposure to the air and water, with mixing up with sea-weed and such other waste materials as he could collect, the young man fancied would enable him to obtain a sufficiency of earthy substances to sustain the growth of plants. While on the summit of the crater-wall, he had seen two or three places where it had struck him sweet potatoes and beans might be made to grow, and he determined to ascend to those spots, and make his essay there, as being the most removed from the inroads of the pigs. Could he only succeed in obtaining two or three hundred melons, he felt that a great deal would be done in providing the means of checking any disposition to scurvy that might appear in Bob or himself. In this thoughtful manner did one so young look ahead, and make provision for the future.

CHAPTER VI.

"——that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs;
Then commune how that day they best may ply
Their growing work; for much their work outgrew
The hands dispatch of two gard'ning so wide."
—MILTON.

OUR two mariners had come ashore well provided with the means of carrying out their plans. The *Rancocus* was far better provided with tools suited to the uses of the land, than was common for ships, her voyage contemplating a long stay among the islands she was to visit. Thus, axes and picks were not wanting, Captain Crutchely having had an eye to the possible necessity of fortifying himself against savages. Mark now ascended the crater-wall with a pick on his shoulder, and a part of a coil of ratlin-stuff around his neck. As he went up, he used the pick to make steps, and did so much in that way, in the course of ten minutes, as greatly to facilitate the ascent and descent at the particular place he had selected. Once on the summit, he found a part of the rock that overhung its base, and dropped one end of his line into the crater. To this Bob attached the bucket, which Mark hauled up and emptied. In this manner everything was transferred to the top of the crater-wall that was needed there, when Bob went down to the dingey to roll up the half-barrel of sweepings that had been brought from the ship.

Mark next looked about for the places which had seemed to him, on his previous visit, to have most of the character of soil. He found a plenty of these spots, mostly in detached cavities of no great extent, where the crust had not yet formed; or, having once formed, had been disturbed by the action of the elements. These places he first picked to pieces with his pick; then he stirred them well up with a hoe, scattering a little guano in the heaps, according to the directions of Betts. When this was done, he sent down the bucket, and hauled up the sweepings of the deck, which Bob had ready for him, below. Nor was this all Bob had done, during the hour Mark was at work, in the sun, on the summit of the

crater. He had found a large deposit of sea-weed, on a rock near the island, and had made two or three trips with the dingey, back and forth, to transfer some of it to the crater. After all his toil and trouble, the worthy fellow did not get more than a hogshead full of this new material, but Mark thought it well worth while to haul it up, and to endeavor to mix it with his compost. This was done by making it up in bundles, as one would roll up hay, of a size that the young man could manage.

Bob now joined his friend on the crater-wall, and assisted in carrying the sea-weed to the places prepared to receive it, when both of the mariners next set about mixing it up with the other ingredients of the intended soil. After working for another hour in this manner, they were of opinion that they might make the experiment of putting in the seed. Melons, of both sorts, and of the very best quality, were now put into the ground, as were also beans, peas, and Indian-corn, or maize. A few cucumber-seeds, and some onions were also tried, Captain Crutchely having brought with him a considerable quantity of the common garden seeds, as a benefit conferred on the natives of the islands he intended to visit, and through them on future navigation. This care proceeded from his owners, who were what is called "Friends," and who somewhat oddly blended benevolence with the practices of worldly gain.

Mark certainly knew very little of gardening, but Bob could turn his hand to almost anything. Several mistakes were made, notwithstanding, more particularly in the use of the seed, with which they were not particularly acquainted. Mark's Reef lay just within the tropics, it is true (in 21° south latitude), but the constant sea-breeze rendered its climate much cooler than would otherwise have been the case. Thus the peas, and beans, and even the onions, did better, perhaps, on the top of the crater, than they would have done in it; but the okra, egg-plants, melons, and two or three other seeds that they used, would probably have succeeded better had they been placed in the warmest spots which could be found. In one respect Mark made a good gardener. He knew that moisture was indispensable to the growth of most plants, and had taken care to put all his seeds into cavities, where the rain that fell (and he had no reason to suppose that the dry season had yet set in) would not run off and be wasted. On this point he manifested a good deal of judgment, using his hoe in a way to avoid equally the danger of having too much or too little water.

It was dinner-time before Mark and Betts were ready to quit the "Summit," as they now began to term the only height in their solitary domains. Bob had foreseen the necessity of a shade, and had thrown an old royal into the boat. With this and two or three light spars he contrived to make a sort of canopy, down in the crater, beneath which he and Mark dined and took their siestas. While resting on a spare studding-sail that had also been brought along, the mariners talked over what they had done and what it might be best to undertake next.

Thus far Mark had been working under a species of excitement that was probably natural enough to his situation, but which wanted the coolness and discretion that are necessary to render our efforts the most profitable to ourselves or to others. Now that the feverish feeling which set him at work so early to make a provision against wants which, at the worst, were merely problematical, had subsided, Mark began to see that there remained many things to do which were of even more pressing necessity than anything yet done. Among the first of these there was the perfect security of the ship. So long as she rode at a single anchor she could not be considered as absolutely safe; for a shift of wind would cause her to swing against the "sea-wall," as he called the natural breakwater outside of her; where, if not absolutely wrecked, she might receive material damage. Prudence required, therefore, that the ship should be moored as well as anchored. Nevertheless, there was a good deal of truth in what Mark had said touching the plants growing while he and Bob were busy at

other matters; and this thought, of itself, formed a sufficient justification for what he had just done, much as it had been done under present excitement. As they lay under the shade of the royal, our mariners discussed these matters and matured some plans for the future.

At two o'clock Mark and Bob resumed their work. The latter suggested the necessity of getting food and water ashore for the pigs, as an act that humanity imperiously demanded of them; not humanity in the sense of feeling for our kind, but in the sense in which we all ought to feel for animal suffering, whether endured by man or beast. Mark assented as to the food, but was of opinion a thunder-shower was about to pass over the reef. The weather certainly did wear this aspect, and Bob was content to wait the result, in order to save himself unnecessary trouble. As for the pigs, they were still in the crater rooting, as it might be for life or death, though nothing edible had as yet rewarded them for their toil. Perhaps they found it pleasant to be thrusting their noses into something that resembled soil after so long a confinement to the planks of a ship. Seeing them at work in this manner suggested to Mark to try another experiment, which certainly looked far enough ahead, as if he had no great hopes of getting off the island for years to come. Among the seeds of Captain Crutchely were those of oranges, lemons, limes, shaddocks, figs, and grapes; all plants well enough suited to the place, if there were only soil to nourish them. Now one of the hogs had been rooting, as best he might, just under the wall, on the northern side of the crater, making a long row of little hillocks, of earthy ashes, at unequal distances, it is true, but well enough disposed for the nature of the different fruits, could they only be got to grow. Along this irregular row of hillocks did Mark bury his seeds, willing to try an experiment which might possibly benefit some other human being, if it never did any good to himself. When this was done, he and Betts left the crater, driving the hogs out before them.

Having made his plantation, Mark felt a natural desire to preserve it. He got the royal, therefore, and succeeded in fastening it up as a substitute for a gate, in their natural gateway. Had the pigs met with any success in rooting, it is not probable this slight obstacle would have prevented their finding their way again into the cavity of the crater; but, as it was, it proved all-sufficient, and the sail was permitted to hang before the hole, until a more secure gate was suspended in its stead.

The appearances of the thunder-shower were so much increased by this time, that our mariners hastened back to the ship in order to escape a ducking. They had hardly got on board before the gust came, a good deal of water falling, though not in the torrents in which one sometimes sees it stream down within the tropics. In an hour it was all over, the sun coming out bright and scorching, after the passage of the gust. One thing occurred, however, which at first caused both of the seamen a good deal of uneasiness, and again showed them the necessity there was for mooring the ship. The wind shifted from the ordinary direction of the trades, during the squall, to a current of air that was nearly at right angles to the customary course. This caused the ship to swing, and brought her so near the sea-wall, that once or twice her side actually rubbed against it. Mark was aware, by his previous sounding, that this wall rather impended over its base, being a part of an old crater, beyond a question, and that there was little danger of the vessel's hitting the bottom, or taking harm in any other way than by friction against the upper part; but this friction might become too rude, and finally endanger the safety of the vessel.

As soon as the weather became fine, however, the trades returned, and the ship swung round to her old berth. Bob now suggested the expediency of carrying out their heaviest kedge ashore, of planting it in the rocks, and of running out to it two or three parts of a hawser, to which a line of planks might be lashed, and thus give them the means of entering and quitting the ship, without having re-

course to the dingey. Mark approved of this plan, and, it requiring a raft to carry ashore the kedge, the dingey being so light they were afraid to trust it, it was decided to commence that work in the morning. For the rest of the present day nothing further was done, beyond light and necessary jobs, and continuing the examination of the island. Mark was curious to look at the effect of the shower, both in reference to his plantations, and to the quantity of fresh water that might have lodged on the reef. It was determined, therefore, to pass an hour or two ashore before the night shut in again.

Previously to quitting the ship, Bob spoke of the poultry. There were but six hens, a cock, and five ducks, left. They were all as low in flesh and spirits as it was usual to find birds that have been at sea fifty days, and the honest tar proposed turning them all adrift on the reef, to make their own living in the best way they could. Now and then a little food might be put in their way, but let them have a chance for their lives. Mark assented at once, and the coops were opened. Each fowl was carried to the taffrail, and tossed into the air, when it flew down upon the reef, a distance of a couple of hundred feet, almost as a matter of course. Glad enough were the poor things to be thus liberated.

To Mark's surprise, no sooner did they reach the reef, than to work they went, and commenced picking up something with the greatest avidity, as if let loose in the best supplied poultry-yard. Confident there was nothing for even a hen to glean on the rocks when he left there, the young man could not account for this, until turning his eyes inboard, he saw the ducks doing the same thing on deck. Examining the food of these last-mentioned animals, he found there was a great number of minute mucilaginous particles on the deck, which no doubt had descended with the late rain, and which all the birds, as well as the hogs, seemed eager to devour. Here, then, was a supply, though a short-lived one, of a manna suited to those creatures, which might render them happy for a few hours, at least. Bob caught the ducks, and tossed them overboard, when they floundered about and enjoyed themselves in a way that communicated a certain pleasure even to the desolate and shipwrecked men who had set them at liberty. Nothing with life now remained in the ship but the goat, and Mark thought it best not to turn her ashore until they had greater facilities for getting the necessary food to her than the dingey afforded. As she was not likely to breed, there was no great use in keeping this animal at all, to say nothing of the means of feeding her, for any length of time; but Mark was unwilling to take her life, since Providence had brought them all to that place in company. Then he thought she might be a pretty object leaping about the cliffs of the crater, giving the island a more lively and inhabited appearance, though he foresaw she might prove very destructive to his plantations, did his vegetables grow. As there was time enough to decide on her final fate, it was finally settled she should be put ashore, and have a comfortable fortnight, even though condemned to die at the end of that brief period.

On landing, every hole in the face of the cliff was found filled with fresh water. Betts was of opinion that the water-casks might all be filled with the water which was thus collected, the fluid having seemingly all flowed into these receptacles, while little had gone into the sea. This was encouraging for the future, at any rate; the want of water, previously to this shower, appearing to Mark to be a more probable occurrence than the want of food. The sea might furnish the last, on an emergency, while it could do nothing with the first. But the manner in which the ducks were enjoying themselves in these fresh pools can scarcely be imagined! As Mark stood looking at them, a doubt first suggested itself to his mind concerning the propriety of men's doing anything that ran counter to their instincts, with any of the creatures of God. Pet birds in cages, birds that were created to fly, had always been disagreeable to him; nor did he conceive it to be any answer to say that they were born in cages

and had never known liberty. They were created with an instinct for flight, and intense must be their longings to indulge in the power which Nature had bestowed on them. In the cage in which he now found himself, though he could run, walk, leap, swim, or do aught that Nature designed him to do, in the way of mere animal exploits, young Mark felt how bitter were the privations he was condemned to suffer.

The rain had certainly done no harm, as yet, to the planting. All the hills were entire as Mark and Bob had left them, though well saturated with water. In a few there might be even too much of the element, perhaps, but Mark observed that a tropical sun would soon remove that objection. His great apprehension was that he had commenced his gardening too late, and that the dry weather might set in too soon for the good of his vegetables; if any of them, indeed, ever came up at all. Here was one good soaking secured, at all events; and, knowing the power of a tropical sun, Mark was of opinion that the fate of the great experiment he had tried would soon be known. Could he succeed in producing vegetation among the *débris* of the crater, he and Bob might find the means of subsistence during their natural lives; but should that resource fail them, all their hopes would depend on being able to effect their escape in a craft of their own construction. In no case, however, but that of the direst necessity, did Mark contemplate the abandonment of his plan for getting back to the inhabited world, his country and his bride!

That night our mariners had a sounder sleep than they had yet been blessed with since the loss of their shipmates, and the accident to the vessel itself. The two following days they passed in securing the ship. Bob actually made a very respectable catamaran, or raft, out of the spare spars, sawing the topmasts and lower yards in two for that purpose, and fastening them together with ingenuity and strength by means of lashings. But Mark hit upon an expedient for getting the two kedges ashore that prevented the necessity of having recourse to the raft on that occasion. These kedges lay on the poop, where they were habitually kept, and two men had no great difficulty in getting them over the stern, suspended by stoppers. Now Mark had ascertained that the rock of the reef rose like a wall, being volcanic, like all the rest of the formation, and that the ship could float almost anywhere alongside of it. Aided by the rake of the stern of an old-fashioned Philadelphia-built ship, nothing was easier than to veer upon the cable, let the vessel drop in to the island, until the kedges actually hung over the rocks, and then lower the last down. All this was done, and the raft was reserved for other purposes. Notwithstanding the facility with which the kedges were got ashore, it took Mark and Bob quite half a day to plant them in the rock precisely where they were wanted.

When this was accomplished, however, it was so effectually done as to render the hold even greater than that of the sheet-anchor. The stocks were not used at all, but the kedges were laid flat on the rock, quite near to each other, and in such a manner that the flukes were buried in crevices of the lava, giving a most secure hold, while the shanks came out through natural grooves, leading straight toward the ship. Six parts of a hawser were bent to the kedges, three to each, and these parts were held at equal distances by pieces of spars ingeniously placed between them, the whole being kept in its place by regular stretchers that were lashed along the hawsers at distances of ten feet, giving all the parts of the ropes the same level. Before these stretchers were secured, the ship was hove ahead by her cable, and the several parts of the hawser brought to an equal strain. This left the vessel about a hundred feet from the island, a convenient, and if the anchor held, a *safe* position; though Mark felt little fear of losing the ship against rocks that were so perpendicular and smooth. On the stretchers planks were next laid and lashed, thus making a clear passage between the vessel and the shore, that might be used at all times, without recourse to the dingey; besides mooring the

ship head and stern, thereby keeping her always in the same place, and in the same position.

The business of securing the ship occupied nearly two days, and was not got through with until about the middle of the afternoon of the second day. It was Saturday, and Mark had determined to make a good beginning, and keep all their Sabbaths in future as holy times, set apart for the special service of the Creator. He had been born and educated an Episcopalian, but Bob claimed to be a Quaker, and what was more he was a little stiff in some of his notions on the opinion of his sect. The part of New Jersey in which Betts was born had many persons of this religious persuasion, and he was not only born, but, in one sense, educated in their midst; though the early age at which he went to sea had very much unsettled his practice, much the most material part of the tenets of these good persons. When the two knocked off work, Saturday afternoon, therefore, it was with an understanding that the next day was to be one of rest in the sense of Christians, and, from that time henceforth, that the Sabbath was to be kept as a holy day. Mark had ever been inclined to soberness of thought on such subjects. His early engagement to Bridget had kept him from falling into the ways of most mariners, and, time and again, had a future state of being been the subject of discourse between him and his betrothed. As the seasons of adversity are those in which men are the most apt to bethink them of their duties to God, it is not at all surprising that one of this disposition, thus situated, felt renewed demands on his gratitude and repentance.

While Mark, in this frame of mind, went rambling around his narrow domains, Bob got the dingey, and proceeded with his fishing-tackle toward some of the naked rocks, that lifted their caps above the surface of the sea, in a northwesterly direction from the crater. Of these naked rocks there were near twenty, all within a mile of the crater, and the largest of them not containing more than six or eight acres of dry surface. Some were less than a hundred feet in diameter. The great extent and irregular formation of the reefs all around the island, kept the water smooth for some distance, on all sides of it; and it was only when the rollers were sent in by heavy gales that the dingey could not move about, in this its proper sphere, in safety.

Betts was very fond of fishing, and could pass whole days, at a time, in that quiet amusement, provided he had a sufficient supply of tobacco. Indeed, one of the greatest consolations this man possessed, under the present misfortune, was the ample store of this weed which was to be found in the ship. Every man on board the *Rancocus*, Mark alone excepted, made use of tobacco; and, for so long a voyage, the provision laid in had been very abundant. On this occasion, Bob enjoyed his two favorite occupations to satiety, masticating the weed while he fished.

With Mark it was very different. He was fond of his fowling-piece, but of little use was that weapon in his present situation. Of all the birds that frequented the adjacent rocks, not one was of a sort that would be eaten, unless in cases of famine. As he walked over the island, that afternoon, his companion was the goat, which had been driven ashore on the new gangway, and was enjoying its liberty almost as much as the ducks. As the animal frisked about him, accompanying him everywhere in his walks, Mark was reminded of the goats of Crusoe, and his mind naturally adverted to the different accounts of shipwrecks of which he had read, and to a comparison between his own condition and those of other mariners who had been obliged to make their homes, for a time, on otherwise uninhabited islands.

In this comparison, Mark saw that many things made greatly against him, on the one hand; while, on the other, there were many others for which he had every reason to be profoundly grateful. In the first place, this island was, as yet, totally without vegetation of every kind. It had neither plant, shrub, nor tree. In

this he suffered a great privation, and it even remained to be proved by actual experiment, whether he was master of what might be considered the elements of soil. It occurred to him that something like vegetation must have shown itself, in or about the crater, did its *débris* contain the fertilizing principle. Mark not being sufficiently versed in the new science of chemical agriculture to understand that the admixtures of certain elements might bring to life forces that then were dormant. Then the Reef had no water. This was a very, very great privation, the most serious of all, and might prove to be a terrible calamity. It is true that, just at that moment, there was a shower every day, and sometimes two or three of them; but it was then spring, and there could be little reason to doubt that droughts would come in the hot and dry season. As a last objection, the Reef had no great extent, and no variety, the eye taking it all in at a glance, while the crater was its sole relief against the dullest monotony. Nor was there a bit of wood, or fuel of any sort to cook with, after the supply now in the ship should be exhausted. Such were the leading disadvantages of the situation in which our mariners were placed, as compared with those into which most other shipwrecked seamen had been thrown.

The advantages, on the other hand, Mark, in humble gratitude to God, admitted to be very great. In the first place, the ship and all she contained was preserved, giving them a dwelling, clothes, food and water, as well as fuel, for a long time to come; possibly, aided by what might be gleaned on even that naked reef, sufficient to meet all their wants for the duration of a human life. The cargo of the *Rancocus* was of no great extent, and of little value in a civilized country; but Mark knew that it included many articles that would be of vast service where he was. The beads and coarse trinkets with which it had been intended to trade with the savages were of no use whatever, it is true; but the ship's owners were painstaking and thoughtful Quakers, as has been already intimated, who blended with great shrewdness in the management of their worldly affairs, a certain regard to benevolence in general, and a desire to benefit their species. On this principle, they had caused a portion of their cargo to be made up, sending, in addition to all the ruder and commoner tools, that could be used by a people without domestic animals, a small supply of rugs, coarse clothes, coarse earthenware, and a hundred similar things, that would be very serviceable to any who knew how to use them. Most of the seeds came from these thoughtful merchants.

If fresh water were absolutely wanting on the reef, it rained a good deal; in the rainy season it must rain for a few weeks almost incessantly, and the numerous cavities in the ancient lava formed natural cisterns of great capacity. By taking the precaution of filling up the water-casks of the ship, periodically, there was little danger of suffering for the want of this great requisite. It is true, the sweet, cool, grateful draught that was to be got from the gushing spring must be forgotten; but rain-water collected in clean rock, and preserved in well-sweetened casks, was very tolerable drinking for seamen. Captain Crutchely, moreover, had a filterer for the cabin, and through it all the water used there was habitually passed.

In striking the balance between the advantages and disadvantages of his own situation, as compared with that of other shipwrecked mariners, Mark confessed that he had quite as much reason to be grateful as to repine. The last he was resolved not to do, if possible; and he pursued his walk in a more calm and resigned mood than he had been in since the ship entered among the shoals.

Mark, naturally enough, cast his eyes around him, and asked himself the question what was to be done with the domestic animals they had now all landed. The hogs might or might not be of the greatest importance to them as their residence on the island was or was not protracted, and as they found the means of feeding them. There was still food enough in the

ship to keep these creatures for some months, and food that had been especially laid in for that purpose; but that food would serve equally well for the fowls, and our young man was of opinion that eggs would be of more importance to himself and Betts, than hog's flesh. Then there was the goat; she would soon cease to be of any use at all, and green food was not to be had for her. A little hay, however, remained; and Mark was fully determined that Kitty, as the playful little thing was called, should live at least as long as that lasted. She was fortunate in being content with a nourishment that no other animal wanted.

Mark could see absolutely nothing on the rocks for a bird to live on, yet were the fowls constantly picking up something. They probably found insects that escaped his sight; while it was certain that the ducks were reveling in the pools of fresh water, of which there might, at that moment, have been a hundred on the reef. As all these creatures were, as yet, regularly fed from the supplies in the ship, each seemed to be filled with the joy of existence; and Mark, as he walked among them, felt how profound ought to be his own gratitude, since he was still in a state of being which admitted of a consciousness of happiness so much beyond anything that was known to the inferior animals of creation. He had his mind, with all its stores gathered from study and observation, his love for God, and his hopes of a blessed future, ever at command. Even his love for Bridget had its sweets, as well as its sorrows. It was grateful to think of her tenderness to himself, her beauty, her constancy, of which he would not for a moment doubt, and of all the innocent and delightful converse they had had during a courtship that occupied so much of their brief lives.

Just as the sun was setting, Bob returned from his fishing excursion. To Mark's surprise, he saw that the dingey floated almost with her gunwale-to, and he hastened down to meet his friend, who came ashore in a little bay, quite near the gateway, and in which the rock did not rise as much like a wall as it did on most of the exterior of the reef. Bob had caught about a dozen fish, some of which were of considerable size, though all were of either species or varieties that were unknown to them both. Selecting two of the most promising-looking for their own use, he threw the others on the rocks, where the pigs and poultry might give them a trial. Nor was it long before these creatures were hard at work on them, disregarding the scales and fins. At first the hens were a little delicate, probably from having found animal food enough for their present wants in the insects; but, long before the game was demolished, they had come in for their full share. This experiment satisfied the mariners that there would be no difficulty in furnishing plenty of food for all their stock, and for any length of time, Kitty excepted. It is true, the pork and the poultry would be somewhat fishy; but that would be a novelty, and should it prove disagreeable on tasting it, a little clean feeding, at the proper moment, would correct the flavor.

But the principal cargo of the dingey was not the dozen fish mentioned. Bob had nearly filled the boat with a sort of vegetable loam, that he had found lodged in the cavity of one of the largest rocks, and which, from the signs around the place, he supposed to have been formed by deposits of sea-weed. By an accident of nature, this cavity in the rock received a current, which carried large quantities of floating weed *into* it, while every storm probably had added to its stores, since the mass had risen above the common level of the sea, by throwing fresh materials on to the pile, by means of the waves, nothing quitting it. Bob reported that there were no signs of vegetation around the rock, which circumstance, however, was easily enough accounted for by the salt water that was incessantly moistening the surface, and which, while it took with it the principle of future, was certain to destroy all present, vegetable life; or, all but that which belongs exclusively to aquatic plants.

"How much of this muck do you suppose is to be found on your rock, Bob?" asked Mark, after he had examined the

dingey's cargo, by sight, taste, and smell. "It is surprisingly like a rich earth, if it be not actually so."

"Lord bless you, Mr. Mark, there is enough on't to fill the old '*Cocus*, ag'in and ag'in. How deep it is, I don't pretend to know; but it's a good hundred paces across it, and the spot is as round as that there chimbly, that you call a cr'ature."

"If that be the case, we will try our hands at it next week, and see what can be done with an importation. I do not give up the blessed hope of the boat, Bob —that you will always bear in mind—but it is best to keep an eye on the means of living, should it please God to prevent our getting to sea again."

"To sea, Mr. Mark, neither you nor I nor any mortal man will ever get in the old '*Cocus* ag'in, as I know by the looks of things outside of us. 'Twill never do to plant in my patch, however, for the salt water must wash it whenever it blows; though a very little work, too, might keep it out, when I come to think on it. Sparrowgrass would grow there, as it is, desperately well; and Friend Abraham White had both seeds and roots put up for the use of the savages, if a body only know'd whereabouts to look for them among the lot of rubbish of that sort that he sent aboard."

"All the seeds and roots are in two or three boxes in the steerage," answered Mark. "I'll just step up to the crater and bring a shovel to throw this loam out of the boat with, while you can clean the fish and cook the supper. A little fresh food after so much salt will be both pleasant and good for us."

Bob assented, and each went his way. Mark threw the loam into a wheelbarrow, of which Friend Abraham had put no less than three in the ship as presents to the savages, and he wheeled it, at two or three loads, into the crater, where he threw it down in a pile, intending to make a compost heap of all the materials of the sort he could lay his hands on.

As for Bob, he cleaned both fish, taking them on board the ship to do so. He put the largest and coarsest into the coppers, after cutting it up, mixing with it onions, pork, and ship's bread, intending to start a fire beneath it early in the morning, and cook a sort of chowder. The other he fried, Mark and he making a most grateful meal on it, that evening.

CHAPTER VII.

"Be thou at peace!—Th' all-seeing eye,
Pervading earth, and air, and sky,
The searching glance which none may flee,
Is still, in mercy, turn'd on thee."
—MRS. HEMANS.

THE Sabbath ever dawns on the piously-inclined with hope and a devout gratitude to the Creator for all His mercies. This is more apt to be the case in genial seasons, and rural abodes, perhaps, than amidst the haunts of men, and when the thoughts are diverted from the proper channels by the presence of persons around us. Still greater is the influence of absolute solitude, and that increased by the knowledge of a direct and visible dependence on the Providence of God for the means of even prolonging existence. In the world, men lose sight of this dependence, fancying themselves and their powers of more account than the truth would warrant, and even forgetting whence these very boasted powers are derived; but man, when alone, and in critical circumstances, is made to feel that he is not sufficient for his own wants, and turns with humility and hope to the divine hand that upholds him.

With feelings of this character, did Mark and Betts keep their first Sabbath on the reef. The former read the morning service, from beginning to end, while the latter sat by, an attentive listener. The only proof given of any difference in religious faith between our mariners, was of so singular a nature as to merit notice. Notwithstanding Bob's early familiarity with Mark, his greater age, and the sort of community of feeling and interest created by their common misfortune, the former had not ceased to treat the last with the respect due to his office. This deference never deserted him, and he had

not once since the ship was embayed entered the cabin without pulling off his hat. As soon as church commenced, however, Bob resumed his tarpaulin, as a sort of sign of his own orthodoxy in the faith of his fathers; making it a point to do as they had done in meeting, and slightly concerned lest his companion might fall into the error of supposing he was a man likely to be converted. Mark also observed that in the course of that Sabbath Bob used the pronouns "thee" and "thou" on two or three occasions, sounding oddly enough in the mouth of the old salt.

Well did both our mariners prove the efficacy of the divine provision of a day of rest, in a spiritual sense, on the occasion of this their first Sabbath on the reef. Mark felt far more resigned to his fate than he could have believed possible, while Betts declared that he should be absolutely happy, had he only a better boat than the dingey; not that the dingey was at all a bad craft of its kind, but it wanted size. After the religious services, for which both our mariners had shaved and dressed, they took a walk together, on the reef, conversing of their situation and future proceedings. Bob then told Mark for the first time that, in his opinion, there was the frame and the other materials of a pinnace, or a large boat, somewhere in the hold, which it was intended to put together, when the ship reached the islands, as a convenience for cruising about among them to trade with the savages, and to transport sandal-wood. The mate never had heard of this boat, but acknowledged that a part of the hold had been stowed while he was up at Bristol, and it might have been taken in then. Bob confessed that he had never seen it, though he had worked in the stevedore's gang; but was confident he had heard Friend Abraham White and Captain Crutchely talking of its dimensions and uses. According to his recollection it was to be a boat considerably larger than the launch, and to be fitted with masts and sails, and to have a half-deck. Mark listened to all this patiently, though he firmly believed that the honest fellow was deceiving himself the whole time. Such a craft could scarcely be in the ship, and he not hear of it, if he did not actually see it; though he thought it possible that the captain and owners may have had some such plan in contemplation, and conversed together on it, in Betts's presence.

As there were plenty of tools on board, however, by using stuff of one sort or another, that was to be found in the ship, Mark had strong hopes of their being able between them to construct in the course of time—though he believed a long time might be necessary—a craft of some sort, that should be of sufficient stability to withstand the billows of that ordinarily mild sea, and enable them to return to their homes and friends. In conversing of things of this sort, in religious observances, and in speculating on the probable fate of their shipmates, did our mariners pass this holy day. Bob was sensibly impressed with the pause in their ordinary pursuits and lent himself to the proper feelings of the occasion with a zeal and simplicity that gave Mark great satisfaction; for, hitherto, while aware that his friend was as honest a fellow as ever lived, in the common acceptance of such a phrase, he had not supposed him in the least susceptible of religious impressions. But the world had suddenly lost its hold on Betts, the barrier offered by the vast waters of the Pacific being almost as impassable, in his actual circumstances, as that of the grave; and the human heart turns to God in its direst distress as to the only being who can administer relief. It is when men are prosperous that they vainly imagine they are sufficient for their own wants, and are most apt to neglect the hand that alone can give durable support.

The following morning our mariners resumed their more worldly duties with renewed powers. While the kettle was boiling for their tea, they rolled ashore a couple of empty water-casks, and filled them with fresh water, at one of the largest natural reservoirs on the reef; it having rained hard in the night. After breakfast, Mark walked round to examine his piles of loam in the crater, while Bob

pulled away in the dingey, to catch a few fish, and to get a new cargo of the earth; it being the intention of Mark to join him at the next trip, with the raft, which required some little arranging, however, previously to its being used for such a purpose. The rain of the past night had thoroughly washed the pile of earth, and, on tasting it, Mark was convinced that much of the salt it contained had been carried off. This encouraged him to persevere in his gardening projects. As yet the spring had only just commenced, and he was in hopes of being able to prepare one bed, at least, in time to obtain useful vegetables from it.

The *Rancocus* had a great many planks and boards in her hold, a part of the ample provision made by her owners for the peculiar voyage on which she had been sent. Of real cargo, indeed, she had very little, the commerce between the civilized man and the savage being ordinarily on those great principles of Free Trade, of which so much is said of late years, while so little is understood, and which usually give the lion's share of the profit to them who need it least. With some of these planks, Mark made a staging for his raft. By the time he was ready, Bob returned with a load of loam, and, on the next outward voyage, the raft was taken as well as the dingey. Mark had fitted pins and grummets, by which the raft was rowed, he and Bob impelling it, when light, very easily at the rate of two miles in the hour.

Mark found Betts's deposit of decayed vegetable matter even larger and more accessible than he had hoped for. A hundred loads might be got without even using a wheelbarrow; and to all appearances there was enough of it to give a heavy dressing to many acres, possibly to the whole area of the crater. The first thing the young man did was to choose a suitable place, dig it well up, mixing a sufficiency of guano with it, agreeably to Betts's directions, and then to put in some of his asparagus roots. After this he scattered a quantity of the seed, raking the ground well after sowing. By the time this was done, Bob had both dingey and raft loaded, when they pulled the last back to the reef, towing the boat. In this manner our two mariners continued to work most of the time, for the next fortnight, making daily more or less trips to the "loam-rock," as they called the place where this precious deposit had been made; though they neglected none of their other necessary duties. As the distance was short, they could come and go many times in a day, transporting at each trip about as much of the loam as would make an ordinary American cart-load of manure. In the whole, by Mark's computation, they got across about fifty of these cargoes, in the course of their twelve days' work. The entire day, however, was on no occasion given up wholly to this pursuit. On the contrary, many little odd tasks were completed, which were set by their necessities, or by forethought and prudence. All the empty water-casks, for one thing, were rolled ashore, and filled at the largest pool; the frequency of the rains admonishing them of the wisdom of making a provision for the dry season. The *Rancocus* had a good deal of water still left in her, some of it being excellent Delaware river water, though she had filled up at Valparaiso, after passing the Horn.

Mark counted the full casks, and allowing ten gallons a day for Bob and himself, a good deal more than could be wanted, there remained in the ship fresh water enough to last two years. It is true, it was not such water as the palate often craved of a warm day; but they were accustomed to it, and it was sweet. By keeping it altogether between decks, the sun had no power on it, and it was even more palatable than might have been supposed. Mark occasionally longed for one good drink at some gushing spring that he remembered at home, it is true; and Bob was a little in the habit of extolling a particular well that, it would seem, his family were reputed to have used for several generations. Notwithstanding these little natural backslidings on this subject, our mariners might be thought well off on the score of water, having it in great abundance and with no reasonable fear

of ever losing it altogether. The casks taken ashore were filled for their preservation, as well as for convenience, an old sail being spread over them, after they were rolled together and chocked. As yet, no water was given to any of the stock, all the animals finding it in abundance, in the cavities of the lava.

Some of the time, moreover, Betts passed in fishing, supplying not only Mark and himself, but the pigs and the poultry, with as much food as was desired. Several of the fish caught turned out to be delicious, while others were of a quality that caused them to be thrown into the compost heap. A cargo of guano was also imported, the rich manure being mixed up in liberal quantities with the loam. At the end of the first week of these voyages to "loam-rock," Betts went out to fish in a new direction, passing to windward of the "sea-wall," as they called the reef that protected the ship, and pulling toward a bit of naked rock a short distance beyond it, where he fancied he might find a particular sort of little fish, that greatly resembled the Norfolk Hog-fish, one of the most delicious little creatures for the pan that is to be found in all the finny tribe. He had been gone a couple of hours, when Mark, who was at work within the crater, picking up the incrusted ashes that formed its surface, heard Bob's shout outside, as if he wished assistance. Throwing down the pick, our young man ran out, and was not a little surprised to see the sort of cargo with which Bob was returning to port. It would seem that a great collection of sea-weed had formed to windward of the rock where Bob had gone to fish, at which spot it ordinarily gathered in a pile until the heap became too large to lodge any longer, when, owing to the form of the rock, it invariably broke adrift, and passed to the southward of the Reef, floating to leeward to fetch up on some other rock, or island, in that direction. Bob had managed to get this raft round a particular point in the reef, when the wind and current carried it, as near as might be, directly toward the crater. He was calling to Mark to come to his assistance, to help get the raft into a sort of bay ahead of him, where it might be lodged; else would there be the danger of its drifting past the Reef, after all his pains. Our young man saw, at once, what was wanted, got a line, succeeded in throwing it to Bob, and by hauling upon it brought the whole mass ashore in the very spot Betts wished to see it landed.

The sea-weed proved to be a great acquisition on more accounts than one. There was as much of it in quantity as would have made two good-sized loads of hay. Then, many small shell-fish were found among it, which the pigs and poultry ate with avidity. It also contained seeds, that the fowls picked up as readily as if it had been corn. The hogs moreover masticated a good deal of the weed, and poor Kitty, the only one of the domestic animals on the Reef that was not now living to its heart's content, nibbled at it, with a species of half-doubting faith in its salubrity. Although it was getting to be late in the afternoon, Mark and Bob got two of Friend Abraham White's pitchforks (for the worthy Quaker had sent these, among other implements of husbandry, as a peace-offering to the Fejee savages), and went to work with a hearty good-will, landed all this weed, loaded it up, and wheeled it into the crater, leaving just enough outside to satisfy the pigs and the poultry. This task concluded the first week of the labor already mentioned.

At the termination of the second week, Mark and Betts held a council on the subject of their future proceedings. At this consultation it was decided that it would be better to finish the picking up of a considerable plot of ground, one of at least half an acre in extent, that was already commenced, within the crater, scatter their compost over it, and spade all up together, and plant, mixing in as much of the sea-weed as they could conveniently spade under. Notwithstanding their success in finding the loam, and this last discovery of a means of getting sea-weed in large supplies to the Reef, Mark was not very sanguine of success in his gardening. The

loam appeared to him to be cold and sour, as well as salt, though a good deal freshened by the rain since it was put in the crater; and he knew nothing of the effects of guano, except through the somewhat confused accounts of Bob. Then the plain of the crater offered nothing besides coarse and shelly ashes. These ashes were deep enough for any agricultural purpose, it is true, for Mark could work a crowbar down into them its entire length; but they appeared to him to be totally wanting in the fertilizing principle. Nor could he account for the absence of everything like vegetation, on or about the reef, if the elements of plants of any sort were to be found in the substances of which it was composed. He had read, however, that the territory around active volcanoes, and which was far enough removed from the vent to escape from the destruction caused by lava, scoriæ and heat was usually highly fertile, in consequence of the ashes and impalpable dust that was scattered in the air; but seeing no proofs of any such fertility here, he supposed that the adjacent sea had swallowed up whatever there might have been of these bountiful gifts. With these impressions, it is not surprising that Mark was disposed to satisfy himself with a moderate beginning, in preference to throwing away time and labor in endeavoring to produce resources which after all would fail them.

Mark's plan, as laid before his companion, on the occasion of the council mentioned, was briefly this:—He proposed to pass the next month in preparing the half-acre they had commenced upon, and in getting in seed; after which they could do no more than trust their husbandry to Providence and the seasons. As soon as done with the tillage, it was his idea that they ought to overhaul the ship thoroughly, ascertain what was actually in her, and, if the materials of the boat mentioned by Betts were really to be found, to set that craft up as soon as possible, and to get it into the water. Should they not find the frame and planks of the pinnace, as Betts seemed to think they would, they must go to work and get out the best frame they could themselves, and construct such a craft as their own skill could contrive. After building such a boat, it was Mark's opinion that he and Bob could navigate her across that tranquil ocean, until they reached the coast of South America, or some of the islands that were known to be friendly to the white man; for, fifty years ago, it will be remembered, we did not possess the same knowledge of the Pacific that we possess to-day, and mariners did not trust themselves always with confidence among the natives of its islands. With this plan pretty well sketched out, then, our mariners saw the first month of their captivity among the unknown reefs of this remote quarter of the world draw to its close.

Mark was a little surprised by a proposal that he received from Bob, next morning, which was the Sabbath, of course. "Friends have monthly meetings," Betts observed, "and he thought they ought to set up some such day on the Reef. He was willing to keep Christmas, if Mark saw fit, but rather wished to pay proper respect to all the festivals and observances of Friends." Mark was secretly amused with this proposition, even while it pleased him. The monthly meeting of the Quakers was for the secular part of church business, as much as for the purposes of religious worship; and Bob having all those concerns in his own hands, it was not so easy to see how a stated day was to aid him any in carrying out his church government. But Mark understood the feeling which dictated this request, and was disposed to deal gently by it. Betts was becoming daily more and more conscious of his dependence on a Divine Providence, in the situation in which he was thrown; and his mind, as well as his feelings, naturally enough reverted to early impressions and habits, in their search for present relief. Bob had not the clearest notions of either the theory or practice of his sect, but he remembered much of the last, and believed he should be acting right by conforming as closely as possible to the "usages of Friends." Mark promised to

take the matter into consideration, and to come to some decision on it at an early day.

The following Monday it rained nearly the whole morning, confining our mariners to the ship. They took that occasion to overhaul the "'twixt-deck" more thoroughly than had yet been done, and particularly to give the seed-boxes a close examination. Much of the lumber, and most of the tools, too, were stowed on this deck, and something like a survey was also made of them. The frame and other materials of the pinnace were looked for, in addition, but without any success. If in the ship at all, they were certainly not betwixt decks. Marks was still of opinion no such articles would ever be found; but Betts insisted on the conversation he had overheard, and on his having rightly understood it. The provision of tools was very ample, and, in some respects, a little exaggerated in the way of Friend White's expectations of civilizing the people of Fejee. It may be well, here, to say a word concerning the reason that the *Rancocus* contained so many of these tributes to civilization. The voyage of the ship, it will be remembered, was in quest of sandal-wood. This sandal-wood was to be carried to Canton and sold, and a cargo of teas taken in with the avails. Now sandal-wood was supposed to be used for the purposes of idolatry, being said to be burned before the gods of that heathenish people. Idolatry being one of the chiefest of all sins, Friend Abraham White had many compunctions and misgivings of conscience touching the propriety of embarking in the trade at all.

It was true, that our knowledge of the Chinese customs did not extend far enough to render it certain that the wood was used for the purpose of burning before idols, some pretending it was made into ornamental furniture; but Friend Abraham White had heard the first; and was disposed to provide a set-off, in the event of the report's being true, by endeavoring to do something toward the civilization of the heathen. Had he been a Presbyterian merchant, of a religious turn, it is probable a quantity of tracts would have been made to answer the purpose; but, belonging to a sect whose practice was generally as perfect as its theory is imperfect, Friend Abraham White's conscience was not to be satisfied with any such shallow contrivance. It is true that he expected to make many thousands of dollars by the voyage, and doubtless would so have done, had not the accident befallen the ship, or had poor Captain Crutchely drank less in honor of his wedding-day; but the investment in tools, seeds, pigs, wheelbarrows, and other matters, honestly intended to better the condition of the natives of Vanua Levu and Viti Levu, did not amount to a single cent less than one thousand dollars, lawful money of the republic.

In looking over the packages, Mark found white clover seed, and Timothy seed, among other things, in sufficient quantity to cover most of the mount of the crater. The weather temporarily clearing off, he called to Bob, and they went ashore together, Mark carrying some of the grass-seed in a pail, while Betts followed with a vessel to hold guano. Providing a quantity of the last from a barrel that had been previously filled with it, and covered to protect it from the rain, they clambered up the side of the crater. This was the first time either had ascended since the day they finished planting there, and Mark approached his hills with a good deal of freshly-revived interest in their fate. From *them* he expected very little, having had no loam to mix with the ashes; but, by dwelling so much of late on the subject of tillage, he was not without faint hopes of meeting with some little reward for the pains he had taken. The reader will judge of the rapture then, as well as of the surprise, with which he first saw a hill of melons, already in the fourth leaf. Here, then, was the great problem successfully solved. Vegetation had actually commenced on that hitherto barren mount, and the spot which had lain—how long, Mark knew not, but probably for a thousand years, if not for thousands of years—in its nakedness, was about to be covered with verdure, and blest with fruitfulness. The inert principles which,

brought to act together, had produced this sudden change from barrenness to fertility, had probably been near neighbors to each other all that time, but had failed of bringing forth their fruits, for the want of absolute contact. So Mark reasoned, for he nothing doubted that it was Betts's guano that had stimulated the otherwise barren deposit of the volcano, and caused his seed to germinate. The tillage may have aided, as well as the admission of air, light and water; but something more than this, our young gardener fancied, was wanting to success. That something the manure of birds, meliorated and altered by time, had supplied, and lo! the glorious results were before his eyes.

It would not be easy to portray to the reader all the delight which these specks of incipient verdure conveyed to the mind of Mark Woolston. It far exceeded the joy that would be apt to be awakened by a relief from an apprehension of wanting food at a distant day, for it resembled something of the character of a new creation. He went from hill to hill, and everywhere did he discover plants, some just peeping through the ashes, others already in leaf, and all seemingly growing and thriving. Fortunately, Kitty had not been on the mount for the last fortnight, her acquired habits, and the total nakedness of the hills, having kept her below with the other animals, since her first visits. Mark saw the necessity of keeping her off the elevation, which she would certainly climb the instant anything like verdure caught her eyes from below. He determined, therefore, to confine her to the ship, until he had taken the precautions necessary to prevent her ascending the mount. This last was easily enough done. On the exterior of the hills there were but three places where even a goat could get up. This was owing to the circumstance that the base of the ascent rose like a wall, for some ten or twelve feet, everywhere but at the three points mentioned. It appeared to Mark as if the sea had formerly washed around the crater, giving the form to its bottom, for so wall-like was the rock for these ten or twelve feet, that it would have defied the efforts of a man for a long time, to overcome the difficulties of the ascent. At two or three of the places where the *débris* had made a rough footing, half an hour's work would remove the material, and leave these spots as impassable as the others. At the third point, it might require a good deal of labor to effect the object. At this last place, Mark told Betts it would be necessary, for the moment, to make some sort of a fence. Within the crater, it was equally difficult to ascend, except at one or two places; but these ascents our mariners thought of improving, by making steps, as the animals were effectually excluded from the plain within by means of the sail which served for a curtain at the gateway, or hole of entrance.

As soon as Mark had recovered a little from his first surprise, he sent Bob below to bring up some buckets filled with the earth brought from Loam Rock, or island. This soil was laid carefully around each of the plants, the two working alternately at the task, until a bucketful had been laid in each hill. Mark did not know it at the time, but subsequent experience gave him reason to suspect that this forethought saved most of his favorites from premature deaths. Seed might germinate and the plants shoot luxuriantly from out of the ashes of the volcano, under the united influence of the sun and rains at that low latitude; but it was questionable whether the nourishment to be derived from such a soil, if soil it could yet be called, would prove to be sufficient to sustain the plants when they got to be of an age and size to demand all the support they wanted. So convinced did Mark become, as the season advanced, of the prudence of what he then did out of a mere impulse, that he passed hours subsequently in raising loam to the summit of the mount, in order to place it in the different hills. For this purpose, Bob rigged a little derrick and fitted a whip, so that the buckets were whipped up, sailor-fashion, after two or three experiments made in lugging them up by hand had suggested to the honest fellow that there might be a cheaper mode of obtaining their wishes.

When Mark was temporarily satisfied with gazing at his new-found treasures, he went to work to scatter the grass-seed over the summit and sides of the crater. Inside there was not much motive for sowing anything, the rock being so nearly perpendicular; but on the outside of the hill, or "mountain," as Bob invariably called it, the first ten or twelve feet excepted, there could be no obstacle to the seeds taking; though from the want of soil much of it, Mark knew, must be lost; but, if it only took in spots and gave him a few green patches for the eye to rest on, he felt he should be amply rewarded for his trouble. Bob scattered guano wherever he scattered grass-seed, and in this way they walked entirely round the crater, Mark using up at least half of Friend Abraham White's provision in behalf of the savages of Fejee, in the way of the grasses. A genial, soft rain soon came to moisten this seed, and to imbed it with whatever there was of soil on the surface, giving it every chance to take root that circumstances would allow.

This preliminary step taken toward covering the face of the mount with verdure, our mariners went to work to lay out their garden, regularly, within the crater. Mark manifested a good deal of ingenuity in this matter. With occasional exceptions the surface of the plain, or the bottom of the crater, was an even crust of no great thickness, composed of concrete ashes, scoriæ, etc., but which might have borne the weight of a loaded wagon. This crust once broken, which it was not very difficult to do by means of picks and crows, the materials beneath were found loose enough for the purposes of agriculture, almost without using the spade. Now, space being abundant, Mark drew lines, in fanciful and winding paths, leaving the crust for his walks, and only breaking into the loose materials beneath wherever he wished to form a bed. This variety served to amuse him and Betts, and they worked with so much the greater zeal as their labors produced objects that were agreeable to the eye and which amused them now, while they promised to benefit them hereafter. As each bed, whether oval, winding or straight, was dug, the loam and sea-weed were mixed up in it in great abundance, after which it was sown or planted.

Mark was fully aware that many of Friend Abraham White's seeds, if they grew and brought their fruits to maturity, would necessarily change their properties in that climate; some for the worse and others for the better. From the Irish potato, the cabbage, and most of the more northern vegetables he did not expect much, under any circumstances; but he thought he would try all, and having several regularly assorted boxes of garden-seeds, just as they had been purchased out of the shops of Philadelphia, his garden scarce wanted any plant that was then known to the kitchens of America.

Our mariners were quite a fortnight preparing, manuring and sowing their *parterre*, which, when complete, occupied fully half an acre in the very center of the crater, Mark intending it for the nucleus of future similar works, that might convert the whole hundred acres into a garden. By the time the work was done, the rains were less frequent, though it still came in showers, and those that were still more favorable to vegetation. In that fortnight the plants on the mount had made great advances, showing the exuberance and growth of a tropical climate. It sometimes, nay, it often happens, that when the sun is most genial for vegetation, moisture is wanting to aid its power, and, in some respects, to counteract its influence. These long and periodical droughts, however, are not so much owing to heat as to other and local causes. Mark now began to hope, as the spring advanced, that his little terrority was to be exempt, in a great measure, from the curse of droughts, the trades, and some other causes that to him were unknown, bringing clouds so often that not only shed their rain upon his garden, but which served in a great measure to mitigate a heat that, without shade of some sort or other, would be really intolerable.

With a view to the approaching summer, our mariners turned their attention

to the constructing of a tent within the crater. They got some old sails and some spars ashore, and soon had a spacious, as well as a comfortable habitation of this sort erected. Not only did they spread a spacious tent for themselves, within the crater, but they erected another, or a sort of canopy rather, on its outside, for the use of the animals, which took refuge beneath it, during the heats of the day, with an avidity that proved how welcome it was. This outside shed, or canopy, required a good deal of care in its construction, to resist the wind, while that inside scarce ever felt the breeze. This want of wind, or of air in motion, indeed, formed the most serious objection to the crater, as a place of residence, in the hot months; and the want of breeze that was suffered in the tent, set Mark to work to devise expedients for building some sort of tent, or habitation, on the mount itself, where it would be always cool, provided one could get a protection from the fierce rays of the sun.

After a good deal of search, Mark selected a spot on the "Summit," as he began to term the place, and pitched his tent on it. Holes were made in the soft rocks, and pieces of spars were inserted to answer for posts. With a commencement as solid as this, it was not difficult to make the walls of the tent (or marquee would be the better word, since both habitations had nearly upright sides) by means of an old fore-course. In order to get the canvas up there, however, it was found necessary to cut out the pieces below, when, by means of the purchase at the derrick, it was all hoisted to the Summit.

These several arrangements occupied Mark and Bob another fortnight, completing the first quarter of a year they had passed on the Reef. By this time they had got accustomed to their situation, and had fallen into regular courses of duty, though the increasing heats admonished both of the prudence of not exposing themselves too much beneath the fiery sun at noon-day.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Now, from the full-grown day a beamy shower
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each glossy flower,
Gay insects sparkle in the genial blaze,
Various as light, and countless as its rays—
Now, from yon range of rocks, strong rays rebound,
Doubling the day on flow'ry plains around."
—SAVAGE.

AFTER the tent on the Summit was erected, Mark passed much of his leisure time there. Thither he conveyed many of his books, of which he had a very respectable collection, his flute, and a portion of his writing materials. There he could sit and watch the growth of the different vegetables he was cultivating. As for Bob, he fished a good deal, both in the way of supplies and for his amusement. The pigs and poultry fared well, and everything seemed to thrive but poor Kitty. She loved to follow Mark, and cast many a longing look up at the Summit, whenever she saw him strolling about among his plants.

The vegetables on the Summit, or those first put into the ground, flourished surprisingly. Loam had been added repeatedly, and they wanted for nothing that could bring forward vegetation. The melons soon began to run, as did the cucumbers, squashes, and pumpkins; and by the end of the next month, there were a dozen large patches on the mount that were covered by a dense verdure. Nor was this all; Mark making a discovery about this time, that afforded him almost as much happiness as when he first saw his melons in leaf. He was seated one day, with the walls of his tent brailed up, in order to allow the wind to blow through, when something dark on the rock caught his eye. This spot was some little distance from him, and going to it, he found that large quantities of his grass-seed had actually taken! Now he might hope to convert that barren-looking, and often glaring rock, into a beautiful grassy hill, and render that which was sometimes painful to the eyes, a pleasure to look upon. The young man understood the laws of vegetation well enough to be cer-

tain that could the roots of grasses once insinuate themselves into the almost invisible crevices of the crust that covered the place, they would of themselves let in light, air and water enough for their own wants, and thus increase the very fertility on which they subsisted. He did not fail, however, to aid Nature, by scattering a fresh supply of guano all over the hill.

While Mark was thus employed at home, Bob rowed out to the reef, bringing in his fish in such quantities that it occurred to Mark to convert them also into manure. A fresh half-acre was accordingly broken up, within the crater, the cool of the mornings and of the evenings being taken for the toil; and, as soon as a bed was picked over, quantities of fish were buried in it, and left there to decay. Nor did Betts neglect the seaweed the while. On several occasions he floated large bodies of it in, from the outer reefs, which were all safely landed and wheeled into the crater, where a long pile of it was formed, mingled with loam from Loam Island, and guano. This work, however, gradually ceased, as the season advanced, and summer came in earnest. That season, however, did not prove by any means as formidable as Mark had anticipated, the sea-breezes keeping the place cool and refreshed. Our mariners now missed the rain, which was by no means as frequent as it had been, though it fell in larger quantities when it did come. The stock had to be watered for several weeks, the power of the sun causing all the water that lodged in the cavities of the rocks to evaporate almost immediately.

During the time it was too warm to venture out in the dingey, except for half an hour of a morning, or for as long a period of an evening, Mark turned his attentien to the ship again. Seizing suitable moments, each sail was loosened, thoroughly dried, unbent, and got below. An awning was got out, and spread, and the decks were wet down, morning and evening, both for the purposes of cleanliness, and to keep them from cheeking. The hold was now entered and overhauled, for the first time since the accident. A great many useful things were found in it, and among other articles two barrels of good sharp vinegar, which Friend Abraham White had caused to be put on board to be used with anything that could be pickled, as an anti-scorbutic. The onions and cucumbers both promising so well, Mark rejoiced at this discovery, determining at once to use some of the vinegar on a part of his expected crop of those two vegetables.

One day as Bob was rummaging about in the hold, and Mark was looking on, that being the coolest place on the whole reef, the former got hold of a piece of wood, and began so tug at it to draw it out from among a pile that lay in a dark corner. After several efforts, the stick came, when Mark, struck with a glimpse he got of its form, bade Bob bring it under the light of the hatchway. The instant he got a good look at it, Woolston knew that Bob's "foolish, crooked stick, which was fit to stow nowhere," as the honest fellow had described it when it gave him so much trouble, was neither more nor less than one of the ribs of a boat of larger size than common.

"This is providential, truly!" exclaimed Mark. "Your crooked stick, Bob, is a part of the frame of the pinnace of which you spoke, and which we had given up, as a thing not to be found on board!"

"You're right, Mr. Mark, you're right!" answered Bob—"and I must have been oncommon stupid not to have thought of it, when it came so hard. And if there's one of the boat's bones stowed in that place, there must be more to be found in the same latitude."

This was true enough. After working in that dark corner of the hold for several hours, all the materials of the intended craft were found and collected in the steerage. Neither Mark nor Betts was a boat-builder, or a ship-wright; but each had a certain amount of knowledge on the subject, and each well knew where every piece was intended to be put. What a revolution this discovery made in the feelings of our young husband! He had never totally despaired of seeing Bridget

again, for that would scarce have comported with his youth and sanguine temperament; but the hope had of late become so very dim, as to survive only as that feeling will endure in the bosoms of the youthful and inexperienced. Mark had lived a long time for his years; had seen more and performed far more than usually falls to persons of his age, and he was, by character, prudent and practical; but it would have been impossible for one who had lived as long and as well as himself, to give up every expectation of being restored to his bride, even in circumstances more discouraging than those in which he was actually placed. Still, he had been slowly accustoming himself to the idea of a protracted separation, and had never lost sight of the expediency of making his preparations for passing his entire life in the solitary place where he and Betts had been cast by a mysterious and unexpected dispensation of a Divine Providence.

When Bob, from time to time, insisted on his account of the materials for the pinnace being in the ship, Mark had listened incredulously, unconscious himself how much his mind had been occupied by Bridget when this part of the cargo had been taken in, and unwilling to believe such an acquisition could have been made without his knowledge. Now that he saw it, however, a tumultuous rushing of all the blood in his body toward his heart, almost overpowered him, and the future entirely changed its aspects. He did not doubt an instant of the ability of Bob and himself to put these blessed materials together, or of their success in navigating the mild sea around them, for any necessary distance, in a craft of the size this must turn out to be. A bright vista, with Bridget's brighter countenance at its termination, glowed before his imagination, and a great deal of wholesome philosophy and Christian submission were unsettled, as it might be, in the twinkling of an eye, by this all-important discovery. Mark had never abandoned the thought of constructing a little vessel with materials torn from the ship; but that would have been a most laborious, as well as a doubtful experiment, while here was the problem solved, with a certainty and precision almost equal to one in mathematics!

The agitation and revulsion of feeling produced in Mark by the discovery of the materials of the pinnace were so great as to prevent him from maturing any plan for several days. During that time he could perceive in himself an alteration that amounted almost to an entire change of character. The vines on the Summit were now in full leaf, and they covered broad patches of the rock with their luxuriant vegetation, while the grass could actually be seen from the ship, converting the drab-colored concretions of the mount into slopes and acclivities of verdure. But all this delighted him no longer. Home and Bridget met him even in the fanciful and now thriving beds within the crater, where everything appeared to push forward with a luxuriance and promise of return, far exceeding what had once been his fondest expectations. He could see nothing, anticipate nothing, talk of nothing, think of nothing, but these new-found means of quitting the Reef, and of returning to the abodes of men, and to the arms of his young wife.

Betts took things more philosophically. He had made up his mind to "Robinson Crusoe it" a few years, and, though he had often expressed a wish that the dingey was of twice its actual size, he would have been quite as well content with this new boat could it be cut down to one-fourth of its real dimensions. He submitted to Mark's superior information, however; and when the latter told him that he could wait no longer for the return of cooler weather, or for the heat of the sun to become less intense before he began to set up the frame of his craft, as had been the first intention, Bob acquiesced in the change of plan, without remonstrance, bent on taking things as they came, in humility and cheerfulness.

Nevertheless, it was far easier bravely to determine in this matter, than to execute. The heat was now so intense, for the greater part of the day, that it would have far exceeded the power of our two mariners to support it, on a naked rock,

and without shade of any sort. The frame of the pinnace must be set up somewhere near the water, regular ways being necessary to launch her; and nowhere, on the shore, was the smallest shade to be found, without recourse to artificial means of procuring it. As Mark's impatience would no longer brook delay, this artificial shade, therefore, was the first thing to be attended to.

The leeward end of the reef was chosen for the new ship-yard. Although this choice imposed a good deal of additional labor on the two workmen, by compelling them to transport all the materials rather more than a mile, reflection and examination induced Mark to select the spot he did. The formation of the rock was more favorable there, he fancied, than in any other place he could find; offering greater facilities for launching. This was one motive; but the principal inducement was connected with the apprehension of floods. By the wall-like appearance of the exterior base of the mount, by the smoothness of the surface of the reef in general, which, while it had many inequalities, wore the appearance of being semi-polished by the washing of water over it; and by the certain signs that were to be found on most of the lower half of the plain of the crater itself, Mark thought it apparent that the entire reef, the crater excepted, had been often covered with the water of the ocean, and that at no very distant day.

The winter months were usually the tempestuous months in that latitude, though hurricanes might at any time occur. Now the winter was yet an untried experiment with our two "reefers," as Bob sometimes laughingly called himself and Mark, and hurricanes were things that often raised the seas in their neighborhood several feet in an hour or two. Should the water be actually driven upon the reef, so as to admit of a current to wash across it, or the waves to roll along its surface, the pinnace would be in the greatest danger of being carried off before it could be even launched. All these things Mark bore in mind, and he chose the spot he did, with an eye to these floods, altogether. It might be six or eight months before they could be ready to get the pinnace into the water; and it now wanted but six to the stormy season. At the western, or leeward, extremity of the island, the little craft would be under the lee of the crater, which would form a sort of breakwater, and might be the means of preventing it from being washed away. Then the rock, just at that spot, was three or four feet higher than at any other point sufficiently near the sea to admit of launching with ease; and the two advantages united induced our young "reefer" to incur the labor of transporting the materials the distance named, in preference to foregoing them. The raft, however, was put in requisition, and the entire frame, with a few of the planks necessary for a commencement, was carried round at one load.

Previously to laying the keel of the pinnace, Mark named it the *Neshamony*, after a creek that was nearly opposite to the Rancocus, another inlet of the Delaware, that had given its name to the ship from the circumstance that Friend Abraham White had been born on its lower banks. The means of averting the pains and penalties of working in the sun were also attended to, as indeed the great preliminary measure in this new enterprise. To this end, the raft was again put in requisition; an old main-course was got out of the sail-room, and lowered upon the raft; spare spars were cut to the necessary length, and thrown into the water, to be towed down in company; ropes, etc., were provided, and Bob sailed anew on this voyage. It was a work of a good deal of labor to get the raft to windward, towing having been resorted to as the easiest process, but a trip to leeward was soon made. In twenty minutes after this cargo had left the ship, it reached its point of destination.

The only time when our men could work at even their awning, were two hours early in the morning, and as many after the sun had got very low, or had absolutely set. Eight holes had to be drilled into the lava, to a depth of two feet each. Gunpowder, in very small quantities, was

used, or these holes could not have been made in a twelvemonth. But by drilling with a crowbar a foot or two into the rock, and charging the cavity with a very small portion of powder, the lava was cracked, when the stones rather easily were raised by means of the picks and crows. Some idea may be formed of the amount of labor that was expended on this, the first step in the new task, by the circumstance that a month was passed in setting those eight awning-posts alone. When up, however, they perfectly answered the purpose, everything having been done in a thorough, seaman-like manner. At the top of each post, itself a portion of solid spar, a watch-tackle was lashed, by means of which the sail was bowsed up to its place. To prevent the bagging unavoidable in an awning of that size, several uprights were set in the center, on end, answering their purpose sufficiently without boring into the rocks.

Bob was in raptures with the new "ship-yard." It was as large as the mainsail of a ship of four hundred tons, was complete as to shade, with the advantage of letting the breeze circulate, and had a reasonable chance of escaping from the calamities of a flood. Mark, too, was satisfied with the result, and the very next day after this task was completed, our shipwrights set to work to lay their keel. That day was memorable on another account. Bob had gone to the Summit in quest of a tool left there in fitting up the boat of Mark, and while on the mount he ascertained the important fact that the melons were beginning to ripen. He brought down three or four of these delicious fruits, and Mark had the gratification of tasting some of the bounties of Providence, which had been bestowed as a reward of his own industry and forethought. It was necessary to eat of these melons in moderation, however; but it was a great relief to get them at all, after subsisting for so long a time on salted meats, principally, with no other vegetables but such as were dry and had been long in the ship. It was not the melons alone, however, that were getting to be ripe; for, on examining himself among the vines, which now covered fully an acre of the Summit, Mark found squashes, cucumbers, onions, sweet-potatoes, tomatoes, string-beans, and two or three other vegetables, all equally fit to be used. From that time, some of these plants were put into the pot daily, and certain slight apprehensions which Woolston had begun again to entertain on the subject of scurvy were soon dissipated. As for the garden within the crater, which was much the most extensive and artistical, it was somewhat behind that on the Summit, having been later tilled; but everything there looked equally promising, and Mark saw that one acre, well worked, would produce more than he and Betts could consume in a twelvemonth.

It was an important day on the Reef when the keel of the pinnace was laid. On examining his materials, Mark ascertained that the boat-builders had marked and numbered each portion of the frame, each plank, and everything else that belonged to the pinnace. Holes were bored, and everything had been done in the boat-yard that could be useful to those who, it was expected, were to put the work together in a distant part of the world. This greatly facilitated our new boat-builders' labors in the way of skill, besides having done so much of the actual toil to their hands. As soon as the keel was laid, Mark set up the frame, which came together with very little trouble. The wales were then got out, and were fitted, each piece being bolted in its allotted place. As the work had already been put together, there was little or no dubbing necessary. Aware that the parts had once been accurately fitted to each other, Mark was careful not to disturb their arrangement by an unnecessary use of the adze, or broad-ax, experimenting and altering the positions of the timbers and planks; but, whenever he met with any obstacle, in preference to cutting and changing the materials themselves, he persevered until the parts came together as had been contemplated. By observing this caution, the whole frame was set up, the wales were fitted and bolted, and the garboard-streak

got on and secured, without taking off a particle of the wood, though a week was necessary to effect these desired objects.

Our mariners now measured their new frame. The keel was just four-and-twenty feet long, the distance between the knight-heads and the taffrail being six feet greater; the beam, from outside to outside, was nine feet, and the hold might be computed at five feet in depth. This gave something like a measurement of eleven tons; the pinnace having been intended for a craft a trifle smaller than this. As a vessel of eleven tons might make very good weather in a sea-way, if properly handled, the result gave great satisfaction, Mark cheering Bob with accounts of crafts, of much smaller dimensions, that had navigated the more stormy seas, with entire safety, on various occasions.

The planking of the *Neshamony* was no great matter, being completed the week it was commenced. The calking, however, gave more trouble, though Bob had done a good deal of that sort of work in his day. It took a fortnight for the honest fellow to do the calking to his own mind, and before it was finished another great discovery was made by rummagiug in the ship's hold, in quest of some of the fastenings which had not at first been found. A quantity of old sheet-copper, that had run its time on a vessel's bottom, was brought to light, marked "copper for the pinnance." Friend Abraham White had bethought him of the worms of the low latitudes, and had sent out enough of the refuse copper of a vessel that had been broken up to cover the bottom of this little craft fairly up to her bends. To work, then, Mark and Bob went to put on the sheathing-paper and copper that had thus bountifully been provided for them, as soon as the seams were well paid. This done, and it was no great job, the paint-brush was set to work, and the hull was completed! In all, Mark and Betts were eight weeks hard at work, putting their pinnace together. When she was painted, the summer was more than half gone. The laying of the deck had given more trouble than any other portion of the work on the boat, and this because it was not a plain, full deck, or one that covered the whole of the vessel, but left small stern-sheets aft, which was absolutely necessary to the comfort and safety of those she was to carry. The whole was got together, however, leaving Mark and Bob to rejoice in their success thus far, and to puzzle their heads about the means of getting their craft into the water, now she was built. In a word, it was far easier to put together a vessel of ten tons that had been thus ready fitted to their hands, than it was to launch her.

As each of our mariners had necessarily seen many vessels in their cradles, each had some idea of what it was now necessary to do. Mark had laid the keel as near the water as he could get it, and by this precaution had saved himself a good deal of labor. It was very easy to find materials for the ways, many heavy planks still remaining; but the difficulty was to lay them so that they would not spread. Here the awning-posts were found of good service, plank being set on their edges against them, which, in their turn, were made to sustain the props of the ways. In order to save materials in the cradle, the ways themselves were laid on blocks, and they were secured as well as the skill of our self-formed shipwrights could do it. They had some trouble in making the cradle, and had once to undo all they had done, in consequence of a mistake. At length Mark was of opinion they had taken all the necessary precautions, and told Betts that he thought they might venture to attempt launching the next day. But Bob made a suggestion which changed this plan, and caused a delay that was attended with very serious consequences.

The weather had become cloudy, and a little menacing, for the last few days, and Bob proposed that they should lower the awning, get up shears on the rock, and step the mast of the pinnace before they launched her, as a means of saving some labor. The spar was not very heavy, it was true, and it might be stepped by crossing a couple of the oars in the boat itself; but a couple of light spars—topgallant studding-sail booms for instance—would

enable them to do it much more readily, before the craft was put into the water, than it could be done afterward. Mark listened to the suggestion, and acquiesced. The awning was consequently lowered, and got out of the way. To prevent the hogs from tearing the sail, it was placed on two of the wheelbarrows and wheeled up into the crater, whither those animals had never yet found their way. Then the shears were got up, and the mast was stepped and rigged; the boat's sails were found and bent. Mark now thought enough had been done, and that, the next day, they might undertake the launch. But another suggestion of Bob's delayed the proceedings.

The weather still continued clouded and menacing. Petts was of opinion, therefore, that it might be well to stow the provisions and water they intended to use in the pinnace, while she was on the stocks, as they could work round her so much the more easily then than afterward. Accordingly, the breakers were got out, on board the ship, and filled with fresh water. They were then struck into the raft. A barrel of beef, and one of pork followed, with a quantity of bread. At two trips the raft carried all the provisions and stores that were wanted, and the cargoes were landed, rolled up to the side of the pinnace, hoisted on board of her, by means of the throat-halyard, and properly stowed. Two grapnels, or rather one grapnel, and a small kedge, were found among the pinnace's materials, everything belonging to her having been stowed in the same part of the ship. These, too, were carried round to the ship-yard, got on board, and their hawsers bent. In a word, every preparation was made that might be necessary to make sail on the pinnace, and to proceed to sea in her, at once.

It was rather late in the afternoon of the third clouded day, that Betts himself admitted no more could be done to the *Neshamony*, previously to putting her into the water. When our two mariners ceased the business of the day, therefore, it was with the understanding that they would turn out early in the morning, wedge up, and launch. An hour of daylight remaining, Mark went up to the Summit to select a few melons, and to take a look at the state of the plantations and gardens. Before ascending the hill, the young man walked through his garden in the crater, where everything was flourishing and doing well. Many of the vegetables were by this time fit to eat, and there was every prospect of there being a sufficient quantity raised to meet the wants of two or three persons for a long period ahead. The sight of these fruits of his toil, and the luxuriance of the different plants, caused a momentary feeling of regret in Mark at the thought of being about to quit the place forever. He even fancied he should have a certain pleasure in returning to the Reef; and once a faint outline of a plan came over his mind, in which he fancied that he might bring Bridget to this place, and pass the rest of his life with her, in the midst of its peace and tranquillity. This was but a passing thought, however, and was soon forgotten in the pictures that crowded on his mind, in connection with the great anticipated event of the next day.

While strolling about the little walks of his garden, the appearance of verdure along the edge of the crater, or immediately beneath the cliff, caught Mark's eye. Going hastily to the spot, he found that there was a long row of plants of a new sort, not only appearing above the ground, but already in leaf, and rising several inches in height. These were the results of the seeds of the oranges, lemons, limes, shaddocks, figs, and other fruits of the tropics that he had planted there as an experiment, and forgotten. While his mind was occupied with other things, these seeds had sent forth their shoots, and the several trees were growing with the rapidity and luxuriance that distinguish vegetation within the tropics. As Mark's imagination pictured what might be the effects of cultivation and care on that singular spot, a sigh of regret mingled with his hopes for the future, as he recollected he was so soon to abandon the place forever; while

on the Summit, too, this feeling of regret was increased, rather than diminished. So much of the grass-seed had taken, and the roots had already so far extended, that acres were beginning to look verdant and smiling. Two or three months had brought everything forward prodigiously, and the frequency of the rains in showers, added to the genial warmth of the sun, gave to vegetation a quickness and force that surprised, as much as it delighted our young man.

That night Mark and Betts both slept in the ship. They had a fancy it might be the last in which they could ever have any chance of doing so, and attachment to the vessel induced both to return to their old berths; for latterly they had slept in hammocks, swung beneath the ship-yard awning, in order to be near their work. Mark was awoke at a very early hour, by the howling of a gale among the rigging and spars of the *Rancocus*, sounds that he had not heard for many a day, and which, at first, were actually pleasant to his ears. Throwing on his clothes, and going out on the quarter-deck, he found that a tempest was upon them. The storm far exceeded anything that he had ever before witnessed in the Pacific. The ocean was violently agitated, and the rollers came in over the reef, to windward, with a force and majesty that seemed to disregard the presence of the rocks. It was just light, and Mark called Bob, in alarm. The aspect of things was really serious, and, at first, our mariners had great apprehensions for the safety of the ship. It was true, the sea-wall resisted every shock of the rollers that reached it, but even the billows after they were broken by this obstacle, came down upon the vessel with a violence that brought a powerful strain on every rope-yarn in the sheet-cable. Fortunately, the ground-tackle, on which the safety of the vessel depended, was of the very best quality, and the anchor was known to have an excellent hold. Then, the preservation of the ship was no longer a motive of the first consideration with them; that of the pinnace being the thing now most to be regarded. It might grieve them both to see the *Rancocus* thrown upon the rocks, and broken up; but of far greater account was it to their future prospects that the *Neshamony* should not be injured. Nor were the signs of the danger that menaced the boat to be disregarded. The water of the ocean appeared to be piling in among these reefs, the rocks of which resisted its passage to leeward, and already was washing up on the surface of the Reef, in places, threatening them with a general inundation. It was necessary to look after the security of various articles that were scattered about on the outer plain, and our mariners went ashore to do so.

Although intending so soon to abandon the Reef altogether, a sense of caution induced Mark to take everything he could within the crater. All the lower portions of the outer plain were already covered with water, and those sagacious creatures, the hogs, showed by their snuffing and disturbed manner of running about, that they had internal as well as external warnings of danger. Mark pulled aside the curtain, and let all the animals into the crater. Poor Kitty was delighted to get on the Summit, whither she soon found her way, by ascending the steps commonly used by her masters. Fortunately for the plants, the grass was in too great abundance, and too grateful to her, not to be her choice in preference to any other food. As for the pigs, they got at work in a pile of sea-weed, and overlooked the garden, which was at some distance, until fairly glutted, and ready to lie down.

In the meanwhile the tempest increased in violence, the sea continued to pile among the rocks, and the water actually covered the whole of the outer plain of the Reef. Now it was that Mark comprehended how the base of the crater had been worn by water, the waves washing past it with tremendous violence. There was actually a strong current running over the whole of the reef, without the crater; the water rushing to leeward, as if glad to get past the obstacle of the island on any terms, in order to hasten away before the tempest. Mark was fully half an hour engaged in looking to his marquee and its contents,

all of which were exposed more or less, to the power of the gale. After securing his books, furniture, etc., and seeing that the stays of the marquee itself were likely to hold out, he cast an eye to the ship, which was on that side of the island, also. The staunch old *'Cocus*, as Bob called her, was rising and falling with the waves that now disturbed her usually placid basin; but, as yet, her cable and anchor held her, and no harm was done. Fortunately, our mariners, when they unbent the sails, had sent down all the upper and lighter spars, and had lowered the fore and main yard on the gunwale, measures of precaution that greatly lessened the strain on her ground-tackle. The top-gallant-mast had also been lowered, and the vessel was what seamen usually term "snug." Mark would have been very, very sorry to see her lost, even though he did expect to have very little more use out of her; for he loved the craft from habit.

After taking this look at the ship, our mate passed round the Summit, having two or three tumbles on his way in consequence of puffs of wind, until he reached the point over the gateway, which was that nearest to the ship.yard. It now occurred to him that possibly it might become necessary to look a little to the security of the *Neshamony*, for by this time the water on the reef was two or three feet deep. To his surprise, on looking round for Bob, whom he thought to be at work securing property near the gateway, he ascertained that the honest fellow had waded down to the ship-yard, and clambered on board the pinnace, with a view to take care of her. The distance between the point where Mark now stood and the *Neshamony* exceeded half a mile, and communication with the voice would have been next to impossible, had the wind not blown as it did. With the roaring of the seas, and the howling of the gale, it was of course entirely out of the question. Mark, however, could see his friend, and see that he was gesticulating in the most earnest manner, for himself to join him. Then it was he first perceived that the pinnace was in motion, seeming to move on her ways. Presently the blockings were washed from under her, and the boat went astern half her length at a single surge. Mark made a bound down the hill, intending to throw himself into the raging surf, and to swim off to the aid of Betts; but, pausing an instant to choose a spot at which to get down the steep, he looked toward the ship-yard, and saw the pinnace lifted on a sea and washed fairly clear of the land!

CHAPTER IX.

"Man's rich with little, were his judgments true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
These few wants answered bring sincere delights,
But fools create themselves new appetites."
—YOUNG.

IT would have been madness in Mark to pursue his intention. A boat, or craft of any sort, once adrift in such a gale, could not have been overtaken by even one of those islanders who are known to pass half their lives in the water; and the young man sunk down on the rock, almost gasping for breath in the intensity of his distress. He felt more for Bob than he did for himself, for escape with life appeared to him to be a forlorn hope for his friend. Nevertheless, the sturdy old sea-dog who was cast adrift, amid the raging of the elements, comported in a way to do credit to his training. There was nothing like despair in his manner of proceeding; but so coolly and intelligently did he set about taking care of his craft, that Mark soon found himself a curious and interested observer of all he did, feeling quite as much of admiration for Bob's steadiness and skill, as concern for his danger.

Betts knew too well the uselessness of throwing over his kedge to attempt anchoring. Nor was it safe to keep the boat in the trough of the sea, his wisest course being to run before the gale until he was clear of the rocks, when he might endeavor to lie-to, if his craft would bear it. In driving off the Reef the *Neshamony* had gone stern foremost, almost as a matter of course, vessels usually being laid down with their bows toward the land.

No sooner did the honest old salt find he was fairly adrift, therefore, than he jumped into the stern-sheets and put the helm down. With stern-way on her, this caused the bows of the craft to fall off; and, as she came broadside to the gale, Mark thought she would fall over, also. Some idea could be formed of the power of the wind, in the fact that this sloop-rigged craft, without a rag of sail set, and with scarce any hamper aloft, no sooner caught the currents of air abeam, than she lay down to it, as one commonly sees such craft do under their canvas in stiff breezes.

It was a proof that the *Neshamony* was well modeled, that she began to draw ahead as soon as the wind took her fairly on her broadside, when Betts shifted the helm, and the pinnace fell slowly off. When she had got nearly before the wind, she came up and rolled to windward like a ship, and Mark scarce breathed as he saw her plunging down upon the reefs, like a frantic steed that knows not whither he is rushing in his terror. From the elevated position he occupied, Mark could see the ocean as far as the spray, which filled the atmosphere, would allow of anything being seen at all. Places which were usually white with the foam of breakers could not now be distinguished from any of the raging caldron around them, and it was evident that Bob must run at hazard.

Twenty times did Mark expect to see the pinnace disappear in the foaming waves, as it drove furiously onward; but, in each instance, the light and buoyant boat came up from cavities where our young man fancied it must be dashed to pieces, scudding away to leeward like the sea-fowl that makes its flight with wings nearly dipping. Mark now began to hope that his friend might pass over the many reefs that lay in his track, and gain the open water to leeward. The rise in the ocean favored such an expectation, and no doubt was the reason why the *Neshamony* was not dashed to pieces within the first five minutes after she was washed off her ways. Once to leeward of the vast shoals that surrounded the crater, there was the probability of Bob's finding smoother water, and the chance of his riding out the tempest by bringing his little sloop up head to sea. The water through which the boat was then running was more like a caldron, bubbling and boiling under some intense heat produced by subterranean fires, than the regular, rolling billows of the ocean when piled up by gales. Under the lee of the shoals this caldron would disappear, while the mountain waves of the open ocean could not rise until a certain distance from the shallow water enabled them to "get up," as sailors express it. Mark saw the *Neshamony* for about a quarter of an hour after she was adrift, though long before the expiration of even that brief period she was invisible for many moments at a time, in consequence of the distance, her want of sail, her lowness in the water, and the troubled state of the element through which she was driving. The last look he got of her was at an instant when the spray was filling the atmosphere like a passing cloud; when it had driven away, the boat could no longer be seen!

Here was a sudden and a most unexpected change for the worse in the situation of Mark Woolston! Not only had he lost the means of getting off the island, but he had lost his friend and companion. It was true, Bob was a rough and an uncultivated associate; but he was honest as human frailty could leave a human being, true as steel in his attachments, strong in body, and of great professional skill. So great, indeed, was the last, that our young man was not without the hope he would be able to keep under the lee of the shoals until the gale broke, and then beat up through them, and still come to his rescue. There was one point, in particular, on which Mark felt unusual concern. Bob knew nothing whatever of navigation. It was impossible to teach him anything on that subject. He knew the points of the compass, but had no notion of the variations, of latitude or longitude, or of anything belonging to the purely mathematical part of the business. Twenty times had he asked Mark to give him the latitude and longitude of

the crater; twenty times had he been told what they were, and just as often had he forgotten them. When questioned by his young friend, twenty-four hours after a lesson of this sort, if he remembered the figures at all, he was apt to give the latitude for the longitude, or the longitude for the latitude, the degrees for the minutes, or the minutes for the degrees. Ordinarily, however, he forgot all about the numbers themselves. Mark had in vain endeavored to impress on his mind the single fact that any number which exceeded ninety must necessarily refer to longitude, and not to latitude; for Bob could not be made to remember even this simple distinction. He was just as likely to believe the Reef lay in the hundreth and twentieth degree of latitude, as he was to fancy it lay in the twentieth.

With such a head, therefore, it was but little to be expected Bob could give the information to others necessary to find the Reef, even in the almost hopeless event of his ever being placed in circumstances to do so. Still, while so completely ignorant of mathematics and arithmetic, in all their details, few mariners could find their way better than Bob Betts by the simple signs of the ocean. He understood the compass perfectly, the variations excepted; and his eye was as true as that of the most experienced artist could be, when it became necessary to judge of the color of the water. On many occasions had Mark known him intimate that the ship was in a current, and had a weatherly or a lee set, when the fact had escaped not only the officers, but the manufacturers of the charts. He judged by ripples, and seaweed, and the other familiar signs of the seas, and these seldom failed him. While, therefore, there was not a seaman living less likely to find the Reef again, when driven off from its vicinity, by means of observations and the charts, there was not a seaman living more likely to find it, by resorting to the other helps of the navigator. On this last peculiarity Mark hung all his hopes of seeing his friend again, when the gale should abate.

Since the moment when all the charge of the ship fell upon his shoulders, by the loss of Captain Crutchely, Mark had never felt so desolate as when he lost sight of Bob and the *Neshamony*. Then, indeed, did he truly feel himself to be alone, with none between him and his God with whom to commune. It is not surprising, therefore, that one so much disposed to cherish his intercourse with the Divine Spirit, knelt on the naked rock and prayed. After this act of duty and devotion, the young man arose, and endeavored to turn his attention to the state of things around him.

The gale still continued with unabated fury. Each instant the water rose higher and higher on the Reef, until it began to enter within the crater, by means of the gutters that had been worn in the lava, covering two or three acres of the lower part of its plain. As for the *Rancocus*, though occasionally pitching more heavily than our young man could have believed possible behind the sea-wall, her anchor still held, and no harm had yet come to her. Finding it impossible to do any more, Mark descended into the crater, where it was a perfect lull, though the wind fairly howled on every side, and got into one of the South American hammocks, of which there had been two or three in the ship, and of which he had caused one to be suspended beneath the sort of tent he and poor Bob had erected near the garden. Here Mark remained all the rest of that day, and during the whole of the succeeding night. But for what he had himself previously seen, the roar of the ocean on the other side of his rocky shelter, and the scuffling of the winds about the Summit, he might not have been made conscious of the violence of the tempest that was raging so near him. Once and awhile, however, a puff of air would pass over him; but, on the whole, he was little affected by the storm, until near morning, when it rained violently. Fortunately Mark had taken the precaution to give a low ridge to all his awnings and tent-coverings, which turned the water perfectly. When, therefore, he heard the pattering of the drops on the canvas, he did not rise, but remained in his hammock until the day returned. Previously to

that moment, however, he dropped into a deep sleep, in which he lay several hours.

When consciousness returned to Mark, he lay half a minute trying to recall the past. Then he listened for the sounds of the tempest. All was still without, and, rising, he found that the sun was shining, and that a perfect calm reigned in the outer world. Water was lying in spots, in holes on the surface of the crater, where the pigs were drinking and the ducks bathing. Kitty stood in sight, on the topmost knoll of the Summit, cropping the young sweet grass that had so lately been refreshed by rain, disliking it none the less, probably, from the circumstance that a few particles of salt were to be found among it, the deposit of the spray. The garden looked smiling, the plants refreshed, and nothing as yet touched in it by the visitors who had necessarily been introduced.

Our young man washed himself in one of the pools, and then crossed the plain to drive out the pigs and poultry, the necessity of husbanding his stores pressing even painfully on his mind. As he approached the gateway, he saw that the sea had retired; and, certain that the animals would take care of themselves, he drove them through the hole, and dropped the sail before it. Then he sought one of the ascents, and was soon on the top of the hill. The trades had returned, but scarce blew in zephyrs; the sea was calm; the points in the reefs were easily to be seen; the ship was at rest, and seemingly uninjured, and the whole view was one of the sweetest tranquillity and security. Already had the pent and piled waters diffused themselves, leaving the Reef as before, with the exception that those cavities which contained rain-water, during most of the year, now contained that which was not quite so palatable. This was a great temporary inconvenience, though the heavy showers of the past night had done a good deal toward sweetening the face of the rock, and had reduced most of the pools to a liquid that was brackish rather than salt. A great many fish lay scattered about on the island, and Mark hastened down to examine their qualities.

The pigs and poultry were already at work on the game that was so liberally thrown in their way, and Mark felt indebted to these scavengers for aiding him in what he perceived was now a task indispensable to his comfort. After going to the ship, and breaking his fast, he returned to the crater, obtained a wheelbarrow, and set to work in earnest to collect the fish, which a very few hours' exposure to the sun of that climate would render so offensive as to make the island next to intolerable. Never in his life did our young friend work harder than he did all that morning. Each load as it was wheeled into the crater was thrown into a trench already prepared for that purpose, and the ashes were hauled over it, by means of the hoe. Feeling the necessity of occupation to lessen his sorrow, as well as that of getting rid of pestilence, which he seriously apprehended from the inroad of animal substances, Mark toiled two whole days at this work, until fairly driven from it by the intolerable effluvium which arose, notwithstanding all he had done, on every side of the island. It is impossible to say what would have been the consequences had not the birds come, in thousands, to his relief. They made quick work of it, clearing off the fish in numbers that would be nearly incredible. As it was, however, our young hermit was driven into the ship, where he passed a whole week, the steadiness of the trades driving the disagreeable odors to leeward. At the end of that time he ventured ashore, where he found it possible to remain, though the Reef did not get purified for more than a month. Finding a great many fish still remaining, that neither hog nor bird would touch, Mark made a couple of voyages to Loam Island, whence he brought two cargoes of the deposit, and landed at the usual place. This he wheeled about the Reef, throwing two or three shovelfuls on each offensive creature, thus getting rid of the effluvium, and preparing a considerable store of excellent manure for his future husbandry. It may be as well said here, that, at odd

times, he threw these little deposits into large heaps, and subsequently wheeled them into the crater, where they were mixed with the principal pile of compost that had now been, for months, collecting there.

It is a proof of the waywardness of human nature that we bear great misfortunes better than small ones. So it proved with Mark on this occasion; for, much as he really regarded Bob, and serious as was the loss of his friend to himself, the effects of the inundation occupied his thoughts, and disturbed him more, just at that time, than the disappearance of the *Neshamony*. Nevertheless, our young man had not forgotten to look out for the missing boat, in readiness to hail its return with joy. He passed much of the week he was shut up in the ship in her topmast-crosstrees, vainly examining the sea to leeward, in the hope of catching a distant view of the pinnace endeavoring to bear up through the reefs. Several times he actually fancied he saw her; but it always turned out to be the wing of some gull or the cap of a distant breaker. It was when Mark had come ashore again, and commenced the toil of covering the decayed fish, and gathering them into piles, that these smaller matters supplanted the deep griefs of his solitude.

One of the annoyances to which our solitary man found himself most subject was the glare produced by a burning sun on rocks and ashes of the drab color of the crater. The spots of verdure that he had succeeded in producing on the Summit not only relieved and refreshed his eyes, but they were truly delightful as aids to the view, as well as grateful to Kitty, which poor creature had, by this time, cropped them down to a pretty short herbage. This Mark knew, however, was an advantage to the grass, making it finer, and causing it to thicken at the roots. The success of this experiment, the annoyance to his eyes, and a feverish desire to be doing, which succeeded the disappearance of Betts, set Mark upon the project of sowing grass-seeds over as much of the plain of the crater as he thought he should not have occasion to use for the purposes of tillage. To work he went then, scattering the seed in as much profusion as the quantity to be found in the ship would justify. Friend Abraham White had provided two barrels of the seed, and this went a good way. While thus employed a heavy shower fell, and, thinking the rain a most favorable time to commit his grass-seeds to the earth, Mark worked through the whole of it, or for several hours, perspiring with the warmth and exercise.

This done, a look at the garden, with a free use of the hoe, was the next thing undertaken. That night Mark slept in his hammock, under the crater-awning, and when he awoke in the morning it was to experience a weight like that of lead in his forehead, a raging thirst, and a burning fever. Now it was that our poor solitary hermit felt the magnitude of his imprudence, and the weight of the evils of his peculiar situation. That he was about to be seriously ill he knew, and it behooved him to improve the time that remained to him to the utmost. Everything useful to him was in the ship, and thither it became indispensable for him to repair, if he wished to retain even a chance for life. Opening an umbrella, then, and supporting his tottering legs by a cane, Mark commenced a walk of very near a mile, under an almost perpendicular sun, at the hottest season of the year. Twenty times did the young man think he should be compelled to sink on the bare rock, where there is little question he would soon have expired, under the united influence of the fever within and the burning heat without. Despair urged him on, and, after pausing often to rest, he succeeded in entering the cabin, at the end of the most perilous hour he had ever yet passed.

No words of ours can describe the grateful sense of coolness, in spite of the boiling blood in his veins, that Mark Woolston experienced when he stepped beneath the shade of the poop-deck of the *Rancocus*. The young man knew that he was about to be seriously ill, and his life might depend on the use he made of the next hour, or half-hour even. He threw himself on a settee, to get a little rest, and

while there he endeavored to reflect on his situation, and to remember what he ought to do. The medicine-chest always stood in the cabin, and he had used its contents too often among the crew not to have some knowledge of their general nature and uses. Potions were kept prepared in that depository, and he staggered to the table, opened the chest, took a ready-mixed dose of the sort he believed best for him, poured water on it from the filterer, and swallowed it. Our mate ever afterward believed that draught saved his life. It soon made him deadly sick, and produced an action in his whole system. For an hour he was under its influence, when he was enable to get into his berth, exhausted and literally unable any longer to stand. How long he remained in that berth, or near it rather—for he was conscious of having crawled from it in quest of water, and for other purposes, on several occasions—but, how long he was confined to his cabin, Mark Woolston never knew. The period was certainly to be measured by days, and he sometimes fancied by weeks. The first probably was the truth, though it might have been a fortnight. Most of that time his head was light with fever, though there were intervals when reason was, at least partially, restored to him, and he became painfully conscious of the horrors of his situation. Of food and water he had a sufficiency, the filterer and a bread-bag being quite near him, and he helped himself often from the first in particular; a single mouthful of ship's biscuit commonly proving more than he could swallow, even after it was softened in the water. At length he found himself indisposed to rise at all, and he certainly remained eight-and-forty hours in his berth, without quitting it, and almost without sleeping, though most of the time in a sort of doze.

At length the fever abated in its violence, though it began to assume what, for a man in Mark Woolston's situation, was perhaps more dangerous, a character of a low type, lingering in his system and killing him by inches. Mark was aware of his condition, and thought of the means of relief. The ship had some good Philadelphia porter in her, and a bottle of it stood on a shelf over his berth. This object caught his eye, and he actually longed for a draught of that porter. He had sufficient strength to raise himself high enough to reach it, but it far exceeded his powers to draw the cork, even had the ordinary means been at hand, which they were not. There was a hammer on the shelf, however, and with that instrument he did succeed in making a hole in the side of the bottle and in filling a tumbler. This liquor he swallowed at a single draught. It tasted deliciously to him and he took a second tumblerful, when he lay down, uncertain as to the consequences. That his head was affected by these two glasses of porter, Mark himself was soon aware, and shortly afterward drowsiness followed. After lying in an uneasy slumber for half an hour, his whole person was covered with a gentle perspiration, in which condition, after drawing the sheet around him, the sick man fell asleep.

Our patient never knew how long he slept on this all-important occasion. The period certainly included part of two days and one entire night; but afterward, when Mark endeavored to correct his calendar and to regain something like a record of the time, he was inclined to think he must have lain there two nights with the intervening day. When he awoke, Mark was immediately sensible that he was free from disease. He was not immediately sensible, nevertheless, how extremely feeble disease had left him. At first, he fancied he had only to rise, take nourishment, and go about his ordinary pursuits. But the sight of his emaciated limbs and the first effort he made to get up convinced him that he had a long state of probation to go through before he became the man he had been a week or two before. It was well, perhaps, that his head was so clear and his judgment so unobscured at this, his first return to consciousness.

Mark deemed it a good symptom that he felt disposed to eat. How many days he had been altogether without nourishment he could not say, but they must have been several; nor had he received more than could be obtained from a single

ship's biscuit since his attack. All this came to his mind, with a distinct recollection that he must be his own physician and nurse. For a few minutes he lay still, during which he addressed himself to God, with thanks for having spared his life until reason was restored. Then he bethought him, well as his feeble state would allow, of the course he ought to pursue. On a table in the cabin and in sight of his berth, through the state-room door, was a liquor-case, containing wines, brandy and gin. Our sick man thought all might yet go well could he get a few spoonfuls of an excellent port wine which that case contained, and which had been provided expressly for cases of sickness. To do this, however, it was necessary to obtain the key, to open the case, and to pour out the liquor; three things of which he distrusted his powers to perform that which was the least difficult.

The key of the liquor-case was in the drawer of an open secretary, which, fortunately, stood between him and the table. Another effort was made to rise, which so far succeeded as to enable the invalid to sit up in his bed. The cool breeze which aired the cabin revived him a little, and he was able to stretch out a hand and turn the cock of the filterer, which he had himself drawn near his berth while under the excitement of fever, in order to obtain easy access to water. Accidentally this filterer stood in a draught, and the quart or two of water that had not yet evaporated was cool and palatable; that is, cool for a ship and such a climate. One swallow of the water was all Mark ventured on, but it revived him more than he could believe possible. Near the glass into which he had drawn the water lay a small piece of pilot-bread, and this he dropped into the tumbler. Then he ventured to try his feet, when he found a dizziness come over him that compelled him to fall back on his berth. Recovering from this in a minute or two, a second attempt succeeded better, and the poor fellow, by supporting himself against the bulkheads and by leaning on chairs, was enabled to reach the desk. The key was easily obtained, and the table was next reached. Here Mark sunk into a chair, as much exhausted as he would have been, previously to his illness, by a desperate effort to defend life.

The invalid was in his shirt, and the cool sea-breeze had the effect of an air-bath on him. It revived him in a little while, when he applied the key, opened the case, got out the bottle by using both hands, though it was nearly empty, and poured out a wine-glass of the liquor. With these little exertions he was so much exhausted as almost to faint. Nothing saved him, probably, but a sip of the wine which he took from the glass as it stood on the table. It has been much the fashion, of late years, to decry wine, and this because it is a gift of Providence that has been greatly abused. In Mark Woolston's instance it proved, what it was designed to be, a blessing instead of a curse. That single sip of wine produced an effect on him like that of magic. It enabled him soon to obtain his tumbler of water, into which he poured the remainder of the liquor. With the tumbler in his hand, the invalid next essayed to cross the cabin, and to reach the berth in the other state-room. He was two or three minutes in making this passage, sustained by a chair, into which he sunk not less than three times, and revived by a few more sips of the wine and water. In this state-room was a bed with clean cool linen, that had been prepared for Bob, but which that worthy fellow had pertinaciously refused to use, out of respect to his officer. On these sheets Mark now sank, almost exhausted. He had made a happy exchange, however, the freshness and sweetness of the new bed, of itself, acting as delicious restoratives.

After resting a few minutes, the solitary invalid formed a new plan of proceeding. He knew the importance of not overexerting himself, but he also knew the importance of cleanliness and of a renovation of his strength. By this time the biscuit had got to be softened in the wine and water, and he took a piece, and after masticating it well, swallowed it.

This was positively the first food the sick and desolate young man had received in a week. Fully aware of this, he abstained from taking a second mouthful, though sorely pressed to it by hunger. So strong was the temptation, and so sweet did that morsel taste, that Mark felt he might not refrain unless he had something to occupy his mind for a few minutes. Taking a small swallow of the wine and water, he again got on his feet, and staggered to the drawer in which poor Captain Crutchely had kept his linen. Here he got a shirt, and tottered on as far as the quarter-deck. Beneath the awning Mark had kept the section of a hogshead, as a bathing-tub, and for the purpose of catching the rain-water that ran from the awning, Kitty often visiting the ship and drinking from this reservoir.

The invalid found the tub full of fresh and sweet water, and throwing aside the shirt in which he had lain so long, he rather fell than seated himself in the water. After remaining a sufficient time to recover his breath, Mark washed his head, and long matted beard, and all parts of his frame, as well as his strength would allow. He must have remained in the water several minutes, when he managed to tear himself from it, as fearful of excess from this indulgence as from eating. The invalid now felt like a new man! It is scarcely possible to express the change that came over his feelings, when he found himself purified from the effects of so long a confinement in a feverish bed, without change, or nursing of any sort. After drying himself as well as he could with a towel, though the breeze and the climate did that office for him pretty effectually, Mark put on the clean, fresh shirt, and tottered back to his berth, where he fell on the mattress, nearly exhausted. It was half an hour before he moved again, though all that time experiencing the benefits of the nourishment taken, and the purification undergone. The bath, moreover, had acted as a tonic, giving a stimulus to the whole system. At the end of the half hour the young man took another mouthful of the biscuit, half emptied the tumbler, fell back on his pillow, and was soon in a sweet sleep.

It was near sunset when Mark lost his consciousness on this occasion, nor did he recover it until the light of day was once more cheering the cabin. He had slept profoundly twelve hours, and this so much the more readily from the circumstance that he had previously refreshed himself with a bath and clean linen. The first consciousness of his situation was accompanied with the bleat of poor Kitty. That gentle animal, intended by nature to mix with herds, had visited the cabin daily, and had been at the sick man's side when his fever was at its height; and had now come again, as if to inquire after his night's rest. Mark held out his hand, and spoke to his companion, for such she was, and thought she was rejoiced to hear his voice again, and to be allowed to lick his hand. There was great consolation in this mute intercourse, poor Mark feeling the want of sympathy so much as to find a deep pleasure in this proof of affection even in a brute.

Mark now arose, and found himself sensibly improved by his night's rest, the washing, and the nourishment received, little as the last had been. His first step was to empty the tumbler, bread and all. Then he took another bath, the last doing quite as much good, he fancied, as his breakfast. All that day the young man managed his case with the same self-denial and prudence, consuming a ship's biscuit in the course of the next twenty-four hours, and taking two or three glasses of the wine mixed with water and sweetened with sugar. In the afternoon he endeavored to shave, but the first effort convinced him he was getting well too fast.

It was thrice twenty-four hours after his first bath before Mark Woolston had sufficient strength to reach the galley and light a fire. In this he then succeeded, and he treated himself to a cup of good warm tea. He concocted some dishes of arrow-root and cocoa, too, in the course of that and the next day, continuing his baths, and changing his linen repeatedly. On the fifth day he got off his beard,

which was a vast relief to him, and by the end of the week he actually crawled up on the poop, where he could get a sight of his domains.

The Summit was fast getting to be really green in considerable patches, for the whole rock was now covered with grass. Kitty was feeding quietly enough on the hillside, the gentle creature having learned to pass the curtain at the gate, and go up and down the ascents at pleasure. Mark scarce dared to look for his hogs, but there they were rooting and grunting about the Reef, actually fat and contented. He knew that this foreboded evil to his garden, for the creatures must have died for want of food during his illness had not some such relief been found. As yet his strength would not allow him to go ashore, and he was obliged to content himself with this distant view of his estate. The poultry appeared to be well, and the invalid fancied he saw chickens running at the side of one of the hens.

It was a week later before Mark ventured to go as far as the crater. On entering it he found that his conjectures concerning the garden were true. Two-thirds of it had been dug over by the snouts of his pigs, quite as effectually as he could have done it, in his vigor, with a spade. Tops and roots had been demolished alike, and about as much wasted as had been consumed. Kitty was found, *flagrante delictu*, nibbling at the beans, which by this time were dead ripe. The peas, and beans, and Indian corn had made good picking for the poultry; and everything possessing life had actually been living in abundance, while the sick man had lain unconscious of even his own existence, in a state as near death as life.

Mark found his awning standing, and was glad to rest an hour or two in his hammock after looking at the garden. While there the hogs entered the crater, and made a meal before his eyes. To his surprise, the sow was followed by ten little creatures that were already getting to be of the proper size for eating. A ravenous appetite was now Mark's greatest torment, and the coarse food of the ship was rather too heavy for him. He had exhausted his wit in contriving dishes of flour, and pined for something more grateful than salted beef or pork. Although he somewhat distrusted his strength, yet longing induced him to make an experiment. A fowling-piece, loaded with ball, was under the awning, and freshening the priming, the young man watched his opportunity when one of the grunters was in a good position, and shot it in the head. Then cutting its throat with a knife, he allowed it to bleed, when he cleaned and *skinned it*. This last operation was not very artistical, but it was necessary in the situation of our invalid. With the carcass of this pig, which was quite as much as he could even then carry back to the ship, though the animal was not yet six weeks old, Mark made certain savory and nourishing dishes that contributed essentially to the restoration of his strength. In the course of the ensuing month three more of the pigs shared the same fate, as did half a dozen of the brood of chickens already mentioned, though the last were not yet half-grown. But Mark felt now as if he could eat the crater, though as yet he had not been able to clamber to the Summit.

CHAPTER X.

"Yea! long as Nature's humblest child
Hath kept her temple undefiled
By sinful sacrifice,
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,
He is a monarch, and his throne
Is built amid the skies."—WILSON.

OUR youthful hermit was quite two months in regaining his strength, though by the end of one he was able to look about him, and turn his hand to many little necessary jobs. The first thing he undertook was to set up a gate that would keep the animals on the outside of the crater. The pigs had not only consumed much the largest portion of his garden truck, but they had taken a fancy to break up the crust of that part of the crater where the grass was showing itself, and to this inroad upon his meadows, Mark had no disposition to submit. He

had now ascertained that the surface of the plain, though of a rocky appearance, was so far shelly and porous that the seeds had taken very generally; and as soon as their roots worked their way into the minute crevices, he felt certain they would of themselves convert the whole surface into a soil sufficiently rich to nourish the plants he wished to produce there. Under such circumstances he did not desire the assistance of the hogs. As yet, however, the animals had done good rather than harm to the garden, by stirring the soil up, and mixing the sea-weed and decayed fish with it; but among the grass they threatened to be more destructive than useful. In most places the crust of the plain was just thick enough to bear the weight of a man, and Mark, no geologist, by the way, came to the conclusion that it existed at all more through the agency of the salt deposited in ancient floods, than from any other cause. According to the great general law of the earth, soil should have been formed from rock, and not rock from soil; though there certainly are cases in which the earths indurate, as well as become disintegrated. As we are not professing to give a scientific account of these matters, we shall simply state the facts, leaving better scholars than ourselves to account for their existence.

Mark made his gate out of the fife-rail, at the foot of the mainmast, sawing off the stanchions for that purpose. With a little alteration it answered perfectly, being made to swing from a post that was wedged into the arch, by cutting it to the proper length. As this was the first attack upon the *Rancocus* that had yet been made, by ax or saw, it made the young man melancholy; and it was only with great reluctance that he could prevail on himself to begin what appeared like the commencement of breaking up the good craft. It was done, however, and the gate was hung; thereby saving the rest of the crop. It was high time; the hogs and poultry, to say nothing of Kitty, having already got their full share. The inroads of the first, however, were of use in more ways than one, since they taught our young cultivator a process by which he could get his garden turned up at a cheap rate. They also suggested to him an idea which he afterward turned to good account. Having dug his roots so early, it occurred to Mark that, in so low a climate, and with such a store of manure, he might raise two crops in a year, those which came in the cooler months varying a little in their properties from those which came in the warmer. On this hint, he endeavored to improve, commencing anew beds that, without it, would probably have lain fallow some months longer.

In this way did our young man employ himself until he found his strength perfectly restored. But the severe illness he had gone through, with the sad views it had given him of some future day, when he might be compelled to give up life itself, without a friendly hand to smooth his pillow, or to close his eyes, led him to think far more seriously than he had done before, on the subject of the true character of our probationary condition here on earth, and on the unknown and awful future to which it leads us. Mark had been carefully educated on the subject of religion, and was well enough disposed to enter into the inquiry in a suitable spirit of humility; but, the grave circumstances in which he was now placed, contributed largely to the clearness of his views of the necessity of preparing for the final change. Cut off, as he was, from all communion with his kind; cast on what was, when he first knew it, literally a barren rock in the midst of the vast Pacific Ocean, Mark found himself, by a very natural operation of causes, in much closer communion with his Creator than he might have been in the haunts of the world. On the reef, there was little to divert his thoughts from their true course; and the very ills that pressed upon him, became so many guides to his gratitude by showing, through the contrasts, the many blessings which had been left him by the mercy of the hand that had struck him. The nights in that climate and season were much the pleasantest portions of the four-and-twenty hours. There were

no exhalations from decayed vegetable substances or stagnant pools, to create miasma, but the air was as pure and little to be feared under a placid moon as under a noonday sun. The first hours of night, therefore, were those in which our solitary man chose to take most of his exercise, previously to his complete restoration to strength; and then it was that he naturally fell into an obvious and healthful communion with the stars.

So far as the human mind has as yet been able to penetrate the mysteries of our condition here on earth, with the double connection between the past and the future, all its just inferences tend to the belief in an existence of a vast and beneficent design. We have somewhere heard, or read, that the gypsies believe that men are the fallen angels, toiling their way backward on the fatal path along which they formerly rushed to perdition. This may not be, probably is not true, in its special detail; but that men are placed here to prepare themselves for a future and higher condition of existence, is not only agreeable to our consciousness, but is in harmony with revelation. Among the many things that have been revealed to us, where so many are hid, we are told that our information is to increase, as we draw nearer to the millennium, until "The whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." We may be far from that blessed day; probably are; but he has lived in vain who has dwelt his half century in the midst of the civilization of this our own age and does not see around him the thousand proofs of the tendency of things to the fulfillment of the decrees announced to us ages ago by the pens of holy men. Rome, Greece, Egypt, and all that we know of the past which comes purely of man and his passions; empires, dynasties, heresies and novelties come and go like the changes of the seasons; while the only thing that can be termed stable is the slow but sure progress of prophecy. The agencies that have been employed to bring about the great ends foretold so many centuries since, are so very natural, that we often lose sight of the mighty truth in its seeming simplicity. But the signs of the times are not to be mistaken. Let any man of fifty, for instance, turn his eyes toward the East, the land of Judea, and compare its condition, its promises of to-day with those that existed in his own youth, and ask himself how the change has been produced. That which the Richards and Sts. Louis of the Middle Ages could not effect with their armed hosts, is about to happen as a consequence of causes so obvious and simple that they are actually overlooked by the multitude. The Ottoman power and Ottoman prejudices are melting away, as it might be, under the heat of divine truth, which is clearing for itself a path that will lead to the fulfillment of its own predictions.

Among the agents that are to be employed in impressing the human race with a sense of the power and benevolence of the Deity, we think the science of astronomy, with its mechanical auxiliaries, is to act its full share. The more deeply we penetrate into the arcana of Nature, the stronger become the proofs of design; and a deity thus obviously, tangibly admitted, the more profound will become the reverence for His character and power. In Mark Woolston's youth, the great progress which has since been made in astronomy, more especially in the way of its details through observations, had but just commenced. A vast deal, it is true, had been accomplished in the way of pure science, though but little that came home to the understandings and feelings of the mass. Mark's education had given him an outline of what Herschel and his contemporaries had been about, however; and when he sat on the Summit, communing with the stars, and through those distant and still unknown worlds, with their Divine First Cause, it was with as much familiarity with the subject as usually belongs to the liberally educated, without carrying a particular branch of learning into its recesses. He had increased his school acquisitions a little, by the study and practice of Navigation, and had several works that he was fond of reading, which may have made him a somewhat

more accurate astronomer than those who get only leading ideas on the subject. Hours at a time did Mark linger on the Summit, studying the stars in the clear, transparent atmosphere of the tropics, his spirit struggling the while to get into closer communion with that dread Being which had produced all these mighty results; among which the existence of the earth, its revolutions, its heats and colds, its misery and happiness, are but specks in the incidents of a universe. Previously to this period, he had looked into these things from curiosity and a love of science; now, they impressed him with the deepest sense of the power and wisdom of the Deity, and caused him the better to understand his own position in the scale of created beings.

Not only did our young hermit study the stars with his own eyes, but he had the aid of instruments. The ship had two very good spy-glasses, and Mark himself was the owner of a very neat reflecting telescope, which he had purchased with his wages, and had brought with him as a source of amusement and instruction. To this telescope there was a brass stand, and he conveyed it to the tent on the Summit, where it was kept for use. Aided by this instrument, Mark could see the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn, the ring of the latter, the belts of the former, and many of the phenomena of the moon. Of course, the spherical forms of all the nearer planets, then known to astronomers, were plainly to be seen by the assistance of this instrument; and there is no one familiar fact connected with our observations of the heavenly bodies that strikes the human mind, through the senses, as forcibly as this. For near a month Mark almost passed the nights gazing at the stars, and reflecting on their origin and uses. He had no expectations of making discoveries, or of even adding to his own stores of knowledge; but his thoughts were brought nearer to his Divine Creator by investigations of this sort; for where a zealous mathematician might have merely exulted in the confirmation of some theory by means of a fact, he saw the hand of God instead of the solution of a problem. Thrice happy would it be for the man of science, could he ever thus hold his powers in subjection to the great object for which they were brought into existence; and, instead of exulting in, and quarreling about the pride of human reason, be brought to humble himself and his utmost learning, at the feet of Infinite Knowledge and power, and wisdom, as they are thus to be traced in the path of the Ancient of Days!

By the time his strength returned Mark had given up altogether the hope of ever seeing Betts again. It was just possible that the poor fellow might fall in with a ship, or find his way to some of the islands; but, if he did so, it would be the result of chance and not of calculations. The pinnace was well provisioned, had plenty of water, and, tempests excepted, was quite equal to navigating the Pacific; and there was a faint hope that Bob might continue his course to the eastward, with a certainty of reaching some part of South America in time. If he should take this course and succeed, what would be the consequence? Who would put sufficient faith in the story of a simple seaman like Robert Betts, and send a ship to look for Mark Woolston? In these later times the government would doubtless dispatch a vessel of war on such an errand, did no other means of rescuing the man offer; but, at the close of the last century, government did not exercise that much of power. It scarcely protected its seamen from the English press-gang and the Algerine slave-trader; much less did it think of rescuing a solitary individual from a rock in the midst of the Pacific. American vessels did then roam over that distant ocean, but it was comparatively in small numbers, and under circumstances that promised but little to the hopes of the hermit. It was a subject he did not like to dwell on, and he kept his thoughts as much diverted from it as it was in his power so to do.

The season had now advanced into as much of autumn as could be found within the tropics, and on land so low. Everything in the garden had ripened, and much had been thrown out to the pigs and poultry, in anticipation of its decay.

Mark saw that it was time to recommence his beds, selecting such seed as would best support the winter of that climate, if winter it could be called. In looking around him, he made a regular survey of all his possessions, inquiring into the state of each plant he had put into the ground, as well as into that of the ground itself. First, then, as respects the plants.

The growth of the oranges, lemons, cocoanuts, limes, figs, etc., placed in rows beneath the cliffs, had been prodigious. The water had run off the adjacent rocks and kept them well moistened most of the season, though a want of rain was seldom known on the Reef. Of the two, too much, rather than too little water fell; a circumstance that was of great service, however, in preserving the stock, which had used little besides that it found in the pools, for the last ten months. The shrubs, or little trees, were quite a foot high, and of an excellent color. Mark gave each of them a dressing with the hoe, and manured all with a sufficient quantity of the guano. About half he transplanted to spots more favorable, putting the cocoanuts, in particular, as near the sea as he could get them.

With respect to the other plants, it was found that each had flourished precisely in proportion to its adaptation to the climate. The products of some were increased in size, while those of others had dwindled. Mark took note of these facts, determining to cultivate those most which succeeded best. The melons of both sorts, the tomatoes, the egg-plants, the peppers, cucumbers, onions, beans, corn, sweet-potatoes, etc., etc., had all flourished; while the Irish potato, in particular, had scarce produced a tuber at all.

As for the soil, on examination Mark found it had been greatly improved by the manure, tillage and water it had received. The hogs were again let in to turn it over with their snouts, and this they did most effectually in the course of two or three days. By this time, in addition to the three grown porkers our young man possessed, there were no less than nine young ones. This number was getting to be formidable, and he saw the necessity of killing off, in order to keep them in reasonable limits. One of the fattest and best be converted into pickled pork, not from any want of that article, there being still enough left in the ship to last him several years, but because he preferred it corned to that which had been in the salt so long a time. He saw the mistake he had made in allowing the pigs to get to be so large, since the meat would spoil long before he could consume even the smallest-sized shoats. For their own good, however, he was compelled to shoot no less than five, and these he buried entire, in deep places in his garden, having heard that earth which had imbibed animal substances, in this way, was converted into excellent manure.

Mark now made a voyage to Loam Island, in quest of a cargo, using the raft, and towing the dingey. It was on this occasion that our young man was made to feel how much he had lost, in the way of labor, in being deprived of the assistance of Bob. He succeeded in loading his raft, however, and was just about to sail for home again, when it occurred to him that possibly the seeds and roots of the asparagus he had put into a corner of the deposit might have come to something. Sure enough, on going to the spot, Mark found that the seed had taken well, and hundreds of young plants were growing flourishingly, while plants fit to eat had pushed their tops through the loam, from the roots. This was an important discovery, asparagus being a vegetable of which Mark was exceedingly fond, and one easily cultivated. In that climate, and in a soil sufficiently rich, it might be made to send up new shoots the entire year; and there was little fear of scurvy so long as he could obtain plenty of this plant to eat. The melons, and other vegetables, however, had removed all Mark's dread of that formidable disease; more especially as he had now eggs, chickens, and fresh fish, the latter in quantities that were almost oppressive. In a word, the means of subsistence now gave the young man no concern whatever. When he first found himself on a barren rock, indeed, the idea

had almost struck terror into his mind; but now that he had ascertained that his crater could be cultivated, and promised, like most other extinct volcanoes, unbounded fertility, he could no longer apprehend a disease which is commonly owing to salted provisions.

When Mark found his health completely re-established, he sat down and drew up a regular plan of dividing his time between work, contemplation, and amusement. Fortunately, perhaps, for one who lived in a climate where vegetation was so luxuriant when it could be produced at all, work was pressed into his service as an amusement. Of the last, there was certainly very little, in the common acceptation of the word; but our hermit was not without it altogether. He studied the habits of the sea-birds that congregated in thousands around so many of the rocks of the Reef, though so few scarce ever ventured on the crater island. He made voyages to and fro, usually connecting business with pleasure. Taking favorable time for such purposes, he floated several cargoes of loam to the Reef, as well as two enormous rafts of sea-weed. Mark was quite a month in getting these materials into his compost heap, which he intended should lie in a pile during the winter, in order that it might be ready for spading in the spring. We use these terms by way of distinguishing the seasons, though of winter, strictly speaking, there was none. Of the two, the grass grew better at mid-winter than at midsummer, the absence of the burning heat of the last being favorable to its growth. As the season advanced, Mark saw his grass very sensibly increase, not only in surface, but in thickness. There were now spots of some size, where a turf was forming, Nature performing all her tasks in that genial climate in about a fourth of the time it would take to effect the same object in the temperate zone.

On examining these places, Mark came to the conclusion that the roots of his grasses acted as cultivators, by working their way into the almost insensible crevices of the crust, letting in air and water to places whence they had hitherto been excluded. This seemed, in particular, to be the case with the grass that grew within the crater, which had increased so much in the course of what may be termed the winter, that it was really fast converting a plain of a light drab color, that was often painful to the eyes, into a plot of as lovely verdure as ever adorned the meadows of a Swiss cottage. It became desirable to keep this grass down, and Kitty being unable to crop a meadow of so many acres, Mark was compelled to admit his pigs and poultry again. This he did at stated times only, however; or when he was at work himself in the garden, and could prevent their depredations on his beds. The rooting gave him the most trouble; but this he contrived in a great measure to prevent, by admitting his hogs only when they were eager for grass, and turning them out as soon as they began to generalize, like an epicure picking his nuts after dinner.

It was somewhere near mid-winter, by Mark's calculations, when the young man commenced a new task that was of great importance to his comfort, and which *might* affect his future life. He had long determined to lay down a boat, one of sufficient size to explore the whole reef in, if not large enough to carry him out to sea. The dingey was altogether too small for labor; though exceedingly useful in its way, and capable of being managed even in pretty rough water by a skillful hand, it wanted both weight and room. It was difficult to float in, even a raft of seaweed, with so light a boat; and as for towing the raft, it was next to impossible. But the raft was unwieldy, and when loaded down, besides carrying very little for its great weight, it was very much at the mercy of the currents and waves. Then the construction of a boat was having an important purpose in view, and, in that sense, was a desirable undertaking.

Mark had learned so much in putting the pinnace together, that he believed himself equal to this new undertaking. Materials enough remained in the ship to make half-a-dozen boats, and in tumbling over the lumber he had found a

quantity of stuff that had evidently been taken in with a view to repair boats, if not absolutely to construct them. A ship's hold is such an omnium gatherum, stowage being necessarily so close, that it usually requires time for one who does not know where to put his hand on everything to ascertain how much or how little is to be found in it. Such was the fact with Mark, whose courtship and marriage had made a considerable inroad on his duties as a mate. As he overhauled the hold, he daily found fresh reasons for believing that Friend Abraham White had made provisions, of one sort and another, of which he was profoundly ignorant, but which, as the voyage had terminated, proved to be of the greatest utility. Thus it was, that just as he was about to commence getting out these great requisites from new planks, he came across a stem, stern-frame, and keel of a boat, that was intended to be eighteen feet long. Of course our young man profited by this discovery, getting the materials of all sorts, including these, round to the ship-yard by means of the raft.

For the next two months, or until he had reason to believe spring had fairly set in, Mark toiled faithfully at his boat. Portions of his work gave him a great deal of trouble; some of it on account of ignorance of the craft, and some on account of his being alone. Getting the awning up anew cost poor Mark the toil of several days, and this because his single strength was not sufficient to hoist the corners of that heavy course, even when aided by watch-tackles. He was compelled to rig a crab, with which he effected his purpose, reserving the machine to aid him on other occasions. Then the model of the boat cost him a great deal of time and labor. Mark knew a good bottom when he saw it, but that was a very different thing from knowing how to make one. Of the rules of draughting he was altogether ignorant, and his eye was his only guide. He adopted a plan that was sufficiently ingenious, though it would never do to build a navy on the same principle.

Having a great plenty of deal, Mark got out in the rough about twice as many timbers for one side of his boat, as would be required, in this thin stuff, when he set them up in their places. Aided by this beginning, the young man began to dub and cut away, until he got each piece into something very near the shape his eye told him it ought to be. Even after he had got as far as this, our boat-builder passed a week in shaving, and planing, and squinting, and in otherwise reducing his lines to fair proportions. Satisfied, at length, with the bottom he had thus fashioned, Mark took out just one-half of his pieces, leaving the other half standing. After these molds did he saw and cut his boat's timbers, making, in each instance, duplicates. When the ribs and floors of his craft were ready, he set them up in the vacancies, and secured them, after making an accurate fit with the pieces left standing. On knocking away the deal portions of his work, Mark had the frame of his boat complete. This was much the most troublesome part of the whole job; nor was it finished when the young man was obliged, by the progress of the seasons, to quit the ship-yard for the garden.

Mark had adopted a system of diet and a care of his person that kept him in perfect health, illness being the evil that he most dreaded. His food was more than half vegetable, several plants having come forward even in the winter; and the asparagus, in particular, yielding at a rate that would have made the fortune of a London gardener. The size of the plants he cut was really astounding, a dozen stems actually making a meal. The hens laid all winter, and eggs were never wanting. The corned pork gave substance, as well as a relish, to all the dishes the young man cooked; and the tea, sugar and coffee promising to hold out years longer, the table still gave him little concern. Once in a month or so he treated himself to a bean-soup, or a pea-soup, using the stores of the *Rancocus* for that purpose, foreseeing that the salted meats would spoil after a time, and the dried vegetables get to be worthless,

by means of insects and worms. By this time, however, there were fresh crops of both those vegetables, which grew better in the winter than they could in the summer, in that hot climate. Fish, too, were used as a change, whenever the young man had an inclination for that sort of food, which was as often as three or four times a week; the little pan-fish already mentioned being of a sort of which one would scarcely ever tire.

It being a matter of some moment to save unnecessary labor, Mark seldom cooked more than once in twenty-four hours, and then barely enough to last for that day. In consequence of this rule he soon learned how little was really necessary for the wants of one person, it being his opinion that a quarter of an acre of such soil as that which now composed his garden, would more than furnish all the vegetables he could consume. The soil, it is true, was of a very superior quality. Although it had lain so long unproductive and seemingly barren, now that it had been stirred, and air and water were admitted, and guano, and sea-weed, and loam, and dead fish had been applied, and all in quantities that would have been deemed very ample in the best wrought gardens of Christendom, the acre he had under tillage might be said to have been brought to the highest stage of fertility. It wanted a little in consistency, perhaps; but the compost heap was very large, containing enough of all the materials just mentioned to give the garden another good dressing. As for the grass, Mark was convinced the guano was all-sufficient for that, and this he took care to apply as often as once in two or three months.

Our young man was never tired, indeed, with feasting his eyes with the manner in which the grass had spread over the mount. It is true, that he had scattered seed, at odd and favorable moments, over most of it, by this time; but he was persuaded the roots of those first sown would have extended themselves, in the course of a year or two, over the whole Summit. Nor were these grasses thin and sickly, threatening as early an extinction as they had been quick in coming to maturity. On the contrary, after breaking what might be called the crust of the rock with their vigorous though nearly invisible roots, they made a bed for themselves, on which they promised to repose for ages. The great frequency of the rains favored their growth, and Mark was of opinion, after the experience of the summer, that his little mountain might be green the year round.

We have called the mount of the crater little, but the term ought not to be used in reference to such a hill, when the extent of the island itself was considered. By actual measurement, Mark had ascertained that there was one knoll on the Summit which was just seventy-two feet above the level of the rock. The average height, however, might be given as somewhat less than fifty. Of surface, the rocky barrier of the crater had almost as much as the plain within it, though it was so broken and uneven as not to appear near as large. Kitty had long since determined that the hill was more than large enough for all her wants; and glad enough did she seem when Mark succeeded, after a great deal of difficulty, in driving the hogs up a flight of steps he had made within the crater, to help her crop the herbage. As for the rooting of the last, so long as they were on the Summit, it was so much the better; since, in that climate, it was next to impossible to kill grass that was once fairly in growth, and the more the crust of the ashes were broken, the more rapid and abundant would be the vegetation.

Mark had, of course, abandoned the idea of continuing to cultivate his melons, or any other vegetables, on the Summit, or he never would have driven his hogs there. He was unwilling, notwithstanding, to lose the benefit of the deposits of soil and manure which he and Bob had made there with so much labor to themselves. After reflecting what he could do with them, he came to the conclusion that he would make small inclosures around some fifteen or twenty of the places, and transplant some of the fig-trees, orange-trees, limes, lemons, etc., which still stood rather too thick within the crater to ripen their

fruits to advantage. In order to make these little inclosures, Mark merely drove into the earth short posts, passing around them old rope, of which there was a superabundance on board the ship. This arrangement suggested the idea of fencing in the garden, by the same means, in order to admit the pigs to eat the grass, when he was not watching them. By the time these dispositions were made, it was necessary to begin again to put in the seeds.

On this occasion Mark determined to have a succession of crops, and not to bring on everything at once, as he had done the first year of his tillage. Accordingly, he would manure and break up a bed, and plant or sow it, waiting a few days before he began another. Experience had told him that there was never an end to vegetation in that climate, and he saw no use in pushing his labors faster than he might require their fruits. It was true, certain plants did better if permitted to come to maturity in particular periods, but the season was so long as very well to allow of the arrangement just mentioned. As this distribution of his time gave the young man a good deal of leisure, he employed it in the ship-yard. Thus the boat and the garden were made to advance together, and when the last was sown and planted, the first was planked. When the last bed was got in, moreover, those first set in order were already giving forth their increase. Mark had abundance of delicious salad, young onions, radishes that seemed to grow like mushrooms, young peas, beans, etc., in quantities that enabled him to turn the hogs out on the Reef, and keep them well on the refuse of his garden, assisted a little by what was always to be picked up on the rocks.

By this time Mark had settled on a system which he thought to pursue. There was no use in his raising more pigs than he could use. Taking care to preserve the breed, therefore, he killed off the pigs, of which he had fresh litters, from time to time; and when he found the old hogs getting to be troublesome, as swine will become with years, he just shot them, and buried their bodies in his compost heap, or in his garden, where one common sized hog would render highly fertile several yards square of earth or ashes. This practice he continued ever after, extending it to his fowls and ducks, the latter of which produced a great many eggs. By rigidly observing this rule, Mark avoided an evil which is very common even in inhabited countries, that of keeping more stock than is good for their owner. Six or eight hens laid more eggs than he could consume, and there was always a sufficient supply of chickens for his wants. In short, our hermit had everything he actually required, and most things that could contribute to his living in great abundance. The necessity of cooking for himself, and the want of pure, cold spring water, were the two greatest physical hardships he endured. There were moments, indeed, when Mark would have gladly yielded one-half of the advantages he actually possessed to have a good spring of living water. Then he quelled the repinings of his spirit at this privation, by endeavoring to recall how many blessings were left at his command, compared to the wants and sufferings of many another shipwrecked mariner of whom he had read or heard.

The spring passed as pleasantly as thoughts of home and Bridget would allow, and his beds and plantations flourished to a degree that surprised him. As for the grass, as soon as it once got root, it became a most beneficial assistant to his plans of husbandry. Nor was it grass alone that rewarded Mark's labors and forethought in his meadows and pastures. Various flowers appeared in the herbage; and he was delighted at finding a little patch of the common wild strawberry, the seed of which had doubtless got mixed with those of the grasses. Instead of indulging his palate with a taste of this delicious and most salubrious fruit, Mark carefully collected it all, made a bed in his garden, and included the cultivation of this among his other plants. He would not disturb a single root of the twenty or thirty different shoots that he found, all being together, and coming from the same

cast of his hand while sowing, lest it might die; but, with the seed of the fruit, he was less chary. One thing struck Mark as singular. Thus far his garden was absolutely free from weeds of every sort. The seed that he put into the ground came up, and nothing else. This greatly simplified his toil, though he had no doubt that, in the course of time, he should meet with intruders in his beds. He could only account for this circumstance by the facts, that the ashes of the volcano contained of themselves no combination of the elements necessary to produce plants, and that the manures he used, in their nature, were free from weeds.

CHAPTER XI.

"The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons;
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
While buried towns support the dancer's heel."
—YOUNG.

IT was again mid-summer ere Mark Woolston had his boat ready for launching. He had taken things leisurely, and completed his work in all its parts, before he thought of putting the craft into the water. Afraid of worms, he used some of the old copper on his boat too; and he painted her, inside and out, not only with fidelity, but with taste. Although there was no one but Kitty to talk to, he did not forget to paint the name which he had given to his new vessel, in her stern sheets, where he could always see it. She was called the *Bridget Yardley*; and, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances in which she had been put together, Mark thought she did no discredit to her beautiful namesake, when completed. When he had everything finished, even to masts and sails, of the last of which he fitted her with mainsail and jib, the young man set about his preparations for getting his vessel afloat.

There was no process by which one man could move a boat of the size of the *Bridget*, while out of its proper element, but to launch it by means of regular ways. With a view to this contingency, the keel had been laid between the ways of the *Neshamony*, which were now all ready to be used. Of course it was no great job to make a cradle for a boat, and our boat-builder had "wedged up," and got the keel of his craft off the "blocks," within eight-and-forty hours after he had begun upon that part of his task. It only remained to knock away the spur-shores and start the boat. Until that instant, Mark had pursued his work on the *Bridget* as mechanically and steadily as if hired by the day. When, however, he perceived that he was so near his goal, a flood of sensations came over the young man, and his limbs trembled to a degree that compelled him to be seated. Who could tell the consequences to which that boat might lead? Who knew but that the *Bridget* might prove the means of carrying him to his own Bridget, and restoring him to civilized life? At that instant, it appeared to Mark as if his existence depended on the launching of his boat, and he was fearful some unforeseen accident might prevent it. He was obliged to wait several minutes in order to recover his self-possession.

At length Mark succeeded in subduing this feeling, and he resumed his work with most of his former self-command. Everything being ready, he knocked away the spur-shores, and, finding the boat did not start, he gave it a blow with a mall. This set the mass in motion, and the little craft slid down the ways without any interruption, until it became water-born, when it shot out from the Reef like a duck. Mark was delighted with his new vessel, now that it was fairly afloat, and saw that it sat on an even keel, according to his best hopes. Of course he had not neglected to secure it with a line, by which he hauled it in toward the rock, securing it in a natural basin which was just large enough for such a purpose. So great, indeed, were his apprehensions of losing his boat, which now seemed so precious to him, that he had worked some ringbolts out of the ship and let them into the rock, where he had secured them by means of melted lead, in order to make fast to.

The *Bridget* was not more than a fourth of the size of the *Neshamony*, though

rather more than half as long. Nevertheless, she was a good boat; and Mark, knowing that he must depend on sails principally to move her, had built a short deck forward to prevent the seas from breaking aboard her, as well as to give him a place in which he might stow away various articles, under cover from the rain. Her ballast was breakers, filled with fresh water, of which there still remained several in the ship. All these, as well as her masts, sails, etc., were in her when she was launched; and that important event having taken place early in the morning, Mark could not restrain his impatience for a cruise, but determined to go out on the reef at once, further than he had ever yet ventured in the dingey, in order to explore the seas around him. Accordingly, he put some food on board, loosened his fasts, and made sail.

The instant the boat moved ahead, and began to obey her helm, Mark felt as if he had found a new companion. Hitherto Kitty had, in a measure, filled this place; but a boat had been the young man's delight on the Delaware, in his boyhood, and he had not tacked his present craft more than two or three times, before he caught himself talking to it, and commending it, as he would a human being. As the wind usually blew in the same direction, and generally a good stiff breeze, Mark beat up between the Reef and Guano Island, working round the weather end of the former, until he came out at the anchorage of the *Rancocus*. After beating about in that basin a little while, as if merely to show off the *Bridget* to the ship, Mark put the former close by the wind, and stood off in the channel by which he and Bob had brought the latter into her present berth.

It was easy enough to avoid all such breakers as would be dangerous to a boat, by simply keeping out of white water; but the *Bridget* could pass over most of the reefs with impunity, on account of the depth of the sea on them. Mark beat up, on short tacks, therefore, until he found the two buoys between which he had brought the ship, and passing to windward of them, he stood off in the direction where he expected to find the reef over which the *Rancocus* had beaten. He was not long in making this discovery. There still floated the buoy of the bower, watching as faithfully as the seaman on his lookout! Mark ran the boat up to this well-tried sentinel, and caught the lanyard, holding on by it, after lowering his sails.

The boat was now moored by the buoy-rope of the ship's anchor, and it occurred to our young man that a certain use might be made of this melancholy memorial of the calamity that had befallen the *Rancocus*. The anchor lay quite near a reef, on it indeed in one sense; and it was in such places that fish most abounded. Fishing-tackle was in the boat, and Mark let down a line. His success was prodigious. The fish were hauled in almost as fast as he could bait and lower his hook, and what was more they proved to be larger and finer than those taken at the old fishing-grounds. By the experience of the half hour he passed at the spot, Mark felt certain that he could fill his boat there in a day's fishing. After hauling in some twenty or thirty, however, he cast off from the lanyard, hoisted his sail, and crossed the reef, still working to windward.

It was Mark's wish to learn something of the nature and extent of the shoals in this direction. With this object in view, he continued beating up, sometimes passing boldly through shallow water, at others going about to avoid that which he thought might be dangerous, until he believed himself to be about ten miles to windward of the island. The ship's masts were his beacon, for the crater had sunk below the horizon, or, if visible at all, it was only at intervals, as the boat was lifted on a swell, when it appeared a low hummock, nearly awash. It was with difficulty that the naked spars could be seen at that distance; nor could they be, except at moments, and that because the compass told the young man exactly where to look for them.

As for the appearance of the reefs, no naked rock was anywhere to be seen in this direction, though there were abun-

dant evidences of the existence of shoals. As well as he could judge, Mark was of opinion that these shoals extended at least twenty miles in this direction, he having turned up fully five leagues without getting clear of them. At that distance from his solitary home, and out of sight of everything like land, did the young man eat his frugal, but good and nourishing dinner, with his jib-sheet to windward and the boat hove-to. The freshness of the breeze had induced him to reef, and under that short sail he found the *Bridget* everything he could wish. It was now about the middle of the afternoon, and Mark thought it prudent to turn out his reef, and run down for the crater. In half an hour he caught a sight of the spars of the ship; and ten minutes later the Summit appeared above the horizon.

It had been the intention of our young sailor to stay out all night, had the weather been promising. His wish was to ascertain how he might manage the boat, single-handed, while he slept, and also to learn the extent of the shoals. As the extraordinary fertility of the crater superseded the necessity of his laboring much to keep himself supplied with food, he had formed a plan of cruising off the shoals, for days at a time, in the hope of falling in with something that was passing, and which might carry him back to the haunts of men. No vessel would or could come in sight of the crater, so long as the existence of the reefs was known; but the course steered by the *Rancocus* was a proof that ships did occasionally pass in that quarter of the Pacific. Mark had indulged in no visionary hopes on this subject, for he knew he might keep in the offing a twelvemonth and see nothing; but an additional twenty-four hours might realize all his hopes.

The weather, however, on this his first experiment, did not encourage him to remain out the whole night. On the contrary, by the time the crater was in sight, Mark thought he had not seen a more portentous-looking sky since he had been on the Reef. There was a fiery redness in the atmosphere that alarmed him, and he would have rejoiced to be at home, in order to secure his stock within the crater. From the appearances, he anticipated another tempest with its flood. It is true, it was not the season when the last occurred, but the climate might admit of these changes. The difference between summer and winter was very trifling on that reef, and a hurricane, or a gale, was as likely to occur in the one as in the other.

Just as the *Bridget* was passing the two buoys by which the ship-channel had been marked, her sail flapped. This was a bad omen, for it betokened a shift of wind, which rarely happened, unless it might be from six months to six months, without being the precursor of some sort of a storm. Mark was still two miles from the Reef, and the little wind there was soon came ahead. Luckily, it was smooth water, and very little air sufficed to force that light craft ahead, while there was usually a current setting from that point toward the crater. The birds, moreover, seemed uneasy, the air being filled with them, thousands flying over the boat, around which they wheeled, screaming and apparently terrified. At first Mark ascribed this unusual behavior of his feathered neighbors to the circumstance of their now seeing a boat for the commencement of such an acquaintance; but, recollecting how often he had passed their haunts, in the dingey, when they would hardly get out of the way, he soon felt certain there must be another reason for this singular conduct.

The sun went down in a bank of lurid fire, and the *Bridget* was still a mile from the ship. A new apprehension now came over our hermit. Should a tempest bring the wind violently from the westward, as was very likely to be the case under actual circumstances, he might be driven out to sea, and did the little craft resist the waves, forced so far off as to make him lose the Reef altogether. Then it was that Mark deeply felt how much had been left him, by casting his lot on that beautiful and luxuriant crater, instead of reducing him to those dregs of misery which so many shipwrecked mariners are compelled to swallow! How much, or how many of

the blessings that he enjoyed on the Reef, would he not have been willing to part with, that evening, in order to secure a safe arrival at the side of the *Rancocus!* By the utmost care to profit by every puff of air, and by handling the boat with the greatest skill, this happy result was obtained, however, without any sacrifice.

About nine o'clock, and not sooner, the boat was well secured, and Mark went into his cabin. Here he knelt and returned thanks to God, for his safe return to a place that was getting to be as precious to him as the love of life could render it. After this, tired with his day's work, the young man got into his berth and endeavored to sleep.

The fatigue of the day, notwithstanding the invigorating freshness of the breeze, acted as an anodyne and our young man soon forgot his adventures and his boat, in profound slumbers. It was many hours ere Mark awoke, and when he did it was with a sense of suffocation. At first he thought the ship had taken fire, a lurid light gleaming in at the open door of the cabin, and he sprang to his feet in recollection of the danger he ran from the magazine, as well as from being burned. But no cracking of flames reaching his ears, he dressed hastily and went out on the poop. He had just reached this deck, when he felt the whole ship tremble from her truck to her keel, and a rushing of water was heard on all sides of him, as if a flood were coming. Hissing sounds were heard, and streams of fire and gleams of lurid lights were seen in the air. It was a terrible moment, and one that might well induce any man to imagine that time was drawing to its close.

Mark Woolston now comprehended his situation notwithstanding the intense darkness which prevailed, except in those brief intervals of lurid light. He had felt the shock of an earthquake, and the volcano had suddenly become active. Smoke and ashes certainly filled the air, and our poor hermit instinctively looked towards his crater, already so verdant and lively, in the expectation of seeing it vomit flames. Everything there was tranquil; the danger, if danger there was, was assuredly more remote. But the murky vapor which rendered breathing exceedingly difficult, also obstructed the view, and prevented his seeing where the explosion really was. For a brief space our young man fancied he must certainly be suffocated; but a shift of wind came, and blew away the oppressive vapor, clearing the atmosphere of its sulphurous and most offensive gases and odors. Never did feverish tongue enjoy the cooling and healthful draught, more than Mark rejoiced in this change. The wind had got back to its old quarter, and the air he respired soon became pure and refreshing. Had the impure atmosphere lasted ten minutes longer, Mark felt persuaded he could not have breathed it with any safety.

The light was now most impatiently expected by our young man. The minutes seemed to drag; but, at length, the usual signs of returning day became apparent to him, and he got on the bowsprit of the ship, as if to meet it in its approach. There he stood looking to the eastward, eager to have ray after ray shoot into the firmament, when he was suddenly struck with a change in that quarter of the ocean, which at once proclaimed the power of the effort which the earth had made in its subterranean throes. Naked rocks appeared in places where Mark was certain water in abundance had existed a few hours before. The seawall directly ahead of the ship, and which never showed itself above the surface more than two or three inches, in any part of it, and that only at exceedingly neap tides, was now not only bare for a long distance, but parts rose ten and fifteen feet above the surrounding sea. This proved, at once, that the earthquake had thrust upward a vast surface of the reef completely altering the whole appearance of the shoal! In a word, Nature had made another effort, and islands had been created, as it might be, in the twinkling of an eye.

Mark was no sooner assured of this stupendous fact, than he hurried on to the poop, in order to ascertain what changes had occurred in and about the crater. It had been pushed upward, in common with

all the rocks for miles on every side of it, though without disturbing its surface! By the computation of our young man, the Reef, which previously lay about six feet above the level of the ocean, was now fully twenty, so many cubits having been, by one single but mighty effort of Nature, added to its stature. The planks which led from the stern of the vessel to the shore, and which had formed a descent, were now nearly level, so much water having left the basin as to produce this change. Still the ship floated, enough remaining to keep her keel clear of the bottom.

Impatient to learn all, Mark ran ashore, for by this time it was broad daylight, and hastened into the crater, with an intention to ascend at once to the Summit. As he passed along he could detect no change whatever on the surface of the Reef; everything lying just as it had been left, and the pigs and poultry were at their usual business of providing for their own wants. Ashes, however, were strewn over the rocks to a depth that left his footprints as distinct as they could have been made in a light snow. Within the crater the same appearances were observed, fully an inch of ashes covering its verdant pastures and the whole garden. This gave Mark very little concern, for he knew that the first rain would wash this drab-looking mantle into the earth, where it would answer all the purposes of a rich dressing of manure.

On reaching the Summit, our young man was enabled to form a better opinion of the vast changes which had been wrought around him, by this sudden elevation of the earth's crust. Everywhere sea seemed to be converted into land, or, at least, into rock. All the white water had disappeared, and in its place arose islands of rock, or mud, or sand. A good deal of the last was to be seen, and some quite near the Reef, as we shall still continue to call the island of the crater. Island, however, it could now hardly be termed. It is true that ribands of water approached it on all sides, resembling creeks, and rivers, and small sounds; but, as Mark stood there on the Summit, it seemed to him that it was now possible to walk for leagues, in every direction, commencing at the crater and following the lines of reefs, and rocks, and sands, that had been laid bare by the late upheaving. The extent of this change gave him confidence in its permanency, and the young man had hopes that what had thus been produced by the Providence of God would be permitted to remain, to answer His own benevolent purposes. It certainly made an immense difference in his own situation. The boat could still be used, but it was now possible for him to ramble for hours, if not for days, along the necks, and banks, and hummocks, and swales that had been formed, and that with a dry foot. His limits were so much enlarged as to offer something like a new world to his enterprise and curiosity.

The crater, nevertheless, was apparently about the center of this new creation. To the south, it is true, the eye could not penetrate more than two or three leagues. A vast, dun-looking cloud still covered the sea in that direction, veiling its surface far and wide, and mingling with the vapors of the upper atmosphere. Somewhere within this cloud, how far or how near from him he knew not; Mark made no doubt a new outlet to the pent forces of the inner earth was to be found, forming another and an active crater for the exit of the fires beneath. Geology was a science that had not made its present progress in the day of Mark Woolston, but his education had been too good to leave him totally without a theory for what had happened. He supposed that the internal fires had produced so much gas, just beneath this spot, as to open crevices at the bottom of the ocean, through which water had flowed in sufficient quantities to create a vast body of steam, which steam had been the immediate agent of lifting so much of the rock and land, and of causing the earthquake. At the same time, the internal fires had acted in concert; and following an opening, they had got so near the surface as to force a chimney for their own exit, in the form of this new crater, of the existence of which, from all the signs to the

southward, Mark did not entertain the smallest doubt.

This theory may have been true, in whole or in part, or it may have been altogether erroneous. Such speculations seldom turn out to be minutely accurate. So many unknown causes exist in so many unexpected forms, as to render precise estimates of their effects, in cases of physical phenomena, almost as uncertain as those which follow similar attempts at an analysis of human motives and human conduct. The man who has been much the subject of the conjectures and opinions of his fellow-creatures, in this way, must have many occasions to wonder, and some to smile, when he sees how completely those around him misjudge his wishes and impulses. Although formed of the same substance, influenced by the same selfishness, and governed by the same passions, in nothing do men oftener err than in this portion of the exercise of their intellects. The errors arise from one man's rigidly judging his fellow by himself, and that which he would do he fancies others would do also. This rule would be pretty safe, could we always penetrate into the wants and longings of others, which quite as often fail to correspond closely with our own, as do their characters, fortunes, and hopes.

At first sight, Mark had a good deal of difficulty in understanding the predominant nature of the very many bodies of water that were to be seen on every side of him. On the whole, there still remained almost as much of one element as of the other, in the view; which of itself, however, was a vast change from what had previously been the condition of the shoals. There were large bodies of water, little lakes in extent, which it was obvious enough must disappear under the process of evaporation, no communication existing between them and the open ocean. But, on the other hand, many of these sheets were sounds, or arms of the sea, that must always continue, since they might be traced, far as eye could reach, toward the mighty Pacific. Such, Mark was induced to believe, was the fact with the belt of water that still surrounded, or nearly surrounded the Reef; for, placed where he was, the young man was unable to ascertain whether the latter had, or had not, at a particular point, any land communication with an extensive range of naked rock, sand, mud, and deposit, that stretched away to the westward, for leagues. In obvious connection with this broad reach of what might be termed bare ground, were Guano and Loam Islands; neither of which was an island any longer, except as it was a part of the whole formation around it. Nevertheless, our young man was not sorry to see that the channel around the Reef still washed the bases of both those important places of deposit, leaving it in his power to transport their valuable manures by means of the raft, or boat.

The situation of the ship next became the matter of Mark's most curious and interested investigation. She was clearly afloat, and the basin in which she rode had a communication on each side of it with the sound, or inlet, that still encircled the Reef. Descending to the shore, our young mariner got into the dingey and pulled out round the vessel, to make a more minute examination. So very limpid was the water of that sea, it was easy enough to discern a bright object on the bottom at a depth of several fathoms. There were no streams in that part of the world to pour their deposits into the ocean, and air itself is scarce more transparent than the pure water of the ocean, when unpolluted with any foreign substances. All it wants is light, to enable the eye to reach into its mysteries for a long way. Mark could very distinctly perceive the sand beneath the *Rancocus's* keel, and saw that the ship still floated two or three feet clear of the bottom. It was near high water, however; and there being usually a tide of about twenty inches, it was plain enough that, on certain winds, the good old craft would come in pretty close contact with the bottom. All expectation of ever getting the vessel out of the basin must now be certainly abandoned, since she lay in a sort of cavity, where the water was six or eight feet deeper than it was within a hundred yards on each side of her.

Having ascertained these facts, Mark provided himself with a fowling-piece, provisions, etc., and set out to explore his newly acquired territories on foot. His steps were first directed to the point where it appeared to the eye that the vast range of dry land to the westward, extending both north and south, had become connected with the Reef. If such connection existed at all, it was by two very narrow necks of rock, of equal height, both of which had come up out of the water, under the late action, which action had considerably altered and extended the shores of Crater Island. Sand appeared in various places along these shores now; whereas, previously to the earthquake, they had everywhere been nearly perpendicular rocks.

Mark was walking with an impatient step toward the neck just mentioned, and which was at no great distance from the ship-yard, when his eye was attracted toward a sandy beach of several acres in extent that spread itself along the margin of the rocks, as clear from every impurity as it was a few hours before when it had been raised from out of the bosom of the ocean. To him it appeared that water was trickling through this sand, coming from beneath the lava of the Reef. At first he supposed it was merely the remains of some small portion of the ocean that had penetrated to a cavity within, and which was now trickling back through the crevices of the rocks to find its level, under the great law of nature. But it looked so pleasant to see once more water of any sort coming upward from the earth, that the young man jumped down upon the sands and hastened to the spot for further inquiry. Scooping up a little of the water in the hollow of his hand, he found it sweet, soft, and deliciously cool. Here was a discovery, indeed! The physical comfort for which he most pined was thus presented to him as by a direct gift from Heaven; and no miser who had found a hoard of hidden gold could have felt so great pleasure, or a tenth part of the gratitude of our young hermit, if hermit we may call one who did not voluntarily seek his seclusion from the world, and who worshiped God less as a penance than from love and adoration.

Before quitting this new-found treasure, Mark opened a cavity in the sand to receive the water, placing stone around it to make a convenient and clean little basin. In ten minutes this place was filled with water almost as limpid as air, and every way as delicious as the palate of man could require. The young man could scarce tear himself away from the spot, but fearful of drinking too much he did so after a time. Before quitting the spring, however, he placed a stone of some size at a gap in the rock, a precaution that completely prevented the hogs, should they stroll that way, from descending to the beach and defiling the limpid basin. As soon as he had leisure, Mark resolved to sink a barrel in the sand, and to build a fence around it; after which the stock might descend and drink, at a pool he should form below, at pleasure.

Mark proceeded. On reaching the narrowest part of the "Neck," he found that the rocks did not meet, but the Reef still remained an island. The channel that separated the two points of rock was only about twenty feet wide, however, though it was of fully twice that depth. The young man found it necessary to go back to the ship-yard (no great distance, by the way), and to bring a plank with which to make a bridge. This done, he passed on to the newly emerged territory. As might have been expected, the rocks were found tolerably well furnished with fish, which had got caught in pools and crevices when the water flowed into the sea; and what was of still more importance, another and a much larger spring of fresh water was found quite near the bridge, gushing through a deposit of sand of some fifteen or twenty acres in extent. The water of this spring had run down into a cavity, where it had already formed a little lake of some two acres in surface, and whence it was already running into the sea, by overflowing its banks. These two discoveries induced Mark to return to the Reef again, in quest of the stock. After laying another plank at his bridge, he called every creature he had over into the

new territory; for so great was the command he had obtained over even the ducks, that all came willingly at his call. As for Kitty she was never more happy than when trotting at his side, accompanying him in his walks, like a dog.

Glad enough were the pigs, in particular, to obtain this new range. Here was everything they could want; food in thousands, sand to root on, fresh water to drink, pools to wallow in, and a range for their migratory propensities. Mark had no sooner set them at work on the seaweed and shell-fish that abounded there, for the time being at least, than he foresaw he should have to erect a gate at his bridge, and keep the hogs here most of the time. With such a range, and the deposits of the tides alone, they would have no great difficulty in making their own living. This would enable him to increase the number kept, which he had hitherto been obliged to keep down with the most rigid attention to the increase.

Mark now set out in earnest on his travels. He was absent from the Reef the entire day. At one time, he thought he was quite two leagues in a straight line from the ship, though he had been compelled to walk four to get there. Everywhere he found large sheets of salt-water, that had been left on the rocks, in consequence of the cavities in the latter. In several instances, these little lakes were near a mile in length, having the most beautiful undulating outlines. None of them were deep, of course, though their bottoms varied. Some of these bottoms were clean rock; others contained large deposits of mud; and others, again, were of a clean, dark-colored sand. One, and one only, had a bottom of a bright, light-colored sand. As a matter of course, these lakes, or pools, must shortly evaporate, leaving their bottoms bare, or encrusted with salt.

One thing gave the young man great satisfaction. He had kept along the margin of the channel that communicated with the water that surrounded the Reef, and, when at the greatest distance from the crater, he ascended a rock that must have had an elevation of a hundred feet above the sea. Of course most of this rock had been above water previously to the late eruption, and Mark had often seen it at a distance, though he had never ventured through the white water near so far, in the dingey. When on its apex, Mark got an extensive view of the scene around him. In the first place, he traced the channel just mentioned, quite into open water, which now appeared distinctly not many leagues further toward the northwest. There were a great many other channels, some mere ribands of water, others narrow sounds, and many resembling broad, deep, serpentine creeks, which last was their true character, being strictly inlets from the sea. The lakes, or pools, could be seen in hundreds, creating some confusion in the view; but all of these must soon disappear, in that climate.

Toward the southward, however, Mark found the objects of his greatest wonder and admiration. By the time he reached the apex of the rock, the smoke in that quarter of the horizon had, in a great measure, risen from the sea; though a column of it continued to ascend toward a vast, dun-colored cloud that overhung the place. To Mark's astonishment he had seen some dark, dense body first looming through the rising vapor. When the last was sufficiently removed, a high, ragged mountain became distinctly visible. He thought it arose at least a thousand feet above the ocean; and that it could not be less than a league in extent. This exhibition of the power of Nature filled the young man's soul with adoration and reverence for the mighty Being that could set such elements at work. It did not alarm him, but rather tended to quiet his longings to quit the place; for he who lives amid such scenes feels that he is so much nearer to the arm of God than those who dwell in uniform security, as to think less of ordinary advantages than is common.

Mark knew that there must have been a dislocation of the rocks, to produce such a change as that he saw to the southward. It was well for him it occurred there at a distance, as he then thought, of ten or fifteen miles from the Reef, though in truth it was at quite fifty, instead of hap-

pening beneath him. It was possible, however, for one to have been on the top of that mountain, and to have lived through the late change, could the lungs of man have breathed the atmosphere. Not far from this mountain a column of smoke rose out of the sea, and Mark fancied that, at moments, he could discern the summit of an active crater at its base.

After gazing at these astonishing changes for a long time, our young man descended from the height and retraced his steps homeward. Kitty glady preceded him, and some time after the sun had set, they regained the Reef. About a mile short of home, Mark passed all the hogs, snugly deposited in a bed of mud, where they had ensconced themselves for the night, as one draws himself beneath his blanket.

CHAPTER XII.

"All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor; treason, felony,
Sword, pike, gun, or need of any engine
Would I not have; but Nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all foizen, all abundance
To feed my innocent people."—TEMPEST.

FOR the next ten days Mark Woolston did little but explore. By crossing the channel around the Reef, which he had named the "Armlet" (the young man often talked to himself), he reached the sea-wall, and, once there, he made a long excursion to the eastward. He now walked dryshod over those very reefs among which he had so recently sailed in the *Bridget*, though the ship-channel through which he and Bob had brought in the *Rancocus* still remained. The two buoys that had marked the narrow passage were found, high and dry; and the anchor of the ship, that by which she rode after beating over the rocks into deep water, was to be seen so near the surface, that the stock could be reached by the hand.

There was little difference in character between the newly made land to windward and that which Mark had found in the opposite direction. Large pools, or lakes, of salt water, deposits of mud and sand, some of which were of considerable extent and thickness, sounds, creeks, and arms of the sea, with here and there a hummock of rock that rose fifteen or twenty feet above the face of the main body, were the distinguishing peculiarities. For two days Mark explored in this direction, or to windward, reaching as far by his estimate of the distance, as the place where he had bore up in his cruise in the *Bridget*. Finding a great many obstacles in the way, channels, mud, etc., he determined, on the afternoon of the second day, to return home, get a stock of supplies, and come out in the boat, in order to ascertain if he could not now reach the open water to windward.

On the morning of the fourth day after the earthquake and the occurrence of the mighty change that had altered the whole face of the scene around him, the young man got under way in the *Bridget*. He shaped his course to windward, beating out of the Armlet by a narrow passage that carried him into a reach that stretched away for several miles to the northward and eastward, in nearly a straight line. This passage, or sound, was about half a mile in width, and there was water enough in nearly all parts of it to float the largest-sized vessel. By this passage the poor hermit, small as was his chance of ever seeing such an event occur, hoped it might be possible to come to the very side of the Reef in a ship.

When about three leagues from the crater, the "Hope Channel," as Mark named this long and direct passage, divided into two, one trending still more to the northward, running nearly due north, indeed, while the other might be followed in a southeasterly direction, far as the eye could reach. Mark named the rock at the junction "Point Fork," and chose the latter passage, which appeared the most promising, and the wind permitting him to lay through it. The *Bridget* tacked in the Forks, therefore, and stood away to the southeast, pretty close to the wind. Various other channels communicated with this main passage, or the Hope; and about noon Mark tacked into

rather more than half as long. Nevertheless, she was a good boat; and Mark, knowing that he must depend on sails principally to move her, had built a short deck forward to prevent the seas from breaking aboard her, as well as to give him a place in which he might stow away various articles, under cover from the rain. Her ballast was breakers, filled with fresh water, of which there still remained several in the ship. All these, as well as her masts, sails, etc., were in her when she was launched; and that important event having taken place early in the morning, Mark could not restrain his impatience for a cruise, but determined to go out on the reef at once, further than he had ever yet ventured in the dingey, in order to explore the seas around him. Accordingly, he put some food on board, loosened his fasts, and made sail.

The instant the boat moved ahead, and began to obey her helm, Mark felt as if he had found a new companion. Hitherto Kitty had, in a measure, filled this place; but a boat had been the young man's delight on the Delaware, in his boyhood, and he had not tacked his present craft more than two or three times, before he caught himself talking to it, and commending it, as he would a human being. As the wind usually blew in the same direction, and generally a good stiff breeze, Mark beat up between the Reef and Guano Island, working round the weather end of the former, until he came out at the anchorage of the *Rancocus*. After beating about in that basin a little while, as if merely to show off the *Bridget* to the ship, Mark put the former close by the wind, and stood off in the channel by which he and Bob had brought the latter into her present berth.

It was easy enough to avoid all such breakers as would be dangerous to a boat, by simply keeping out of white water; but the *Bridget* could pass over most of the reefs with impunity, on account of the depth of the sea on them. Mark beat up, on short tacks, therefore, until he found the two buoys between which he had brought the ship, and passing to windward of them, he stood off in the direction where he expected to find the reef over which the *Rancocus* had beaten. He was not long in making this discovery. There still floated the buoy of the bower, watching as faithfully as the seaman on his lookout! Mark ran the boat up to this well-tried sentinel, and caught the lanyard, holding on by it, after lowering his sails.

The boat was now moored by the buoy-rope of the ship's anchor, and it occurred to our young man that a certain use might be made of this melancholy memorial of the calamity that had befallen the *Rancocus*. The anchor lay quite near a reef, on it indeed in one sense; and it was in such places that fish most abounded. Fishing-tackle was in the boat, and Mark let down a line. His success was prodigious. The fish were hauled in almost as fast as he could bait and lower his hook, and what was more they proved to be larger and finer than those taken at the old fishing-grounds. By the experience of the half hour he passed at the spot, Mark felt certain that he could fill his boat there in a day's fishing. After hauling in some twenty or thirty, however, he cast off from the lanyard, hoisted his sail, and crossed the reef, still working to windward.

It was Mark's wish to learn something of the nature and extent of the shoals in this direction. With this object in view, he continued beating up, sometimes passing boldly through shallow water, at others going about to avoid that which he thought might be dangerous, until he believed himself to be about ten miles to windward of the island. The ship's masts were his beacon, for the crater had sunk below the horizon, or, if visible at all, it was only at intervals, as the boat was lifted on a swell, when it appeared a low hummock, nearly awash. It was with difficulty that the naked spars could be seen at that distance; nor could they be, except at moments, and that because the compass told the young man exactly where to look for them.

As for the appearance of the reefs, no naked rock was anywhere to be seen in this direction, though there were abun-

dant evidences of the existence of shoals. As well as he could judge, Mark was of opinion that these shoals extended at least twenty miles in this direction, he having turned up fully five leagues without getting clear of them. At that distance from his solitary home, and out of sight of everything like land, did the young man eat his frugal, but good and nourishing dinner, with his jib-sheet to windward and the boat hove-to. The freshness of the breeze had induced him to reef, and under that short sail he found the *Bridget* everything he could wish. It was now about the middle of the afternoon, and Mark thought it prudent to turn out his reef, and run down for the crater. In half an hour he caught a sight of the spars of the ship; and ten minutes later the Summit appeared above the horizon.

It had been the intention of our young sailor to stay out all night, had the weather been promising. His wish was to ascertain how he might manage the boat, single-handed, while he slept, and also to learn the extent of the shoals. As the extraordinary fertility of the crater superseded the necessity of his laboring much to keep himself supplied with food, he had formed a plan of cruising off the shoals, for days at a time, in the hope of falling in with something that was passing, and which might carry him back to the haunts of men. No vessel would or could come in sight of the crater, so long as the existence of the reefs was known; but the course steered by the *Rancocus* was a proof that ships did occasionally pass in that quarter of the Pacific. Mark had indulged in no visionary hopes on this subject, for he knew he might keep in the offing a twelvemonth and see nothing; but an additional twenty-four hours might realize all his hopes.

The weather, however, on this his first experiment, did not encourage him to remain out the whole night. On the contrary, by the time the crater was in sight, Mark thought he had not seen a more portentous-looking sky since he had been on the Reef. There was a fiery redness in the atmosphere that alarmed him, and he would have rejoiced to be at home, in order to secure his stock within the crater. From the appearances, he anticipated another tempest with its flood. It is true, it was not the season when the last occurred, but the climate might admit of these changes. The difference between summer and winter was very trifling on that reef, and a hurricane, or a gale, was as likely to occur in the one as in the other.

Just as the *Bridget* was passing the two buoys by which the ship-channel had been marked, her sail flapped. This was a bad omen, for it betokened a shift of wind, which rarely happened, unless it might be from six months to six months, without being the precursor of some sort of a storm. Mark was still two miles from the Reef, and the little wind there was soon came ahead. Luckily, it was smooth water, and very little air sufficed to force that light craft ahead, while there was usually a current setting from that point toward the crater. The birds, moreover, seemed uneasy, the air being filled with them, thousands flying over the boat, around which they wheeled, screaming and apparently terrified. At first Mark ascribed this unusual behavior of his feathered neighbors to the circumstance of their now seeing a boat for the commencement of such an acquaintance; but, recollecting how often he had passed their haunts, in the dingey, when they would hardly get out of the way, he soon felt certain there must be another reason for this singular conduct.

The sun went down in a bank of lurid fire, and the *Bridget* was still a mile from the ship. A new apprehension now came over our hermit. Should a tempest bring the wind violently from the westward, as was very likely to be the case under actual circumstances, he might be driven out to sea, and did the little craft resist the waves, forced so far off as to make him lose the Reef altogether. Then it was that Mark deeply felt how much had been left him, by casting his lot on that beautiful and luxuriant crater, instead of reducing him to those dregs of misery which so many shipwrecked mariners are compelled to swallow! How much, or how many of

ranged a mattress, provided for that purpose, in the boat, and went to sleep.

Early next morning the *Bridget* was again under way, but not until her owner had both bathed and broken his fast. Bathe he did every morning throughout the year, and occasionally at night also. A day of exertion usually ended with a bath, as did a night of sweet repose also. In all these respects no one could be more fortunate. From the first, food had been abundant; and now he possessed it in superfluity, including the wants of all dependent on him. Of clothes, also, he had an inexhaustible supply, a small portion of the cargo, consisting of coarse cotton jackets and trousers, with which to purchase sandal-wood. To these means, delicious water was now added in inexhaustible quantities. The late changes had given to Mark's possession territory sufficient to occupy him months, even in exploring it thoroughly, as it was his purpose to do. God was there, also, as He is everywhere. This our secluded man found to be a most precious consolation. Again and again, each day, was he now in the practice of communing in spirit directly with his Creator; not in cold and unmeaning forms and commonplaces, but with such yearning of the soul, and such feelings of love and reverence, as an active and living faith can alone, by the aid of the Divine Spirit, awaken in the human breast.

After crossing Shell Bay, the *Bridget* continued on for a couple of hours, running southwesterly, through a passage of a good width, until it met another channel, at a point which Mark at once recognized as the Forks. When at Point Fork, he had only to follow the track he had come the previous day in order to arrive at the Reef. The crater could be seen from the Forks, and there was consequently a beacon in sight, to direct the adventurer, had he wanted such assistance; which he did not, however, since he now recognized objects perfectly well as he advanced. About ten o'clock he ran alongside of the ship, where he found everything as he had left it. Lighting the fire, he put on food sufficient to last him for another cruise, and then went up into the cross-trees in order to take a better look than he had yet obtained of the state of things to the southward.

By this time, the vast murky cloud that had so long overhung the new outlet of the volcano was dispersed. It was succeeded by one of ordinary size, in which the thread of smoke that arose from the crater terminated. Of course the surrounding atmosphere was clear, and nothing but distance obstructed the view. The Peak was indeed a sublime sight, issuing, as it did, from the ocean without any relief. Mark now began to think he had miscalculated its height, and tha: might be *two* thousand feet instead one, above the water. There it was, all its glory, blue and misty, but ragge and noble. The crater was clearly mar miles beyond it, the young man bei satisfied, after this look, that he had r yet seen its summit. He also increas his distance from Vulcan's Peak, as named the mountain, to ten leagues, least. After sitting in the cross-trees fully an hour, gazing at this height w as much pleasure as the connoisseur e studied picture or statue, the young n determined to attempt a voyage to t place, in the *Bridget*. To him such expedition had the charm of the nove and change which a journey from coun to town could bring to the wearied worldling, who sighed for the enjoyment of his old haunts, after a season passed in the ennui of his country-house. It is true, great novelties had been presented to our solitary youth, by the great changes wrought immediately in his neighborhood, and they had now kept him for a week in a condition of high excitement; but nothing they presented could equal the interest he felt in that distant mountain, which had arisen so suddenly in a horizon that he had been accustomed to see bare of any object but clouds, for near eighteen months.

That afternoon Mark made all his preparations for a voyage that he felt might be one of great moment to him. All the symptoms of convulsions in the earth, however, had ceased; even the rumbling

sounds which he had heard, or imagined, in the stillness of the night, being no longer audible. From that source, therefore, he had no great apprehensions of danger; though there was a sort of dread majesty in the exhibition of the power of Nature that he had so lately witnessed, which disposed him to approach the scene of its greatest effort with secret awe. So much did he think of the morrow and its possible consequences, that he did not get asleep for two or three hours, though he awoke in the morning unconscious of any want of rest. An hour later he was in his boat and under way.

ad now to steer in an entirely on, believing, from what he ile aloft the day before, that ke his way out into the open oceeding a due south course. do this, and to get into the ising-looking channel in that e was obliged to pass through strait that separated the Reef rge range of rock over which med the day succeeding the . Of course, the bridge was n order to allow the boat's ss; but for this Mark did not ad seen his stock the previous d saw that it wanted for nothing the fowls had gone across to rritory, on exploring expeditions; and Kitty herself had left her sweet pastures on the Summit, to see of what the world was made beyond her old range. It is true she had made one journey in that quarter, in the company of her master; but one journey no more satisfied her than it would have satisfied the curiosity of any other female.

After passing the bridge the boat entered a long narrow reach, that extended at least two leagues, in nearly a direct line toward Vulcan's Peak. As it approached the end of this piece of water, Mark saw that he must enter a bay of considerable extent; one, indeed, that was much larger than any he had yet seen in his island, or, to speak more accurately, his group of islands. On one side of this bay appeared a large piece of level land, or a plain, which Mark supposed might cover one or two thousand acres. Its color was so different from anything he had yet seen, that our young man was induced to land, and to walk a short distance to examine it. On reaching its margin it was found to be a very shallow basin, of which the bottom was mud, with a foot or two of salt water still remaining, and in which sea-weed, some ten or twelve inches in thickness, was floating. It was almost possible for Mark to walk on this weed, the green appearance of which induced him to name the place the Prairie. Such a collection of weed could only have been owing to the currents, which must have brought it into this basin, where it was probably retained even previously to the late eruption. The presence of the deposit of mud, as well as the height of the surrounding rocks, many of which were doubtless out of water previously to the phenomenon, went to corroborate this opinion.

After working her way through a great many channels, some wide and some narrow, some true and some false, the *Bridget* reached the southern verge of the group, about noon. Mark then supposed himself to be quite twenty miles from the Reef, and the Peak appeared very little nearer than when he left it. This startled him on the score of distance, and, after meditating on all his chances, the young man determined to pass the remainder of that day where he was, in order to put to sea with as much daylight before him as possible. He desired also to explore the coast and islands in that vicinity, in order to complete his survey of the cluster. He looked for a convenient place to anchor his boat, accordingly, ate his dinner, and set out on foot to explore, armed as usual with a fowling-piece.

In the first place an outlet to the sea very different from that on the eastern side of the group was found here, on its southern. The channel opened into a bay of some size, with an arm of rock reaching well off on the weather side, so that no broken water was encountered in passing into or out of it, provided one kept sufficiently clear of the point itself. As there was abundance of room, Mark saw

he should have no difficulty in getting out into open water here, or in getting back again. What was more, the arm, or promontory of rock just mentioned, had a hummock near a hundred feet in height on its extremity, that answered admirably for a landmark. Most of this hummock must have been above water previously to the late eruption, though it appeared to our explorer that all the visible land, as he proceeded south, was lifted higher and on a gradually-increasing scale, as if the eruption had exerted its force at a certain point, the new crater for instance, and raised the earth to the northward of that point, on an inclined line. This might account in a measure for the altitude of the Peak, which was near the great crevice that must have been left somewhere, unless materials on its opposite side had fallen to fill it up again. Most of these views were merely speculative, though the fact of the greater elevation of all the rocks, in this part of the group, over those further north, was beyond dispute. Thus the coast here was generally fifty or eighty feet high; whereas, at the Reef, even now, the surface of the common rock was not much more than twenty feet above the water. The rise seemed to be gradual, moreover, which certainly favored this theory.

As a great deal of sand and mud had been brought up by the eruption, there was no want of fresh water. Mark found even a little brook, of as perfectly sweet a stream as he had ever tasted in America, running into the little harbor where he had secured the boat. He followed this stream two miles, ere he reached its source, or sources; for it came from at least a dozen copious springs, that poured their tribute from a bed of clean sand several miles in length, and which had every sign of having been bare for ages. In saying this, however, it is not to be supposed that the signs, as to time, were very apparent anywhere. Lava, known to have been ejected from the bowels of the earth thousands of years has just as fresh an appearance, to the ordinary observer, as that which was thrown out ten years ago; and, had it not been for the deposits of moist mud, the remains of fish, sea-weed that was still undecayed, pools of salt water, and a few other peculiarities of the same sort, Mark would have been puzzled to find any difference between the rocks recently thrown up, and those which were formerly exposed to the air. Even the mud was fast changing its appearance, cracking and drying under the sun of the tropics. In a month or two, should as much rain as usual fall, it was probable the sea-weed would be far gone in decay.

It was still early when our adventurer kneeled on the sand, near his boat, to hold his last direct communication with his Creator ere he slept. Those communications were now quite frequent with Mark, it being no unusual thing for him to hold them when sailing in his boat, on the deck of the ship, or in the soft salubrious air of the Summit. He slept none the less soundly for having commended his soul to God, asking support against temptations and forgiveness for past sins. These prayers were usually very short. More than half the time they were expressed in the compendious and beautiful words given to man by Christ Himself, the model and substance of all petitions of this nature. But the words were devoutly uttered, the heart keeping even pace with them, and the soul fully submitting to their influence.

Mark arose next morning two hours before the light appeared, and at once left the group. Time was now important to him; for, while he anticipated the possibility of remaining under the lee of the mountain during the succeeding night, he also anticipated the possibility of being compelled to return. In a favorable time, with the wind a little free, five knots in the hour was about the maximum of the boat's rate of sailing, though it was affected by the greater or less height of the sea that was on. When the waves ran heavily, the *Bridget's* low sails got becalmed in the troughs, and she consequently lost much of her way. On the whole, however, five knots might be set down as her average speed under the pressure of the ordinary trades, and with whole canvas and a little off the

wind. Close-hauled she scarcely made more than three; while, with the wind on the quarter, she often went seven, especially in smooth water.

The course steered was about a point to the westward of south, the boat running altogether by compass for the first two hours. At the end of that time day returned, and the dark, frowning Peak itself became visible. The sun had no sooner risen than Mark felt satisfied with his boat's performance. Objects began to come out of the mass of the mountain, which no longer appeared a pile of dark outline without detail. He expected this, and was even disappointed that his eyes could not command more, for he now saw that he had materially underrated the distance between the crater and the Peak, which must be nearer sixty than fifty miles. The channel between the group and this isolated mass was, at least, twelve leagues in width. These twelve leagues were now to be run, and our young navigator thought he had made fully three of them when light returned.

From that moment every mile made a sensible difference in the face of the mountain. Light and shadow first became visible; then ravines, cliffs, and colors came into the view. Each league that he advanced increased Mark's admiration and awe; and, by the time that the boat was on the last of those leagues which had appeared so long, he began to have a more accurate idea of the sublime nature of the phenomenon that had been wrought so near him. Vulcan's Peak, as an island, could not be less than eight or nine miles in length, though its breadth did not much exceed two. Running north and south, it offered its narrow side to the group of the crater, which had deceived its solitary observer. Yes! of the millions on earth, Mark Woolston alone had been so situated as to become a witness of this grand display of the powers of the elements. Yet, what was this in comparison with the thousand vast globes that were rolling about in space, objects so familiar as to be seen daily and nightly without raising a thought, in the minds of many, from the created to the Creator? Even these globes come and go, and men remain indifferent to the mighty change!

The wind had been fresh in crossing the strait, and Mark was not sorry when his pigmy boat came under the shadow of the vast cliffs which formed the northern extremity of the Peak. When still a mile distant, he thought he was close on the rocks; nor did he get a perfectly true idea of the scale on which this rare mountain had been formed until running along at its base, within a hundred yards of its rocks. Coming in to leeward, as a matter of course, Mark found comparatively smooth water, though the unceasing heaving and setting of the ocean rendered it a little hazardous to go nearer to the shore. For some time our explorer was fearful he should not be able to land at all; and he was actually thinking of putting about, to make the best of his way back while light remained to do so, when he came off a place that seemed fitted by art, rather than by Nature, to meet his wishes. A narrow opening appeared between two cliffs, of about equal height, or some hundred feet in elevation, one of which extended further into the ocean than its neighbor. The water being quite smooth in this inlet, Mark ventured to enter it, the wind favoring his advance. On passing this gateway, he found himself nearly becalmed, in a basin that might be a hundred yards in diameter, which was not only surrounded by a sandy beach, but which had also a sandy bottom. The water was several fathoms deep, and it was very easy to run the bows of the boat anywhere on the beach. This was done, the sails were furled, and Mark sprang ashore, taking the grapnel with him. Like Columbus, he knelt on the sands, and returned his thanks to God.

Not only did a ravine open from this basin, winding its way up the entire ascent, but a copious stream of water ran through it, foaming and roaring amid its glens. At first Mark supposed this was sea-water, still finding its way from some lake on the Peak; but, on tasting it, he found it was perfectly sweet. Provided with his gun, and carrying his pack, our young man entered this ravine, and, fol-

lowing the course of the brook, he at once commenced an ascent. The route was difficult only in the labor of moving upward, and by no means as difficult in that as he had expected to find it. It was, nevertheless, fortunate that this climbing was to be done in the shade, the sun seldom penetrating into those cool and somewhat damp crevices through which the brook found its way.

Notwithstanding his great activity, Mark Woolston was just an hour in ascending to the Peak. In no place had he found the path difficult, though almost always upward; but he believed he had walked more than two miles before he came out on level ground. When he had got up about three-fourths of the way, the appearance of things around him suddenly changed. Although the rock itself looked no older than that below, it had, occasionally, a covering that clearly could never have emerged from the sea within the last few days. From that point everything denoted an older existence in the air, from which our young man inferred that the summit of Vulcan's Peak had been an island long prior to the late eruption. Every foot he advanced confirmed this opinion, and the conclusion was that the ancient island had lain too low to be visible to one on the Reef.

An exclamation of delight escaped from our explorer, as he suddenly came out on the broken plain of the Peak. It was not absolutely covered, but was richly garnished with wood; cocoanut, bread-fruits, and other tropical trees; and it was delightfully verdant with young grasses. The latter were still wet with a recent shower that Mark had seen pass over the mountain while standing for the island; and on examining them more closely the traces of the former shower of volcanic ashes were yet to be seen. The warmth in the sun, after so sharp a walk, caused the young man to plunge into the nearest grove, where he had no difficulty in helping himself to as many cocoanuts, fresh from the trees, as a thousand men could have consumed. Every one has heard of the delicious beverage that the milk of the cocoanut, and of the delicious food that its pulp furnishes, when each is taken from the fruit before it hardens. How these trees came there, Mark did not know. The common theory is that birds convey the seeds from island to island; though some suppose that the earth contains the elements of all vegetation, and that this or that is quickened as particular influences are brought to bear by means of climate and other agents.

After resting himself for an hour in that delicious grove, Mark began to roam around the plain, to get an idea of its beauties and extent. The former were inexhaustible, offering every variety of landscape, from the bold and magnificent to the soft and bewitching. There were birds innumerable, of the most brilliant plumage, and some that Mark imagined must be good to eat. In particular did he observe an immense number of a very small sort that were constantly pecking at a wild fig, of which there was a grove of considerable extent. The fig itself he did not find as palatable as he had hoped, though it was refreshing, and served to vary the diet; but the bird struck him to be of the same kind as the celebrated reed-bird, of the Philadelphia market, which we suppose to be much the same as the *becca fichi* of Italy. Being provided with mustard-seed shot, Mark loaded his piece properly, and killed at least twenty of these little creatures at one discharge. After cleaning them, he struck a light by means of the pan and some powder, and kindled a fire. Here was wood, too, in any quantity, an article of which he had feared in time he might be in want, and which he had already begun to husband, though used only in his simple cookery. Spitting half-a-dozen of the birds, they were soon roasted. At the same time he roasted a bunch of plantain, and, being provided with pepper and salt in his pack, as well as with some pilot-bread and a pint bottle of rum, we are almost ashamed to relate how our young explorer dined. Nothing was wanting to such a meal but the sweets of social converse. Mark fancied, as he sat enjoying that solitary repast, so delicious of itself, and which was just enough sweet-

ened with toil to render it every way acceptable, that he could gladly give up all the rest of the world for the enjoyment of a paradise like that before him, with Bridget for his Eve.

The elevation of the mountain rendered the air far more grateful and cool than he was accustomed to find it at mid-summer down on the Reef, and the young man was in a sort of gentle intoxication while breathing it. Then it was that he most longed for a companion, though little did he imagine how near he was to some of his species at that very moment; and how soon that the dearest wish of his heart was to be met by an adventure altogether so unexpected to him that we must commence a new chapter in order to relate it.

CHAPTER XIII.

> "The merry homes of England!
> Around their hearths at night,
> What gladsome looks of household love
> Meet in the ruddy light!
> There woman's voice floats forth in song,
> Or childhood's tale is told,
> Or lips move tunefully along
> Some glorious page of old."
>
> —Mrs. Hemans.

The peak, or highest part of the island, was at its northern extremity, and within two miles of the grove in which Mark Woolston had eaten his dinner. Unlike most of the plain, it had no woods whatever, but, rising somewhat abruptly to a considerable elevation, it was naked of everything but grass. On the peak itself there was very little of the last even, and it was obvious that it must command a full view of the whole plain of the island, as well as of the surrounding sea for a wide distance. Resuming his pack, our young adventurer, greatly refreshed by the delicious repast he had just made, left the pleasant grove in which he had first rested, to undertake this somewhat sharp acclivity. He was not long in effecting it, however, standing on the highest point of his new discovery within an hour after he had commenced its ascent.

Here Mark found all his expectations realized touching the character of the view. The whole plain of the island, with the exceptions of the covers made by intervening woods, lay spread before him like a map. All its beauties, its shades, its fruits, and its verdant glades, were placed beneath his eye, as if purposely to delight him with their glories. A more enchanting rural scene the young man had never beheld, the island having so much the air of cultivation and art about it that he expected, at each instant, to see bodies of men running across its surface. He carried the best glass of the *Rancocus* with him, in all his excursions, not knowing at what moment Providence might bring a vessel in sight, and he had it now slung from his shoulders. With this glass, therefore, was every part of the visible surface of the island swept, in anxious and almost alarmed search for the abodes of inhabitants. Nothing of the sort, however, could be discovered. The island was unquestionably without a human being, our young man alone excepted. Nor could he see any trace of beast, reptile, or of any animal but birds. Creatures gifted with wings had been able to reach that little paradise; but to all others, since it first arose from the sea, had it probably been unapproached, if not unapproachable, until that day. It appeared to be the very Elysium of Birds!

Mark next examined the peak itself. There was a vast deposit of very ancient guano on it, the washings of which for ages had doubtless largely contributed to the great fertility of the plain below. A stream of more size than one would expect to find on so small an island meandered through the plain, and could be traced to a very copious spring that burst from the earth at the base of the peak. Ample as this spring was, however, it could never of itself have supplied the water of the brook, or rivulet, which received the contributions of some fifty other springs, that reached it in rills, as it wound its way down the gently-inclined plane of the island. At one point, about two leagues from the Peak, there was actually a little lake visible, and Mark could even trace its outlet, winding its way beyond it. He

supposed that the surplus tumbled into the sea in a cascade.

It will readily be imagined that our young man turned his glass to the northward, in search of the group he had left that morning, with a most lively interest. It was easy enough to see it from the great elevation at which he was now placed. There it lay, stretched far and wide, extending nearly a degree of latitude, north and sonth, and another of longitude, east and west, most truly resembling a vast dark-looking map, spread upon the face of the waters for his special examination. It reminded Mark of the moon, with its ragged outlines of imaginary continents, as seen by the naked eye, while the island he was now on bore a fancied resemblance to the same object viewed through a telescope; not that it had the look of molten silver which is observed in the earth's satellite, but that it appeared gloriously bright and brilliant. Mark could easily see many of the sheets of water that were to be found among the rocks, though his naked eye could distinguish neither crater nor ship. By the aid of the glass, however, the first was to be seen, though the distance was too great to leave the poor deserted *Rancocus* visible, even with the assistance of magnifying glasses.

When he had taken a good look at his old possessions, Mark made a sweep of the horizon with the glass, in order to ascertain if any other land were visible from the great elevation on which he now stood. While arranging the focus of the instrument, an object first met his eye that caused his heart almost to leap into his mouth. Land was looming up, in the western board, so distinctly as to admit of no cavil about its presence. It was an island, mountainous, and Mark supposed it must be fully a hundred miles distant. Still it was land, and strange land, and might prove to be the abode of human beings. The glass told him very little more than his eye, though he could discern a mountainous form through it, and saw that it was an island of no great size. Beyond this mountain, again, the young man fancied that he could detect the haze of more land; but if he did it was too low, too distant, and too indistinct, to be certain of it. It is not easy to give a clear idea of the tumult of feeling with which Mark Woolston beheld these unknown regions, though it might best be compared with the emotions of the astronomer who discovers a new planet. It would scarce exceed the truth to say that he regarded that dim, blue mountain, which arose in the midst of a watery waste, with as much of admiration, mysterious awe and gratification united as Herschel may have been supposed to feel when he established the character of Uranus. It was fully an hour before our hermit could turn his eyes in any other direction.

And when our young mariner did look aside it was more with the intention of relieving eyes that had grown dim with gazing than of not returning to the same objects again as soon as restored to their power. It was while walking to and fro on the peak, with this intent, that a new subject of interest caused him almost to leap into the air, and to shout aloud. He saw a sail! For the first time since Betts disappeared from his anxious looks, his eyes now surely rested on a vessel. What was more, it was quite near the island he was on, and seemed to be beating up to get under its lee. It appeared but a speck on the blue waves of the ocean, seen from that height, it is true; but Mark was too well practiced in his craft to be mistaken. It was a vessel, under more or less canvas, how much he could not then tell, or even see—but it was most decidedly a vessel. Mark's limbs trembled so much that he was compelled to throw himself upon the earth to find the support he wanted. There he lay several minutes, mentally returning thanks to God for this unexpected favor; and when his strength revived these signs of gratitude were renewed on his knees. Then he arose, almost in terror lest the vessel should have disappeared, or it should turn out that he was the subject of a cruel illusion.

There was no error. There was the little white speck, and he leveled the glass to get a better look at it. An ex-

clamation now clearly broke from his lips, and for a minute or two the young man actually appeared to be out of his senses. "The pinnace," "the *Neshamony*," however, were words that escaped him, and, had there been a witness, might have given an insight into this extraordinary conduct. Mark had, in fact, ascertained that the sail beneath the peak was no other than the little craft that had been swept away, as already described, with Betts in it. Fourteen months had elapsed since that occurrence, and here it was again, seemingly endeavoring to return to the place where it had been launched! Mark adopted perhaps the best expedient in his power to attract attention to himself, and to let his presence be known. He fired both barrels of his fowling-piece, and repeated the discharges several times, or until a flag was shown on board the sloop, which was now just beneath the cliff, a certain sign that he had succeeded. A musket was also fired from the vessel.

Our young man rather flew than ran to the ravine, down which he went at a pace that several times placed his neck in jeopardy. It was a very different thing to descend from ascending such a mountain. In less than a quarter of an hour, the half-distracted hermit was in his boat, nearly crazy with the apprehension that he might yet not meet with his friend; for that it was Bob looking for the Reef and himself he did not now entertain the least doubt. The most plausible course for him to adopt was precisely that which he followed. He pushed off in the *Bridget*, making sail on the boat, and getting out of the cove in the shortest time he could. On quitting his little haven, and coming out clear of all the rocks, another shout burst out of his very soul, when he saw the *Neshamony*, beyond all cavil, within a hundred fathoms of him, running along the shore in search of a place to land. That shout was returned, and Mark and Bob recognized each other at the next instant. As for the last, he just off tarpaulin, and gave three hearty cheers, while the former sank on a seat, literally unable to stand. The sheet of the sail got away from him, nor could he be said to know what he was about, until some little time after he was in the arms of his friend, and on board the pinnace.

It was half an hour before Mark was master of himself again. At length tears relieved him; nor was he ashamed to indulge in them, when he saw his old companion not only alive and well, but restored to him. He perceived another in the boat; but as he was of a dark skin, he naturally inferred this second person was a native of some neighboring island where Bob had been, and who had consented to come with him in this, his search after the shipwrecked mariner. At length Bob began to converse.

"Well, Mr. Mark, the sight of you is the pleasantest prospect that has met my eyes this many a day," exclaimed the honest fellow. "It was with fear and trembling that I set out on the search, and little did I hope to fall in with you so early in the cruise."

"Thank you, thank you, Bob, and God be praised for this great mercy! You have been to some other island, I see, by your companion; but the miraculous part of all is, that you should find your way back to the Reef, since you are no navigator."

"The Reef! If this here mountain is the Reef, the country has greatly altered since I left it," answered Bob. Mark then briefly explained the great change that had actually occurred, and told his own story touching his boat and his late voyages of discovery. Betts listened with the greatest attention, casting occasional glances upward at the immense mass that had been so suddenly lifted out of the sea, as well as turning his head to regard the smoke of the more distant volcano.

"Well, this explains our 'arthquake," he answered, as soon as Mark was done. "I must have been as good as a hundred and fifty leagues from this very spot at the time you mention, and we had tremblings there that would scarce let a body stand on his feet. A ship came in two days arterward, that must have been a hundred leagues further to the nor'ard when it happened, and her people reported that they thought heaven and 'arth was

a coming together, out there in open water."

"It has been a mighty earthquake—must have been, to have wrought these vast changes; though I had supposed that Providence had confined a knowledge of its existence to myself. But, you spoke of a ship, Bob—surely we are not in the neighborhood of vessels?"

"Sartain—but I may as well tell you my adventures at once, Mr. Mark; though I own I should like to land first, as it is a long story, and take a look at this island that you praise so much, and taste them reed-birds of which you give so good an account. I'm Jarsey-born and bred, and know what the little things be."

Mark was dying to hear Bob's story, more especially since he understood a ship was connected with it, but he could not refuse his friend's demand for sweet water and a dinner. The entrance of the cove was quite near, and the boats entered that harbor and were secured; after which the three men commenced the ascent, Mark picking up by the way the spy-glass, fowling-piece, and other articles that he had dropped in the haste of his descent. While going up this sharp acclivity but little was said; but, when they reached the summit, or the plain rather, exclamations of delight burst from the mouths of both of Mark's companions. To the young man's great surprise, those which came from Bob's dark-skinned associate were in English, as well as those which came from Bob himself. This induced him to take a good look at the man, when he discovered a face that he knew!

"How is this, Bob?" cried Mark, almost gasping for breath; "whom have you here? Is not this Socrates?"

"Ay, ay, sir; that's Soc; and Dido, his wife, is within a hundred miles of you."

This answer, simple as it was, nearly overcame our young man again. Socrates and Dido had been the slaves of Bridget, when he left home; a part of the estate she had received from her grandmother. They dwelt in the house with her, and uniformly called her mistress. Mark knew them both very well, as a matter of course; and Dido, with the archness of a favorite domestic, was often in the habit of calling him her "young master." A flood of expectations, conjectures and apprehensions came over our hero, and he refrained from putting any questions immediately, out of pure astonishment. He was almost afraid indeed to ask any.

Nearly unconscious of what he was about, he led the way to the grove where he had dined two or three hours before, and where the remainder of the reed-birds were suspended from the branch of a tree. The embers of the fire were ready, and in a few minutes Socrates handed Betts his dinner.

Bob ate and drank heartily. He loved a tin-pot of rum-and-water, or grog, as it used to be called — though even the word is getting to be obsolete in these temperance times — and he liked good eating. It was not epicurism, however, or a love of the stomach that induced him to defer his explanations on the present occasion. He saw that Mark must hear what he had to relate gradually, and was not sorry that the recognition of the negro had prepared him to expect something wonderful. Wonderful it was, indeed; and at last Betts, having finished his dinner, and given half a dozen preparatory hints, in order to lessen the intensity of his young friend's feelings, yielded to an appeal from the other's eyes, and commenced his narrative. Bob told his story, as a matter of course, with a great deal of circumlocution, and in his own language. There was a good deal of unnecessary prolixity in it, and some irrelative digressions touching currents and the trades and the weather; but, on the whole, it was given intelligibly, and with sufficient brevity for one who devoured every syllable he uttered. The reader, however, would most probably prefer to hear an abridgment of the tale in our own words.

When Robert Betts was driven off the Reef, by the hurricane of the preceding year, he had no choice but to let the *Neshamony* drive to leeward with him. As soon as he could, he got the pinnace before the wind, and, whenever he saw broken water ahead, he endeavored to

steer clear of it. This he sometimes succeeded in effecting; while at others he passed through it, or over it, at the mercy of the tempest. Fortunately the wind had piled up the element in such a way as to carry the craft clear of the rocks, and in three hours after the *Neshamony* was lifted out of her cradle she was in the open ocean, to leeward of all the dangers. It blew too hard, however, to make sail on her, and Bob was obliged to scud until the gale broke. Then, indeed, he passed a week in endeavoring to beat back and rejoin his friend, but without success, "losing all he made in the day while asleep at night." Such, at least, was Bob's account of his failure to find the Reef again; though Mark thought it probable that he was a little out in his reckoning, and did not look in exactly the right place for it.

At the end of this week high land was made to leeward, and Betts ran down for it, in the hope of finding inhabitants. In this last expectation, however, he did not succeed. It was a volcanic mountain, of a good many resources, and of a character not unlike that of Vulcan's Peak, but entirely unpeopled. He named it after his old ship, and passed several days on it. On describing its appearance, and its bearings from the place where they then were, Mark had no doubt it was the island that was visible from the peak near them, and at which he had been gazing that very afternoon for fully an hour with longing eyes. On describing its form to Bob, the latter coincided in this opinion, which was in fact the true one.

From the highest point of Rancocus Island, land was to be seen to the northward and westward, and Bob now determined to make the best of his way in that direction, in the hope of falling in with some vessel after sandal-wood or bêche-le-mar. He fell in with a group of low islands, of a coral formation, about a hundred leagues from his volcanic mountain, and on them he found inhabitants. These people were accustomed to see white men, and turned out to be exceedingly mild and just. It is probable that they connected the sudden appearance of a vessel like the *Neshamony*, having but one man in it, with some miraculous interposition of their gods, for they paid Bob the highest honors, and when he landed, solemnly tabooed his sloop. Bob was a long-headed fellow in the main, and was not slow to perceive the advantage of such a ceremony, and encouraged it. He also formed a great intimacy with the chief, exchanging names and rubbing noses with him. This chief was styled Betto, after the exchange, and Bob was called Ooroony by the natives. Ooroony stayed a month with Betto, when he undertook a voyage with him in a large canoe, to another group, that was distant two or three hundred miles, still further to the northward, and where Bob was told he should find a ship. This account proved to be true, the ship turning out to be a Spaniard, from South America, engaged in the pearl fishery and on the eve of sailing for her port. From some misunderstanding with the Spanish captain, that Bob never comprehended and of course could not explain, and which he did not attempt to explain, Betto left the group in haste, and without taking leave of his new friend, though he sent him a message of apology, one-half of which was lost on Bob, in consequence of not understanding the language. The result was, however, to satisfy the latter that his friend was quite as sorry to abandon *him*, as he was glad to get away from the Spanish captain.

This desertion left Betts no choice between remaining on the pearl island, or of sailing in the brig, which went to sea next day. He decided to do the last. In due time he was landed at Panama, whence he made his way across the isthmus, actually reaching Philadelphia in less than five months after he was driven off the Reef. In all this he was much favored by circumstances; though an old salt, like Bob, will usually make his way where a landsman would be brought up.

The owners of the *Rancocus* gave up their ship, as soon as Betts had told his story, manifesting no disposition to send good money after bad. They looked to the underwriters, and got Bob to make

oath to the loss of the vessel; which said oath, by the way, was the ground-work of a lawsuit that lasted Friend Abraham White as long as he lived. Bob next sought Bridget with his tale. The young wife received the poor fellow with floods of tears, and the most eager attention to his story, as indeed did our hero's sister Anne.

It would seem that Betts's arrival was most opportune. In consequence of the non-arrival of the ship, which was then past due two or three months, Doctor Yardley had endeavored to persuade his daughter that she was a widow, if indeed, as he had of late been somewhat disposed to maintain, she had ever been legally married at all.

The truth was, that the medical war in Bristol had broken out afresh, in consequence of certain cases that had been transferred to that village, during one of the fever-seasons in Philadelphia. Greater cleanliness, and the free use of fresh water, appear to have now arrested the course of this formidable disease, in the northern cities of America; but, in that day, it was of very frequent occurrence. Theories prevailed among the doctors concerning it, which were bitterly antagonistical to each other; and Doctor Woolston headed one party in Bucks, while Doctor Yardley headed another. Which was right, or whether either was right, is more than we shall pretend to say, though we think it probable that both were wrong. Anne Woolston had been married to a young physician but a short time when this new outbreak concerning yellow fever occurred. Her husband, whose name was Heaton, unfortunately took the side of this grave question that was opposed to his father-in-law, for a reason no better than he believed in the truth of the opposing theory, and this occasioned another breach. Doctor Yardley could not, and did not wholly agree with Doctor Heaton, because the latter was Doctor Woolston's son-in-law, and he altered his theory a little to create a respectable point of disagreement; while Doctor Woolston could not pardon a disaffection that took place, as it might be, in the height of a war. About this time, too, Mrs. Yardley died.

All these occurrences, united to the protracted absence of Mark, made Bridget and Anne extremely unhappy. To increase this unhappiness, Doctor Yardley took it into his head to dispute the legality of a marriage that had been solemnized on board a ship. This was an entirely new legal crotchet, but the federal government was then young, and jurisdictions had not been determined as clearly as has since been the case. Had it been the fortune of Doctor Yardley to live in these latter times, he would not have given himself the trouble to put violent constructions on anything; but, getting a few female friends to go before the necessary judge, with tears in their eyes, anything would be granted to their requests, very much as a matter of course. Failing of this, moreover, there is always the resource of the legislature, which will usually pass a law taking away a man's wife, or his children, and sometimes his estate, if a pretty pathetic appeal can be made to it, in the way of gossip. We have certainly made great progress in this country, within the last twenty years; but whether it has been in a direction toward the summit of human perfection, or one downward toward the destruction of all principles, the next generation will probably be better able to say than this. Even the government is getting to be gossipian.

In the case of Bridget, however, public sympathy was with her, as it always will be with a pretty woman. Nevertheless, her father had great influence in Bucks County, more especially with the federalists and the anti-depletionists, and it was in his power to give his daughter great uneasiness, if not absolutely to divorce her. So violent did he become, that he actually caused proceedings to be commenced in Bridget's name, to effect a legal separation, taking the grounds that the marriage had never been consummated, that the ceremony had occurred on board a ship, that the wife was of tender years, and lastly, that she was an heiress. Some persons thought the Doctor's proceedings

were instigated by the circumstances that another relative had just died, and left Bridget five thousand dollars, which were to be paid to her the day she was eighteen, the period of a female's reaching her majority, according to popular notions. The possession of this money, which Bridget received and placed in the hands of a friend in town, almost made her father frantic for the divorce, or a decree against the marriage, he contending there was no marriage, and that a divorce was unnecessary. The young wife had not abandoned the hope of seeing her husband return, all this time, although uneasiness concerning the fate of the ship was extending from her owners into the families of those who had sailed in her. She wished to meet Mark with a sum of money that would enable him, at once, to commence life respectably, and place him above the necessity of following the seas.

Betts reached Bristol the very day that a decision was made, on a preliminary point, in the case of Yardley versus Woolston, that greatly encouraged the father in his hopes of final success, and as greatly terrified his daughter. It was, in fact, a mere question of practice, and had no real connection with the merits of the matter at issue; but it frightened Bridget and her friend Anne enormously. In point of fact, there was not the smallest danger of the marriage being declared void, should any one oppose the decision; but this was more than any one of the parties then knew, and Doctor Yardley seemed so much in earnest, that Bridget and Anne got into the most serious state of alarm on the subject. To increase their distress, a suitor for the hand of the former appeared in the person of a student of medicine, of very fair expectations, and who supported every one of Doctor Yardley's theories, in all their niceties and distinctions; and what is more, would have supported them, had they been ten times as untenable as they actually were in reason.

Had the situation of Doctor Heaton been more pleasant than it was, it is probable that the step taken by himself, his wife, and Bridget, would never have been thought of. But it was highly unpleasant. He was poor, and dependent altogether on his practice for a support. Now it was in Doctor Woolston's power to be of great service to the young couple, by introducing the son-in-law to his own patients, but this he could not think of doing with a depletionist; and John, as Anne affectionately styled her husband, was left to starve on this system of depletion. Such was the state of things when Bob appeared in Bristol, to announce to the young wife not only the existence but the deserted and lone condition of her husband. The honest fellow knew there was something clandestine about the marriage, and he used proper precautions not to betray his presencce to the wrong persons. By means of a little management he saw Bridget privately, and told his story. As Bob had been present at the wedding, and was known to stand high in Mark's favor, he was believed, quite as a matter of course, and questioned in a thousand ways, until the poor fellow had not really another syllable to communicate.

The sisters shed floods of tears at the thought of poor Mark's situation. For several days they did little besides weep and pray. Then Bridget suddenly dried her tears, and announced an intention to go in person to the rescue of her husband. Not only was she determined on this, but, as a means of giving a death-blow to all expectations of a separation and to the hopes of her new suitor, she was resolved to go in a way that should enable her to remain on the Reef with Mark, and, if necessary, to pass the remainder of her days there. Bob had given a very glowing description of the charms of the residence, as well as of the climate, the latter quite justly, and declared his readiness to accompany this faithful wife in the pursuit of her lost partner. The whole affair was communicated to Dr. and Mrs. Heaton, who not only came into the scheme, but enlisted in its execution in person. The idea pleased the former in particular, who had a love of adventure, and a desire to see other lands, while Anne was as ready to follow her husband to the ends of the earth, as Bridget was to go to the same

place in quest of Mark. In a word, the whole project was deliberately framed, and ingeniously carried out.

Doctor Heaton had a brother, a resident of New York, and often visited him. Bridget was permitted to accompany Anne to that place, whither her money was transferred to her. A vessel was found that was about to sail for the Northwest Coast, and passages were privately engaged. A great many useful necessaries were laid in, and, at the proper time, letters of leave-taking were sent to Bristol, and the whole party sailed. Previously to the embarkation, Bob appeared to accompany the adventurers. He was attended by Socrates, and Dido, and Juno, who had stolen away by order of their young mistress, as well as by a certain Friend Martha Waters, who had stood up in "meeting" with Friend Robert Betts, and had become "bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh;" and her maiden sister, Joan Waters, who was to share their fortunes. In a word, Bob had brought an early attachment to the test of matrimony.

So well had the necessary combinations been made that the ship sailed with our adventurers, nine in number, without meeting with the slightest obstacle. Once at sea, of course nothing but that caused by the elements was to be anticipated. Cape Horn was doubled in due time, and Dr. Heaton, with all under his care, was landed at Panama, just five months, to a day, after leaving New York. Here passages were taken in the same brig that Bob had returned in, which was again bound out on a pearl-fishing voyage. Previously to quitting Panama, however, a recruit was engaged in the person of a young American shipwright, of the name of Bigelow, who had run from his ship a twelvemonth before, to marry a Spanish girl, and who had become heartily tired of his life in Panama. He and his wife and child joined the party, engaging to serve the Heatons, for a stipulated sum, for the term of two years.

The voyage from Panama to the pearl islands was a long one, but far from unpleasant. Sixty days after leaving port the adventurers were safely landed with all their effects. These included two cows, with a young bull, two yearling colts, several goats obtained in South America, and various implements of husbandry that it had not entered into the views of Friend Abraham White to send to even the people of Fejee. With the natives of the pearl island, Bob, already known to them and a favorite, had no difficulty in negotiating. He had brought them suitable and ample presents, and soon effected an arrangement by which they agreed to transport him and all his stores, the animals included, to Betto's Islands, a distance of fully three hundred miles. The horses and cows were taken on a species of catamaran, or large raft, that is much used in those mild seas, and which sail reasonably well a little off the wind, and not very badly on. At Betto's Islands a new bargain was struck, and the whole party proceeded to Rancocus Island, Bob making his landfall without any difficulty, from having observed the course steered in coming from it.

At Betto's group, however, Bob found the *Neshamony*, covered with mats, and tabooed, precisely as he had left her to a rope-yarn. Not a human hand had touched anything belonging to the boat, or a human foot approached it during the whole time of his absence. Ooroony, or Betto, was rewarded for his fidelity by the present of a musket and some ammunition, articles that were really of the last importance to his dignity and power. They were as good as a standing army to him, actually deciding summarily a point of disputed authority, that had long been in controversy between himself and another chief, in his favor. The voyage between Betto's group and Rancocus Island was made in the *Neshamony*, as far as the human portion of the freight was concerned. The catamarans and canoes, however, came on with the other animals, and all the utensils and stores.

The appearance of Rancocus Island created quite as much astonishment among the native mariners as had that of the horses, cows, etc. Until they saw it, not one of them had any notion of its

existence, or of a mountain at all. They dwelt themselves on low coral islands, and quite beyond the volcanic formation, and a hill was a thing scarcely known to them. At this island Heaton and Betts deemed it prudent to dismiss their attendants, not wishing them to know anything of the Reef, as they were not sure what sort of neighbors they might prove, on a longer acquaintance. The mountain, however, possessed so many advantages over the Reef, as the latter was when Bob left it, that the honest fellow frankly admitted its general superiority, and suggested the possibility of its becoming their permanent residence. In some respects it was not equal to the Reef, as a residence, however, the fishing in particular turning out to be infinitely inferior. But it had trees and fruits, being very much of the same character as Vulcan's Peak, in this respect. Nevertheless, there was no comparison between the two islands as places of residence, the last having infinitely the most advantages. It was larger, had more and better fruits, better water, and richer grasses. It had also a more even surface, and a more accessible plain. Rancocus Island was higher and more broken, and, while it might be a pleasanter place of residence than the Reef during the warm months, it never could be a place as pleasant as the plain of the Peak.

Bob found it necessary to leave his friends, and most of his stores, at Rancocus Island; Mrs. Heaton becoming a mother two days after their arrival at it, and the cows both increasing their families in the course of the same week. It was, moreover, impossible to transport everybody and everything in the *Neshamony*, at the same time. As Doctor Heaton would not leave Anne at such a moment, and Bridget was of the same way of thinking, it was thought best to improve the time by sending out Betts to explore. It will be remembed that he was uncertain where the Reef was to be found exactly, though convinced it was to windward, and within a hundred miles of him. While roaming over the rocks of Rancocus, however, Vulcan's Peak had been seen, as much to Bob's surprise as to his delight. To his surprise, inasmuch as he had no notion of the great physical change that had recently been wrought by the earthquake, yet could scarce believe he had overlooked such an object in his former examinations; and to his delight, because he was now satisfied that the Reef must lie to the northward of that strange mountain, and a long distance from it, because no such peak had been visible from the former when he left it. It was a good place to steer for, nevertheless, on this new voyage, since it carried him a hundred miles to windward; and when Bob, with Socrates for a companion, left Rancocus to look for the Reef, he steered as near the course for the Peak as the wind would permit. He had made the island from the boat, after a run of ten hours; and, at the same time, he made the crater of the active volcano. For the latter, he stood that night, actually going within a mile of it, and, next morning, he altered his course, and beat up for the strange island. When Mark first discovered him he had nearly made the circuit of Vulcan's Peak in a vain endeavor to land, and he would actually have gone on his way, had it not been for the firing of the fowling-piece, the report of which he heard, and the smoke of which he saw.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Compell the hawke to sit, that is unmanned,
Or make the hound, untaught, to draw the deere,
Or bring the free, against his will, in band,
Or move the sad, a pleasant tale to heere,
Your time is lost, and you no whit the neere!
So love he learns, of force, the heart to knit:
She serves but those, that feels sweet fancie's fit."
—CHURCHYARD.

WE leave the reader to imagine with what feelings Mark heard these facts. Bridget, for whom his tenderness was unabated; Bridget, who had been the subject of so many of his thought since his shipwreck, had shown herself worthy to be thus loved, and was now on an island that he might easily reach in a run of a few hours! The young man retired further within the grove, leaving Bob and Socrates behind, and endeavored to regain his com-

posure by himself. Before rejoining his companions, he knelt and returned thanks to God for this instance of his great kindness. It was a long time, nothwithstanding, before he could become accustomed to the idea of having associates at all. Time and again, within the next month or two, did he *dream* that all this fancied happiness was only a *dream* and awoke under a sense of having been the subject of an agreeable illusion. It took months perfectly to restore the tone of his mind in this respect, and to bring it back into the placid current of habitual happiness. The deep sense of gratitude to God he never lost; but the recollection of what he had suffered, and from what he had been relieved by the Divine mercy, remained indelibly impressed on his heart, and influenced his future life to a degree that increased the favor a thousand-fold.

The mode of proceeding was next discussed, in the course of doing which Mark communicated to Bob, somewhat in detail, the circumstance of the recent convulsion, and the changes which it had produced. After talking the matter over, both agreed it would be every way desirable to bring the whole party, and as much of the property as could be easily moved, up to windward at once. Now that the natives knew of the existence of Rancocus Island, their visits might be often expected, and nothing was more uncertain than their policy and friendship. Once on Rancocus Island the Peak could be seen, and from the Peak the Reef was visible. In this way, then, there was every reason to believe that the existence of their little colony would soon become known, and the property they possessed the object of cupidity and violence. Against such consequences it would be necessary to guard with the strictest care, and the first step should be to get everything of value up to windward with the least possible delay. The natives often went a long distance in their canoes and on their rafts, with the wind abeam, but it was not often they undertook to go directly to windward. Then the activity of the volcano might be counted on as something in favor of the colonists, since those uninstructed children of nature would be almost certain to set the phenomenon down to the credit of some god or some demon, neither of whom would be likely to permit his special domains to be trespassed on with impunity.

While Mark and Bob were talking these matters over, Socrates had been shooting and cleaning a few dozen more of the reed-birds. This provision of the delicacy was made, because Betts affirmed no such delicious little creature was to be met with on Rancocus, though they were to be found on Vulcan's Peak literally in tens of thousands. This difference could be accounted for in no other way than by supposing that some of the birds had originally found their way to the latter, favored by accidental circumstances, driven by a hurricane, transported on sea-weed, or attending the drift of some plants, and that the same, or similar circumstances had never contributed to carry them the additional hundred miles to leeward.

It was near sunset when the *Neshamony* left Snug Cove, as Mark had named his little haven, at the foot of the ravine, which, by the way, he called the Stairs, and put to sea, on her way to Rancocus Island. The bearings of the last had been accurately taken, and our mariners were just as able to run by night as by day. It may as well be said here, moreover, that the black was a capital boatman, and a good fresh-water sailor in general, a proficiency that he had acquired in consequence of having been born and brought up on the banks of the Delaware. But it would have been very possible to run from one of these islands to the other, by observing the direction of the wind alone, since it blew very steadily in the same quarter, and changes in the course were always to be noted by changes in the violence or freshness of the breeze. In that quarter of the ocean the trades blew with very little variation from the southeast, though in general the Pacific Trades are from the southwest.

Mark was delighted with the performances of the *Neshamony*. Bob gave a good account of her qualities, and said he

should not hesitate to make sail in her for either of the continents, in a case of necessity. Accustomed, as he had been of late, to the little *Bridget*, the pinnace appeared a considerable craft to Mark, and he greatly exulted in this acquisition. No seaman could hesitate about passing from the Reef to the islands, at any time when it did not absolutely blow a gale, in a boat of this size and of such qualities; and, even in a gale, it might be possible to make pretty good weather of it. Away she now went, leaving the *Bridget* moored in Snug Cove, to await their return. Of course, Mark and Bob had much discourse, while running down before the wind that night, in which each communicated to the other many things that still remained to be said. Mark was never tired of asking questions about Bridget; her looks, her smiles, her tears, her hopes, her fears, her health, her spirits, and her resolution, being themes of which he never got weary. A watch was set, nevertheless, and each person in the pinnace had his turn of sleep, if sleep he could.

At the rising of the sun Mark was awake. Springing to his feet, he saw that Rancocus Island was plainly in view. In the course of the ten hours she had been out, the *Neshamony* had run about seventy miles, having a square-sail set, in addition to her jib and mainsail. This brought the mountain for which she was steering within ten leagues, and directly to leeward. A little impatience was betrayed by the young husband, but, on the whole, he behaved reasonably well. Mark had never neglected his person, notwithstanding his solitude. Daily baths, and the most scrupulous attention to his attire, so far as neatness went, had kept him not only in health, but in spirits, the frame of the mind depending most intimately on the condition of the body. Among other habits, he preserved that of shaving daily. The cutting of his hair gave him the most trouble, and he had half a mind to get Bob to act as barber on the present occasion. Then he remembered having seen Bridget once cut the hair of a child, and he could not but fancy how pleasant it would be to have her moving about him in the performance of the same office on himself. He decided, consequently, to remain as he was, as regarded his looks, until his charming bride could act as his hair-dresser. The toilette, however, was not neglected, and, on the whole, there was no reason to complain of the young man's appearance. The ship furnished him clothes at will, and the climate rendered so few necessary, that even a much smaller stock than he possessed, would probably have supplied him for life.

When about a league from the northern end of Rancocus Island, Bob set a little flag at his mast-head, the signal, previously arranged, of his having been successful. Among the stores brought by the party from America, were three regular tents, or marquees, which Heaton purchased at a sale of old military stores, and had prudently brought with him, to be used as occasion might demand. These marquees were now pitched on a broad piece of low land, that lay between the cliffs and the beach, and where the colony had temporarily established itself. Mark's heart beat violently as Bob pointed out these little canvas dwellings to him. They were the abodes of his friends, including his young wife. Next the cows appeared, quietly grazing near by, with a pleasant home look, and the goats and colts were not far off, cropping the grass. Altogether our young man was profoundly overcome again, and it was some time ere he could regain his self-command. On a point that proved to be the landing-place, stood a solitary female figure. As the boat drew nearer she extended her arms, and then, as if unable to stand, she sunk on a rock which had served her for a seat ever since the distant sail was visible. In two more minutes Mark Woolston had his charming young bride encircled in his arms.

The delicacy which kept the others aloof from this meeting, was imitated by Bob, who, merely causing the boat to brush near the rock, so as to allow of Mark's jumping ashore, passed on to a distant landing, where he was met by most of his party, including "Friend Martha," who rejoiced not a little in the safe return of

Friend Robert Betts. In half-an-hour Mark and Bridget came up to the marquees, when the former made the acquaintance of his brother-in-law, and had the happiness of embracing his sister. It was a morning of the purest joy, and deepest gratitude. On the one side, the solitary man found himself restored to the delights of social life, in the persons of those on earth whom he most loved; and, on the other hand, the numberless apprehensions of those who looked for him, and his place of retirement, had all their anxiety rewarded by complete success. Little was done that day but to ask and answer questions. Mark had to recount all that had happened since Bob was taken from him, and not trifling was the trepidation created among his female listeners, when he related the history of the earthquake. Their fears, however, were somewhat appeased by his assurances of security; the circumstance that a volcano was in activity near by being almost a pledge that no very extensive convulsions could follow.

The colonists remained a week at Rancocus Island, being actually too happy to give themselves the disturbance of a removal. At the end of that time, however, Anne was so far recovered that they began to talk of a voyage, Bridget, in particular, dying to see the place where Mark had passed so many solitary hours; and, as he had assured her more than once, where her image had scarcely ever been absent from his thoughts an hour at a time. As it would be impossible to embark all the effects at once, in the *Neshamony*, some method was to be observed in the removal. The transportation of the cows and horses was the most serious part of the undertaking, the pinnace not being constructed to receive such animals. Room, nevertheless, could be made for one at a time, and still leave sufficient space in the stern-sheets for the accommodation of five or six persons. It was very desirable to get the females away first, lest the rumor of the mountain, hitherto unknown, should spread among the islands, and bring them visitors who might prove to be troublesome, if not dangerous. Parties existed in Betto's group, as we believe they exist everywhere else; and Bob knew very well that nothing but the ascendency of his friend, the chief, Ooroony, had been the means of his escaping as well as he did, in the landfall among them that he had made. The smallest reverse of fortune might put Betto down, and some bitter foe up, and then there was the certainty that war canoes might come off in quest of the mountain, at any time, without asking the leave of the friendly chief, even while he remained in power. On the whole, therefore, it was determined to freight the pinnace with the most valuable of the effects, put all the females on board, and send her off under the care of Mark, Heaton, and Socrates, leaving Bob and Bigelow to look after the stock and the rest of the property. This was done accordingly, Bob, on taking leave of Friend Martha, particularly recommending to her attention the Vulcan's Peak reed-birds, throwing in a hint that he should be glad to find a string of them in the pinnace, on her return.

The voyage to windward was a much more serious business than the run to leeward. By Bob's advice Mark reefed his mainsail, and took the bonnet off the jib. Following the same instructions, he stood away to the southward, letting the boat go through the water freely, intending to tack, when he came near the volcano, and not before. This was what Bob himself had done, and that which had turned out so well with him, he fancied might succeed with his friend. The *Neshamony* left Rancocus Island just at sunset. Next morning Mark saw the smoke of the volcano, and stood for it. After making two stretches, he came up within a league of this spot, when he tacked and stood to the northward and eastward, Vulcan's Peak having been in plain view the entire day. As respects the volcano, it was in a comparatively quiet state, though rumbling sounds were heard and stones were cast into the air in considerable quantities, while the boat was nearest in. One thing, moreover, Mark ascer-

tained, which greatly increased his confidence in the permanency of the changes that had lately occurred in the physical formation of all that region. He found himself in comparatively shoal water, when fully a league from this new crater; —shoal in a seaman's sense, though not in shallow water; the soundings being from fifteen to twenty fathoms, with a rocky bottom.

Between the volcano and Vulcan's Peak, it blew quite fresh, and Mark had a good occasion to ascertain the qualities of the pinnace. A long, heavy swell came rolling through the passage, which was nearly sixty miles in width, seemingly with a sweep that extended to the Southern Ocean. Notwithstanding all this, the little craft did wonders, struggling along in a way one would hardly have expected from so small a vessel. She made fully two knots' headway in the worst of it, and in general her rate of sailing, close on a wind and under pretty short canvas, was about three. The night was very dark, and there was nothing to steer by but the wind, which gave some little embarrassment; but finding himself in much smoother water than he had been all the previous day, about midnight, our young man felt satisfied that he was under the lee of the island and at no great distance from it. He made short tacks until daylight, when the huge mass hove up out of the departing darkness, within a mile of the boat. It only remained to run along the land for two or three miles, and to enter the haven of Snug Cove. Mark had been telling his companions what a secret place this haven was to conceal a vessel in, when he had a practical confirmation of the truth of this statement that caused him to be well laughed at. For ten minutes he could not discover the entrance himself, having neglected to take the proper landmarks, that he might find no difficulty in running for his port. After a time, however, he caught sight of an object that he remembered, and found his way into the cove. Here lay the little namesake of his pretty wife, just as he had left her, the true Bridget smiling and blushing as the young husband pointed out the poor substitute he had been compelled to receive for herself only ten days earlier.

Mark, and Socrates, and Dido, and Teresa, Bigelow's wife, all carried up heavy loads; while Heaton had as much as he could do to help Anne and the child up the sharp acclivity. Bridget, with her light active step, and great eagerness to behold a scene that Mark had described with so much eloquence, was the first, by a quarter of an hour, on the plain. When the others reached the top, they saw the charming young thing running about in the nearest grove, that in which her husband had dined, collecting fruit, and apparently as enchanted as a child. Mark paused, as he gained the height, to gaze on this sight, so agreeable in his eyes, and which rendered the place so very different from what it had been so recently, while he was in possession of its glorious beauties, a solitary man. Then, he had several times likened himself to Adam in the garden of Eden, before woman was given to him for a companion. Now he could feast his eyes on an Eve who would have been highly attractive in any part of the world.

The articles brought up on the plain, at this first trip, comprised all that was necessary to prepare and to partake of a breakfast in comfort. A fire was soon blazing, the kettle on, and the bread-fruit baking. It was almost painful to destroy the reed-birds, or *becca fichi*, so numerous were they, and so confiding. One discharge from each barrel of the fowling-piece had enabled Heaton to bring in enough for the whole party, and these were soon roasting. Mark had brought with him from the Reef a basket of fresh eggs, and they had been Bridget's load, in ascending the mountain. He had promised her an American breakfast, and these eggs, boiled, did serve to remind everybody of a distant home, that was still remembered with melancholy pleasure. A heartier, or a happier meal, notwithstanding, was never made than was that breakfast. The mountain air, invigorating though bland, the exercise, the absence of care, the excellence of the food, which com-

prised fresh figs, a tree or two of tolerable sweetness having been found, the milk of the cocoanut, the birds, the eggs, the bread-fruit, etc., all contributed their share to render the meal memorable.

The men, and the three laboring women, were employed two days in getting the cargo of the *Neshamony* up on the plain; or to Eden, as Bridget named the spot, unconscious how often she herself had been likened to a lovely Eve, in the mind of her young husband. Two of the marquees had been brought, and were properly erected, having board floors, and everything comfortably arranged within and without them. A roof, however, was scarcely necessary in that delicious climate, where one could get into the shade of a grove; and a thatched shed was easily prepared for a dwelling for the others. By the end of the third day the whole party in Eden was comfortably established, and Mark took a short leave of his bride, to sail for Rancocus again. Bridget shed tears at this separation, short as it was intended to be; and numberless were the injunctions to be wary of the natives, should the latter have visited Betts in the time intervening between the departure of the *Neshamony* and her return.

The voyage between the two islands lost something of its gravity each time it was made. Mark learned a little every trip, of the courses to be steered, the peculiarities of the currents, and the height of the seas. He ran down to Rancocus, on this occasion, in three hours' less time than he had done it before, sailing at dusk, and reaching port next day at noon. Nothing had occurred, and to work the men went at once, to load the pinnace. Room was left for one of the cows and its calf; and Bob being seriously impressed with the importance of improving every moment, the little sloop put to sea again, the evening of the very day on which it had arrived.

Bridget was standing on a rock, by the side of the limpid water of the cove, when the *Neshamony* shot through its entrance into the little haven, and her hand was in Mark's the instant he landed. Tears gushed into the eyes of the young man as he recalled his year of solitude, and felt how different was such a welcome from his many melancholy arrivals and departures, previously to the recent events.

It was rather a troublesome matter to get a cow and calf up the mountain. The first did not see enough that was attractive in naked rocks to induce her to mount in the best of humors. She drank freely, however, at the brook, appearing to relish its waters particularly well. At length the plan was adopted of carrying the calf up a good distance, the cries of the little thing inducing its mother immediately to follow. In this way, both were got up into Eden, in the course of an hour. And well did the poor cow vindicate the name, when she got a look at the broad glades of the sweetest grasses that were stretched before her. So strongly was her imagination struck with the view—for we suppose that some cows have even more imagination than many men—that she actually kicked up her heels, and away she went, head down and tail erect, scampering athwart the sward like a colt. It was not long, however, before she began to graze, the voyage having been made on a somewhat short allowance of both food and water.

If there ever was a happy animal, it was that cow! Her troubles were all over. Sea-sickness, dry food, short allowances of water, narrow lodgings, and hard beds, were all, doubtless, forgotten, as she roamed at pleasure over boundless fields, on which the grass was perennial, seeming never to be longer or shorter than was necessary to give a good bite; and among which numberless rills of the purest waters were sparkling like crystal. The great difficulty in possessing a dairy, in a warm climate, is the want of pasture, the droughts usually being so long in the summer months. At Vulcan's Peak, however, and indeed in all of that fine region, it rained occasionally throughout the year; more in winter than in summer, and that was the sole distinction in the seasons, after allowing for a trifling change in the temperature. These peculiarities appear to have been owing to the

direction of the prevalent winds, which not only brought frequent showers, but which preserved a reasonable degree of freshness in the atmosphere. *Within* the crater, Mark had often found the heat oppressive, even in the shade; but, *without* scarcely ever, provided his body was not directly exposed to the sun's rays. Nor was the difference in the temperature between the Reef and the Peak as marked as might have been expected from the great elevation of the last. This was owing to the circumstance that the sea air, and that usually in swift motion, entered so intimately into the composition of the atmosphere down on that low range of rocks, imparting its customary freshness to everything it passed over.

Mark did not make the next trip to Rancocus. By this time Anne passed half the day in the open air, and was so fast regaining her strength that Heaton did not hesitate to leave her. The doctor had left many things behind him that he much wished to see embarked in person, and he volunteered to be the companion of Socrates on this occasion, leaving the bridegroom behind, with his bride. By this time Heaton himself was a reasonably good sailor, and to him Mark confided the instructions as to the course to be steered, and the distance to be run. All resulted favorably, the *Neshamony* making the trip in very good time, bringing into the cove, the fourth day after she had sailed, not only the remaining cow and her calf, but several of the goats. Convinced he might now depend on Heaton and Socrates to sail the pinnace, and Anne expressing a perfect willingness to remain on the Peak, in company with Teresa and Dido, Mark resolved to proceed to the crater with his two Bridgets, feeling the propriety of no longer neglecting the property in that quarter of his dominions. There was nothing to excite apprehension, and the women had all acquired a certain amount of resolution that more properly belonged to their situation than to their sex or nature. Anne's great object of concern was the "baby." As long as that was safe, everything with her was going on well; and Dido being a renowned baby doctor, and all the simples for a child's ailings being in the possession of the young mother, she raised no objection whatever to her brother's quitting her.

Bridget had great impatience to make this voyage, for she longed to see the spot where her husband had passed so many days in solitude. Everything he had mentioned, in their many conferences on this subject, was already familiar to her in imagination; but she wished to become more intimately acquainted with each and all. For Kitty she really entertained a decided fondness, and even the pigs, as Mark's companions, had a certain romantic value in her eyes.

The morning was taken for the departure, and just as the little craft got out from under the lee of the Peak, and began to feel the true breeze, the sun rose gloriously out of the eastern waves, lighting the whole of the blue waters with his brilliant rays. Never did Vulcan's Peak appear more grand or more soft—for grandeur or sublimity, blended with softness, make the principal charm of noble tropical scenery—than it did that morning; and Bridget looked up at the dark, overhanging cliffs, with a smile, as she said:

"We may love the Reef, dear Mark, for what it did for you in your distress, but I foresee that this Eden will eventually become our home."

"There are many things to render this mountain preferable to the Reef; though, now we are seriously thinking of a colony, it may be well to keep both. Even Rancocus would be of great value to us as a pasture for goats, and a range for cattle. It may be long before the space will be wanted by human beings, for actual cultivation; but each of our present possessions is now, and long will continue to be, of great use to us as assistants. We shall live principally on the Peak, I think myself; but we must fish, get our salt, and obtain most of our vegetables from the Reef."

"Oh! that Reef, that Reef—how long will it be, Mark, before we see it?"

The enamored young husband laughed,

and kissed his charming wife, and told her to restrain her impatience. Several hours must elapse before they could even come in sight of the rocks. These hours did pass, and with the occurrence of no event worthy of being recorded. The Trades usually blew fresh in that quarter of the ocean, but it was seldom that they brought tempests. Occasionally squalls did occur, it is true; but a prudent and experienced mariner could ordinarily guard against their consequences, while the hurricane seldom failed, like most other great physical phenomena, to have its precursors, that were easily seen and understood. On the present occasion, the boat ran across the passage in very good time, making the crater in about five hours, and the ship's masts in six. Mark made a good landfall coming in to leeward of the cape, or low promontory already mentioned—Cape South he called it—while there still remained several hours of day. Bridget was greatly struck with the vast difference she could not help finding between the appearance of these low, dark, and so often naked rocks, and that of the Eden she had just left. Tears came into her eyes as she pictured her husband a solitary wanderer over these wastes, with no water, even, but that which fell from the clouds, or which came from the casks of the ship. When, however, she gave utterance to his feeling, one so natural to her situation, Mark told her to have patience until they reached the crater, when she would see that he had possessed a variety of blessings, for which he had every reason to be grateful to God.

There was no difficulty in getting into the proper channel, when the boat fairly flew along the rocks that lined the passages. So long as she was in rough water the sails of so small a craft were necessarily becalmed a good deal of the time; but now that there was nothing to intercept the breeze, she caught it all, and made the most of it. To Mark's surprise, as they passed the Prairie, he saw all of his swine on it, now, including two half-unconsumed litters of well-grown pigs, some seventeen in number. These animals had actually found their way along the rocks, a distance of at least twenty miles from home, and by the crooked path they had taken, probably one much greater. They all appeared full and contented. So much of the water had already evaporated as to make it tolerable walking on the sea-weed; and Mark, stopping to examine the progress of things, prognosticated that another year, in that climate, would convert the whole of that wide plain into dry land. In many places the hogs had already found their way down, through the sea-weed, into the mud; and there was one particular spot, quite near the channel, where the water was all gone, and where the pigs had rooted over so much of the surface as to convert two or three acres into a sort of half-tilled field, in which the sea-weed was nearly turned under the mud. Nothing but drenching rains was wanting to render such a place highly productive, and it was certain those rains would come at the end of the season.

About the middle of the day Mark ran the boat alongside of the Reef, at the usual landing, and welcomed Bridget to his and her home with a kiss. Everything was in its place, and a glance sufficed to show that no human foot had been there during the weeks of his absence. Kitty was browsing on the Summit, and no spaniel could have played more antics than she did at the sight of her master. At first Mark had thought of transferring this gentle and playful young goat to the Peak, and to place her in the little flock collected there; but he had been induced to change his mind by recollecting how much she contributed to the beauty of the Summit by keeping down the grass. He had, therefore, brought her a companion, which had no sooner been landed on the Reef than it bounded off to make acquaintance with the stranger on the elevation.

Bridget was almost overcome when she got on board the ship. There was even a certain sublimity in the solitude that reigned over everything, that impressed her imagination, and she wondered that any human being could so long have dwelt there alone, uncheered by the hope of deliverance. In the cabin of that vessel she had plighted her faith to Mark, and a

flood of recollections burst upon her as she entered it. Mark was obliged to allow her to seek relief in tears. But half an hour brought her around again, and then she set about putting things in order, and making this very important abode submit to the influence of woman's love of comfort and order. By the time Mark came back from his garden, whither he had gone to ascertain its condition, Bridget had his supper ready for him, prepared with a neatness and method to which he had long been a stranger. That was a very delicious meal to both.

The husband had lighted a fire in the galley, where the wife had cooked the meal, which consisted principally of some pan-fish taken in the narrow channels between the rocks, and which had been cleaned by Mark himself, as they sailed along. It was, indeed, a great point of solicitude with this young husband to prevent his charming wife from performing duties for which she was unfitted by education, while the wife herself was only too solicitous to make herself useful. In one sense Bridget was a very knowing person about a household. She knew how to prepare many savory compounds, and had the whole culinary art at her fingers' ends in the way of giving directions. It was no wonder, then, that Mark found everything she touched, or prepared, good, as everything she said sounded pleasant and reasonable. The last is a highly important ingredient in matrimonial life, but the first has its merit. And Bridget Woolston was both pleasant and reasonable. Though a little romantic, and inclined to hazard all for feeling, and what she conceived to be duty, at the bottom of all ran a vein of excellent sense, which had been reasonably attended to. Her temper was sweetness itself, and that is one of the greatest requisities in married happiness. To this great quality must be added affection, for she was devoted to Mark, and nothing he wished would she hesitate about striving to obtain, even at painful sacrifices to herself. One as generous-minded and manly as her husband could not fail to discover and appreciate such a disposition, which entered very largely into the composition of their future happiness.

Our young couple did not visit the Crater and the Summit until the sun had lost most of its power. Then Mark introduced his wife into his garden and to his lawn. Exclamations of delight escaped the last at nearly every step; for, in addition to the accidental peculiarities of such a place, the vegetation had advanced, as vegetation only can advance within the tropics, favored by frequent rains and a rich soil. The radishes were half as large as Bridget's wrists, and as tender as her heart. The lettuce was already heading; the beans were fit to pull; the onions large enough to boil, and the peas even too old. On the Summit, Mark cut a couple of melons, which were of a flavor surpassing any he had ever before tasted. With that spot Bridget was especially delighted. It was, just then, as green as grass could be, and Kitty had found its plants so very sweet that she had scarce descended once to trespass on the garden. Here and there the imprint of her little hoof was to be traced on a bed, it is true, but she appeared to have gone there more to look after the condition of the garden than to gratify her appetite.

While on the Summit, Mark pointed out to his wife the fowls, now increased to something like fifty. Two or three broods of chickens had come within the last month, making their living on the reef that was separated from that of the crater by means of the bridge of planks. As two or three flew across the narrow pass, however, he was aware that the state of his garden must be owing to the fact that they still found a plenty on those rocks for their support. In returning to the ship, he visited a half-barrel prepared for that purpose, and, as he expected, found a nest containing a dozen eggs. These he took the liberty of appropriating to his own use, telling Bridget that they could eat some of them for their breakfast.

But food never had been an interest to give our solitary man much uneasiness. From the hour when he found muck, and sea-weed, and guano, he felt assured of

the means of subsistence; being in truth, though he may not have known it himself, more in danger of falling behindhand, in consequence of the indisposition to activity that almost ever accompanies the abundance of a warm climate, than from the absolute want of the means of advancing. That night Mark and Bridget knelt, side by side, and returned thanks to God for all his mercies. How sweet the former found it to see the light form of his beautiful companion moving about the spacious cabin, giving it an air of home and happiness, no one can fully appreciate who has not been cut off from these accustomed joys, and then been suddenly restored to them.

CHAPTER XV.

"I beg, good Heaven, with just desires,
What need, not luxury, requires;
Give me, with sparing hands, but moderate wealth,
A little honor, and enough of health;
Free from the busy city life,
Near shady groves and purling streams confined,
A faithful friend, a pleasing wife;
And give me all in one, give a contented mind."
—ANONYMOUS.

MARK and Bridget remained at the Reef a week, entirely alone. To them the time seemed but a single day; and so completely were they engrossed with each other and their present happiness, that they almost dreaded the hour of return. Everything was visited, however, even to the abandoned anchor, and Mark made a trip to the eastward, carrying his wife out into the open water in that direction. But the ship and the crater gave Bridget the greatest happiness. Of these she never tired, though the first gave her the most pleasure. A ship was associated with all her earliest impressions of Mark; on board that very ship she had been married; and now it formed her home, temporarily, if not permanently. Bridget had been living so long beneath a tent and in savage huts, that the accommodations of the *Rancocus* appeared like those of a palace. They were not inelegant, even, though it was not usual, in that period of the republic, to fit up vessels with a magnificence little short of royal yachts, as is done at present. In the way of convenience, however, our ship could boast of a great deal. Her cabins were on deck, or under a poop, and consequently enjoyed every advantage of light and air. Beneath were store-rooms still well supplied with many articles of luxury, though time was beginning to make its usual inroads on their qualities. The bread was not quite as sound as it was once, nor did the teas retain all their strength and flavor. But the sugar was just as sweet as the day it was shipped, and in the coffee there was no apparent change. Of the butter we do not choose to say anything. Bridget, in the prettiest manner imaginable, declared that as soon as she could set Dido at work, the store-rooms should be closely examined and thoroughly cleaned. Then the galley made such a convenient and airy kitchen! Mark had removed the house, the awning answering every purpose, and his wife declared that it was a pleasure to cook a meal for him in so pleasant a place.

The first dish Bridget ever literally cooked for Mark, with her own hands, or indeed for any one else, was a mess of "grass," as it was the custom of even the most polished people of America then to call asparagus. They had gone together to the asparagus bed on Loam Island, and had found the plant absolutely luxuriating in its favorite soil. The want of butter was the greatest defect in this mess, for, to say the truth, Bridget refused the ship's butter on this occasion, but luckily, enough oil remained to furnish a tolerable substitute. Mark declared he had never tasted anything in his life half so good!

At the end of the week the governor, as Heaton had styled Mark, and as Bridget had begun playfully to term him, gave the opinion that it was necessary for them to tear themselves away from their paradise. Never before, most certainly, had the Reef appeared to the young husband a spot as delightful as he now found it, and it did seem to him very possible for one to pass a whole life on it without murmuring. His

wife again and again assured him she had never before been half as happy, and that, much as she loved Anne and the baby, she could remain a month longer without being in the least wearied. But it was prudent to return to the Peak, for Mark had never felt his former security against foreign invasion, since he was acquainted with the proximity of peopled islands.

The passage was prosperous, and it gave the scene an air of civilization and life, to fall in with the *Neshamony* off the cove. She was coming in from Rancocus, on her last trip for the stores, having brought everything away but two of the goats. These had been driven up into the mountains and there left. Bigelow had come away, and the whole party of colonists were now assembled at Vulcan's Peak. But Betts had a communication to make that gave the governor a good deal of concern. He reported that after they had got the pinnace loaded, and were only waiting for the proper time of day to quit Rancocus, they discovered a fleet of canoes and catamarans approaching the island from the direction of the Group, as they familiarly termed the cluster of islands that was known to be nearest to them, to the northward and westward. By means of a glass, Betts had ascertained that a certain Waally was on board the leading canoe, and he regarded this as an evil omen. Waally was Ooroony's most formidable rival and most bitter foe; and the circumstance that he was leading such a flotilla, of itself, Bob thought, was an indication that he had prevailed over honest Betto in some recent encounter, and was now abroad, bent on further mischief. Indeed, it seemed scarcely possible that men like the natives should hear of the existence of such a mountain as that of Rancocus Island in their vicinity, and not wish to explore, if not to possess it.

Betts had pushed off, and made sail, as soon as assured of this fact. He knew the pinnace could outsail anything the islanders possessed, more especially on a wind, and he maneuvered about the flotilla for an hour, making his observations, before he left it. This was clearly a war party, and Bob thought there were white men in it. At least, he saw two individuals who appeared to him to be white sailors, attired in a semi-savage way, and who were in the same canoe with the terrible Waally. It was nothing out of the way for seamen to get adrift on the islands scattered about in the Pacific, there being scarcely a group in which more or less of them are not to be found. The presence of these men, too, Bob regarded as another evil omen and he felt the necessity of throwing all the dust he could into their eyes. When the pinnace left the flotilla, therefore, instead of passing out to windward of the island, as was her true course, she steered in an almost contrary direction, keeping off well to leeward of the land, in order not to get becalmed under the heights, for Bob well knew the canoes, with paddles, would soon overhaul him, should he lose the wind.

It was the practice of our colonists to quit Rancocus just before the sun set, and to stand all night on a southeast course. This invariably brought them in sight of the smoke of the volcano by morning, and shortly after they had made the Peak. All of the day that succeeded was commonly passed in beating up to the volcano, or as near to it as it was thought prudent to go; and tacking to the northward and eastward, about sunset of the second day, it was found on the following morning that the *Neshamony* was drawing near to the cliffs of Vulcan's Peak, if she were not already beneath them. As a matter of course, then, Bob had not far to go, before night shut in, and left him at liberty to steer in whatever direction he pleased. Fortunately, that night had no moon, though there was not much danger of so small a craft as the *Neshamony* being seen at any great distance on the water, even by moonlight. Bob consequently determined to beat up off the north end of the island, or Low Cape, as it was named by the colonists, from the circumstance of its having a mile or two of low land around it, before the mountains commenced. Once off the cape again, and reasonably well in, he might possibly make discoveries that would be of use.

It took two or three hours to regain the lost ground, by beating to windward. By eleven o'clock, however, the *Neshamony* was not only off the cape, but quite close in with the landing. The climate rendering fires altogether unnecessary at that season, and indeed at nearly all seasons, except for cooking, Bob could not trace the encampment of the savages by that means. Still, he obtained all the information he desired. This was not done however, without great risk, and by a most daring step on his part. He lowered the sails of the boat and went alongside of the rock, where the pinnace usually came to, the canoes, etc., having made another and a less eligible harbor. Bob then landed in person, and stole along the shore in the direction of the sleeping savages. Unknown to himself, he was watched, and was just crouching under some bushes, in order to get a little nearer, when he felt a hand on his shoulder. There was a moment when blood was in danger of being shed, but Betts's hand was stayed by hearing, in good English, the words—

"Where are you bound, shipmate?"

This question was asked in a guarded undertone, a circumstance that reassured Bob quite as much as the language. He at once perceived that the two men whom he had, rightly enough, taken for seamen, were in these bushes, where it would seem they had long been on the watch, observing the movements of the pinnace. They told Bob to have no apprehensions, as all the savages were asleep, at some little distance, and accompanied him back to the *Neshamony*. Here, to the surprise and joy of all parties, Bigelow recognized both the sailors, who had not only been his former shipmates, but were actually his townsmen in America, the whole three having been born within a mile of each other. The history of these three wanderers from home was very much alike. They had come to the Pacific in a whaler, with a drunken captain, and had, in succession, left the ship. Bigelow found his way to Panama, where he was caught by the dark eyes of Teresa, as has been related. Peters had fallen in with Jones, in the course of his wanderings, and they had been for the last two years among the pearl islands, undecided what to do with themselves, when Waally ordered both to accompany him in the present expedition. They had gathered enough in hints given by different chiefs, to understand that a party of Christians was to be massacred, or enslaved, and plundered, of course. They had heard of the "canoe" that had been tabooed for twelve moons, but were at a loss to comprehend one-half of the story, and were left to the most anxious conjectures.

They were not permitted to pass on to the islands under the control of Ooroony, but were jealously detained in Waally's part of the group, and consequently had not been in a situation to learn all the particulars of the singular party of colonists who had gone to the southward. Thus much did Peters relate, in substance, when a call among the savages notified the whole of the whites of the necessity of coming to some conclusion concerning the future. Jones and Peters acknowledged it would not be safe to remain any longer, though the last gave his opinion with an obvious reluctance. As it afterward appeared, Peters had married an Indian wife, to whom he was much attached, and he did not like the idea of abandoning her. There was but a moment for reflection, however, and almost without knowing it himself, when he found the pinnace about to make sail in order to get off the land, he followed Jones into her, and was half a mile from shore before he had time to reflect much on her he had left behind him. His companion consoled him by telling him that an opportunity might occur of sending a message to Petrina, as they had named the pretty young savage, who would not fail to find her way to Rancocus, sooner or later.

With these important accessions to his forces, Bob did not hesitate about putting to sea, leaving Waally to make what discoveries he might. Should the natives ascend to the higher parts of the mountain, they could hardly fail to see both the smoke of the volcano and the Peak, though it would luckily not be in their

power to see the Reef, or any part of that low group of rocks. It was very possible they might attempt to cross the passage between the two mountains, though the circumstance that Vulcan's Peak lay so directly to windward of Rancocus offered a very serious obstacle to their succeeding. Had the two sailors remained with them, *they*, indeed, might have taught the Indians to overcome the winds and waves; but these very men were of opinion, from what they had seen of the natives and of their enterprises, that it rather exceeded their skill and perseverance to work their canoes a hundred miles dead to windward, and against the sea that was usually on in that quarter of the Pacific.

The colonists, generally, gave the two recruits a very welcome reception. Bridget smiled when Mark suggested that Jones, who was a well-looking lad enough, would make a very proper husband for Joan, and that he doubted not his being called on, in his character of magistrate, to unite them in the course of the next six months. The designs of the savages, however, caused the party to think of anything but weddings just at that moment, and a council was held to devise a plan for their future government. As Mark was considered the head of the colony, and had every way the most experience, his opinion swayed those of his companions, and all his recommendations were adopted. There were on board the ship eight carronades, then quite a new gun, and mounted on trucks. They were of the bore of twelve-pounders, but light and manageable. There was also abundance of ammunition in the vessel's magazine, no ship coming to the Fejees to trade without a proper regard to the armament. Mark proposed going over to the Reef with the *Neshamony*, the next day, in order to transport two of the guns, with a proper supply of powder and shot, to the Peak. Now there was one place on the path, or Stairs, where it would be easy to defend the last against an army, the rocks, which were absolutely perpendicular on each side of it, coming so close together, as to render it practicable to close the passage by a narrow gate. This gate Mark did not purpose to erect now for he thought it unnecessary. All he intended was to plant the two guns at this pass; one on a piece of level rock directly over it, and a little on one side, which would command the entrance of the cove, and the cove itself, as well as the whole of the path beneath, and the other on another natural platform, a short distance above, where it could not only command the pass, but, by using the last as a sort of embrasure, by firing through it, could not only sweep the ravine for some distance down, but could also rake the entrance of the cove, and quite half of the little basin itself.

Bob greatly approved of this arrangement, though all the seamen were too much accustomed to obey their officers to raise the smallest objections to anything that Mark proposed. Betts was the only person who had made the circuit of the Peak; but he, and Mark, and Heaton, who had been a good deal round the cliffs, on the side of the water, all agreed in saying they did not believe it possible for a human being to reach the plain, unless the ascent was made by the Stairs. This, of course, rendered the fortifying of the last a matter of so much the greater importance, since it converted the whole island into a second Gibraltar. It was true, the Reef would remain exposed to depredations, though Mark was of opinion that, by leaving a portion of their force in the ship, with two or three of the guns at command, it would not be difficult to beat off five hundred natives. As for the crater, it might very easily be made impregnable.

At this meeting Heaton proposed the establishment of some sort of government and authority, which they should all solemnly swear to support. The idea was favorably received, and Mark was unanimously chosen governor for life, the law being the rule of right, with such special enactments as might from time to time issue from a council of three, who were also elected for life. This council consisted of the governor, Heaton, and Betts. Human society has little difficulty in establishing itself on just principles, when

the wants are few and interests simple. It is the bias given by these last that perverts it from the true direction. In our island community, most of its citizens were accustomed to think that education and practice gave a man certain claims to control, and, as yet, demagogism had no place with them. A few necessary rules, that were connected with their particular situation, were enacted by the council and promulgated when the meeting adjourned. Happily they were as yet far, very far from that favorite sophism of the day, which would teach the inexperienced to fancy it an advantage to a legislator to commence his career as low as possible on the scale of ignorance, in order that he might be what it is the fashion to term "a self-made man."

Mark now took the command, and issued his orders with a show of authority. His attention was first turned to rendering the Peak impregnable. There were a plenty of muskets and fowling-pieces already there, Heaton having come well provided with arms and ammunition. As respects the last, Peters and Jones were set to work to clear out a sort of cavern in the rock, that was not only of a convenient size, but which was conveniently placed for such a purpose, at no great distance from the head of the Stairs, to receive the powder, etc. The cavity was perfectly dry, an indispensable requisite, and it was equally well protected against the admission of water.

The next thing was to collect a large pile of dry wood on the naked height of the Peak. This was to be lighted at night, in the event of the canoes appearing while he was absent, Mark being of opinion that he could see such a beacon-fire from the Reef, whither he was about to proceed. Having made these arrangements, the governor set sail with Betts, Bigelow and Socrates for his companions, leaving Heaton, with Peters and Jones to take care of most of the females. We say of most, since Dido and Juno went along, in order to cook, and to wash all the clothes of the whole colony, a part of which were sent in the pinnace, but most of which were on board the ship. This was a portion of his duty, when a solitary man, to which Mark was exceedingly averse, and having shirts almost *ad libitum*, Bridget had found nearly a hundred ready for the "buck-basket." There was no danger, therefore, that the "wash" would be too small.

Betts was deeply impressed with the change that he found in the rocks. There, where he had left water over which he had often floated his raft, appeared dry land. Nor was he much less struck with the appearance of the crater. It was now a hill of a bright, lively verdure, Kitty and her new friend keeping it quite as closely cropped as was desirable. The interior, too, struck him forcibly; for there, in addition to the garden, now flourishing, though a little in want of the hoe, was a meadow of acres in extent, in which the grass was fit to cut. Mark had observed this circumstance when last at the crater, and Socrates had brought his scythe and forks to cut and cure the hay.

The morning after the arrival, everybody went to work. The women set up their tubs under an awning spread for that purpose, near the spring, and were soon up to their elbows in suds. The scythe was set in motion, and the pinnace was taken round to the ship. Three active seaman soon hoisted out the carronades, and stowed them in the little sloop. The ammunition followed, and half a dozen barrels of the beef and pork were put in the *Neshamony* also. Mark scarcely ever touched this food now, the fish, eggs, chickens, and pigs keeping his larder sufficiently well supplied. But some of the men pined for *ship's* provisions, beef and pork that had now been packed more than two years, and the governor thought it might be well enough to indulge them. The empty barrels would be convenient on the Peak, and the salt would be acceptable, after being dried and pulverized.

The day was passed in loading the *Neshamony*, and in looking after various interests on the Reef. The hogs had all come in, and were fed. Mark shot one and had it dressed, putting most of its

meat into the pinnace. He also sent Bob out to his old place of resort, near Loam Island, whence he brought back near a hundred hog-fish. These were divided, also, some being given to Dido's mess, and the rest put in the pinnace, after taking out enough for a good supper. About ten at night, the *Neshamony* sailed, Mark carrying her into the open water, when he placed Bob at the helm. Bigelow had remained in the ship to overhaul the lumber, of which there were still large piles both betwixt decks and in the lower hold, as did the whole of the Socrates family, who were yet occupied with the hay harvest and the "wash." Before he laid down to catch his nap, Mark took a good look to the southward, in quest of the beacon, but it was not burning, a sign the savages had not appeared in the course of the day. With this assurance he fell asleep, and slept until informed by Bob that the pinnace was running in beneath the cliffs. Betts called him, because the honest fellow was absolutely at a loss to know where to find the entrance of the cove. So closely did the rocks lap, that this mouth of the harbor was most effectually concealed from all but those who happened to get quite close in with the cliffs, and in a particular position. Mark himself had caught a glimpse of this narrow entrance accidentially, on his first voyage, else might he have been obliged to abandon the hope of getting on the heights; for subsequent examination showed that there was but that one spot, on the whole circuit of Vulcan's Peak, where man could ascend to the plain without having recourse to engineering and the labor of months, if not of years.

Bob had brought along one of the two swivels of the ship, as an armament for the *Neshamony*, and he fired it under the cliffs, as a signal of her return. This brought down all the men, who, with their united strength, dragged the carronades up the Stairs, and placed them in position. With a view to scale the guns, the governor now had each loaded, with a round shot and a case of canister. The gun just above the pass he pointed himself at the entrance of the cove, and touched it off. The whole of the missiles went into the passage, making the water fairly foam again. The other gun was depressed so as to sweep the Stairs, and on examination it was found that its shot had raked the path most effectually for a distance exceeding a hundred yards. Small magazines were made in the rocks, near each gun, when the most important part of the arrangements for defense were considered to be satisfactorily made for the present. The remainder of the cargo was discharged, and got up the mountain, though it took three days to effect the last. The provisions were opened below and overhauled, quite one-half of the pork being consigned to the soap-fat, though the beef proved to be still sound and sweet. Such as was thought fit to be consumed was carried up in baskets, and repacked on the mountain, the labor of rolling up the barrels satisfying everybody, after one experiment. This difficulty set Mark to work with his wits, and he found a shelf that overhung the landing, at a height of fully a hundred yards about it, where there was a natural platform of rock that would suffice for the parade of a regiment of men. Here he determined to rig a derrick, for there was an easy ascent and descent to this "platform," as the place was called, and down which a cart might go without any difficulty, if a cart was to be had. The "platform" might also be used for musketeers, in an action, and on examining it Mark determined to bring over one of the two long sixes, and mount it there, with a view to command the offing. From that height a shot could be thrown in any direction, for more than a mile outside of the harbor.

Heaton had seen no signs of the canoes, nor could Mark, at any time during the next four days after his return, though he was each day on the Peak itself to examine the ocean. On the fifth day, therefore, he and Bob crossed over to the Reef again, taking Bridget along this time. The latter delighted in the ship, the cabins of which were so much more agreeable and comfortable than the tents, and which had so long been Mark's solitary abode.

On reaching the Reef the governor was greatly surprised to find that Bigelow had the frame of a boat even larger than the pinnace set up, one that measured fourteen tons, though modeled to carry, rather than to sail. In overhauling the "stuff" in the ship, he had found not only all the materials for this craft, but those necessary for a boat a little larger than the *Bridget*, which, it seems, had been sent for the ordinary service of the ship, should anything occur to occasion the loss of the two she commonly used, in addition to the dingey. These were treasures indeed, vessels of this size being of the utmost use to the colonists. For the next month several hands were kept at work on these two boats, when both were got into the water, rigged and turned over for duty. The largest boat of the little fleet, which had no deck at all, not even forward, and which was not only lighter built but lighter rigged, having one large sprit-sail that brailed, was called the *Mary*, in honor of Heaton's mother; while the jolly-boat carried joy to the house of Socrates, by being named the *Dido*. As she was painted black as a crow, this appellation was not altogether inappropriate, Soc declaring, "dat 'e boat did a good deal favor his ole woman."

While these things were in progress the *Neshamony* was not idle. She made six voyages between the Reef and the Peak in that month, carrying to the last fish, fresh pork, various necessaries from the ship, as well as eggs and salt. Some of the fowls were caught and transferred to the Peak, as well as half a dozen of the porkers. The return cargo consisted of reed-birds, in large quantities, several other varieties of birds, bread-fruits, bananas, yams, cocoanuts, and a fruit that Heaton discovered, which was of a most delicious flavor, resembling strawberries and cream, and which was afterwards ascertained to be the charramoya, the fruit that, of all others, when good, is thought to surpass anything else of that nature. Bridget also picked a basket of famously large wild strawberries on the Summit, and sent them to Anne. In return, Anne sent her sister not only cream and milk, by each passage, but a little fresh butter. The calves had been weaned, and the two cows were now giving their largest quantity of milk, furnishing almost as much butter as was wanted.

At the crater, Socrates put everything in order. He mowed the grass, and made a neat stack of it in the center of the meadow. He cleaned the garden thoroughly, and made some arrangements for enlarging it, though the yield now was quite as great as all the colonists could consume; for, no sooner was one vegetable dug, or cut, than another was put in its place. On the Peak, Peters, who was half a farmer, dug over an acre or two of rich loam, and made a fence of brush, with a view of having a garden in Eden. Really, it almost seemed superfluous; though those who had been accustomed to salads, and beans, and beats, and onions, and cucumbers, and all the other common vegetables of a civilized kitchen, soon began to weary of the more luscious fruits of the tropics. With the wild figs, however, Heaton, who was a capital horticulturist, fancied he could do something. He picked out three or four thriving young trees of that class, which bore fruit a little better flavored than most around them, and cut away all their neighbors, letting in the sun and air freely. He also trimmed their branches, and dug around the roots, which he refreshed with guano; the use of which had been imparted by Mark to his fellow-colonists, though Bigelow knew all about it from having lived in Peru, and Bob had early let the governor himself into the secret.

The governor and his lady, as the community now began to term Mr. and Mrs. Mark Woolston, were on the point of embarking in the *Neshamony*, to visit Vulcan's Peak, after a residence on the Reef of more than a month, when the orders for sailing were countermanded, in consequence of certain signs in the atmosphere which indicated something like another hurricane. The tempest came, and in good earnest, but without any of the disastrous consequences which had attended that of the previous year. It blew fear-

fully, and the water was driven into all the sounds, creeks, channels, and bays of the group, bringing many of the islands, isthmuses, peninsulas, and plains of rock, what the seamen call "awash," though no material portion was actually overflowed. At the Reef itself, the water rose a fathom, but it did not reach the surface of the island by several feet, and all passed off without any other consequences than giving the new colonists a taste of the climate.

Mark, on this occasion, for the first time noted a change that was gradually taking place on the surface of the Reef without the crater. Most of its cavities were collecting deposits that were derived from various sources. Seaweed, offals, refuse stuff of all kinds, the remains of the deluge of fish that occurred the past year, and all the indescribable atoms that ever contribute to form soil in the neighborhood of man. There were many spots on the Reef, of acres in extent, that formed shallow basins, in which the surface might be two or three inches lower than the surrounding rocks, and, in these spots in particular, the accumulations of an incipient earthy matter was plainly visible. As these cavities collected and retained the moisture, usually from rain to rain, Mark had some of Friend Abraham White's grass-seed sown over them, in order to aid Nature in working out her own benevolent designs. In less than a month patches of green began to appear on the dusky rocks, and there was good reason to hope that a few years would convert the whole Reef into a smiling, verdant plain. It was true, the soil could not soon obtain any useful depth, except in limited spots; but, in that climate, where warmth and moisture united to push vegetation to the utmost, it was an easy thing to obtain a bottom for grasses of almost all kinds.

Nor did Mark's provident care limit itself to this one instance of forethought. Socrates was sent in the dingey to the prairie, over which the hogs had now been rooting for fully two months, mixing together mud and sea-weed, somewhat loosely it is true, but very extensively; and there he scattered timothy-seed in tolerable profusion. Socrates was a long-headed, as well as a long-footed fellow, and he brought back from this expedition a report that was of material importance to the future husbandry of the colonists. According to his statement, this large deposit of mud and sea-weed lay on a peninsula, that might be barricaded against the inroads of hogs, cattle, etc., by a fence of some two or three rods in length. This was a very favorable circumstance, where wood was to be imported for many years to come, if not forever; though the black had brought the seeds of certain timbers from the Peak, and put them into the ground in a hundred places on the Reef, where the depth of deposit and other circumstances seemed favorable to their growth. As for the Prairie, could it be made to grow grasses, it would be a treasure to the colony, inasmuch as its extent reached fully to a thousand acres. The examination of Socrates was flattering in other respects.

The mud was already dry, and the deposit of salt did not seem to be very great, little water having been left there after the eruption or lifting of the earth's crust. The rains had done much, and certain coarse, natural grasses were beginning to show themselves, in various parts of the field. As the hogs would not be likely to root over the same spot twice, it was not proposed to exclude them; but they were permitted to range over the field at pleasure, in the hope that they would add to its fertility by mixing the materials for soil. In such a climate, every change of a vegetable character was extremely rapid, and, now that no one thought of abandoning the settlement, it was very desirable to obtain the different benefits of civilization as soon as possible.

All the blacks remained at the Reef, where Mark himself passed a good deal of his time. In their next visit to the Peak they found things flourishing, and the garden looked particularly well. The Vulcanists had their melons in any quantity, as well as most vegetables without

limits. It was determined to divide the cows, leaving one on the Peak, and sending the other to the crater, where there was now sufficient grass to keep two or three such animals. With a view to this arrangement, Bob had been directed to fence in the garden and stack, by means of ropes and stanchions let into the ground. When the *Anne* returned to the Reef, therefore, from her first voyage to the Peak, a cow was sent over in her. This change was made solely for the convenience of the milk, all the rest of the large stock being retained on the plain, where there was sufficient grass to sustain thousands of hoofs.

But the return cargo of the *Anne*, on this her first voyage, was composed mainly of ship timber. Heaton had found a variety of the teak in the forests that skirted the plain, and Bigelow had got out of the trees the frame of a schooner that was intended to measure about eighty tons. A craft of that size would be of the greatest service to them, as it would enable the colonists to visit any part of the Pacific they pleased, and obtain such supplies as they might find necessary. Nor was this all; by mounting on her two of the carronades, she would effectually give them the command of their own seas, so far as the natives were concerned at least. Mark had some books on the draughting of vessels, and Bigelow had once before laid down a brig of more than a hundred tons in dimensions. Then the stores, rigging, copper, etc., of the ship could never be turned to better account than in the construction of another vessel, and it was believed she could furnish materials enough for two or three such craft. Out of compliment to his old owner, Mark named this schooner in embryo the *Friend Abraham White*, though she was commonly known afterward as the *Abraham*.

The cutting of the frame of the intended schooner was a thing easy enough, with expert American axmen, and with that glorious implement of civilization, the American ax. But it was not quite so easy to get the timber down to the cove. The keel, in particular, gave a good deal of trouble. Heaton had brought along with him both cart and wagon wheels, and without that it is questionable if the stick could have been moved by any force then at the command of the colony. By suspending it in chains beneath the axles, however, it was found possible to draw it, though several of the women had to lend their aid in moving the mass. When at the head of the Stairs, the timber was lowered on the rock, and was slid downward, with occasional lifts by the crowbar and handspike. When it reached the water it was found to be much too heavy to float, and it was by no means an easy matter to buoy it up in such a way that it might be towed. The *Anne* was three times as long making her passage with this keel in tow as she was without it. It was done, however, and the laying of the keel was effected with some little ceremony, in the presence of nearly every soul belonging to the colony.

The getting out and raising of the frame of the *Friend Abraham White* took six weeks. Great importance was attached to success in this matter, and everybody assisted in the work with right good-will. At one time it was doubted if stuff enough could be found in the ship to plank her up with, and it was thought it might become necessary to break up the *Rancocus*, in order to complete the job. To Bridget's great joy, however, the good *old Rancocus*—so they called her, though she was even then only eight years old—the good old *Rancocus's* time had not yet come and she was able to live in her cabin for some months longer. Enough planks were found by using those of the 'twixt decks, a part of which were not bolted down at all, to accomplish all that was wanted.

Heaton was a man of singular tastes, which led him to as remarkable acquirements. Among other accomplishments, he was a very good general mechanician, having an idea of the manner in which most of the ordinary machinery ought to be, not only used, but fabricated. At the point where the rivulet descended the cliff into the sea, he discovered as noble a mill-seat as the heart of man could desire to possess. To have such a mill-seat at command, and not to use it, would, of it-

self, have made him unhappy, and he could not be easy until he and Peters who had also a great taste and some skill in that sort of thing, were hard at work building a saw-mill. The saw had been brought from America, as a thing very likely to be wanted, and three months after these two ingenious men had commenced their work the saw was going, cutting teak, as well as a species of excellent yellow pine that was found in considerable quantities, and of very respectable size, along the cliffs in the immediate vicinity of the mill. The great difficulty to be overcome in that undertaking was the transportation of the timber. By cutting the trees most favorably situated first, logs were got into the pond without much labor; but after they were in planks, or boards, or joists, they were quite seven miles from the head of the Stairs, in the vicinity of which it was, on several accounts, the most desirable to dwell. Had the *Abraham* been kept on the stocks, until the necessary timber was brought from the mill across the plain of Eden, she would have been well seasoned before launching; but, fortunately, that was not necessary—materials sufficient for her were got on board the ship, as mentioned, with some small additions of inch boards that were cut to finish her joiner's work.

Months passed, as a matter of course, while the schooner and the mill were in the course of construction. The work on the first was frequently intermitted by little voyages in the other craft, and by labor necessary to be done in preparing dwellings on the Peak to meet the rainy season, which was now again near at hand. Past experience had told Mark that the winter months in his islands, if winter a season could be termed, during which most of the trees, all the grasses, and many of the fruits continued to grow and ripen as in summer, were not very formidable. It is true it then rained nearly every day, but it was very far from raining all day. Most of the rain, in fact, fell at night, commencing a little after the turn in the day, and terminating about midnight. Still it must be very unpleasant to pass such a season beneath canvas, and, about six weeks ere the wet time commenced, everybody turned to with a will to erect proper framed houses. Now that the mill was sawing, this was no great task, the pine working beautifully and easily into almost every article required.

Heaton laid out his house with some attention to taste, and more to comfort. It was of one story, but fully a hundred feet in length, and of half that in depth. Being a common American dwelling that was clapboarded, it was soon put up and inclosed, the climate requiring very little attention to warmth. There were windows, and even glass, a small quantity of that article having been brought along by the colonists. The floors were beautiful, and extremely well laid down; nor were the doors, window-shutters, etc., neglected. The whole, moreover, was painted, the stores of the ship still furnishing the necessary materials. But there was neither chimney nor plastering, for Heaton had neither brick nor lime. Bricks he insisted he could and would make, and did, though in no great number; but lime for some time baffled his ingenuity. At last, Socrates suggested the burning of oyster-shells, and, by dint of fishing a good deal among the channels of the reef, a noble oyster-bed was found, and the boats brought in enough of the shells to furnish as much lime as would put up a chimney for the kitchen; one apartment for that sort of work being made, as yet, to suffice for the wants of all who dwelt in Eden.

These various occupations and interests consumed many months, and carried the new-comers through the first wet season which they encountered as a colony. As everybody was busy, plenty reigned, and the climate being so very delicious as to produce a sense of enjoyment in the very fact of existence, everybody but Peters was happy. He, poor fellow, mourned much for his Peggy, as he called the pretty young heathen wife he had left behind him in Waally's country.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Forthwith a guard at every gun
Was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof
Of Edgecombe's lofty hall;
And many a fishing-bark put out,
To pry along the coast;
And with loose rein, and bloody spur
Rode inland many a post."
The Spanish Armada.—MACAULAY.

THE building of the houses, and of the schooner, was occupation for everybody for a long time. The first were completed in season to escape the rains; but the last was on the stocks fully six months after her keel had been laid. The fine weather had returned, even, and she was not yet launched. So long a period had intervened since Waally's visit to Rancocus Island without bringing any results, that the council began to hope the Indians had given up their enterprises, from the consciousness of not having the means to carry them out; and almost every one ceased to apprehend danger from that quarter. In a word, so smoothly did the current of life flow, on the Reef and at Vulcan's Peak, that there was probably more danger of their inhabitants falling into the common and fatal error of men in prosperity, than of anything else; or, of their beginning to fancy that they deserved all the blessings that were conferred on them, and forgetting the Hand that bestowed them. As if to recall them to a better sense of things, events now occurred which it is our business to relate, and which aroused the whole colony from the sort of pleasing trance into which they had fallen by the united influence of security, abundance, and a most seductive climate.

As time rolled on, in the first place, the number of the colony had begun to augment by natural means. Friend Martha had presented Friend Robert with a little Robert; and Bridget made Mark the happy parent of a very charming girl. This last event occurred about the commencement of the summer, and just a twelvemonth after the happy reunion of the young people. According to Mark's prophecy, Jones had succeeded with Joan, and they were married even before the expiration of the six months mentioned. On the subject of a marriage ceremony there was no difficulty, Robert and Martha holding a Friend's meeting especially to quiet the scruples of the bride, though she was assured the form could do no good, since the bridegroom did not belong to meeting. The governor read the church service on the occasion, too, which did no harm, if it did no good. About this time, poor Peters, envying the happiness of all around him, and still pining for his Petrina, or Peggy, as he called her himself, begged of the governor the use of the *Dido*, in order that he might make a voyage to Waally's group in quest of his lost companion. Mark knew how to feel for one in the poor fellow's situation, and he could not think of letting him go alone on an expedition of so much peril. After deliberating on the matter, he determined to visit Rancocus Island himself —not having been in that direction, now, for months—and to go in the *Neshamony*, in order to take a couple of hogs over; it having long been decided to commence breeding that valuable animal, in the wild state, on the hills of that uninhabited land.

The intelligence that a voyage was to be made to Rancocus Island seemed to infuse new life into the men of the colony, every one of whom wished to be of the party. The governor had no objection to indulging as many as it might be prudent to permit to go; but he saw the necessity of putting some restraint on the movement. After canvassing the matter in the council, it was determined that, in addition to Mark and Peters, who went of course, the party should consist of Bob, Bigelow, and Socrates. The carpenter was taken to look for trees that might serve to make the ways of the schooner, which was yet to be launched; and the latter was thought necessary in his capacity of a cook. As for Betts, he went along as the governor's counselor and companion.

Bridget's little girl was born in the cabin of the ship; and the week preceding that set for the voyage, she and her child were taken across to the Peak, that the

former might spend the period of her husband's absence with Anne, in the Garden of Eden. These absences and occasional visits gave a zest to lives that might otherwise have become too monotonous, and were rather encouraged than avoided. It was, perhaps, a little strange that Bridget rather preferred the Reef than the Peak for a permanent residence; but there was her much-beloved ship, and there she ever had her still more beloved husband for a companion.

On the appointed day, the *Neshamony* set sail, having on board a family of three of the swine. The plan for the excursion included a trip to the volcano, which had not yet been actually visited by any of the colonists. Mark had been within a league of it, and Bob had passed quite near to it in his voyage to the Peak; but no one had ever positively landed, or made any of those close examinations of the place, which, besides being of interest in a general way, was doubly so to those who were such near neighbors to a place of the kind. This visit Mark now decided to make on his way to leeward, taking the volcano in his course to Rancocus Island. The *détour* would lead the *Neshamony* some fifteen or eighteen leagues on one side; but there was abundance of time, and the volcano ought to be no longer neglected.

The wind did not blow as fresh as in common, and the *Neshamony* did not draw near to the volcano until late in the afternoon of the day she sailed. The party approached this place with due caution, and not without a good deal of awe. As the lead was used, it was found that the water shoaled gradually for several leagues, becoming less and less deep as the boat drew near to the cone, which was itself a circular and very regular mountain, of some six or eight hundred feet in height, with a foundation of dry rock and lava, that might have contained a thousand acres. Everything seemed solid and permanent; and our mariners were of opinion there was very little danger of this formation ever disappearing below the surface of the sea again.

The volcano being in activity, some care was necessary in landing. Mark took the *Neshamony* to windward, and found a curvature in the rocks where it was possible to get ashore without having the boat knocked to pieces. He and Bob then went as near the cone as the falling stones would allow, and took as good a survey of the place as could be done under the circumstances. That there would be soil, and plenty of it, sooner or later, was plain enough; and that the island might become a scene of fertility and loveliness, in the course of ages, like so many others of volcanic origin in that quarter of the world, was probable. But the day was distant; and Mark was soon satisfied that the great use of the spot was its being a vent to what would otherwise be the pent and dangerous forces that were in the course of a constant accumulation beneath.

The party had been about an hour on the island, and was about to quit it, when a most startling discovery was made. Bob saw a canoe drawn close in among the rocks to leeward, and, on a further examination, a man was seen near it. At first, this was taken as an indication of hostilities, but, on getting a second look, our mariners were satisfied that nothing of that sort was to be seriously apprehended. It was determined to go nearer to the stranger, at once, and learn the whole truth.

A cry from Peters, followed by his immediately springing forward to meet a second person, who had left the canoe, and who was bounding like a young antelope to meet him, rendered everything clear sooner even than had been anticipated. All supposed that this eager visitor was a woman, and no one doubted that it was Peggy, the poor fellow's Indian wife. Peggy it proved to be; and after the weeping, and laughing, and caressing of the meeting were a little abated, the following explanation was made by Peters, who spoke the language of his wife with a good deal of facility, and who acted as interpreter.

According to the accounts now given by Peggy, the warfare between Ooroony and Waally had been kept up with renewed

vigor, subsequently to the escape of Jones and her own husband. Fortune had proved fickle, as so often happens, and Waally got to be in the ascendant. His enemy was reduced to great straits, and had been compelled to confine himself to one of the smallest islands of the group, where he was barely able to maintain his party, by means of the most vigilant watchfulness. This left Waally at liberty to pursue his intention of following the party of whites, which was known to have gone to the southward with so much valuable property, as well as to extend his conquests, by taking possession of the mountain visited by him the year previously. A grand expedition was accordingly planned, and a hundred canoes had actually sailed from the group, with more than a thousand warriors on board, bent on achieving a great exploit. In this expedition, Unus, the brother of Peggy, had been compelled to join, being a warrior of some note, and the sister had come along, in common with some fifty other women; the rank of Unus and Peggy not being sufficient to attract attention to their proceedings.

Waally had postponed this, which he intended for the great enterprise of a very turbulent life, to the most favorable season of the year. There was a period of a few weeks every summer when the Trades blew much less violently than was usually the case, and when, indeed, it was no unusual thing to have shifts of wind, as well as light breezes. All this the Indians perfectly well understood, for they were bold navigators, when the sizes and qualities of their vessels were considered. As it appeared, the voyage from the group to Rancocus Island, a distance of fully a hundred leagues, was effected without any accident, and the whole of that formidable force was safely landed at the very spot where Betts had encamped on his arrival out with the colonists. Nearly a month had been passed in exploring the mountain, the first considerable eminence most of the Indians had ever beheld; and in making their preparations for further proceedings. During that time, hundreds had seen Vulcan's Peak, as well as the smoke of the volcano, though the reef, with all its islands, lay too low to be discerned from such a distance. The Peak was now the great object to be attained, for there it was universally believed that Betto (meaning Betts) and his companions had concealed themselves and their much-coveted treasures. Rancocus Island was well enough, and Waally made all his plans for colonizing it at once, but the other, and distant mountain, no doubt was the most desirable territory to possess, or white men would not have brought their women so far in order to occupy it.

As a matter of course, Unus and Peggy learned the nature of the intended proceedings. The last might have been content to wait for the slower movements of the expedition, had she not ascertained that threats of severely punishing the two deserters, one of whom was her own husband, had been heard to fall from the lips of the dread Waally himself. No sooner, therefore, did this faithful Indian girl become mistress of the intended plan than she gave her brother no peace until he consented to put off into the ocean with her, in a canoe she had brought from home, and which was her own property. Had not Unus been disaffected to his new chief, this might not so easily have been done, but the young Indian was deadly hostile to Waally, and was a secret friend of Ooroony; a state of feeling which disposed him to desert the former at the first good opportunity.

The two adventurers put off from Rancocus Island just at dark, and paddled in the direction that they believed would carry them to the Peak. It will be remembered that the last could not be seen from the ocean until about half the passage between the islands was made, though it was plainly apparent from the heights of Rancocus, as already mentioned. Next morning, when day returned, the smoke of the volcano was in sight, but no Peak. There is little question that the canoe had been set too much to the southward, and was diagonally receding from its desired point of debarkation, instead of approaching it. Toward the smoke, Unus and his sister continued to paddle, and, after

thirty-six hours of nearly unremitted labor, they succeeded in landing at the volcano, ignorant of its nature, awe-struck and trembling, but compelled to seek a refuge there, as the land-bird rests its tired wing on the ship's spars, when driven from the coast by the unexpected gale. When discovered, Peggy and her brother were about to take a fresh start from their resting-place, the Peak being visible from the volcano.

Mark questioned these two friends concerning the contemplated movement of Waally, with great minuteness. Unus was intelligent for a savage, and appeared to understand himself perfectly. He was of opinion that his countrymen would endeavor to cross the first calm day, or the first day when the breeze should be light; and that was just the time when our colonists did not desire to meet the savages out at sea. He described the party as formidable by numbers and resolution, though possessing few arms besides those of savages. There were half a dozen old muskets in the canoes, with a small supply of ammunition; but since the desertion of Jones and Peters, no one remained who knew how to turn these weapons to much account. Nevertheless, the natives were so numerous, possessed so many weapons that were formidable in their own modes of fighting, and were so bent on success, that Unus did not hesitate to give it as his opinion, the colonists would act wisely in standing off for some other island, if they knew where another lay, even at the cost of abandoning most of their effects.

But our governor had no idea of following any such advice. He was fully aware of the strength of his position on the Peak, and felt no disposition to abandon it. His great apprehension was for the Reef, where his territories were much more assailable. It was not easy to see how the crater and ship, and the schooner on the stocks, and all the other property that, in the shape of hogs, poultry, etc., was scattered far and wide in that group, could be protected against a hundred canoes by any force at his command. Even with the addition of Unus, who took service at once, with all his heart, among his new friends, Mark could muster but eight men, viz., himself, Heaton, Betts, Bigelow, Socrates, Peters, Jones and Unus. To these might possibly be added two or three of the women, who might be serviceable in carrying ammunition, and as sentinels, while the remainder would be required to look after the children, to care for the stock, etc. All these facts passed through Mark's mind as Peters translated the communication of Unus sentence by sentence.

It was indispensable to come to some speedy decision. Peters was now happy and contented with his nice little Peggy, and there was no longer any necessity for pursuing the voyage on his account. As for the project of placing the hogs on Rancocus, this was certainly not the time to do it, even if it were now to be done at all; we say "now," since the visits of the savages would make any species of property on that island, from this time henceforth, very insecure. It was therefore determined to abandon the voyage, and to shape their course back to the Peak, with as little delay as possible. As there were indications of shell-fish, sea-weed, etc., being thrown ashore at the Volcano, two of the hogs were put ashore there to seek their fortunes. According to the new plan, the *Neshamony* made sail on her return passage, about an hour before the sun set. As was usual in that strait, the trades blew pretty fresh, and the boat, although it had the canoe of Unus in tow, came under the frowning cliffs some time before the day reappeared. By the time the sun rose the *Neshamony* was off the cove, into which she hastened with the least possible delay. It was the governor's apprehension that his sails might be seen from the canoes of Waally, long before the canoes could be seen from his boat, and he was glad to get within the cover of his little haven. Once there the different crafts were quite concealed from the view of persons outside, and it now remained to be proved whether their cover was not so complete as effectually to baffle a hostile attempt to find it.

The quick and unexpected return of the

Neshamony pruduced a great deal of surprise on the Plain. She had not been seen to enter the cove, and the first intimation any one in the settlement had of such an oecurrence was the appearance of Mark before the door of the dwelling. Bigelow was immediately sent to the Peak with a glass, to look out for canoes, while Heaton was called in from the woods by means of a conch. In twenty minutes the council was regularly in session, while the men began to collect and to look to their arms. Peters and Jones were ordered to go down to the magazine, procure cartridges, and then proceed to the batteries and load the carronades. In a word, orders were given to make all the arrangements necessary for the occasion.

It was not long ere a report came down from Bigelow. It was brought by his Spanish wife, who had accompanied her husband to the Peak, and who came running in, half breathless, to say that the ocean was covered with canoes and catamarans; a fleet of which was paddling directly for the island, being already within three leagues of it. Although this intelligence was expected, it certainly caused long faces and a deep gloom to pervade that little community. Mark's fears were always for the Reef, where there happened to be no one just at that moment but the black women, who were altogether insufficient to defend it, under the most favorable circumstances, but who were now without a head. There was the hope, however, of the Indians not seeing those low islands, which they certainly could not do as long as they remained in their canoes.

On the other hand, there was the danger that some one might cross from the Reef in one of the boats, a thing that was done as often as once a week, in which case a chase might ensue, and the canoes be led directly toward the spot that it was so desirable to conceal. Juno could sail a boat as well as any man among them, and, as is usually the case, that which she knew she could do so well, she was fond of doing; and she had not now been across for nearly a week. The cow kept at the crater gave a large mess of milk, and the butter produced by her means was delicious when eaten fresh, but did not keep quite as well in so warm a climate as it might have done in one that was colder, and Dido was ever anxious to send it to Miss Bridget, as she still called her mistress, by every available opportunity. The boat used by the negresses on such occasions was the *Dido,* a perfectly safe craft in moderate weather, but she was just the dullest sailer of all those owned by the colony. This created the additional danger of a capture, in the event of a chase. Taking all things into consideration therefore, Mark adjourned the council to the Peak, a feverish desire to look out upon the sea causing him to be too uneasy where he was to remain there in consultation with any comfort to himself. To the Peak, then, everybody repaired, with the exception of Bigelow, Peters, and Jones, who were now regularly stationed at the carronades to watch the entrance of the cove. In saying everybody, we include not only all the women, but even their children.

So long as the colonists remained on the plain, there was not the smallest danger of any one of them being seen from the surrounding ocean. This the woods, and their great elevation, prevented. Nor was there much danger of the party in the batteries being seen, though so much lower, and necessarily on the side of the cliff, since a strict order had been given to keep out of sight, among the trees, where they could see everything that was going on, without being seen themselves. But on the naked Peak, it was different. High as it was, a man might be seen from the ocean, if moving about, and the observer was tolerably near by. Bob had seen Mark, when his attention was drawn to the spot by the report of the latter's fowling-piece; and the governor had often seen Bridget, on the lookout for him, as he left the island, though her fluttering dress probably made her a more conspicuous object than most persons would have been. From all this, then, the importance of directing the movements of the party that followed him became apparent to Mark, who took his measures accordingly.

By the time the governor reached the Peak, having ascended it on its eastern side, so as to keep his person concealed, the hostile fleet was plainly to be seen with the naked eye. It came on in a tolerably accurate line, or lines, abreast; being three deep, one distant from the other about a cable's length. It steered directly for the center of the island, whereas the cove was much nearer to its northern than to its southern end; and the course showed that the canoes were coming on at random, having nothing in view but the island.

But Mark's eyes were turned with the greatest interest to the northward, or in the direction of the Reef. As they came up the ascent, Bridget had communicated to him the fact that she expected Juno over that day, and that it was understood she would come quite alone. Bridget was much opposed to the girl's taking this risk; but Juno had now done it so often successfully, that nothing short of a positive command to the contrary would be likely to stop her. This command, most unfortunately, as Mark now felt, had not been given; and great was his concern when Betts declared that he saw a white speck to the northward, which looked like a sail. The glass was soon leveled in that direction, and no doubt any longer remained on the subject. It was the *Dido*, steering across from the Reef, distant then about ten miles; and she might be expected to arrive in about two hours! In other words, judging by the progress of the canoes, there might be a difference of merely half an hour or so between the time of the arrival of the boat and that of the canoes.

This was a very serious matter; and never before had the council a question before it which gave its members so much concern, or which so urgently called for action as this of the course that was now to be taken to avert a danger so imminent. Not only was Juno's safety involved; but the discovery of the cove and the reef, one or both, was very likely to be involved in the issue, and the existence of the whole colony placed in extreme jeopardy. As the canoes were still more than a league from the island, Bob thought there was time to go out with the *Bridget*, and meet the *Dido*, when both boats could ply to windward until it was dark; after which they might go into the reef, or come into the cove, as circumstances permitted. The governor was about to acquiesce in this suggestion, little as he liked it, when a new proposition was made, that at first seemed so strange that no one believed it could be put in execution, but to which all assented in the end.

Among the party on the Peak were Unus and Peggy. The latter understood a good deal of English, and that which she did not comprehend, in the course of the discussions on this interesting occasion, Bob, who had picked up something of the language of her group, explained to her, as well as he could. After a time, the girl ran down to the battery, and brought up her husband, through whom the proposal was made that, at first, excited so much wonder. Peggy had told Unus what was going on, and had pointed out to him the boat of Juno, now sensibly drawing nearer to the island, and Unus volunteered to *swim* out and meet the girl, so as to give her timely warning, as well as instructions how to proceed!

Although Mark, and Heaton, and Bridget, and all present indeed, were fully aware that the natives of the South Seas could, and often did pass hours in the water, this proposal struck them all, at first, as so wild, that no one believed it could be accepted. Reflection, however, did its usual office, and wrought a change in these opinions. Peters assured the governor that he had often known Unus to swim from island to island in the group, and that on the score of danger to him, there was not the least necessity of feeling any uneasiness. He did not question the Indian's power to swim the entire distance to the Reef, should it be necessary.

Another difficulty arose, however, when the first was overcome. Unus could speak no English, and how was he to communicate with Juno, even after he had entered her boat? The girl, moreover, was both resolute and strong, as her present ex-

pedition sufficiently proved, and would be very apt to knock a nearly naked savage on the head, when she saw him attempting to enter her boat. From this last opinion, however, Bridget dissented. Juno was kindhearted, and would be more disposed, she thought, to pick up a man found in the water at sea than to injure him. But Juno could read writing. Bridget herself had taught her slaves to read and write, and Juno in particular was a sort of "expert," in her way. She wrote and read half the nigger-letters of Bristol, previous to quitting America. She would now write a short note, which would put the girl on her guard, and give her confidence in Unus. Juno knew the whole history of Peters and Peggy, having taken great interest in the fate of the latter. To own the truth, the girl had manifested a very creditable degee of principle on the subject, for Jones had tried to persuade his friend to take Juno, a nice, tidy, light-colored black, to wife, and to forget Peggy, when Juno repelled the attempt with spirit and principle. It is due to Peters, moreover, to add that he was always true to his island bride. But the occurrence had made Juno acquainted with the whole history of Peggy; and Bridget, in the few lines she now wrote to the girl, took care to tell her that the Indian was the brother of Peggy. In that capacity, he would be almost certain of a friendly reception. The rest of the note was merely an outline of their situation, with an injunction to let Unus direct the movements.

No sooner was this important note written, than Unus hastened down to the cove. He was accompanied by Mark, Peters and Peggy; the former to give his instructions, and the two latter to act as interpreters. Nor was the sister without feeling for the brother on the occasion. She certainly did not regard his enterprise as it would have been looked upon by a civilized woman, but she manifested a proper degree of interest in its success. Her parting words to her brother were advice to keep well to windward, in order that, as he got near the boat, he might float down upon it with the greater facility, aided by the waves.

The young Indian was soon ready. The note was secured in his hair, and moving gently in the water, he swam out of the cove with the ease, if not with the rapidity of a fish. Peggy clapped her hands and laughed, and otherwise manifested a sort of childish delight, as if pleased that one of her race should so early make himself useful to the countrymen of her husband. She and Peters repaired to the battery, which was the proper station of the man, while Mark went nimbly up the Stairs, on his way to the Peak. And here we might put in a passing word on the subject of these ascents and descents. The governor had now been accustomed to them more than a twelvemonth, and he found that the effect they produced on the muscles of his lower limbs was absolutely surprising. He could now ascend the Stairs in half the time he had taken on his first trials, and he could carry burdens up and down them that at first he would not have dreamed of attempting even to take on his shoulders. The same was true with all the colonists, male and female, who began to run about the cliffs like so many goats—*chamois* would be more poetical—and who made as light of the Stairs as the governor himself.

When Mark reached the Peak again he found matters drawing near to a crisis. The canoes were within a league of the island, coming on steadily in line, and paddling with measured sweeps of their paddles. As yet, the sail of Juno's boat had escaped them. This was doubtless owing to their lowness in the water, and the distance that still separated them. The *Dido* was about five miles from the northern end of the island, while the fleet was some five more to the southward of it. This placed the two almost ten miles apart; though each seemed so near, seen from the elevation of the Peak, that one might have fancied that he could throw a shot into either.

Unus was the great point of interest for the moment. He was just coming out clear of the island, and might be seen with the naked eye, in that pure atmosphere, a dark speck floating on the undu-

lating surface of the ocean. By the aid of the glass there was no difficulty in watching his smallest movement. With a steady and sinewy stroke of his arms, the young savage pursued his way, keeping to windward, as instructed by his sister, and making a progress in the midst of those rolling billows that was really wonderful. The wind was not very fresh, nor were the seas high; but the restless ocean, even in its slumbers, exhibits the repose of a giant, whose gentlest heavings are formidable and to be looked to. In one particular our colonists were favored. Owing to some accidental circumstances of position, a current set round the northern end of the island, and diffused itself on its western side by expanding toward the south. This carried the canoes from the boat and the cove, and insomuch increased Juno's chance of escape.

The meeting between Unus and the boat took place when the latter was within a league of the land. As the sailing directions were for every craft to fall in with the island rather to windward of the Peak, on account of the very current just mentioned, it was questionable with Mark and Betts whether any in the canoes could now perceive the boat, on account of the intervening heights. It was pretty certain no one, as yet, had made this important discovery, for the impetuosity of savages would instantly have let the fact be known through their shouts and their eagerness to chase. On the contrary, all remained tranquil in the fleet, which continued to approach the land with a steady but regulated movement, that looked as if a secret awe pervaded the savages as they drew nearer and nearer to that unknown and mysterious world. To them the approaching revelations were doubtless of vast import; and the stoutest heart among them must have entertained some such sensations as were impressed on the spirits of Columbus and his companions when they drew near to the shores of Guanahani.

In the meantime, Juno came confidingly on, shaping her course rather more to windward than usual even, on account of the lightness of the breeze. This effectually prevented her seeing or being seen from the canoes; the parties diagonally drawing nearer, in utter ignorance of each other's existence. As for Unus, he maneuvered quite skillfully. After getting a couple of miles off the land, he swam directly to windward; and it was well he did, the course of the boat barely permitting his getting well on her weather bow when it was time to think of boarding.

Unus displayed great judgment in this critical part of the affair. So accurately did he measure distances, that he got alongside of the *Dido*, with his hand on her weather gunwale, without Juno's having the least idea that he was anywhere near her. At one effort he was in the boat; and while the girl was still uttering her scream of alarm, he stood holding out the note, pronouncing the word "Missus" as well as he could. The girl had acquired too much knowledge of the habits of the South Sea islanders, while passing through and sojourning in the different groups she had visited, to be overwhelmed with the occurrence. What is more, she recognized the young Indian at a glance; some passages of gallantry having actually taken place between them during the two months Heaton and his party remained among Ooroony's people. To be frank with the reader, the first impression of Juno was, that the note thus tendered to her was a love-letter, though its contents instantly undeceived her. The exclamation and changed manner of the girl told Unus that all was right; and he went quietly to work to take in the sail, as the most effectual method of concealing the presence of the boat from the thousand hostile and searching eyes in the canoes. The moment Mark saw the canvas come in, he cried out "all is well," and descended swiftly from the Peak, to hasten to a point where he could give the necessary attentions to the movements of Waally and his fleet.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight,
Ho! scatter flowers, fair maids,—
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute
Ho! gallants, draw your blades;—"
—MACAULAY.

So much time had passed in the execution of the plan of Unus, that the canoes were close under the cliffs when the governor and his party reached the wood that fringed their summits, directly over the northern end of their line. Even this extremity of their formation was a mile or two to leeward of the cove, and all the craft, catamarans included, were drifting still further south, under the influence of the current. So long as this state of things continued, there was nothing for the colonists to apprehend, since they knew landing at any other spot than the cove was out of the question. The strictest orders had been given for every one to keep concealed, a task that was by no means difficult, the whole plain being environed with woods, and its elevation more than a thousand feet above the sea. In short, nothing but a wanton exposure of the person could render it possible for one on the water to get a glimpse of another on the heights above him.

The fleet of Waally presented an imposing sight. Not only were his canoes large, and well filled with men, but they were garnished with the usual embellishments of savage magnificence. Feathers and flags, and symbols of war and power, were waving and floating over the prows of most of them, while the warriors they contained were gay in their trappings. It was apparent, however, to the members of the council, who watched every movement of the fleet with the utmost vigilance, that their foes were oppressed with doubts concerning the character of the place they had ventured so far to visit. The smoke of the volcano was visible to them, beyond a doubt, and here was a wall of rock interposed between them and the accomplishment of their desire to land. In this last respect Rancocus Island offered a shore very different from that of Vulcan's Peak. The first, in addition to the long, low point so often mentioned, had everywhere a beach of some sort or other; while, on the last, the waves of the Pacific rose and fell as against a precipice, marking their power merely by a slight discoloration of the iron-bound coast. Those superstitious and ignorant beings naturally would connect all these unusual circumstances with some supernatural agencies; and Heaton early gave it as his opinion that Waally, of whom he had some personal knowledge, was hesitating, and doubtful of the course he ought to pursue, on account of this feeling of superstition.

When this opinion was expressed, the governor suggested the expediency of firing one of the carronades, under the supposition that the roar of the gun, and most especially the echo, of which there was one in particular that was truly terrific, might have the effect to frighten away the whole party. Heaton was in doubt about the result, for Waally and his people knew something of artillery, though of echoes they could not know anything at all. Nothing like an echo, or indeed a hill, was to be found in the low coral islands of their group, and the physical agents of producing such sounds were absolutely wanting among them. It might be that something like an echo had been heard at Rancocus Island, but it must have been of a very different caliber from that which Heaton and Mark were in the habit of making for the amusement of the females by firing their fowling-pieces down the Stairs. As yet neither of the guns had been fired from the proper point, which was the outer battery, or that on the shelf of rock, though a very formidable roaring had been made by the report of the gun formerly fired, as an experiment, to ascertain how far it would command the entrance of the cove. After a good deal of discussion, it was decided to try the experiment, and Betts, who knew all about the means necessary to produce the greatest reverberations, was dispatched to the shelf-battery with instructions to scale its gun, by pointing it along the cliff, and making all the uproar he could.

This plan was carried out just as Waally had assembled his chiefs around his own canoe, whither he had called them by an order, to consult on the manner in which the entire coast of the island ought to be examined, that a landing might be effected. The report of the gun came quite unexpectedly to all parties; the echo, which rolled along the cliffs for miles, being absolutely terrific! Owing to the woods and intervening rocks, the natives could see no smoke, which added to their surprise, and was doubtless one reason they did not, at first, comprehend the long, cracking, thundering sounds that, as it might be, rolled out toward them from the island. A cry arose that the strange rocks were speaking, and that the gods of the place were angry. This was followed by a general and confused flight —the canoes paddling away as if their people were apprehensive of being buried beneath the tumbling rocks. For half an hour nothing was seen but frantic efforts to escape, nothing heard but the dip of the paddle and the wash of its rise.

Thus far the plan of the governor had succeeded even beyond his expectations. Could he get rid of these savages without bloodshed, it would afford him sincere delight, it being repugnant to all his feelings to sweep away rows of such ignorant men before the murderous fire of his cannon. While he and Heaton were congratulating each other on the encouraging appearances, a messenger came down from the Peak, where Bridget remained on the lookout, to report that the boat had drifted in, and was getting close under the cliffs, on the northern end of the island, which was in fact coming close under the Peak itself. A signal to push for the cove had been named to Juno, and Bridget desired to know whether it ought to be made, else the boat would shortly be too near in to see it. The governor thought the moment favorable, for the canoes were still paddling in a body away from the spot whence the roar had proceeded, and their course carried them to the southward and westward, while Unus would approach from the northward and eastward. Word was sent accordingly to make the signal.

Bridget no sooner received this order than she showed the flag, which was almost immediately answered by setting the boat's sail. Unus now evidently took the direction of matters on board the *Dido*. It is probable he appreciated the effect of the gun and its echo, the first of which he fully comprehended, though the last was as great and as awful a mystery to him as to any one of his countrymen. Nevertheless, he imputed the strange and fearful roar of the cliffs to some control of the whites over the power of the hills, and regarded it as a friendly roar, even while he trembled. Not so would it be with his countrymen, did he well know; they would retire before it; and the signal being given at that instant, the young Indian had no hesitation about the course he ought to take.

Unus understood sailing a boat perfectly well. On setting his sail, he stood on in the *Dido* until he was obliged to bear up on account of the cliffs. This brought him so close to the rocks as greatly to diminish the chances of being seen. There both wind and current aided his progress; the first drawing round the end of the island, the coast of which it followed in a sort of eddy, for some time, and the latter setting down toward the cove, which was less than two miles from the north bluff. In twenty minutes after he had made sail, Unus was entering the secret little harbor, Waally and his fleet being quite out of sight from one as low as the surface of the ocean, still paddling away to the southwest as hard as they could.

Great was the exultation of the colonists at this escape of Juno's. It even surpassed their happiness at the retreat of their invaders. If the boat were actually unseen, the governor believed the impression was sufficient to keep the savages aloof for a long time, if not forever; since they would not fail to ascribe the roar and the smoke of the volcano, and all the mysteries of the place, to supernatural agencies. If the sail *had* been seen, however, it was possible that, on reflection,

their courage might revive, and more would be seen of them. Unus was extolled by everybody and seemed perfectly happy. Peggy communicated his thoughts, which were every way in favor of his new friends. Waally he detested. He denounced him as a ruthless tyrant, and declared he would prefer death to submission to his exactions. Juno highly approved of all his sentiments, and was soon known as a sworn friend of Peggy's. This hatred of tyranny is innate in man, but it is necessary to distinguish between real oppression and those restraints which are wholesome, if not indispensable to human happiness. As for the canoes, they were soon out of sight in the southwestern board, running off, under their sails, before the wind. Waally himself was too strong-minded and resolute to be as much overcome by the echo as his companions; but so profound and general was the awe excited, that he did not think it advisable to persevere in his project at a moment so discouraging. Acquiescing in the wishes of all around him, the expedition drew off from the island, making the best of its way back to the place from which it had last sailed. All these circumstances became known to the colonists, in the end, as well as the reasoning and the more minute incidents that influenced the future movements. For the time being, however, Woolston and his friends were left to their own conjectures on the subject; which, however, were not greatly out of the way. It was an hour after Juno and Unus were safe up on the plain before the lookouts at the Peak finally lost sight of the fleet, which, when last seen, was steering a course that would carry it between the volcano and Rancocus Island, and might involve it in serious difficulties in the succeeding night. There was no land in sight from the highest points on Rancocus Island, nor any indications of land, in a southwesterly direction; and, did the canoes run past the latter, the imminent danger of a general catastrophe would be the consequence. Once at sea, under an uncertainty as to the course to be steered, the situation of those belonging to the expedition would be painful, indeed, nor could the results be foreseen. Waally, nevertheless, escaped the danger. Edging off to keep aloof from the mysterious smoke, which troubled his followers almost as much as the mysterious echoes, the party, most fortunately for themselves, got a distant view of the mountain for which they were running, and altered their course in sufficient time to reach their place of destination by the return of light the succeeding morning.

All thoughts of the expedition to Rancocus Island were temporarily abandoned by the governor and his council. Mark was greatly disappointed, nor did his regrets cease with disappointment only. Should Waally leave a portion of his people on that island, a collision must occur, sooner or later; there being a moral impossibility of the two colonies continuing friends while so near each other. The nature of an echo would be ascertained, before many months, among the hills of Rancocus Island, and when that came to be understood, there was an end of the sacred character that the recent events had conferred on the Peak. Any straggling vagabond, or runaway from a ship, might purchase a present importance by explaining things, and induce the savages to renew their efforts. In a word, there was the moral certainty that hostilities must be renewed ere many months, did Waally remain so near them, and the question now seriously arose, whether it were better to press the advantage already obtained, and drive him back to his group, or to remain veiled behind the sort of mystery that at present enshrouded them.

These points were gravely debated, and became subjects of as great interest among the colonists as ever banks, or abolitionism, or antimasonry, or free-trade, or any other of the crotchets of the day, could possibly be in America. Many were the councils that were convened to settle this important point of policy, which, after all, like most other matters of moment, was decided more by the force of circumstances than by any of the deductions of human reason. The weakness of the colony and the dangers to its existence disposed of the question

of an aggressive war. Waally was too strong to be assailed by a dozen enemies, and all the suggestions of prudence were in favor of remaining quiet until the *Friend Abraham White* could, at least, be made available in the contest. Supported by that vessel, indeed, matters would be changed; and Mark thought it would be in his power to drive in Waally, and even to depose him and place Ooroony at the head of the natives once more. To finish and launch the schooner, therefore, was now the first great object, and, after a week of indecision and consultations, it was determined to set about that duty with vigor.

It will be easily seen that the getting of the *Abraham* into the water was an affair of a good deal of delicacy, under the circumstances. The strait between the Peak and Cape South was thirty miles wide, and it was twenty more to the crater. Thus the party at work on the vessel would be fully fifty miles from the main abodes of the colony, and thrown quite out of the affair should another invasion be attempted. As for bringing the *Neshamony*, the *Dido*, the *Bridget*, and the lighter, into the combat, everybody was of opinion it would be risking too much. It is true one of the swivels was mounted on the former and might be of service, but the natives had got to be too familiar with firearms to render it prudent to rely on the potency of a single swivel, in a conflict against a force so numerors, and one led by a spirit as determined as that of Waally's was known to be. All idea of fighting at sea, therefore, until the schooner was launched, was out of the question, and every energy was turned to effect the latter most important object. A separation of the forces of the colony was inevitable, in the meanwhile; and reliance must be placed on the protection of Providence for keeping the enemy aloof until the vessel was ready for active service.

The labor requiring as much physical force as could be mustered, the arrangement was settled in council, and approved by the governor, on the following plan, viz.:—Mark was to proceed to the Reef with all the men that could be spared, and a portion of the females. It was not deemed safe, however, to leave the Peak with less than three defenders, Heaton, Peters, and Unus being chosen for that important station; the former commanding, of course. Mark, Betts, Bigelow, Socrates, and Jones, formed the party for the Reef, to which were attached Bridget, Martha, Teresa, and the blacks. Bigelow went across, indeed, a day or two before the main party sailed, in order to look after Dido, and to get his work forward as fast as possible. When all was ready, and that was when ten days had gone by after the retreat of Waally, without bringing any further tidings from him, the governor sailed in the *Neshamony*, having the *Bridget* and the lighter in company, leaving the *Dido* for the convenience of Heaton and his set. Signals were agreed on, though the distance was so great as to render them of little use, unless a boat were mid-channel.

A very simple and ingenious expedient, nevertheless, was suggested by Mark, in connection with this matter. A single tree grew so near the Peak as to be a conspicuous object from the ocean; it was not large, though it could be seen at a great distance, more particularly in the direction of the Reef. The governor intimated an intention to send a boat daily far enough out into the strait to ascertain whether this tree were or were not standing; and Heaton was instructed to have it felled as soon as he had thoroughly ascertained that Waally was abroad again with hostile intentions. Other signals were also agreed on, in order to regulate the movements of the boats, in the event of their being called back to the Peak to repel an invasion.

With the foregoing arrangements completed and thoroughly understood, the governor set sail for the Reef, accompanied by his little squadron. It was an exquisitely beautiful day, one in which all the witchery of the climate developed itself, soothing the nerves and animating the spirits. Bridget had lost most of her apprehensions of the natives, and could laugh with her husband and play with her child almost as freely as before the late

events. Everybody, indeed, was in high spirits, the launching of the schooner being regarded as a thing that would give them complete command of the adjacent seas.

The passage was short, a fresh breeze blowing, and four hours after quitting the cliffs the *Neshamony* was under the lee of Cape South, and heading for the principal inlet. As the craft glided along, in perfectly smooth water now, Mark noted the changes that time was making on those rocks which had so lately emerged from the depths of the ocean. The Prairie, in particular, was every way worthy of his attention. A mass of sea-weed, which rested on a sort of stratum of mud immediately after the eruption, had now been the favorite pasturage of the hogs for more than a twelvemonth. These hogs at the present time exceeded fifty full-grown animals, and there were twice that number of grunters at their heels. Then the work they had done on the Prairie was incredible. Not less than hundreds of acres had they rooted over, mixing the sea-weed with the mud, and fast convertig the whole into soil. The rains had washed away the salt, or converted it into manure, as well as contributing to the more rapid decay of the vegetable substances. In that climate the changes are very rapid, and Mark saw that another year or two would convert the whole of that vast range, which had been formerly computed at a surface of a thousand acres, into very respectable pastures, if not into meadows.

Of meadows, however, there was very little necessity in that latitude; the eternal summer that reigned furnishing pasturage the year round. The necessary grasses might be wanting to seed down so large a surface, but those which Socrates had put in were well rooted, and it was pretty certain they would, sooner or latter, spread themselves over the whole field. In defiance of the hogs, and their increasing inroads, large patches were already green and flourishing. What is more, young trees were beginning to show themselves along the margin of the channals. Heaton had brought over from Betto's group several large panniers made of green willows, and these Socrates had cut into strips, and thrust into the mud. Almost without an exception they had struck out roots, and never ceasing, day or night, to grow, they were already mostly of the height of a man. Four or five years would convert them into so many beautiful, if not very useful trees.

Nor was this all. Heaton, under the influence of his habits, had studied the natures of the different trees he had met with on the other islands. The cocoanut, in particular, abounded in both groups, and finding it was a tree that much affected low land and salt water, he had taken care to set out various samples of his roots and fruits, on certain detached islets near this channel, where the soil and situation induced him to believe they would flourish. Sea-sand he was of opinion was the most favorable for the growth of this tree, and he had chosen the sites of his plantations with a view to those advantages. On the Peak cocoanuts were to be found, but they were neither very fine, nor in very large quantities.

So long as Mark had that island to himself, the present supply would more than equal the demand, but with the increase of the colony a greater number of the trees would become very desirable. Five or six years would be needed to produce the fruit-bearing tree, and the governor was pleased to find that the growth of one of those years had been already secured. In the case of those he had himself planted, in and on the crater, near three years had contributed to their growth, and neither the Guano nor Loam Island having been forgotten, many of them were now thirty feet high. As he approached the crater, on that occasion, he looked at those promising fruits of his early and provident care for the future with great satisfaction, for seldom was the labor of man better rewarded. Mark well knew the value of this tree, which was of use in a variety of ways, in addition to the delicious and healthful fruit it bears; delicious and healthful when eaten shortly after it is separated from the tree. The wood of the kernel could be polished

and converted into bowls, that were ornamental as well as useful. The husks made a capital cordage, and a very respectable sail-cloth, being a good substitute for hemp, though hemp, itself, was a plant that might be grown on the prairies to an almost illimitable extent. The leaves were excellent for thatching, as well as for making brooms, mats, hammocks, baskets, and a variety of such articles, while the trunks could be converted into canoes, gutters, and timber generally. There was also one other expensive use of this tree, which the governor had learned from Heaton.

While Bridget was still confined to the ship, after the birth of her daughter, Mark had brought her a dish of greens, which she pronounced the most delicious of anything in its way she had ever tasted. It was composed of the young and delicate leaves of the new growth, or of the summit of the cocoanut tree, somewhat resembling the artichoke in their formation, though still more exquisite in taste. But the tree from which this treat was obtained died—a penalty that must ever be paid to partake of that dish. As soon as Bridget learned this, she forbade the cutting of any more for her use, at least. All the boats got into port in good season, and the Reef once more became a scene of life and activity. The schooner was soon completed, and it only remained to put her into the water. This work was already commenced by Bigelow, and the governor directed everybody to lend a hand in effecting so desirable an object. Bigelow had all his materials ready, and so perseveringly did our colonists work, that the schooner was all ready to be put into the water on the evening of the second day. The launch was deferred only to have the benefit of daylight. That afternoon Mark, accompanied by his wife, had gone in the *Bridget*, his favorite boat, to look for the signal tree. He went some distance into the strait, ere he was near enough to get a sight of it even with the glass; when he did procure a view, there it was precisely as he had last seen it. Putting the helm of the boat up, the instant he was assured of this fact, the governor wore short round, making the best of his way back to the crater again. The distances, it will be remembered, were considerable, and it required time to make the passage.

The sun was setting as Mark was running along the channel to the Reef, the young man pointing out to his charming wife the growth of the trees, the tints of the evening sky, the drove of hogs, the extent of his new meadows, and such other objects as would be likely to interest both in the midst of such a scene. The boat rounded a point where a portion of the hogs had been sleeping, and as it came sweeping up the animals rose in a body, snuffed the air, and began scampering off in the way conformable to their habits, Mark laughing and pointing with his fingers to draw Bridget's attention to their antics.

"*There* are more of the creatures," said Bridget; "yonder, on the further side of the prairie — I dare say the two parties will join each other, and have a famous scamper in company."

"More!" echoed Mark; "that can hardly be, as we passed some thirty of them several miles to the southward. What is it you see, dearest, that you mistake for hogs?"

"Why, yonder, more than a mile from us; on the opposite side of the prairie and near the water, in the other channel."

"The other is not a channel at all; it is a mere bay that leads to nothing; so none of our boats or people can be there. The savages, as I am your husband, Bridget!"

Sure enough, the objects which Bridget had mistaken for mere hogs were in truth the heads and shoulders of some twenty Indians, who were observing the movements of the boat from positions taken on the other side of the plain, so as to conceal all but the upper halves of their bodies. They had two canoes; war canoes, moreover; but these were the whole party, at that point at least.

This was a most grave discovery. The governor had hoped the Reef, so accessible on every side by means of canoes,

would, for years at least, continue to be a *terra incognita* to the savages. On this ignorance of the natives would much of its security depend, for the united forces of the colonists could scarcely suffice to maintain the place against the power of Waally. The matter, as it was, called for all his energies, and for the most prompt measures.

The first step was to apprise the people at the Reef of the proximity of these dangerous neighbors. As the boat was doubtless seen, its sails rising above the land, there was no motive in changing its course or for attempting to conceal it. The crater, ship, and schooner on the stocks were all in sight of the savages at that moment, though not less than two leagues distant, where they doubtless appeared indistinct and confused. The ship might produce an influence in one or two ways. It might inflame the cupidity of Waally, under the hope of possessing so much treasure, and tempt him on to hasten his assault; or, it might intimidate him by its imagined force, vessels rarely visiting the islands of the Pacific without being prepared to defend themselves. The savages would not be likely to comprehend the true condition of the vessel, but would naturally suppose that she had a full crew, and possessed the usual means of annoying her enemies. All this occurred to the governor in the first five minutes after his discovery, while his boat was gliding onward toward her haven.

Bridget behaved admirably. She trembled a little at first, and pressed her child to her bosom with more than the usual warmth, but her self-command was soon regained, and from that instant Mark found in her a quick, ingenious, and useful assistant and counselor. Her faculties and courage seemed to increase with the danger, and so far from proving an encumbrance, as might naturally enough have been expected, she was not only out of the way, as respects impediments, but she soon became of real use, and directed the movements of the females with almost as much skill and decision as Mark directed those of their husbands.

The boat did not reach the Reef until dusk, or for an hour after the savages had been seen. The colonists had just left their work, and the evening being cool and refreshing after a warm summer's day, they were taking their suppers under a tent or awning, at no great distance from the ship-yard, when the governor joined them. This tent, or awning, had been erected for such purposes, and had several advantages to recommend it. It stood quite near the beach of the spring, and cool fresh water was always at hand. It had a carpet of velvet-like grass, too, a rare thing for the Reef on the outside of the crater. But there were cavities on its surface in which foreign substances had collected, and this was one of them. Seaweed, loam, dead fish and rain-water had made a thin soil on about an acre of rocks at this spot; and the rain constantly assisting vegetation, the grass-seed had taken root there, and this being its second season, Betts had found the sward already sufficient for his purposes, and caused an awning to be spread, converting the grass into a carpet. There might now have been a dozen similar places on the Reef, so many oases in its desert, where soil had formed and grass was growing. No one doubted that in time and with care, those then living might see most of those naked rocks clothed with verdure, for the progress of vegetation in such a climate, favored by those accidental causes which seemed to prevent that particular region from ever suffering by droughts, is almost magical, and might convert a wilderness into a garden in the course of a very few years.

Mark did not disturb the happy security in which he found his people by any unnecessary announcement of danger. On the contrary, he spoke cheerfully, complimented them on the advanced state of their work, and took an occasion to get Betts aside, when he first communicated the all-important discovery he had made. Bob was dumfounded at first; for, like the governor himself, he had believed the Reef to be one of the secret spots of the earth, and had never anticipated an invasion in that quarter. Recovering him-

self, however, he was soon in a state of mind to consult intelligently and freely.

"Then we're to expect the rep*tyles* to-night?" said Betts, as soon as he had regained his voice.

"I think not," answered Mark. "The canoes I saw were in the false channel, and cannot possibly reach us without returning to the western margin of the rocks and entering one of the true passages. I rather think this cannot be done before morning. Daylight, indeed, may be absolutely necessary to them; and, as the night promises to be dark, it is not easy to see how strangers can find their way to us among the maze of passages they must meet. By land they cannot get here from any of the islands on the western side of the group; and even if landed on the central island, there is only one route, and that a crooked one, which will bring them here without the assistance of their canoes. We are reasonably well fortified, Betts, through natural agencies, on that side; and I do not apprehend seeing anything more of the fellows until morning."

"What a misfortin' 'tis that they should ever have discovered the Reef!"

"It certainly is; and it is one, I confess, I had not expected. But we must take things as they are, Betts, and do our duty. Providence—that all-seeing Power, which spared you and me when so many of our shipmates were called away with short notice—Providence may still be pleased to look on us with favor."

"That puts me in mind, Mr. Mark, of telling you something that I have lately l'arned from Jones, who was about a good deal among the savages since his friend's marriage with Peggy, and before he made his escape to join us. Jones says that, as near as he can find out, about three years ago, a ship's launch came into Betto's Land, as we call it—Waally's Country. however, is meant; and that is a part of the group I never ventured into, seeing that my partic'lar friend, Ooroony, and Waally, was always at daggers drawn—but a ship's launch came in there, about three years since, with seven living men in it. Jones could never get a sight of any of the men, for Waally is said to have kept them all hard at work for himself; but he got tolerable accounts of them, as well as of the boat in which they arrived."

"Surely, Bob, you do not suppose that launch to have been ours, and those men to have been a part of our old crew!" exclaimed Mark, with a tumult of feeling he had not experienced since he had reason to think that Bridget was about to be restored to him.

"Indeed, but I do, sir. The savages told Jones that the boat had a bird painted in its starn-sheets; and that was the case with our launch, Mr. Mark, which was ornamented with a spread-eagle in that very spot. Then one of the men was said to have a red mark on his face; and you may remember, sir, that Bill Brown had a nat'ral brand of that sort. Jones only mentioned the thing this arternoon, as we was at work together; and I detarmined to let you know all about it at the first occasion. Depend on it, Mr. Woolston, some of our chaps is still living."

This unexpected intelligence momentarily drove the recollection of the present danger from the governor's mind. He sent for Jones and questioned him closely touching the particulars of his information; the answers he received certainly going far toward corroborating Betts's idea of the character of the unknown men. Jones was never able even to get on the island where these men were said to be; but he had received frequent descriptions of their ages, appearances, numbers, etc. It was also reported by those who had seen them that several of the party had died of hunger before the boat reached the group; and that only about half of those who had originally taken to the boat, which belonged to a ship that had been wrecked, lived to get ashore. The man with a mark on his face was represented as being very expert with tools, and was employed by Waally to build him a canoe that would live out in the gales of the ocean. This agreed perfectly with the trade and appearance of Brown, who had been the *Rancocus's* carpenter, and had the sort of mark so particularly described.

The time, the boat, the incidents of the

wreck, meager as the last were, as derived through the information of Jones, and all the other facts Mark could glean in a close examination of the man's statements, went to confirm the impression that a portion of those who had been carried to leeward in the *Rancocus's* launch had escaped with their lives, and were at that moment prisoners in the power of the very savage chief who now threatened his colony with destruction.

But the emergency did not admit of any protracted inquiry into, or any consultation on the means necessary to relieve their old shipmates from a fate so miserable. Circumstances required that the governor should now give his attention to the important concerns immediately before him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"To whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like a living thing?
Silent as infant at the breast,
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring?"
—WILSON.

WHEN the governor had communicated to his people that the savages were actually among the islands of their own group, something very like a panic came over them. A few minutes, however, sufficed to restore a proper degree of confidence, when the arrangements necessary to their immediate security were entered into. As some attention had previously been bestowed on the fortifications of the crater, that place was justly deemed the citadel of the Reef. Some thought the ship would be the most easily defended, on account of the size of the crater, and because it had a natural ditch around it, but so much property was accumulated in and around the crater that it could not be abandoned without a loss to which the governor had no idea of submitting. The gate of the crater was nothing in the way of defense, it is true; but one of the carronades had been planted so as to command it, and this was thought sufficient for repelling all ordinary assaults.

It has been said, already, that the outer wall of the crater was perpendicular at its base, most probably owing to the waves of the ocean in that remote period when the whole Reef was washed by them in every gale of wind. This perpendicular portion of the rock, moreover, was much harder than the ordinary surface of the Summit, owing in all probability to the same cause. It was even polished in appearance, and in general was some eighteen or twenty feet in height, with the exception of the two or three places, by one of which Mark and Betts had clambered up on their first visit to the Summit. These places, always small, and barely sufficient to allow of a man's finding footing on them, had long been picked away, in order to prevent the inroads of Kitty, and when the men had turned their attention to rendering the place secure against a sudden inroad, they, being the only points where an enemy could get up, without resorting to ladders or artificial assistance, had, by means of additional labor, been rendered as secure as all the rest of the "outer wall," as the base of the crater was usually termed among them. It was true, that civilized assailants, who had the ordinary means at command, would soon have mastered this obstacle; but savages would not be likely to come prepared to meet it. The schooner, with her cradle and ways, had required all the loose timber, to the last stick, and the enemy was not likely to procure any supplies from the ship-yard. Two of the carronnades were on the Summit, judiciously planted; two were on board the *Abraham*, as was one of the long sixes, and the remainder of the guns (three at the rock excepted), were still on board the ship.

Mark divided his forces for the night. As Bridget habitually lived in the *Rancocus's* cabins, he did not derange her household at all, but merely strengthened her crew, by placing Bigelow and Socrates on board her; each with his family; while Betts assumed the command of the crater, having for his companion Jones. These were small garrisons; but the fortresses were strong, considering all the

circumstances, and the enemy were uncivilized, knowing but little of firearms. By nine o'clock everything was arranged, and most of the women and children were on their beds, though none were undressed that night.

Mark and Betts met, by agreement, alongside of the schooner, as soon as their respective duties elsewhere would allow. As the Reef proper was an island, they knew no enemy could find his way on it without coming by water, or by passing over the narrow bridge which has already been mentioned as crossing the little strait near the spring. This rendered them tolerably easy for the moment, though Mark had assured his companion it was not possible for the canoes to get to the Reef under several hours. Neither of the men could sleep, however, and they thought it as well to be on the lookout, and in company, as to be tossing about in their berths, or hammocks, by themselves. The conversation turned on their prospects, almost as a matter of course.

"We are somewhat short-handed, sir, to go to quarters ag'in them vagabonds," observed Betts, in reply to some remark of the governor's. "I counted a hundred and three of their craft when they was off the Peak the other day, and not one of 'em all had less than four hands aboard it, while the biggest must have had fifty. All told, I do think, Mr. Mark, they might muster from twelve to fifteen hundred fighting men."

"That has been about my estimate of their force, Bob; but, if they were fifteen thousand, we must bring them to action, for we fight for everything."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Betts, ejecting the tobacco juice in the customary way, "there's reason in roasted eggs, they say, and there's reason in firing a few broadsides afore a body gives up. What a different place this here rock's got to be, sir, from what it was when you and I was floating sea-weed and rafting loam to it, to make a melon or a cucumber bed! Times is changed, sir, and we're now at war. Then it was all peace and quiet; and now it's all hubbub and disturbance."

"We have got our wives here now, and that I think you'll admit is something, Bob, when you remember the pains taken by yourself to bring so great a happiness about."

"Why, yes, sir—I'll allow the wives is something——"

"Ship ahoy!" hailed a voice in good English, and in the most approved seamanlike tones of the voice.

The hail came from the margin of the island nearest to the Reef, or that which was connected with the latter by means of the bridge, but not from a point very near the latter.

"In the name of heavenly marcy!" exclaimed Betts, "what can that mean, governor?"

"I know that voice," said Mark, hurriedly; "and the whole matter begins to clear up to me. Who hails the *Rancocus?*"

"Is that ship the *Rancocus*, then?" answered the voice from the island.

"The *Rancocus*, and no other—are you not Bill Brown, her late carpenter?"

"The very same, God bless you, Mr. Woolston, for I now know *your* voice, too. I'm Bill, and right down glad am I to have things turn out so. I half suspected the truth when I saw a ship's spars this afternoon in this place, though little did I think, yesterday, of ever seeing anything more of the old '*Cocus*. Can you give me a cast across this bit of a ferry, sir?"

"Are you alone, Bill—or who have you for companions?"

"There's two on us, sir, only—Jim Wattles and I—seven on us was saved in the launch; Mr. Hilson and the supercargo both dying afore we reached the land, as did the other man, we seven still living, though only two on us is here."

"Are there any black fellows with you?—any of the natives?"

"Not one, sir. We gave 'em the slip two hours ago, or as soon as we saw the ship's masts, being bent on getting afloat in some craft or other, in preference to stopping with savages any longer. No, Mr. Woolston; no fear of them to-night, for they are miles and miles to leeward. bothered in the channels, where they'll be

pretty sartain to pass the night; though you'll hear from 'em in the morning. Jim and I took to our land tacks, meeting with a good opportunity, and by running directly in the wind's eye, have come out here. We hid ourselves till the canoes was out of sight, and then we carried sail as hard as we could. So give us a cast and take us aboard the old ship again, Mr. Woolston, if you love a fellow creatur', and an old shipmate in distress."

Such was the singular dialogue which succeeded the unexpected hail. It completely put a new face on things at the Reef. As Brown was a valuable man, and one whose word he had always relied on, Mark did not hesitate, but told him the direction to the bridge, where he and Betts met him and Wattles, after each of the parties had believed the others to be dead now fully three years!

The two recovered seamen of the *Rancocus* were alone, having acted in perfect good faith with their former officer, who led them to the awning, gave them some refreshment, and heard their story. The account given by Jones, for the first time that very day, turned out to be essentially true. When the launch was swept away from the ship, it drove down to leeward, passing at no great distance from the crater, of which the men in her got a glimpse, without being able to reach it. The attention of Hilson was mainly given to keeping the boat from filling or capsizing; and this furnished abundance of occupation. The launch got into one of the channels, and by observing the direction, which was nearly east and west, it succeeded in passing through all the dangers, coming out to leeward of the shoals. As everybody believed that the ship was hopelessly lost, no effort was made to get back to the spot where she had been left. No island appearing, Hilson determined to run off to the westward, trusting to fall in with land of some sort or other. The provisions and water were soon consumed, and then came the horrors usual to such scenes at sea.

Hilson was one of the first that perished, his previous excesses unfitting him to endure privation. But seven survived when the launch reached an island in Waally's part of the group, so often mentioned. There they fell into the hand of that turbulent and warlike chief. Waally made the seamen his slaves, treating them reasonably well, but exacting of them the closest attention to his interests. Brown, as a ship-carpenter, soon became a favorite, and was employed in fashioning craft that it was thought might be useful in carrying out the ambitious projects of his master. The men were kept on a small island, and were watched like any other treasure, having no opportunity to communicate with any of those whites who appeared in other parts of the group. Thus, while Betts passed two months with Ooroony, and Heaton and his party nearly as much more time, these sailors, who heard of such visitors, could never get access to them. This was partly owing to the hostilities between the two chiefs—Ooroony being then in the ascendant—and partly owing to the special projects of Waally, who, by keeping his prisoners busily employed on his fleet, looked forward to the success which, in fact, crowned his efforts against his rival.

At length Waally undertook the expedition which had appeared in such force beneath the cliffs of the Peak. By this time Brown had become so great a favorite that he was permitted to accompany the chief, and Wattles was brought along as a companion for his shipmate. The remaining five were left behind, to complete a craft on which they had now been long employed, and which was intended to be the invincible war-canoe of those regions. Brown and Wattles had been in Waally's canoe when the terrible echoes so much alarmed the uninstructed beings who heard it. They described them as much the most imposing echoes they had ever heard; nor did they, at first, know what to make of them themselves. It was only on reflection, and after the retreat to Rancocus Island, that Brown, by reasoning on the subject, came to the conclusion that the whites, who were supposed to be in possession of the place, had fired a gun, which had produced the as-

tounding uproar that had rattled so far along the cliff. As all Brown's sympathies were with the unknown people of his own color, he kept his conjectures to himself, and managed to lead Waally in a different direction by certain conclusions of his own touching the situation of the reef where the *Rancocus* had been lost.

Bill Brown was an intelligent man for his station and pursuits. He knew the courses steered by the launch, and had some tolerably accurate notions of the distances run. According to his calculations, that reef could not be very far to the northward of the Peak, and, by ascending the mountains on Rancocus Island, he either saw, or fancied he saw, the looming of land in that part of the ocean. It then occurred to Brown that portions of the wreck might still be found on the reef, and become the means of effecting his escape from the hands of his tyrants. Waally listened to his statements and conjectures with the utmost attention, and the whole fleet put to sea the very next day in quest of this treasure. After paddling to windward again until the Peak was fairly in sight, Brown steered to the northeast, a course that brought him out, after twenty-four hours of toil, under the lee of the group of the reef. This discovery of itself filled Waally with exultation and pride. Here were no cliffs to scale, no mysterious mountains to appal, nor any visible obstacle to oppose his conquests. It is true that the newly-discovered territory did not appear to be of much value, little beside naked rock, or broad fields of mud and seaweed intermingled, rewarding their first researches. But better things were hoped for. It was something to men whose former domains were so much circumscribed and girded by the ocean, to find even a foundation for a new empire. Brown was now consulted as to every step to be taken, and his advice was implicitly followed. Columbus was scarcely a greater man, for the time being, at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, than Bill Brown immediately became at the court of Waally. His words were received as prophecies, his opinions as oracles.

Honest Bill, who anticipated no more from his discoveries than the acquisition of certain portions of wood, iron, and copper, with, perhaps, the addition of a little rigging, certain sails and an anchor or two, acted, at first, for the best interests of his master. He led the fleet along the margin of the group until a convenient harbor was found. Into this all the canoes entered, and a sandy beach supplying fresh water in abundance having been found, an encampment was made for the night. Several hours of daylight remaining, however, when these great preliminary steps had been taken, Brown proposed to Waally an exploring expedition in a couple of the handiest of the canoes. The people thus employed were those who had given the alarm to the governor. On that occasion, not only was the boat seen, but the explorers were near enough to the Reef to discover not only the crater, but the spars of the ship.

Here, then, was a discovery scarcely less important than that of the group itself! After reasoning on the facts, Waally came to the conclusion that these, after all, were the territories that Heaton and his party had come to seek, and that here he should find those cows which he had once seen, and which he coveted more than any other riches on earth.

Ooroony had been weak enough to allow strangers in possession of things so valuable to pass through *his* islands; but *he*, Waally, was not the man to imitate this folly. Brown, too, began to think that the white men sought were to be found here. That whites were in the group was plain enough by the ship, and he supposed they might be fishing for the pearl-oyster, or gathering bêche-le-mar for the Canton market. It was just possible that a colony had established itself in this unfrequented place, and that the party of which he had heard so much had come hither with their stores and herds. Not the smallest suspicion at first crossed his mind that he there beheld the spars of the *Rancocus;* but it was enough for him and Wattles that Christian men were there, and that, in

all probability, they were men of the Anglo-Saxon race. No sooner was it ascertained that the explorers were in a false channel, and that it would not be in their power to penetrate farther in their canoes, than our two seamen determined to run and attach themselves to the strangers. They naturally thought that they should find a vessel armed and manned, and ready to stand out to sea as soon as her officers were apprised of the danger that threatened them, and did not hesitate about joining their fortune with hers, in preference to remaining with Waally any longer. Freedom possesses a charm for which no other advantage can compensate, and those two old sea-dogs, who had worked like horses all their lives, in their original calling, preferred returning to the ancient drudgery rather than live with Waally in the rude abundance of savage chiefs. The escape was easily enough made, as soon as it was dark, Brown and Wattles being on shore most of the time, under the pretense that it was necessary, in order that they might ascertain the character of these unknown colonists by signs understood best by themselves.

Such is a brief outline of the explanations that the two recovered seamen made to their former officer. In return, the governor as briefly related to them the manner in which the ship had been saved, and the history of the colony down to that moment. When both tales had been told, a consultation on the subject of future proceedings took place, quite as a matter of course. Brown and his companion, though delighted to meet their old shipmates, were greatly disappointed in not finding a sea-going vessel ready to receive them. They did not scruple to say that had they known the actual state of things on the Reef, they would not have left the savages, but trusted to being of more service even to their natural friends, by continuing with Waally in their former relation, than by taking the step they had. Repentance or regrets, however, came too late; and now they were fairly in for it, neither expressed any other determination than to stand by the service into which they had just entered, honestly, if not quite as gladly as they had anticipated.

The governor and Betts both saw that Brown and Wattles entertained a high respect for the military prowess of the Indian chief. They pronounced him to be not only a bold, but an adroit warrior; one full of resources and ingenuity, when his means were taken into the account. The number of men with him, however, Brown assured Mark, was less than nine hundred, instead of exceeding a thousand, as had been supposed from the count made on the cliffs. As it now was explained, a great many women were in the canoes. Waally, moreover, was not altogether without firearms. He was master of a dozen old, imperfect muskets, and what was more, he had a four-pound gun. Ammunition, however, was very scarce, and of shot for his gun he had but three. Each of these shot had been fired several times, in his wars with Ooroony, and days had been spent in hunting them up, after they had done their work, and of replacing them in the chief's magazine. Brown could not say that they had done much mischief, having, in every instance, been fired at long distances, and with a very uncertain aim.

The business of sighting guns was not very well understood by the great mass of Christians half a century since; and it is not at all surprising that savages should know little or nothing about it. Waally's gunners, according to Brown's account of the matter, could never be made to understand that the bore of a gun was not exactly parallel to its exterior surface, and they invariably aimed too high, by sighting along the upper side of the piece. This same fault is very common with the inexperienced in using a musket; for, anxious to get a sight of the end of their piece, they usually stick it up into the air and overshoot their object. It was the opinion of Brown, on the whole, that little was to be apprehended from Waally's firearms. The spear and the club were the weapons to be dreaded; and with these the islanders were said to be very expert. But the

disparity in numbers was the main ground of apprehension.

When Brown was told how near the schooner was to being launched, he earnestly begged the governor to let him and Bigelow go to work and put her into the water immediately. Everything necessary to a cruise was on board her, even to her provisions and water, the arrangements having been made to launch her with her sails bent; and, once in the water, Bill thought she would prove of the last importance to the defense. If the worst came to the worst, all hands could get on board her, and, by standing through some of the channels that were clear of canoes, escape into the open water. Once there, Waally could do nothing with them, and they might be governed by circumstances.

Woolston viewed things a little differently. He loved the Reef; it had become dear to him by association and history, and he did not relish the thought of abandoning it. There was too much property at risk, to say nothing of the ship, which would doubtless be burned for its metals, should the Indians get possession even for a day. In that ship he had sailed; in that ship he had been married; in that ship his daughter had been born; and in that ship Bridget loved still to dwell, even more than she affected all the glories of the Eden of the Peak. That ship was not to be given up to savages without a struggle. Nor did Mark believe anything would be gained by depriving the men of their rest during the accustomed hours. Early in the morning, with the light itself, he did intend to have Bigelow under the schooner's bottom; but he saw no occasion for his working in the dark. Launching was a delicate business, and some accident might happen in the obscurity. After talking the matter over, therefore, all hands retired to rest, leaving one woman at the crater and one on board the ship on the lookout; women being preferred to men, on this occasion, in order that the latter might reserve their strength for the coming struggle.

At the appointed hour next morning every one on the Reef was astir at the first peep of day. No disturbance had occurred in the night, and, what is perhaps a little remarkable, the female sentinels had not given any false alarm. As soon as a look from the Summit gave the governor reason to believe that Waally was not very near him, he ordered preparations to be made for the launch of the *Friend Abraham White*. A couple of hours' work was still required to complete this desirable task; and everybody set about his or her assigned duty with activity and zeal. Some of the women prepared the breakfast; others carried ammunition to the different guns, while Betts went round and loaded them, one and all; and others, again, picked up such articles of value as had been overlooked in the haste of the previous evening, carrying them either into the crater or on board the ship.

On examining his fortifications by daylight, the governor resolved to set up something more secure in the way of a gate for the crater. He also called off two or three of the men to get out the boarding-netting of the ship, which was well provided in that respect; a good provision having been made by way of keeping the Fejee people at arm's length. These two extraordinary offices delayed the work on the ways; and when the whole colony went to breakfast, which they did about an hour after sunrise, the schooner was not yet in the water, though quite ready to be put there. Mark announced that there was no occasion to be in a hurry; no canoes were in sight, and there was time to have everything done deliberately and in order.

This security came very near proving fatal to the whole party. Most of the men breakfasted under the awning, which was near their work; while the women took that meal in their respective quarters. Some of the last were in the crater, and some in the ship. It will be remembered that the awning was erected near the spring, and that the spring was but a short distance from the bridge. This bridge, it will also be recollected, connected the Reef with an island that stretched away for miles, and which had

formed the original range for the swine, after the changes that succeeded the eruption. It was composed of merely two long ship's planks, the passage being only some fifty or sixty feet in width.

The governor now seldom ate with his people. He knew enough of human nature to understand that authority was best preserved by avoiding familiarity. Besides, there is, in truth, no association more unpleasant to those whose manners have been cultivated, than that of the table with the rude and unrefined. Bridget, for instance, could hardly be expected to eat with the wives of the seamen; and Mark naturally wished to eat with his own family. On that occasion he had taken his meal in the cabin of the *Rancocus*, as usual, and had come down to the awning to see that the hands turned-to as soon as they were through with their own breakfasts. Just as he was about to issue the necessary order, the air was filled with frightful yells, and a stream of savages poured out of an opening in the rocks, on to the plain of the "hog pasture," as the adjoining field was called, rushing forward in a body toward the crater. They had crept along under the rocks by following a channel, and now broke cover within two hundred yards of the point they intended to assail.

The governor behaved admirably on this trying occasion. He issued his orders clearly, calmly, and promptly. Calling on Bigelow and Jones by name, he ordered them to withdraw the bridge, which could easily be done by hauling over the planks by means of wheels that had long been fitted for that purpose. The bridge withdrawn, the channel, or harbor, answered all the purposes of a ditch; though the South Sea islanders would think but little of swimming across it. Of course, Waally's men knew nothing of this bridge, nor did they know of the existence of the basin between them and their prey. They rushed directly toward the ship-yard, and loud were their yells of disappointment when they found a broad reach of water still separating them from the whites. Naturally, they looked for the point of connection; but, by this time, the planks were wheeled in, and the communication was severed. At this instant Waally had all his muskets discharged, and the gun fired from the catamaran on which it was mounted. No one was injured by this volley, but a famous noise was made; and noise passed for a good deal in the warfare of that day and region.

It was now the turn of the colonists. At the first alarm everybody rushed to arms, and every post was manned, or *womaned*, in a minute. On the poop of the ship was planted one of the cannons, loaded with grape, and pointed so as to sweep the strait of the bridge. It is true, the distance was fully a mile, but Betts had elevated the gun with a view to its sending its missiles as far as was necessary. The other carronades on the Summit were pointed so as to sweep the portion of the hog pasture that was nearest, and which was now swarming with enemies. Waally himself was in front, and was evidently selecting a party that was to swim for the sandy beach, a sort of forlorn hope. No time was to be lost. Juno, a perfect heroine in her way, stood by the gun on the poop, while Dido was at those on the Summit, each brandishing or blowing a lighted match. The governor made the preconcerted signal to the last and she applied the match. Away went the grape, rattling along the surface of the opposite rocks, and damaging at least a dozen of Waally's men. Three were killed outright, and the wounds of the rest were very serious. A yell followed, and a young chief rushed toward the strait, with frantic cries, as if bent on leaping across the chasm. He was followed by a hundred warriors. Mark now made the signal to Juno. Not a moment was lost by the undaunted girl, who touched off her gun in the very nick of time. Down came the grape, hissing along the Reef; and, rebounding from its surface, away it leaped across the strait, flying through the thickest of the assailants. A dozen more suffered by that discharge. Waally now saw that a crisis was reached, and his efforts to recover the ground lost were worthy of his reputation. Calling to the swimmers, he

The Governor made the preconcerted signal to the last and she applied the match.—*The Crater.*

succeeded in getting them down into the water in scores.

The governor had ordered those near him to their stations. This took Jones and Bigelow on board the *Abraham*, where two carronades were pointed through the stern ports, forming a battery to rake the hog pasture, which it was foreseen must be the field of battle if the enemy came by land, as it was the only island that came near enough to the Reef to be used in that way. As for Mark himself, accompanied by Brown and Wattles, all well armed, he held his party in reserve, as a corps to be moved wherever it might be most needed. At that all-important moment a happy idea occurred to the young governor. The schooner was all ready for launching. The reserve were under her bottom, intending to make a stand behind the covers of the yard, when Mark found himself at one of the spur-shores, just as Brown, armed to the the teeth, came up to the other.

"Lay aside your arms," cried the governor, "and knock away your spur-shore, Bill !—Down with it, while I knock this away !—Look out on deck, for we are about to launch you !"

These words were just uttered, when the schooner began to move. All the colonists now cheered, and away the *Abraham* went, plunging like a battering-ram into the midst of the swimmers. While dipping deepest, Bigelow and Jones fired both their carronades, the shot of which threw the whole basin into foam. This combination of the means of assault was too much for savages to resist. Waally was instantly routed. His main body retreated into the coves of the channel, where their canoes lay, while the swimmers and stragglers got out of harm's way in the best manner they could.

Not a moment was to be lost. The *Abraham* was brought up by a hawser, as is usual, and was immediately boarded by Mark, Bigelow and Wattles. This gave her a crew of five men, who were every way equal to handling her. Betts was left in command of the Reef, with the remainder of the forces. To make sail required but two minutes, and Mark was soon under way, rounding Loam Island, or what had *once* been Loam Island, for it was now connected with the hog pasture, in order to get into the reach where Waally had his forces. This reach was a quarter of a mile wide, and gave room for maneuvering. Although the schooner bore down to the assault with a very determined air, it was by no means Mark's cue to come to close quarters. Being well to windward, with plenty of room, he kept the *Abraham* tacking, yawing, wearing, and executing other of the devices of nautical delay, whilst his men loaded and fired her guns as fast as they could. There were more noise and smoke than there was bloodshed, as commonly happens on such occasions, but these sufficed to secure the victory, The savages were soon in a real panic, and no authority of Waally's could check their flight. Away they paddled to leeward, straining every nerve to get away from pursuers, whom they supposed to be murderously bent on killing them to a man. A more unequivocal flight never occurred in war.

Although the governor was much in earnest, he was not half as bloodthirsty as his fleeing enemies imagined. Every dictate of prudence told him not to close with the canoes until he had plenty of sea-room. The course they were steering would take them all out of the group, into the open water, in the course of three or four hours, and he determined to follow at a convenient distance, just hastening the flight by occasional hints from his guns. In this manner the people of the *Abraham* had much the easiest time of it, for they did little besides sail, while the savages had to use all their paddles to keep out of the schooner's way; they sailed, also, but their speed under their cocoanut canvas was not sufficient to keep clear of the *Friend Abraham White*, which proved to be a very fast vessel, as well as one easily handled.

At length, Waally found his fleet in the open ocean, where he trusted the chase would end. But he had greatly mistaken the course of events in applying that "flattering unction." It was now that

the governor commenced the chase in good earnest, actually running down three of the canoes, and making prisoners of one of the crews. In this canoe was a young warrior, whom Bill Brown and Wattles at once recognized as the favorite son of the chief. Here was a most important conquest, and Mark turned it to account. He selected a proper agent from among the captives, and sent him with a palm-branch to Waally himself, with proposals for an exchange. There was no difficulty in communicating, since Brown and Wattles both spoke the language of the natives with great fluency. Three years of captivity had, at least, taught them that much.

A good deal of time was wasted before Waally could be brought to confide in the honor of his enemies. At last, love for his offspring brought him, unarmed, alongside of the schooner, and the governor met this formidable chief face to face. He found the latter a wily and intelligent savage. Nevertheless, he had not the art to conceal his strong affection for his son, and on that passion did Mark Woolston play. Waally offered canoes, robes of feathers, whales' teeth, and everything that was most esteemed among his own people, as a ransom for the boy. But this was not the exchange the governor desired to make. He offered to restore the son to the arms of his father as soon as the five seamen who were still prisoners on his citadel island should be brought alongside of the schooner. If these terms were rejected the lad must take the fate of war.

Great was the struggle in the bosom of Waally between natural affection and the desire to retain his captives. After two hours of subterfuges, artifices, and tricks, the former prevailed, and a treaty was made. Agreeably to its conditions the schooner was to pilot the fleet of canoes to Betto's group, which could easily be done, as Mark knew not only its bearings, but its latitude and longitude. As soon as this was effected, Waally engaged to send a messenger for the seamen, and to remain himself on board the *Abraham* until the exchange was completed. The chief wished to attach terms, by which the colonists were to aid him in more effectually putting down Ooroony, who was checked rather than conquered; but Mark refused to listen to any such proposition. He was more disposed to aid than to overcome the kind-hearted Ooroony, and made up his mind to have an interview with him before he returned from the intended voyage.

Some delay would have occurred to enable Mark to let Bridget know of his intended absence, had it not been for the solicitude of Betts. Finding the sails of the schooner had gone out of sight to leeward, Bob manned the *Neshamony* and followed as a support. In the event of a wreck, for instance, his presence might have been of the last importance. He got alongside of the *Abraham* just as the treaty was concluded, and was in time to carry back the news to the crater, where he might expect still to arrive that evening. With this arrangement, therefore, the parties separated, Betts beating back through the channels of the Reef, and the governor leading off to the northward and westward under short canvas; all of Waally's canoes, catamarans, etc., following about a mile astern of him.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Nay, shrink not from the word 'farewell!'
As if 'twere friendship's final knell;
Such fears may prove but vain;
So changeful is life's fleeting day,
Whene'er we sever—hope may say,
We part—to meet again."

BERNARD BARTON.

THE *Abraham* went under short canvas, and she was just three days running dead before the wind ere she came in sight of Waally's islands. Heaving-to to windward of the group, the canoes all passed into their respective harbors, leaving the schooner in the offing, with the hostages on board, waiting for the fulfillment of the treaty. The next day Waally himself re-appeared, bringing with him Dickinson, Harris, Johnson, Edwards and Bright, the five seamen of the *Rancocus* that

had so long been captives in his hands. It went hard with that savage chief to relinquish these men, but he loved his son even more than he loved power.

As for the men themselves, language cannot portray their delight. They were not only rejoiced to be released, but their satisfaction was heightened on finding into whose hands they had fallen. These men had all kept themselves free from wives, and returned to their *color*, that word being now more appropriate than *colors*, or ensign, unshackled by any embarrassing engagements. They at once made the *Abraham* a power in that part of the world. With twelve able seamen, all strong, athletic and healthy men, to handle his craft, and with his two carronades and a long six, the governor felt as if he might interfere with the political relations of the adjoining states with every prospect of being heard. Waally was, probably, of the same opinion, for he made a great effort to extend the treaty so far as to overturn Ooroony altogether, and thus secure to their two selves the control of all that region. Woolston inquired of Waally, in what he should be benefited by such a policy? when the wily savage told him, with the gravest face imaginable, that he, Mark, might retain, in addition to his territories at the Reef, Rancocus Island! The governor thanked his fellow-potentate for this hint, and now took occasion to assure him that, in future, each and all of Waally's canoes must keep away from Rancocus Island altogether; that island belonged to him, and if any more expeditions visited it, the call should be returned at Waally's habitations. This answer brought on an angry discussion, in which Waally, once or twice, forgot himself a little; and when he took his leave, it was not in the best humor possible.

Mark now deliberated on the state of things around him. Jones knew Ooroony well, having been living in his territories until they were overrun by his powerful enemy, and the governor sent him to find that chief, using a captured canoe, of which they had kept two or three alongside of the schooner for the purpose. Jones, who was a sworn friend of the unfortunate chief, went as negotiator. Care was taken to land at the right place, under cover of the *Abraham's* guns, and in six hours Mark had the real gratification of taking Ooroony, good, honest, upright Ooroony, by the hand, on the quarter-deck of his own vessel. Much as the chief had suffered and lost, within the last two years, a gleam of returning happiness shone on him when he placed his foot on the deck of the schooner. His reception by the governor was honorable and even touching. Mark thanked him for his kindness to his wife, to his sister, to Heaton, and to his friend Bob. In point of fact, without this kindness, he, Woolston, might then have been a solitary hermit, without the means of getting access to any of his fellow-creatures, and doomed to remain in that condition all his days. The obligation was now frankly admitted, and Ooroony shed tears of joy when he thus found that his good deeds were remembered and appreciated.

It has long been a question with moralists, whether or not, good and evil bring their rewards and punishments in this state of being. While it might be dangerous to infer the affirmative of this mooted point, as it would be cutting off the future and its consequences from those whose real hopes and fears ought to be mainly concentrated in the life that is to come, it would seem to be presuming to suppose that principles like these ever can be nugatory in the control even of our daily concerns.

If it be true that God "visits the sins of the fathers upon the children even to the third and fourth generations of them that hate him," and that the seed of the righteous man is never seen begging his bread, there is much reason to believe that a portion of our transgressions is to meet with its punishment here on earth. We think nothing can be more apparent than the fact that, in the light of mere worldly expediency, an upright and high-principled course leads to more happiness than one that is the reverse; and if "honesty is the best policy," after all the shifts and expedients of cupidity, so does virtue lead

most unerringly to happiness here, as it opens up the way to happiness hereafter.

All the men of the *Abraham* had heard of Ooroony, and of his benevolent qualities. It was his goodness, indeed, that had been the cause of his downfall; for had he punished Waally as he deserved to be, when the power was in his hands, that turbulent chief, who commenced life as his lawful tributary, would never have gained a point where he was so near becoming his master. Every man on board now pressed around the good old chief, who heard on all sides of him assurances of respect and attachment, with pledges of assistance. When this touching scene was over, Mark held a council on the quarter-deck, in which the whole matter of the political condition of the group was discussed, and the wants and dangers of Ooroony laid bare.

As commonly happens everywhere, civilized nations and popular governments forming no exceptions to the rule, the ascendency of evil in this cluster of remote and savage islands was owing altogether to the activity and audacity of a few wicked men, rather than to the inclination of the mass. The people greatly preferred the mild sway of their lawful chief, to the violence and exactions of the turbulent warrior who had worked his way into the ascendant; and if a portion of the population had, unwittingly, aided the latter in his designs, under the momentary impulses of a love of change, they now fully repented of their mistake, and would gladly see the old condition of things restored. There was one island, in particular, which might be considered as the seat of power in the entire group. Ooroony had been born on it, and it had long been the residence of his family; but Waally succeeded in driving him off of it, and of intimidating its people, who, in secret, pined for the return of their ancient rulers. If this island could be again put in his possession, it would, itself, give the good chief such an accession of power, as would place him, at once, on a level with his competitor, and bring the war back to a struggle on equal terms. Could this be done with the assistance of the schooner, the moral effect of such an alliance would, in all probability, secure Ooroony's ascendency as long as such an alliance lasted.

It would not have been easy to give a clearer illustration of the truth that "knowledge is power," than the case now before us affords. Here was a small vessel, of less than a hundred tons in measurement, with a crew of twelve men, and armed with three guns, that was not only deemed to be sufficient, but which was in fact amply sufficient to change a dynasty among a people who counted their hosts in thousands. The expedients of civilized life gave the governor this ascendency, and he determined to use it justly and in moderation. It was his wish to avoid bloodshed; and after learning all the facts he could, he set about his task coolly and with prudence.

The first thing done was to carry the schooner in, within reach of shot of Waally's principal fortress, where his ruling chiefs resided, and which in fact was the hold where about a hundred of his followers dwelt; fellows that kept the whole island in fear, and who rendered it subservient to Waally's wishes. This fortress, fort, or whatever it should be called, was then summoned, its chief being commanded to quit, not only the hold, but the island altogether. The answer was a defiance. As time was given for the reception of this reply, measures had been taken to support the summons by a suitable degree of concert and activity. Ooroony landed in person, and got among his friends on the island, who, assured of the support of the schooner, took up arms to a man, and appeared in a force that, of itself, was sufficient to drive Waally's men into the sea.

Nevertheless, the last made a show of resistance until the governor fired his six-pounder at them. The shot passed through the wooden pickets, and, though it hurt no one, it made such a clatter that the chief in command sent out a palm-branch and submitted. This bloodless conquest caused a revolution at once in several of the less important islands, and in eight-and-forty hours, Ooroony found himself

where he had been when Betts appeared in the *Neshamony*. Waally was fain to make the best of matters, and even he came in, acknowledged his crimes, obtained a pardon, and paid tribute. The effect of this submission on the part of Waally was to establish Ooroony more strongly than ever in authority, and to give him a chance of reigning peacefully for the remainder of his days. All this was done in less than a week after the war had begun in earnest, by the invasion of the Reef!

The governor was too desirous to relieve the anxiety of those he had left behind him to accept the invitations that he and his party now received to make merry. He traded a little with Ooroony's people, obtaining many things that were useful in exchange for old iron, and other articles of little or no value. What was more, he ascertained that sandal-wood was to be found on Rancocus Island in small quantities, and in this group in abundance. A contract was made, accordingly, for the cutting and preparing of a considerable quantity of this wood, which was to be ready for delivery in the course of three months, when it was understood that the schooner was to return and take it in. These arrangements completed, the *Friend Abraham White* sailed for home.

Instead of entangling himself in the channels to leeward, Mark made the land well to the northward, entering the group by a passage that led him quite down to the Reef, as the original island was now uniformly called, with a flowing sheet. Of course the schooner was seen an hour before she arrived, and everybody was out on the Reef to greet the adventurers. Fears mingled with the other manifestations of joy when the result of this great enterprise came to be known. Mark had a delicious moment when he folded the sobbing Bridget to his heart, and Friend Martha was overcome in a way that it was not usual for her to betray feminine weakness.

Everybody exulted in the success of the colony, and it was hoped that the future would be as quiet as it was secure.

But recent events began to give the governor trouble on other accounts. The accession to his numbers, as well as the fact that these men were seamen, and had belonged to the *Rancocus*, set him thinking on the subject of his duty to the owners of that vessel. So long as he supposed himself to be a castaway, he had made use of their property without compunction, but circumstances were now changed, and he felt it to be a duty seriously to reflect on the possibility of doing something for the benefit of those who had, undesignedly it is true, contributed so much to his own comfort. In order to give this important subject a due consideration, as well as to relieve the minds of those at the Peak, the *Abraham* sailed for the cove the morning after her arrival at the Reef. Bridget went across to pay Anne a visit, and most of the men were of the party. The *Neshamony* had carried over the intelligence of Waally's repulse, and of the *Abraham's* having gone to that chief's island, but the result of this last expedition remained to be communicated.

The run was made in six hours, and the *Abraham* was taken into the cove, and anchored there, just as easily as one of the smaller craft. There was water enough for anything that floated, the principal want being that of room, though there was enough even of room to receive a dozen vessels of size. The place, indeed, was a snug, natural basin, rather than a port, but art could not have made it safer, or even much more commodious. It was all so small an island could ever require in the way of a haven, it not being probable that the trade of the place would reach an amount that the shipping it could hold would not carry.

The governor now summoned a general council of the colony. The seven seamen attended, as well as all the others, one or two at the crater excepted, and the business in hand was entered on soberly, and, in some respects, solemnly. In the first place, the constitution and intentions of the colonists were laid before the seven men, and they were asked as to their wishes for the future. Four of these men, including Brown, at once signed the constitution, and were sworn in as citizens.

It was their wish to pass their days in that delicious climate, and amid the abundance of those rich and pleasing islands. The other three engaged with Mark for a time, but expressed a desire to return to America, after awhile. Wives were wanting; and this the governor saw, plainly enough, was a difficulty that must be got over, to keep the settlement contented. Not that a wife may not make a man's home very miserable, as well as very happy; but, most people prefer trying the experiment for themselves, instead of profiting by the experience of others.

As soon as the question of citizenship was decided, and all the engagements were duly made, the governor laid his question of conscience before the general council. For a long time it had been supposed that the *Rancocus* could not be moved. The eruption had left her in a basin, or hole, where there was just water enough to float her, while twelve feet was the most that could be found on the side on which the channel was deepest. Now, thirteen feet aft was the draught of the ship when she was launched. This Bob well knew, having been launched in her. But, Brown had suggested the possibility of lifting the vessel eighteen inches or two feet, and of thus carrying her over the rock by which she was imprisoned. Once liberated from that place, everyone knew there would be no difficulty in getting the ship to sea, since in one of the channels, that which led to the northward, a vessel might actually carry out fully five fathoms, or quite thirty feet. This channel had been accurately sounded, by the governor himself, and of the fact he was well assured. Indeed, he had sounded most of the true channels around the Reef. By true channels is meant those passages that led from the open water quite up to the crater, or which admitted the passage of vessels, or boats; while the false were *culs de sac,* through which there were no real passages.

The possibility, thus admitted, of taking the *Rancocus* to sea, a grave question of conscience arose. The property belonged to certain owners in Philadelphia, and was it not a duty to take it there? It is true, Friend Abraham White and his partners had received back their money from the insurers—this fact Bridget remembered to have heard before she left home; but those insurers, then, had their claims. Now, the vessel was still sound and seaworthy. Her upper works might require caulking, and her rigging could not be of the soundest; but, on the whole, the *Rancocus* was still a very valuable ship, and a voyage might be made for her yet. The governor thought that, could she get her lower hold filled with sandal-wood, and that would be converted into teas at Canton, as much would be made as would render every one contented with the result of the close of the voyage, disastrous as had been its commencement. Then Bridget would be of age shortly, when she would become entitled to an amount of property that, properly invested, would contribute largely to the wealth and power of the colony, as well as to those of its governor.

In musing on all these plans, Mark had not the least idea of abandoning the scheme for colonizing. That was dearer to him now than ever; nevertheless, he saw obstacles to their execution. No one could navigate the ship but himself; in truth, he was the only proper person to carry her home, and to deliver her to her owners, whosoever those might now be, and he could not conceal from himself the propriety, as well as the necessity, of his going in her himself. On the other hand, what might not be the consequences to the colony, of his absence for twelve months? A less time than that would not suffice to do all that was required to be done. Could he take Bridget with him, or could he bear to leave her behind? Her presence might be necessary for the disposal of the real estate of which she was the mistress, while her quitting the colony might be the signal for breaking it up altogether, under the impression that the two persons most interested in it would never return.

Thus did the management of this whole matter become exceedingly delicate. Heaton and Betts, and in the end all the

rest, were of opinion that the *Rancocus* ought to be sent back to America for the benefit of those to whom she now legally belonged. Could she get a cargo, or any considerable amount of sandal-wood, and exchange it for teas in Canton, the proceeds of these teas might make a very sufficient return for all the outlays of the voyage, as well as for that portion of the property which had been used by the colonists. The use of this property was a very different thing, now, from what it was when Mark and Betts had every reason to consider themselves as merely shipwrecked seamen. Then, it was not only a matter of necessity, but, through that necessity, one of right; but, now, the most that could be said about it, was that it might be very convenient. The principles of the colonists were yet too good to allow of their deceiving themselves on this subject. They had, most of them, engaged with the owners to take care of this property. and it might be questioned if such a wreck had ever occurred as to discharge the crew. The rule in such cases we believe to be, that, as seamen have a lien on the vessel for their wages, when that lien ceases to be of value their obligations to the ship terminate. If the *Rancocus could* be carried to America, no one belonging to her was yet legally exonerated from his duties.

After weighing all these points, it was gravely and solemnly declared that an effort should first be made to get the ship out of her present duress, and that the question of future proceedings should then be settled in another council. In the meantime, further and more valuable presents were to be sent to both Ooroony and Waally, from the stores of beads, knives, axes, etc., that were in the ship, with injunctions to them to get as much sandal-wood as was possible to cut, and to have it brought down to the coast. Betts was to carry the presents, in the *Neshamony*, accompanied by Jones, who spoke the language, when he was to return and aid in the work upon the vessel.

The duty enjoined in these decisions was commenced without delay. Heaton and Unus were left at the Peak, as usual, to look after things in that quarter, and to keep the mill from being idle, while all the rest of the men returned to the Reef, and set about the work on the ship. The first step taken was to send down all the spars and rigging that remained aloft; after which everything was got up out of the hold, and rolled, or dragged ashore. Of cargo, strictly speaking, the *Rancocus* had very little in weight, but she had a great many water-casks, four or five times as many as would have been put into her in an ordinary voyage. These casks had all been filled with fresh water, to answer the double purpose of a supply for the people, and as ballast for the ship. When these casks were all got on deck, and the water was started, it was found that the vessel floated several inches lighter than before. The sending ashore of the spars, sails, rigging, lumber, provisions, etc., produced a still further effect, and, after carefully comparing the soundings, and the present draught of the vessel, the governor found it would be necessary to lift the last only eight inches, to get her out of her natural dock.

This result greatly encouraged the laborers, who proceeded with renewed spirit. As it would be altogether useless to overhaul the rigging, caulk decks, etc., unless the ship could be got out of her berth, everybody worked with that end in view at first. In the course of a week, the water-casks were under her bottom, and it was thought that the vessel would have about an inch to spare. A gale having blown in the water, and a high tide coming at the same time, the governor determined to try the experiment of crossing the barrier. The order came upon the men suddenly, for no one thought the attempt would be made until the ship was lifted an inch or two higher. But Mark saw what the wind had been doing for them, and he lost not a moment. The vessel was moved, brought head to her course, and the lines were hauled upon. Away went the *Rancocus*, which was now moved for the first time since the eruption!

Just as the governor fancied that the ship was going clear, she struck aft. On examination it was found that her heel

was on a knoll of the rock, and that, had she been a fathom on either side of it, she would have gone clear. The hold, however, was very slight, and by getting two of the anchors to the cat-heads, the vessel was canted sufficiently to admit of her passing. Then came cheers for success, and the cry of "Walk away with her!" That same day the *Rancocus* was hauled alongside of the Reef, made fast, and secured just as she would have been at her own wharf, in Philadelphia.

Now the caulkers began their part of the job. When caulked and scraped, she was painted, her rigging was overhauled and got into its places, the masts and yards were sent aloft, and all the sails were overhauled. A tier of casks, filled with fresh water, was put into her lower hold for ballast, and all the stores necessary for the voyage were sent on board her. Among other things overhauled were the provisions. Most of the beef and pork was condemned, and no small part of the bread; still, enough remained to take the ship's company to a civilized port. So reluctant was the governor to come to the decision concerning the crew, that he even bent sails before a council was again convened. But there was no longer any good excuse for delay. Betts had long been back, and brought the report that the sandal-wood was being hauled to the coast in great quantities, both factions working with right good will. In another month the ship might be loaded and sail for America.

To the astonishment of every one, Bridget appeared in the council, and announced her determination to remain behind, while her husband carried the ship to her owners. She saw and felt the nature of his duty, and could consent to his performing it to the letter. Mark was quite taken by surprise by this heroic and conscientious act in his young wife, and he had a great struggle with himself on the subject of leaving her behind him. Heaton, however, was so very prudent, and the present relations with their neighbors—neighbors four hundred miles distant—were so amicable, the whole matter was so serious, and the duty so obvious, that he finally acquiesced, without suffering his doubts to be seen.

The next thing was to select a crew. The three men who had declined becoming citizens of the colony, Johnson, Edwards, and Bright, all able seamen, went as a matter of course. Betts would have to go in the character of mate, though Bigelow might have got along, in that capacity. Betts knew nothing of navigation, while Bigelow might find his way into port on a pinch. On the other hand, Betts was a prime seaman — a perfect long-cue, in fact—whereas the most that could be said of Bigelow, in this respect, was that he was a stout, willing fellow, and was much better than a raw hand. The governor named Betts as his first, and Bigelow as his second officer. Brown remained behind, having charge of the navy in the governor's absence. He had a private interview with Mark, however, in which he earnestly requested that the governor would have the goodness "to pick out for him the sort of gal that he thought would make a fellow a good and virtuous wife, and bring her out with him, in whatever way he might return." Mark made as fair promises as the circumstances of the case would allow, and Brown was satisfied.

It was thought prudent to have eight white men on board the ship, Mark intending to borrow as many more of Ooroony's people, to help pull and haul. With such a crew, he thought he might get along very well. Wattles chose to remain with his friend Brown; but Dickinson and Harris, though ready and willing to return, wished to sail in the ship. Like Brown, they wanted wives, but chose to select them for themselves. On this subject Wattles said nothing. We may add here, that Unus and Juno were united before the ship sailed. They took up land on the Peak, where Unus erected for himself a very neat cabin. Bridget set the young couple up, giving the furniture, a pig, some fowls, and other necessaries.

At length, the day for sailing arrived. Previously to departing, Mark had carried

the ship through the channel, and she was anchored in a very good and safe roadstead, outside of everything. The leave-taking took place on board her. Bridget wept long in her husband's arms, but finally got so far the command of herself as to assume an air of encouraging firmness among the other women. By this time, it was every way so obvious Mark's presence would be indispensable in America that his absence was regarded as a necessity beyond control. Still it was hard to part for a year, nor was the last embrace entirely free from anguish. Friend Martha Betts took leave of Friend Robert with a great appearance of calmness, though she felt the separation keenly. A quiet, warm-hearted woman, she had made her husband very happy; and Bob was quite sensible of her worth. But to him the sea was a home, and he regarded a voyage round the world much as a countryman would look upon a trip to market. He saw his wife always in the vista created by his imagination, but she was at the end of the voyage.

At the appointed hour the *Rancocus* sailed, Brown and Wattles going down with her in the *Neshamony* as far as Betto's group, in order to bring back the latest intelligence of her proceedings. The governor now got Ooroony to assemble his priests and chiefs, and to pronounce a taboo on all intercourse with the whites for one year. At the end of that time he promised to return, and to bring with him presents that should render every one glad to welcome him back. Even Waally was included in these arrangements; and when Mark finally sailed, it was with a strong hope that in virtue of the taboo, of Ooroony's power, and of his rival's sagacity, he might rely on the colony's meeting with no molestation during his absence. The reader will see that the Peak and Reef would be in a very defenseless condition, were it not for the schooner. By means of that vessel, under the management of Brown, assisted by Wattles, Socrates, and Unus, it is true, a fleet of canoes might be beaten off; but any accident to the *Abraham* would be very likely to prove fatal to the colony in the event of an invasion. Instructions were given to Heaton to keep the schooner moving about, and particularly to make a trip as often as once in two months to Ooroony's country, in order to look after the state of things there. The pretense was to be trade—beads, hatchets, and old iron being taken each time, in exchange for sandal-wood; but the principal object was to keep an eye on the movements, and to get an insight into the policy of the savages.

After taking in a very considerable quantity of sandal-wood, and procuring eight active assistants from Ooroony, the *Rancocus* got under way for Canton. By the *Neshamony*, which saw her into the offing, letters were sent back to the Reef, when the governor squared away for his port. At the end of fifty days the ship reached Canton, where a speedy and excellent sale was made of her cargo. So very lucrative did Mark make this transaction, that, finding himself with assets after filling up with teas, he thought himself justified in changing his course of proceeding. A small American brig, which was not deemed fit to double the capes, and to come on a stormy coast, was on sale. She could run several years in a sea as mild as the Pacific, and Mark purchased her for a song. He put as many useful things on board her as he could find, including several cows, etc. Dry English cows were not difficult to find, the ships from Europe often bringing out the animals, and turning them off when useless. Mark was enabled to purchase six, which, rightly enough, he thought would prove a great acquisition to the colony. A plentiful supply of iron was also provided, as was ammunition, arms, and guns. The whole outlay, including the cost of the vessel, was less than seven thousand dollars; which sum Mark knew he should receive in Philadelphia, on account of the personal property of Bridget, and with which he had made up his mind to replace the proceeds of the sandal-wood, thus used, did those interested exact it. As for the vessel, she sailed like a witch, was coppered and copper-fastened, but was both old and weak.

She had quarters, having been used once as a privateer, and mounted ten sixes. Her burden was two hundred tons, and her name the *Mermaid*. The papers were all American, and in perfect rule.

The governor might not have made this purchase had it not been for the circumstance that he met an old acquaintance in Canton, who had got married in Calcutta to a pretty and very well-mannered English girl—a step that lost him his berth, however, on board a Philadelphia ship. Saunders was two or three years Mark's senior, and of an excellent disposition and character. When he heard the history of the colony, he professed a desire to join it, engaging to pick up a crew of Americans, who were in his own situation, or had no work on their hands, and to take the brig to the Reef. This arrangement was made and carried out; the *Mermaid* sailing for the crater the day before the *Rancocus* left for Philadelphia, having Bigelow on board as pilot and first officer; while Woolston shipped an officer to supply his place. The two vessels met in the China seas, and passed a week in company, when each steered her course; the governor quite happy in thinking that he had made this provision for the good of his people. The arrival of the *Mermaid* would be an eventful day in the colony, on every account; and, the instructions of Saunders forbidding his quitting the islands until the end of the year, her presence would be a great additional means of security.

It is unnecessary for us to dwell on the passage of the *Rancocus*. In due time she entered the capes of the Delaware, surprising all interested with her appearance. Friend Abraham White was dead and the firm dissolved. But the property had all been transferred to the insurers by the payment of the amount underwritten, and Mark made his report at the office. The teas were sold to great advantage and the whole matter was taken fairly into consideration. After deducting the sum paid the firm, principal and interest, the insurance company resolved to give the ship and the balance of the proceeds of the sale to Captain Woolston as a reward for his integrity and prudence. Mark had concealed nothing, but stated what he had done in reference to the *Mermaid*, and told his whole story with great simplicity and with perfect truth. The result was that the young man got, in addition to the ship, which was legally conveyed to him, some eleven thousand dollars in hard money. Thus was honesty shown to be the best policy!

It is scarcely necessary to say that his success made Mark Woolston a great man, in a small way. Not only was he received with open arms by all of his own blood, but Dr. Yardley now relented and took him by the hand. A faithful account was rendered of his stewardship, and Mark received as much ready money, on account of his wife, as placed somewhat more than twenty thousand dollars at his disposal. With this money he set to work, without losing a day, to make arrangements to return to Bridget and the crater; for he always deemed that his proper abode, in preference to the Peak. In this feeling his charming wife coincided; both probably encouraging a secret interest in the former, in consequence of the solitary hours that had been passed there by the young husband, while his anxious partner was far away.

CHAPTER XX.

"There is no gloom on earth, for God above
Chastens in love;
Transmitting sorrows into golden joy,
Free from alloy.
His dearest attribute is still to bless,
And man's most welcome hymn is grateful
cheerfulness." —MORAL ALCHEMY.

THE mode of proceeding now required great caution on the part of Mark Woolston. His mind was fully made up not to desert his islands, although this might easily be done by fitting out the ship for another voyage, filling her with sandalwood, and bringing off all who chose to abandon the place. But Woolston had become infatuated with the climate, which had all the witchery of a low latitude without any of its lassitude. The sea-breezes kept the frame invigorated, and the air reasonably cool, even at the Reef; while, on the Peak, there was

scarcely ever a day, in the warmest months, when one could not labor at noon. In this respect the climate did not vary essentially from that of Pennsylvania, the difference existing in the fact that there was no winter in his new country. Nothing takes such a hold on men as a delicious climate. They may not be sensible of all its excellences while in its enjoyment, but the want of it is immediately felt, and has an influence on all their pleasures. Even the scenery-hunter submits to this witchery of climate, which casts a charm over the secondary beauties of Nature, as a sweet and placid temper renders the face of woman more lovely than the color of a skin, or the brilliancy of fine eyes. The Alps and the Apennines furnish a standing proof of the truth of this fact. As respects grandeur, a startling magnificence, and all that at first takes the reason, as well as the tastes, by surprise, the first are vastly in advance of the last; yet no man of feeling or sentiment probably ever dwelt a twelvemonth amid each without becoming more attached to the last. We wonder at Switzerland, while we get to love Italy. The difference is entirely owing to climate; for, did the Alps rise in a lower latitude, they would be absolutely peerless.

But Mark Woolston had no thought of abandoning the crater and the Peak. Nor did he desire to people them at random, creating a population by any means, incorporating moral diseases in his body politic by the measures taken to bring it into existence. On the contrary, it was his wish, rather, to procure just as much force as might be necessary to security, so divided in pursuits and qualities as to conduce to comfort and civilization, and then to trust to the natural increase for the growth that might be desirable in the end. Such a policy evidently required caution and prudence. The reader will perceive that Governor Woolston was not influenced by the spirit of trade that is now so active, preferring happiness to wealth, and morals to power.

Among Woolston's acquaintances there was a young man of about his own age, of the name of Pennock, who struck him as a person admirably suited for his purposes. This Pennock had married very young, and was already the father of three children. He began to feel the pressure of society, for he was poor. He was an excellent farmer, accustomed to toil, while he was also well educated, having been intended for one of the professions. To Pennock Mark told his story, exhibited his proofs, and laid bare his whole policy, under a pledge of secrecy, offering at the same time to receive his friend, his wife, children, and two unmarried sisters, into the colony. After taking time to reflect and to consult, Pennock accepted the offer as frankly as it had been made. From this time John Pennock relieved the governor, in a great measure, of the duty of selecting the remaining emigrants, taking that office on himself. This allowed Mark to attend to his purchases, and to getting the ship ready for sea. Two of his own brothers, however, expressed a wish to join the new community, and Charles and Abraham Woolston were received in the colony lists. Half-a-dozen more were admitted, by means of direct application to the governor himself, though the accessions were principally obtained through the negotiations and measures of Pennock. All was done with great secrecy, it being Mark's anxious desire, on many accounts, not to attract public attention to his colony.

The reasons were numerous and sufficient for this wish to remain unknown. In the first place, the policy of retaining the monopoly of a trade that must be enormously profitable was too obvious to need any arguments to support it. So long as the sandal-wood lasted, so long would it be in the power of the colonists to coin money; while it was certain that competitors would rush in the moment the existence of this mine of wealth should be known. Then the governor apprehended the cupidity and ambition of the old established governments, when it should be known that territory was to be acquired. It was scarcely possible for a man to possess any portion of this earth by a title better than that with which

Mark Woolston was invested with his domains. But what is right compared to might! Of his native country, so abused in our own times for its rapacity and the desire to extend its dominions by any means, Mark felt no apprehension. Of all the powerful nations of the present day, America, though not absolutely spotless, has probably the least to reproach herself with on the score of lawless and purely ambitious acquisitions. Even her conquests in open war have been few, and are not yet determined in character. In the end, it will be found that little will be taken that Mexico could keep; and had that nation observed toward this ordinary justice and faith, in her intercourse and treaties, that which has so suddenly and vigorously been done would never have even been attempted.

It may suit the policy of those who live under the same system to decry those who do not; but men are not so blind that they cannot see the sun at noon-day. One nation makes war because its consul receives the rap of a fan; and men of a different origin, religion, and habits, are coerced into submission as the consequence. Another nation burns towns and destroys their people in thousands, because their governors will not consent to admit a poisonous drug into their terrorities; an offense against the laws of trade that can only be expiated by the ruthless march of the conqueror. Yet the ruling men of both these communities affect a great sensibility when the long-slumbering young lion of the West rouses himself in his lair, after twenty years of forbearance, and stretches out a paw in resentment for outrages that no other nation, conscious of his strength, would have endured for as many months, because, forsooth, he *is* the young lion of the West. Never mind; by the time New Zealand and Tahiti are brought under the yoke, the Californians may be admitted to an equal participation in the rights of American citizens.

The governor was fully aware of the danger he ran of having claims of some sort or other set up to his islands, if he revealed their existence; and he took the greatest pains to conceal the fact. The arrival of the *Rancocus* was mentioned in the paper, as a matter of course; but it was in a way to induce the readers to suppose she had met with her accident in the midst of a naked reef, and principally through the loss of her men; and that, when a few of the last were regained, the voyage was successfully resumed and terminated. In that day the great discovery had not been made that men were merely incidents of newspapers; but the world had the folly to believe that newspapers were incidents of society, and were subject to its rules and interests. Some respect was paid to private rights, and the reign of gossip had not commenced.*

In the last century, however, matters were not carried quite so far as they are at present. No part of this community, claiming any portion of respectability, was willing to publish its own sense of inferiority so openly, as to gossip about its fellow-citizens, for no more direct admissions of inferiority can be made than this wish to comment on the subject of any one's private concerns. Consequently, Mark and his islands escaped. There was

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*We hold in our possession a curious document, the publication of which might rebuke this spirit of gossip, and give a salutary warning to certain managers of the press, who no sooner hear a rumor than they think themselves justified in embalming it among the other truths of their daily sheets. The occurrences of life brought us in collision, legally, with an editor; and we obtained a verdict against him. Dissatisfied with defeat, as is apt to be the case, he applied for a new trial. Such an application was to be sustained by affidavits, and he made his own, as usual. Now, in this affidavit, our competitor swore distinctly and unequivocally to certain alleged facts (we think to the number of six), every one of which was untrue. Fortunately for the party implicated, the matter sworn to was purely *ad captandum* stuff, and, in a legal sense, not pertinent to the issue. This prevented it from being perjury in law. Still it was all untrue, and nothing was easier than to show it. Now, we do not doubt that the person thus swearing *believed* all that he swore to, or he would not have had the extreme folly to expose himself as he did; but he was so much in the habit of publishing gossip in his journal, that, when an occasion arrived, he did not hesitate about swearing to what he had read in other journals, without taking the trouble to inquire if it were true! One of these days we may lay all this, along with much other similar proof of the virtue there is in gossip, so plainly before the world, that he who runs may read.

no necessity for his telling the insurers anything about the Peak, for instance, and on that part of the subject, therefore, he wisely held his tongue. Nothing, in short, was said of any colony at all. The manner in which the crew had been driven away to leeward, and recovered, was told minutely, and the whole process by which the ship was saved. The property used, Mark said had been appropriated to his wants without going into details, and the main results being so very satisfactory, the insurers asked no further.

As soon as off the capes, the governor set about a serious investigation of the state of his affairs. In the way of cargo, a great many articles had been laid in which experience told him would be useful. He took with him such farming tools as Friend Abraham White had not thought of furnishing to the natives of Fejee, and a few seeds that had been overlooked by that speculating philanthropist. There were half a dozen more cows on board, as well as an improved breed of hogs. Mark carried out, also, a couple of mares, for while many horses could never be much needed in his islands, a few would always be exceedingly useful. Oxen were much wanted, but one of his new colonists had yoked his cows, and it was thought they might be made useful in a moderate degree, until their stouter substitutes could be reared. Carts and wagons were provided in sufficient numbers. A good stock of iron in bars was laid in, in addition to that which was wrought into nails, and other useful articles. Several thousand dollars in coin was also provided, being principally in small pieces, including copper. But all the emigrants took more or less specie with them.

A good deal of useful lumber was stowed in the lower hold, though the mill by this time furnished a pretty good home supply. The magazine was crammed with ammunition, and the governor had purchased four light field-guns, two three-pounders, and two twelve-pound howitzers, with their equipments. He had also brought six long iron-twelves, ship-guns, with their carriages, etc. The last he intended for his batteries, the carronades being too light for steady work, and throwing their shot too wild for a long range. The last could be mounted on board the different vessels. The *Rancocus*, also, had an entire new armament, having left all her old guns but two behind her. Two hundred muskets were laid in, with fifty brace of pistols. In a word, as many arms were provided as it was thought could, in any emergency, become necessary.

But it was the human portion of his cargo that the governor, rightly enough, deemed to be of the greatest importance. Much care had been bestowed on the selection, which had given all concerned in it not a little trouble. Morals were the first interest attended to. No one was received but those who bore perfectly good characters. The next thing was to make a proper division among the various trades and pursuits of life. There were carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, tailors, shoemakers, etc., or, one of each, and sometimes more. Every man was married, the only exceptions being in the cases of younger brothers and sisters, of whom about a dozen were admitted along with their relatives. The whole of the ship's betwixt decks was fitted up for the reception of these emigrants, who were two hundred and seven in number, besides children. Of the last there were more than fifty, but they were principally of an age to allow of their being put into holes and corners.

Mark Woolston was much too sensible a man to fall into any of the modern absurdities on the subject of equality and a community of interests. One or two individuals, even in that day, had wished to accompany him, who were for forming an association in which all property should be shared in common, and in which nothing was to be done but that which was right. Mark had not the least objection in the world to the last proposition, and would have been glad enough to see it carried out to the letter, though he differed essentially with the applicants as to the mode of achieving so desirable an end. He was of opinion that civilization could not exist without property, or prop-

erty without a direct personal interest in both its accumulation and its preservation. They, on the other hand, were carried away by the crotchet that community-labor was better than individual labor, and that a hundred men would be happier and better off with their individualities compressed into one, than by leaving them in a hundred subdivisions, as they had been placed by Nature. The theorists might have been right, had it been in their power to compress a hundred individuals into one, but it was not. After all their efforts, they would still remain a hundred individuals, merely banded together under more restraints, and with less liberty, than are common.

Of all sophisms, that is the broadest which supposes personal liberty is extended by increasing the power of the community. Individuality is annihilated in a thousand things by the community-power that already exists in this country, where persecution often follows from a man's thinking and acting differently from his neighbors, though the law professes to protect him. The reason why this power becomes so very formidable, and is often so oppressively tyrannical in its exhibition, is very obvious. In countries where the power is in the hands of the few, public sympathy often sustains the man who resists its injustice; but no public sympathy can sustain him who is oppressed by the public itself. This oppression does not often exhibit itself in the form of law, but rather in its denial. He who has a clamor raised against him by numbers, appeals in vain to numbers for justice, though his claim may be clear as the sun at noon-day. The divided responsibility of bodies of men prevents anything like the control of conscience, and the most ruthless wrongs are committed, equally without reflection and without remorse.

Mark Woolston had thought too much on the subject to be the dupe of any of these visionary theories. Instead of fancying that men never knew anything previously to the last ten years of the eighteenth century, he was of the opinion of the wisest man who ever lived, that "there was nothing new under the sun." That "circumstances might alter cases," he was willing enough to allow, nor did he intend to govern the crater by precisely the same laws as he would govern Pennsylvania or Japan; but he well understood, nevertheless, that certain great moral truths existed as the law of the human family, and that they were not to be set aside by visionaries; and least of all, with impunity.

Everything connected with the colony was strictly practical. The decision of certain points had unquestionably given the governor trouble, though he got along with them pretty well, on the whole. A couple of young lawyers had desired to go, but he had the prudence to reject them. Law, as a science, is a very useful study, beyond a question; but the governor, rightly enough, fancied that his people could do without so much science for a few years longer. Then another doctor volunteered his services. Mark remembered the quarrels between his father and his father-in-law, and thought it better to die under one theory than under two. As regards a clergyman, Mark had greater difficulty. The question of sect was not as seriously debated half a century ago as it is to-day; still it was debated. Bristol had a very ancient society, of the persuasion of the Anglican church, and Mark's family belonged to it. Bridget, however, was a Presbyterian, and no small portion of the new colonists were what is called Wet-Quakers; that is, Friends who are not very particular in their opinions or observances. Now religion often caused more feuds than anything else; still it was impossible to have a priest for every persuasion, and one ought to suffice for the whole colony. The question was of what sect should that one clergyman be? So many prejudices were to be consulted, that the governor was about to abandon the project in despair, when accident determined the point.

Among Heaton's relatives was a young man of the name of Hornblower, no bad appellation, by the way, for one who had to sound so many notes of warning, who

had received priest's orders from the hands of the well-known Dr. White, so long the presiding Bishop of America, and whose constitution imperiously demanded a milder climate than that in which he then lived. As respects him, it became a question purely of humanity, the divine being too poor to travel on his own account, and he was received on board the *Rancocus*, with his wife, his sister, and two children, that he might have the benefit of living within the tropics. The matter was fully explained to the other emigrants, who could not raise objections if they would, but who really were not disposed to do so in a case of such obvious motives. A good portion of them, probably, came to the conclusion that Episcopalian ministrations were better than none, though, to own the truth, the liturgy gave a good deal of scandal to a certain portion of their number. *Reading* prayers was so profane a thing that these individuals could scarcely consent to be present at such a vain ceremony; nor was the discontent, on this preliminary point, fully disposed of until the governor once asked the principal objector how he got along with the Lord's Prayer, which was not only written and printed, but which usually was committed to memory! Notwithstanding this difficulty, the emigrants did get along with it without many qualms, and most of them dropped quietly into the habit of worshiping agreeably to a liturgy, just as if it were not the terrible profanity that some of them had imagined. In this way, many of our most intense prejudices get lost in new communications.

It is not our intention to accompany the *Rancocus*, day by day, in her route. She touched at Rio, and sailed again at the end of eight and forty hours. The passage round the Horn was favorable, and having got well to the westward, away the ship went for her port. One of the cows got down, and died before it could be relieved, in a gale off the cape; but no other accident worth mentioning occurred. A child died with convulsions, in consequence of teething, a few days later; but this did not diminish the number on board, as three were born the same week. The ship had now been at sea one hundred and sixty days, counting the time passed at Rio, and a general impatience to arrive pervaded the vessel. If the truth must be said, some of the emigrants began to doubt the governor's ability to find his island again, though none doubted of their existence. The Kannakas, however, declared that they began to smell home, and it is odd enough, that this declaration, coming as it did from ignorant men, who made it merely on a fanciful suggestion, obtained more credit with most of the emigrants than all the governor's instruments and observations.

One day, a little before noon it was, Mark appeared on deck with his quadrant, and as he cleaned the glasses of the instrument, he announced his conviction that the ship would shortly make the group of the crater. A current had set him farther north then he intended to go, but having hauled up to southwest, he waited only for noon to ascertain his latitude, to be certain of his position. As the governor maintained a proper distance from his people, and was not in the habit of making unnecessary communications to them, his present frankness told for so much the more, and it produced a very general excitement in the ship. All eyes were on the lookout for land, greatly increasing the chances of its being shortly seen. The observation came at noon, as is customary, and the governor found he was about thirty miles to the northward of the group of islands he was seeking. By his calculation, he was still to the eastward of it, and he hauled up, hoping to fall in with the land well to windward. After standing on three hours in the right direction, the lookouts from the cross-trees declared no land was visible ahead. For one moment the dreadful apprehension of the groups having sunk under another convulsion of Nature crossed Mark's mind, but he entertained that notion for a minute only. Then came the cry of "sail ho!" to cheer everybody, and to give them something else to think of.

This was the first vessel the *Rancocus*

had seen since she left Rio. It was to windward, and appeared to be standing down before the wind. In an hour's time the two vessels were near enough to each other to enable the glass to distinguish objects; and the quarter-deck, on board the *Rancocus*, were all engaged in looking at the stranger.

"'Tis the *Mermaid*," said Mark to Betts, "and it's all right. Though what that craft can be doing here to windward of the islands is more than I can imagine!"

"Perhaps, sir, they's a cruising arter us," answered Bob. "This is about the time they ought to be expectin' on us; and who knows but Madam Woolston and Friend Marthy may not have taken it into their heads to come out a bit to see arter their lawful husbands?"

The governor smiled at this conceit, but continued his observations in silence.

"She behaves very strangely, Betts," Mark, at length, said. "Just take a look at her. She yaws like a galiot in a gale, and takes the whole road like a drunken man. There can be no one at the helm."

"And how lubberly, sir, her canvas is set! Just look at that main-taw-sail, sir; one of the sheets isn't home by a fathom, while the yard is braced in till it's almost aback!"

The governor walked the deck for five minutes in intense thought, though occasionally he stopped to look at the brig, now within a league of them. Then he suddenly called out to Bob to "see all clear for action, and to get everything ready to go to quarters."

This order set every one in motion. The women and children were hurried below, and the men, who had been constantly exercised, now, for five months, took their stations with the regularity of old seamen. The guns were cast loose—ten eighteen-pound carronades, and two nines, the new armament — cartridges were got ready, shot placed at hand, and all the usual dispositions for combat were made. While this was doing, the two vessels were fast drawing nearer to each other, and were soon within gun-shot. But no one on board the *Rancocus* knew what to make of the evolutions of the *Mermaid*. Most of her ordinary square-sails were set, though not one of them all was sheeted home, or well hoisted. An attempt had been made to lay the yards square, but one yardarm was braced in too far, another not far enough, and nothing like order appeared to have prevailed at the sail-trimming. But the running of the brig was the most remarkable. Her general course would seem to be dead before the wind; but she yawed incessantly, and often so broadly, as to catch some of her light sails aback. Most vessels take a good deal of room in running down before the wind and in a swell; but the *Mermaid* took a great deal more than was common, and could scarce be said to look any way in particular. All this the governor observed, as the vessels approached nearer and nearer, as well as the movements of those of the crew who showed themselves in the rigging.

"Clear away a bow-gun," cried Mark to Betts, "something dreadful must have happened; that brig is in possession of the savages, who do not know how to handle her!"

This announcement produced a stir on board the *Rancocus*, as may well be imagined. If the savages had the brig, they probably had the group also; and what had become of the colonists? The next quarter of an hour was one of the deepest expectation with all in the ship, and of intense agony with Mark. Betts was greatly disturbed also; nor would it have been safe for one of Waally's men to have been within reach of his arm just then. Could it be possible that Ooroony had yielded to temptation and played them false? The governor could hardly believe it; and, as for Betts, he protested loudly it could not be so.

"Is that bow-gun ready?" demanded the governor.

"Ay, ay, sir; all ready."

"Fire, but elevate well—we will only frighten them at first. Woe betide them, if they resist."

Betts did fire, and, to the astonishment of everybody, the brig returned a broadside! But resistance ceased with this one

act of energy, if it could be so termed. Although five guns were actually fired, and nearly simultaneously, no aim was even attempted. The shot all flew off at a tangent from the position of the ship, and no harm was done to any but the savages themselves, of whom three or four were injured by the recoils. From the moment the noise and smoke were produced, everything like order ceased on board the brig, which was filled with savages. The vessel broached to and the sails caught aback. All this time the *Rancocus* was steadily drawing nearer, with an intent to board; but, unwilling to expose his people, most of whom were unpracticed in strife, in a hand-to-hand conflict with ferocious savages, the governor ordered a gun loaded with grape to be discharged into the brig. This decided the affair at once. Half a dozen were killed or wounded; some ran below; a few took refuge in the top; but most, without the slightest hesitation, jumped overboard. To the surprise of all who saw them, the men in the water began to swim directly to windward; a circumstance which indicated that either land or canoes were to be found in that quarter of the ocean. Seeing the state of things on board the brig, Mark luffed up under her counter, and laid her aboard. In a minute, he and twenty chosen men were on her decks; in another, the vessels were again clear of each other, and the *Mermaid* under command.

No sooner did the governor discharge his duties as a seaman, than he passed below. In the cabin he found Mr. Saunders (or Captain Saunders, as he was called by the colonists), bound hand and foot. His steward was in the same situation, and Bigelow was found, also a prisoner, in the steerage. These were all the colonists on board, and all but two who had been on board when the vessel was taken.

Captain Saunders could tell the governor very little more than he saw with his own eyes. One fact of importance, however, he could and did communicate, which was this: Instead of being to windward of the crater, as Mark supposed, he was to leeward of it; the currents no doubt having set the ship to the westward faster than had been thought. Rancocus Island would have been made by sunset, had the ship stood on in the course she was steering when she made the *Mermaid*.

But the most important fact was the safety of the females. They were all at the Peak, where they had lived for the last six months, or ever since the death of the good Ooroony had again placed Waally in the ascendant. Ooroony's son was overturned immediately on the decease of the father, who died a natural death, and Waally disregarded the taboo, which he persuaded his people could have no sanctity as applied to the whites. The plunder of these last, with the possession of the treasure of iron and copper that was to be found in their vessels, had indeed been the principal bribe with which the turbulent and ambitious chief regained his power. The war did not break out, however, as soon as Waally had effected the revolution in his own group. On the contrary, that wily politician had made so many protestations of friendship after that event, which he declared to be necessary to the peace of his island; had collected so much sandal-wood, and permitted it to be transferred to the crater, where a cargo was already stored; and had otherwise made so many amicable demonstrations, as completely to deceive the colonists. No one had anticipated an invasion; but, on the contrary, preparations were making at the Peak for the reception of Mark, whose return had now been expected daily for a fortnight.

The *Mermaid* had brought over a light freight of wood from Betto's group, and had discharged at the crater. This done, she had sailed with the intention of going out to cruise for the *Rancocus*, to carry the news of the colony, all of which was favorable, with the exception of the death of Ooroony and the recent events; but was lying in the roads, outside of everything —the Western Roads, as they were called, or those nearest to the other group—waiting for the appointed hour of sailing, which was to be the very morning of the day in which she was fallen in with by the governor. Her crew consisted only of

Captain Saunders, Bigelow, the cook and steward, and two of the people engaged at Canton—one of whom was a very good-for-nothing Chinaman. The two last had the lookout, got drunk, and permitted a fleet of hostile canoes to get alongside in the dark, being knocked on the head and tossed overboard, as the penalty of this neglect of duty. The others owed their lives to the circumstance of being taken in their sleep, when resistance was out of the question. In the morning the brig's cable was cut, sail was set, after a fashion, and an attempt was made to carry the vessel over to Betto's group. It is very questionable whether she ever could have arrived; but that point was disposed of by the opportune appearance of the *Rancocus*.

Saunders could communicate nothing of the subsequent course of the invaders. He had been kept below the whole time, and did not even know how many canoes composed the fleet. The gang in possession of the *Mermaid* was understood, however, to be but a very small part of Waally's force present, that chief leading in person. By certain half-comprehended declarations of his conquerors, Captain Saunders understood that the rest had entered the channel, with a view to penetrate to the crater, where Socrates, Unus and Wattles were residing, with their wives and families, and where no greater force was left when the *Mermaid* sailed. The property there, however, was out of all proportion in value to the force of those whose business it was to take care of it. In consequence of the *Rancocus's* removal, several buildings had been constructed on the Reef, and one house of very respectable dimensions had been put up on the Summit. It is true, these houses were not very highly finished; but they were of great value to persons in the situation of the colonists. Most of the hogs, moreover, were still rooting and tearing up the thousand-acre prairie; where, indeed, they roamed very much in a state of nature. Socrates occasionally carried to them a boat-load of "truck" from the crater, in order to keep up amicable relations with them; but they were little better than so many wild animals, in one sense, though there had not yet been time materially to change their natures. In the whole, including young and old, there must have been near two hundred of these animals altogether, their increase being very rapid. Then, a large amount of the stores sent from Canton, including most of the iron, was in store at the crater; all of which would lie at the mercy of Waally's men; for the resistance to be expected from the three in possession could not amount to much.

The governor was prompt enough in his decision, as soon as he undertood the facts of the case. The first thing was to bring the vessels close by the wind, and to pass as near as possible over the ground where the swimmers were to be found; for Mark could not bear the idea of abandoning a hundred of his fellow-creatures in the midst of the ocean, though they were enemies and savages. By making short stretches, and tacking two or three times, the colonists found themselves in the midst of the swimmers; not one in ten of whom would probably ever have reached the land, but for the humanity of their foe. Alongside the *Mermaid* were three or four canoes; and these were cast adrift at the right moment, without any parleying. The Indians were quick enough in understanding the meaning of this, and swam to the canoes from all sides, though still anxious to get clear of the vessels. On board the last canoe the governor put all his prisoners, when he deemed himself happily quit of the whole gang.

There were three known channels by which the *Rancocus* could be carried quite up to the crater. Mark chose that which came in from the northward, both because it was the nearest, and because he could lay his course in it, without tacking, for most of the way. Acquainted now with his position, Mark had no difficulty in finding the entrance of this channel. Furnishing the *Mermaid* with a dozen hands, she was sent to the western roads, to intercept Waally's fleet, should it be coming out with the booty. In about an hour after the *Rancocus* altered

her course, she made the land; and, just as the sun was setting, she got so close in as to be able to anchor in the northern roads, where there was not only a lee, but good holding ground. Here the ship passed the night, the governor not liking to venture into the narrow passages in the dark.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Fancy can charm and feeling bless
With sweeter hours than fashion knows;
There is no calmer quietness,
Than home around the bosom throws."
—PERCIVAL.

ALTHOUGH the governor deemed it prudent to anchor for the night, he did not neglect the precaution of reconnoitering. Betts was sent toward the Reef, in a boat well armed and manned, in order to ascertain the state of things in that quarter. His instructions directed him to push forward as far as he could, and if possible to hold some sort of communication with Socrates, who might now be considered as commander of the point assailed.

Fortunate was it that the governor bethought him of this measure. As Betts had the ship's launch, which carried two lug-sails, his progress was both easy and rapid, and he actually got in sight of the Reef before midnight. To his astonishment, all seemed to be tranquil, and Betts at first believed that the savages had completed their work and departed. Being a bold fellow, however, a distant reconnoitering did not satisfy him; and on he went until his boat fairly lay alongside of the natural quay of the Reef itself. Here he landed and marched toward the entrance of the crater. The gate was negligently open, and on entering the spacious area, the men found all quiet, without any indications of recent violence. Betts knew that those who dwelt in this place usually preferred the Summit for sleeping, and he ascended to one of the huts that had been erected there. Here he found the whole of the little garrison of the group, buried in sleep, and totally without any apprehension of the danger which menaced them. As it now appeared, Waally's men had not yet shown themselves and Socrates knew nothing at all of what had happened to the brig.

Glad enough was the negro to shake hands with Betts and to hear that Master Marks was so near at hand, with a powerful re-enforcement. The party already arrived might indeed be termed the last, for the governor had sent with his first officer, on this occasion, no less than five-and-twenty men, each completely armed. With such a garrison, Betts deemed the crater safe, and he sent back the launch, with four seamen in it, to report the condition in which he had found matters, and to communicate all else that he had learned. This done, he turned his attention to the defenses of the place.

According to Socrates' account, no great loss in property would be likely to occur, could the colonists make good the Reef against their invaders. The *Abraham* was over at the Peak, safe enough in the cove, as was the *Neshamony* and several of the boats, only two or three of the smaller of the last being with him. The hogs and cows were most exposed, though nearly half of the stock was now habitually kept on the Peak. Still, a couple of hundred hogs were on the prairie, as were no less than eight horned cattle, including calves. The loss of the last would be greatly felt, and it was much to be feared, since the creatures were very gentle, and might be easily caught. Betts, however, had fewer apprehensions touching the cattle than for the hogs, since the latter might be slain with arrows, while he was aware that Waally wished to obtain the first alive.

Agreeably to the accounts of Socrates, the progress of vegetation had been very great throughout the entire group. Grass grew wherever the seed was sown, provided anything like soil existed, and the prairie was now a vast range, most of which was green, and all of which was firm enough to bear a hoof. The trees, of all sorts, were flourishing also, and Betts was assured he would not know the group again when he came to see it by daylight. All this was pleasant intelligence, at least, to the eager listeners

among the new colonists, who had now been so long on board ship that anything in the shape of *terra firma*, and of verdure, appeared to them like paradise. But Betts had too many things to think of just then to give much heed to the eulogium of Socrates, and he soon bestowed all his attention on the means of defense.

As there was but one way of approaching the crater, unless by water, and that was along the hog pasture and across the plank bridge, Bob felt the prudence of immediately taking possession of the pass. He ordered Socrates to look to the gate, where he stationed a guard, and went himself, with ten men, to make sure of the bridge. It was true, Waally's men could swim, and would not be very apt to pause long at the basin; but, it would be an advantage to fight them while in the water that ought not to be thrown away. The carronades were all loaded, moreover; and these precautions taken, and sentinels posted, Betts suffered his men to sleep on their arms, if sleep they could. Their situation was so novel, that few availed themselves of the privilege, though their commanding officer himself was soon snoring most musically.

As might have been expected, Waally made his assault just as the day appeared. Before that time, however, the launch had got back to the ship, and the latter was under way, coming fast toward the crater. Unknown to all, though anticipated by Mark, the *Mermaid* had entered the western passage, and was beating up through it, closing fast also on Waally's rear. Such was the state of things when the yell of the assailants was heard.

Waally made his first push for the bridge, expecting to find it unguarded, and hoping to cross it unresisted. He knew that the ship was gone, and no longer dreaded *her* fire; but he was fully aware that the Summit had its guns, and he wished to seize them while his men were still impelled by the ardor of a first onset. Those formidable engines of war were held in the most profound respect by all his people, and Waally knew the importance of success in a rapid movement. He had gleaned so much information concerning the state of the Reef that he expected no great resistance, fully believing that, now he had seized the *Mermaid*, his enemies would be reduced in numbers to less than half a dozen. In all this he was right enough; and there can be no question that Socrates and his whole party, together with the Reef, and for that matter the entire group, would have fallen into his hands but for the timely arrival of the re-enforcement. The yell arose when it was ascertained that the bridge was drawn in, and it was succeeded by a volley from the guard posted near it on the Reef.

This commenced the strife, which immediately raged with great fury, and with prodigious clamor. Waally had all his muskets fired, too, though as yet he saw no enemy, and did not know in what direction to aim. He could see men moving about on the Reef, it is true, but it was only at moments, as they mostly kept themselves behind the covers. After firing his muskets, the chief issued an order for a charge, and several hundreds of his warriors plunged into the basin, and began to swim toward the point to be assailed. This movement admonished Betts of the prudence of retiring toward the gate, which he did in good order, and somewhat deliberately. This time Waally actually got his men upon the Reef without a panic and without loss. They landed in a crowd, and were soon rushing in all directions, eager for plunder, and thirsting for blood. Betts was enabled, notwithstanding, to enter the gate, which he did without delay, perfectly satisfied that all efforts of his to resist the torrent without must be vain. As soon as his party had entered, the gate was closed, and Betts was at liberty to bestow all his care on the defense of the crater.

The great extent of the citadel, which contained an area of not less than a hundred acres, it will be remembered, rendered its garrison very insufficient for a siege. It is probable that no one there would have thought of defending it, but for the certainty of powerful support being at hand. This certainly encouraged the garrison, rendering their exertions

more ready and cheerful. Betts divided his men into parties of two, scattering them along the Summit, with orders to be vigilant, and to support each other. It was well known that a man could not enter from without unless by the gate or aided by ladders, or some other mechanical invention. The time necessary to provide the last would bring broad daylight, and enable the colonists to march such a force to the menaced point as would be pretty certain to prove sufficient to resist the assailants. The gate itself was commanded by a carronade, and was watched by a guard.

Great was the disappointment of Waally when he ascertained by personal examination that the Summit could not be scaled, even by the most active of his party, without recourse to assistance, by means of artificial contrivances. He had the sagacity to collect all his men immediately beneath the natural walls, where they were alone safe from the fire of the guns, but where they were also useless. A large pile of iron, an article so coveted, was in plain sight, beneath a shed, but he did not dare to send a single hand to touch it, since it would have brought the adventurer under fire. A variety of other articles, almost as tempting, though not perhaps of the same intrinsic value, lay also in sight, but were tabooed by the magic of powder and balls. Eleven hundred warriors, as was afterward ascertained, landed on the Reef that eventful morning, and assembled under the walls of the crater. A hundred more remained in the canoes, which lay about a league off, in the western passage, or to leeward, awaiting the result of the enterprise.

The first effort made by Waally was to throw a force upward, by rearing one man on another's shoulders. This scheme succeeded in part, but the fellow who first showed his head above the perpendicular part of the cliff received a bullet in his brains. The musket was fired by the hands of Socrates. This one discharge brought down the whole fabric, several of those who fell sustaining serious injuries in the way of broken bones. The completely isolated position of the crater, which stood, as it might be, aloof from all surrounding objects, added materially to its strength in a military sense, and Waally was puzzled how to overcome difficulties that might have embarrassed a more civilized soldier. For the first time in his life that warrior had encountered a sort of fortress, which could be entered only by regular approaches, unless it might be carried by a *coup de main*. At the latter the savages were expert enough, and on it they had mainly relied; but, disappointed in this respect, they found themselves thrown back on resources that were far from being equal to the emergency.

Tired of inactivity, Waally finally decided on making a desperate effort. The shipyard was still kept up as a place for the repairing of boats, etc., and it always had more or less lumber lying in or near it. Selecting a party of a hundred resolute men, and placing them under the orders of one of his bravest chiefs, Waally sent them off on the run, to bring as much timber, boards, planks, etc., as they could carry, within the cover of the cliffs. Now, Betts had foreseen the probability of this very sortie, and had leveled one of his carronades, loaded to the muzzle with canister, directly at the largest pile of the planks. No sooner did the adventurers appear, therefore, than he blew his match. The savages were collected around the planks in a crowd, when he fired his gun. A dozen of them fell, and the rest vanished like so much dust scattered by a whirlwind.

Just at that moment the cry passed along the Summit that the *Rancocus* was in sight. The governor must have heard the report of the gun, for he discharged one in return, an encouraging signal of his approach. In a minute a third came from the westward, and Betts saw the sails of the *Mermaid* over the low land. It is scarcely necessary to add that the reports of the two guns from a distance, and the appearance of the two vessels, put an end at once to all Waally's schemes, and induced him to commence, with the least possible delay, a second retreat from the spot which, like Nelson's frigates,

might almost be said to be imprinted on his heart.

Waally retired successfully, if not with much dignity. At a given signal his men rushed for the water, plunged in and swam across the basin again. It was in Betts's power to have killed many on the retreat, but he was averse to shedding blood unnecessarily. Fifty lives, more or less, could be of no great moment in the result, as soon as a retreat was decided on; and the savages were permitted to retire, and to carry off their killed and wounded without molestation. The last was done by wheeling forward the planks, and crossing at the bridge.

It was far easier, however, for Waally to gain his canoes, than to know which way to steer after he had reached them. The *Mermaid* cut off his retreat by the western passage, and the *Rancocus* was coming fast along the northern. In order to reach either the eastern or the southern, it would be necessary to pass within gunshot of the Reef, and, what was more, to run the gauntlet between the crater and the *Rancocus*. To this danger Waally was compelled to submit, since he had no other means of withdrawing his fleet. It was true, that by paddling to windward, he greatly lessened the danger he ran from the two vessels, since it would not be in their power to overtake him in the narrow channels of the group, so long as he went in the wind's eye. It is probable that the savages understood this, and that the circumstance greatly encouraged them in the effort they immediately made to get into the eastern passage. Betts permitted them to pass the Reef without firing at them again, though some of the canoes were at least half an hour within the range of his guns while doing so. It was lucky for the Indians that the *Rancocus* did not arrive until the last of their party were as far to windward as the spot where the ship had anchored when she was first brought up by artificial means into those waters.

Betts went off to meet the governor, in order to make an early report of his proceedings. It was apparent that the danger was over, and Woolston was not sorry to find that success was obtained without recourse to his batteries. The ship went immediately alongside of the natural quay, and her people poured ashore in a crowd, the instant a plank could be run out in order to enable them to do so. In an hour the cows were landed, and were grazing in the crater, where the grass was knee-high, and everything possessing life was out of the ship, the rats and cockroaches perhaps excepted. As for the enemy, no one now cared for them. The man aloft said they could be seen, paddling away as if for life, and already too far for pursuit. It would have been easy enough for the vessels to cut off the fugitives by going into the offing again, but this was not the desire of any there, all being too happy to be rid of them to take any steps to prolong the intercourse.

Great was the delight of the colonists to be once more on the land. Under ordinary circumstances the immigrants might not have seen so many charms in the Reef and crater and hog-lot; but five months at sea have a powerful influence in rendering the most barren spot beautiful. Barrenness, however, was a reproach that could no longer be justly applied to the group, and most especially to those portions of it which had received the attention of its people. Even trees were beginning to be numerous, thousands of them having been planted, some for their fruits; some for their wood, and others merely for the shade. Of willows, alone, Socrates with his own hand had set out more than five thousand, the operation being simply that of thrusting the end of a branch into the mud. Of the rapidity of the growth it is scarcely necessary to speak, though it quadrupled that known even to the most fertile regions of America.

Here, then, was Mark once more at home, after so long a passage. There was his ship, too, well freighted with a hundred things, all of which would contribute to the comfort and well-being of the colonists! It was a moment when the governor's heart was overflowing with gratitude, and could he then have taken Bridget and his child in his arms the cup of happiness would have been full.

Bridget was not forgotten, however, for in less than half an hour after the ship was secured, Betts sailed in the *Neshamony* for the Peak; he was to carry over the joyful tidings and to bring the "governor's lady" to the Reef. Ere the sun set, or about that time, his return might be expected, the *Neshamony* making the trip in much less time than one of the smaller boats. It was not necessary, however, for Betts to go so far, for when he had fairly cleared Cape South, and was in the strait, he fell in with the *Abraham*, bound over to the Reef. It appeared that some signs of the hostile canoes had been seen from the Peak, as Waally was crossing from Rancocus Island, and, after a council, it had been decided to send the *Abraham* across, to notify the people on the Reef of the impending danger, and to aid in repelling the enemy. Bridget and Martha had both come in the schooner; the first to look after the many valuables she had left at the "governor's house" on the Summit, and the last as her companion.

We leave the reader to imagine the joy that was exhibited when those on board the *Abraham* ascertained the arrival of the *Rancocus!* Bridget was in ecstasies, and greatly did she exult in her own determination to cross on this occasion and to bring her child with her. After the first burst of happiness, and the necessary explanations had been made, a consultation was had touching what was next to be done. Brown was in command of the *Abraham*, with a sufficient crew, and Betts sent him to windward, outside of everything, to look out after the enemy. It was thought desirable not only to see Waally well clear of the group, but to force him to pass off to the northward, in order that he might not again approach the Reef, as well as to give him so much annoyance on his retreat as to sicken him of these expeditions for the future. For such a service the schooner was much the handiest of all the vessels of the colonists, since she might be worked by a couple of hands, and her armament was quite sufficient for all that was required of her on the occasion. Brown was every way competent to command, as Betts well knew, and he received the females on board the *Neshamony* and put about, leaving the schooner to turn to windward.

Bridget reached the Reef before it was noon. All the proceedings of that day had commenced so early that there had been time for this. The governor saw the *Neshamony* as she approached, and great uneasiness beset him. He knew she had not been as far as the Peak, and supposed that Waally's fleet had intercepted her, Betts coming back for re-enforcements. But, as the boat drew near, the fluttering of female dresses was seen, and then his unerring glass let him get a distant view of the sweet face of his young wife. From that moment the governor was incapable of giving a coherent or useful order until Bridget had arrived. Vessels that came in from the southward were obliged to pass through the narrow entrance between the Reef and the hog lot, where was the drawbridge so often mentioned. There was water enough to float a frigate, and it was possible to take a frigate through, the width being about fifty feet, though as yet nothing larger than the *Friend Abraham White* had made the trial. At this point, then, Woolston took his station, waiting the arrival of the *Neshamony*, with an impatience he was a little ashamed of exhibiting.

Betts saw the governor in good time, and pointed him out to Bridget, who could hardly be kept on board the boat, so slow did the progress of the craft now seem. But the tender love which this young couple bore each other was soon to be rewarded; for Mark sprang on board the *Neshamony* as she went through the narrow pass, and immediately he had Bridget folded to his heart.

Foreigners are apt to say that we children of this western world do not submit to the tender emotions with the same self-abandonment as those who are born nearer to the rising sun; that our hearts are as cold and selfish as our manners; and that we live more for the lower and groveling passions than for sentiment and the affections. Most sincerely do we wish that

every charge which European jealousy, and European superciliousness, have brought against the American character, was as false as this. That the people of this country are more restrained in the exhibition of all their emotions than those across the great waters we believe; but that the last *feel* the most, we shall be very unwilling to allow. Most of all shall we deny that the female form contains hearts more true to all its affections, spirits more devoted to the interests of its earthly head, or an identity of existence more perfect than those with which the American wife clings to her husband. She is literally "bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh." It is seldom that her wishes cross the limits of the domestic circle, which to her is earth itself, and all that it contains which is most desirable. Her husband and children compose her little world, and beyond them and their sympathies it is rare indeed that her truant affections ever wish to stray. A part of this concentration of the American wife's existence in these domestic interests is doubtless owing to the simplicity of American life and the absence of temptation. Still, so devoted is the female heart, so true to its impulses, and so little apt to wander from home-feelings and home-duties, that the imputation to which there is allusion is just that, of all others, to which the wives of the republic ought not to be subject.

It was eventide before the governor was again seen among his people. By this time the immigrants had taken their first survey of the Reef and the nearest islands, which the least sanguine of their numbers admitted quite equaled the statements they had originally heard of the advantages of the place. It was, perhaps, fortunate that the fruits of the tropics were so abundant with Socrates and his companions. By this time oranges abounded, more than a thousand trees having, from time to time, been planted in and around the crater alone. Groves of them were also appearing in favorable spots on the adjacent islands. It is true, these trees were yet too young to produce very bountifully; but they had begun to bear, and it was thought a very delightful thing, among the fresh arrivals from Pennsylvania, to be able to walk in an orange grove, and to pluck the fruit at pleasure!

As for figs, melons, limes, shaddocks, and even cocoanuts, all were now to be had, and in quantities quite sufficient for the population. In time the colonists craved the apples of their own latitude, and the peach; those two fruits so abundant and so delicious in their ancient homes; but the novelty was still on them, and it required time to learn the fact that we tire less of the apple, and the peach, and the potato, than of any other of the rarest gifts of Nature. That which the potato has become among vegetables is the apple among fruits; and when we rise into the more luscious and temporary of the bountiful products of horticulture, the peach (in its perfection) occupies a place altogether apart, having no rival in its exquisite flavor, while it never produces satiety. The peach and the grape are the two most precious of the gifts of Providence in the way of fruits.

That night most of the immigrants slept in the ship; nearly all of them, however, for the last time. About ten in the forenoon, Brown came running down to the Reef, through the eastern passage, to report Waally well off, having quitted the group to windward, and made the best of his way toward his own islands, without turning aside to make a starting-point of Rancocus. It was a good deal questioned whether the chief would find his proper dominions, after a run of four hundred miles; for a very trifling deviation from the true course at starting would be very apt to bring him out wide of his goal. This was a matter, however, that gave the colonists very little concern. The greater the embarrassments encountered by their enemies, the less likely would they be to repeat the visit; and should a few perish, it might be all the better for themselves. The governor greatly approved of Brown's course in not following the canoes, since the repulse was sufficient as it was, and there was very little probability that the

colony would meet with any further difficulty from this quarter, now that it had got to be so strong.

That day and the next the immigrants were busy in landing their effects, which consisted of furniture, tools and stores, of one sort and another. As the governor intended to send at once forty select families over to the Peak, the *Abraham* was brought alongside of the quay, and the property of those particular families was, as it came ashore, sent on board the schooner. Males and females were all employed in this duty, the Reef resembling a bee-hive just at that point. Bill Brown, who still commanded the *Abraham*, was of course present; and he made an occasion to get in company with the governor, with whom he held the following short dialogue:

"A famous ship's company is this, sir, you've landed among us, and some on 'em is what I calls of the right sort!"

"I understand you, Bill," answered Mark, smiling. "Your commission has been duly executed; and Phœbe is here, ready to be spliced as soon as there shall be an opportunity."

"*That* is easily enough made, when people's so inclined," said Bill, fidgeting. "If you'd be so good, sir, as just to point out the young woman to me, I might be beginning to like her in the meanwhile."

"*Young?* Nothing was said about that in the order, Bill. You wished a wife, invoiced and consigned to yourself; and one has been shipped accordingly. You must consider the state of the market, and remember that the article is in demand precisely as it is youthful."

"Well, well, sir, I'll not throw her on your hands, if she's old enough to be my mother; though I do rather suppose, Mr. Woolston, you stood by an old shipmate in a foreign land, and that there is a companion suitable for a fellow of only two-and-thirty sent out?"

"Of that you shall judge for yourself, Bill. Here she comes, carrying a looking-glass, as if it were to look at her own pretty face; and if she prove to be only as good as she is good-looking, you will have every reason to be satisfied. What is more, Bill, your wife does not come empty-handed, having a great many articles that will help to set you up comfortably in housekeeping."

Brown was highly pleased with the governor's choice, which had been made with a due regard to the interests and tastes of the absent shipmate. Phœbe appeared well satisfied with her alloted husband, and that very day the couple was united in the cabin of the *Abraham*. On the same occasion the ceremony was performed for Unus and Juno, as well as for Peters and his Indian wife; the governor considering it proper that regard to appearances and all decent observances should be paid as comported with their situation.

About sunset of the third day after the arrival of the *Rancocus*, the *Abraham* sailed for the Peak, having on board somewhat less than a hundred of the immigrants, including females and children. The *Nesahmony* preceded her several hours, taking across the governor and his family. Mark longed to see his sister Anne, and his two brothers participated in this wish, if possible, in a still more lively manner.

The meeting of these members of the same family was of the most touching character. The young men found their sister much better established than they had anticipated, and in the enjoyment of very many more comforts than they had supposed it was in the power of any one to possess in a colony still so young. Heaton had erected a habitation for himself in a charming grove, where there were water, fruits, and other conveniences near at hand, and where his own family was separated from the rest of the community. This distinction had been conferred on him by common consent, in virtue of his near affinity to the governor, whose substitute he then was, and out of respect to his education and original rank in life. Seamen are accustomed to defer to station and authority, and are all the happier for the same; and the thought of any jealousy on account of this privilege, which as yet was confined to Mark and

Heaton, and their respective families, had not yet crossed the mind of any one on the island.

About twelve, or at midnight, the *Abraham* entered the cove. Late as was the hour, each immigrant assumed a load suited to his or her strength, and ascended the Stairs, favored by the sweet light of a full moon. That night most of the new-comers passed in the groves, under tents or in an arbor that had been prepared for them; and sweet was the repose that attended happiness and security, in a climate so agreeable.

Next morning, when the immigrants came out of their temporary dwellings, and looked upon the fair scene before them, they could scarcely believe in its reality! It is true, nothing remarkable or unexpected met their eyes in the shape of artificial accessories; but the bountiful gifts of Providence, and the natural beauties of the spot, as much exceeded their anticipations as they did their power of imagining such glories! The admixture of softness and magnificence made a whole that they had never before beheld in any other portion of the globe; and there was not one among them all that did not, for the moment, feel and speak as if he or she had been suddenly transferred to an earthly paradise.

CHAPTER XXII.

"You have said they are men;
As such their hearts are something."—BYRON.

THE colony had now reached a point when it became necessary to proceed with method and caution. Certain great principles were to be established, on which the governor had long reflected, and he was fully prepared to set them up, and to defend them, though he knew that ideas prevailed among a few of his people which might dispose them to cavil at his notions, if not absolutely to oppose them. Men are fond of change; half the time for a reason no better than that it is change; and, not unfrequently, they permit this wayward feeling to unsettle interests that are of the last importance to them, and which find no small part of their virtue in their permanency.

Hitherto, with such slight exceptions as existed in deference to the station, not to say rights of the governor, everything of an agricultural character had been possessed in common among the colonists. But this was a state of things which the good sense of Mark told him could not, and ought not to last. The theories which have come into fashion in our own times, concerning the virtues of association, were then little known and less credited. Society as it exists in a legal form, is association enough for all useful purposes, and sometimes too much; and the governor saw no use in forming a wheel within a wheel. If men have occasion for each other's assistance to effect a particular object, let them unite, in welcome, for that purpose; but Mark was fully determined that there should be but one government in his land, and that this government should be of a character to encourage and not to depress exertion. So long as a man toiled for himself and those nearest and dearest to him, society had a security for his doing much that would be wanting where the proceeds of the entire community were to be shared in common; and, on the knowledge of this simple and obvious truth, did our young legislator found his theory of government. Protect all in their rights equally, but, that done, let every man pursue his road to happiness in his own way; conceding no more of his natural rights than were necessary to the great ends of peace, security, and law. Such was Mark's theory.

As for the modern crotchet that men yielded *no* natural right to government, but were to receive all and return nothing, the governor, in plain language, was not fool enough to believe it. He was perfectly aware that when a man gives authority to society to compel him to attend court as a witness, for instance, he yields just so much of his natural rights to society, as might be necessary to empower him to stay away, if he saw fit; and, so on, though the whole of the very long catalogue of the claims which the most indul-

gent communities make upon the services of their citizens. Mark understood the great desideratum to be, not the setting up of theories to which every attendant fact gives the lie, but the ascertaining, as near as human infirmity will allow, the precise point at which concession to government ought to terminate, and that of uncontroled individual freedom commence. He was not visionary enough to suppose that he was to be the first to make this great discovery; but he was conscious of entering on the task with the purest intentions. Our governor had no relish for power for powers' sake, but only wielded it for the general good. By nature, he was more disposed to seek happiness in a very small circle, and would have been just as well satisfied to let another govern, as to rule himself, had there been another suited to such a station. But there was not. His own early habits of command, the peculiar circumstances which had first put him in possession of the territory, as if it were a special gift of Providence to himself, his past agency in bringing about the actual state of things, and his property, which amounted to more than that of all the rest of the colony put together, contributed to give him a title and authority to rule, which would have set the claims of any rival at defiance, had such a person existed. But there was no rival; not a being present desiring to see another in his place.

The first step of the governor was to appoint his brother, Abraham Woolston, the secretary of the colony. In that age America had very different notions of office, and of its dignity, of the respect due to authority, and of the men who wielded it, from what prevail at the present time. The colonists, coming as they did from America, brought with them the notions of the times, and treated their superiors accordingly. In the last century a governor was "*the* governor," and not "*our* governor," and a secretary, "*the* secretary," and not "*our* secretary," men now taking more liberties with what they fancy thtir own than was their wont with what they believed had been set over them for their good. Mr. Secretary Woolston soon became a personage, accordingly, as did all the other considerable functionaries appointed by the governor.

The very first act of Abraham Woolston, on being sworn into office, was to make a registry of the entire population. We shall give a synopsis of it, in order that the reader may understand the character of the materials with which the governor had room to work, viz.:

Males,	147	Females,	158
Adults,	113	Adults,	121
Children,	34	Children,	37
Married,	101	Married,	101
Widowers,	1	Widows,	4
Seamen,			38
Mechanics,			26
Physician,			1
Student in Medicine,			1
Lawyer,			1
Clergyman,			1
Population,			305

Here, then, was a community composed already of three hundred and five souls. The governor's policy was not to increase this number by further immigration, unless in special cases, and then only after due deliberation and inquiry. Great care had been taken with the characters of the present settlers, and careless infusions of new members might undo a great deal of good that had already been done. This matter was early laid before the new council, and the opinions of the governor met with a unanimous concurrence.

On the subject of the council it may be well to say a word. It was increased to nine, and a new election was made, the incumbents holding their offices for life. This last provision was made to prevent the worst part, and the most corrupting influence of politics, viz., the elections, from getting too much sway over the public mind. The new council was composed as follows, viz.:

Messrs. Heaton,
Pennock,
Betts,
C. Woolston } the governor's
A. Woolston, } brothers.
Charlton,
Saunders,
Wilmot, and
Warrington.

These names belonged to the most intelligent men of the colony, Betts perhaps

excepted; but his claims were too obvious to be slighted. Betts had good sense, moreover, and a great deal of modesty. All the rest of the council had more or less claims to be gentlemen, but Bob never pretended to that character. He knew his own qualifications, and did not render himself ridiculous by aspiring to be more than he really was; still, his practical knowledge made him a very useful member of the council, where his opinions were always heard with attention and respect. Charlton and Wilmot were merchants, and intended to embark regularly in trade; while Warrington, who possessed more fortune than any of the other colonists, unless it might be the governor, called himself a farmer, though he had a respectable amount of general science, and was well read in most of the liberal studies.

Warrington was made judge, with a small salary, all of which he gave to the clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Hornblower. This was done because he had no need of the money himself, and there was no other provision for the parson than free contributions. John Woolston, who had read law, was named Attorney-General, or colony's attorney, as the office was more modestly styled; to which duties he added those of surveyor-general. Charles received his salary, which was two hundred and fifty dollars, being in need of it. The question of salary, as respects the governor, was also settled. Mark had no occasion for the money, owning all the vessels, with most of the cargo of the *Rancocus*, as well as having brought out with him no less a sum than five thousand dollars, principally in change—halves, quarters, shillings, and sixpences. Then a question might well arise, whether he did not own most of the stock; a large part of it was his beyond all dispute, though some doubts might exist as to the remainder. On this subject the governor came to a most wise decision. He was fully aware that nothing was more demoralizing to a people than to suffer them to get loose notions on the subject of property. Property of all kinds, he early determined, should be most rigidly respected, and a decision that he made shortly after his return from America, while acting in his capacity of chief magistrate, and before the new court went into regular operation, was of a character to show how he regarded this matter. The case was as follows:

Two of the colonists, Warner and Harris, had bad blood between them. Warner had placed his family in an arbor within a grove, and to "aggravate" him, Harris came and walked before his door, strutting up and down like a turkey-cock, and in a way to show that it was intended to annoy Warner. The last brought his complaint before the governor. On the part of Harris, it was contended that no *injury* had been done the property of Harris, and that, consequently, no damages could be claimed. The question of title was conceded, *ex necessitate rerum*. Governor Woolston decided that a man's rights in his property were not to be limited by positive injuries to its market value. Although no grass or vegetables had been destroyed by Harris in his walks, he had *molested* Warner in such an enjoyment of his dwelling, as, in intendment of law, every citizen was entitled to in his possessions. The trespass was an aggravated one, and damages were given accordingly. In delivering his judgment, the governor took occasion to state, that in the administration of the law, the rights of every man would be protected in the fullest extent, not only as connected with pecuniary considerations, but as connected with all those moral uses and feelings which contribute to human happiness. This decision met with applause, and was undoubtedly right in itself. It was approved, because the well-intentioned colonists had not learned to confound liberty with licentiousness; but understood the former to be the protection of the citizen in the enjoyment of all his innocent tastes, enjoyments and personal rights, after making such concessions to government as are necessary to its maintenance. Thrice happy would it be for all lands, whether they are termed despotisms or democracies, could they thoroughly feel the justice of this

definition, and carry out its intention in practice.

The council was convened the day succeeding its election. After a few preliminary matters were disposed of, the great question was laid before it, of a division of property, and the grant of real estate. Warrington and Charles Woolston laid down the theory, that the fee of all the land was, by gift of Providence, in the governor, and that his patent, or sign-manual, was necessary for passing the title into other hands. This theory had an affinity to that of the Common Law, which made the prince the suzerain, and rendered him the heir of all escheated estates. But Mark's humility, not to say his justice, met this doctrine on the threshold. He admitted the sovereignty and its right, but placed it in the body of the colony, instead of in himself. As the party most interested took this view of the case, they who were disposed to regard his rights as more sweeping were fain to submit. The land was therefore declared to be the property of the state. Ample grants, however, were made both to the governor and Betts, as original possessors, or discoverers, and it was held in law that their claims were thus compromised. The grants to Governor Woolston included quite a thousand acres on the Peak, which was computed to contain near thirty thousand, and an island of about the same extent in the group, which was beautifully situated near its center, and less than a league from the crater. Betts had one hundred acres granted to him, near the crater also. He refused any other grant, as a right growing out of original possession.

Nor was his reasoning bad on the occasion. When he was driven off, in the *Neshamony*, the Reef, Loam Island, Guano Island, and twenty or thirty rocks, composed all the dry land. He had never seen the Peak until Mark was in possession of it, and had no particular claim there. When the council came to make its general grants, he was willing to come in for his proper share with the rest of the people, and he wanted no more. Heaton had a special grant of two hundred acres made to him on the Peak, and another in the group of equal extent, as a reward for his early and important services. Patents were made out, at once, of these several grants, under the great seal of the colony; for the governor had provided parchment, and wax, and a common seal, in anticipation of their being all wanted. The rest of the grants of land were made on a general principle, giving fifty acres on the Peak, and one hundred in the group, to each male citizen of the age of twenty-one years; those who had not yet attained their majority being compelled to wait. A survey was made, and the different lots were numbered, and registered by those numbers. Then a lottery was made, each man's name being put in one box, and the necessary numbers in another. The number drawn against any particular name was the lot of the person in question. A registration of the drawing was taken, and printed patents were made out, signed, sealed, and issued to the respective parties. We say printed, a press and types having been brought over in the *Rancocus*, as well as a printer. In this way, then, every male of full age was put in possession of one hundred and fifty acres of land, in fee.

As the lottery did not regard the wishes of parties, many private bargains were made, previously to the issuing of the patents, in order that friends and connections might be placed near to each other. Some sold their rights, exchanging with a difference, while others sold altogether on the Peak, or in the group, willing to confine their possessions to one or the other of these places. In this manner, Mr. Warrington, or Judge Warrington, as he was now called, bought three fifty-acre lots adjoining his own share on the Peak, and sold his hundred-acre lot in the group. The price established by these original sales would seem to give a value of ten dollars an acre to land on the Peak and of three dollars an acre to land in the group. Some lots, however, had a higher value than others, all these things being left to be determined by the estimate which the colonists placed on their re-

spective valuations. As everything was conducted on a general and understood principle, and the drawing was made fairly and in public, there was no discontent; though some of the lots were certainly a good deal preferable to others. The greatest difference in value existed in the lots in the group, where soil and water were often wanted; though, on the whole, much more of both was found than had been at first expected. There were vast deposits of mud, and others of sand, and Heaton early suggested the expediency of mixing the two together, by way of producing fertility. An experiment of this nature had been tried, under his orders, during the absence of the governor, and the result was of the most satisfactory nature; the acre thus manured producing abundantly.

As it was the sand that was to be conveyed to the mud, the toil was much less than might have been imagined. This sand usually lay near the water, and the numberless channels admitted of its being transported in boats along a vast reach of shore. Each lot having a water front, every man might manure a few acres by this process without any great expense; and no sooner were the rights determined, and the decisions of the parties made as to their final settlements, than many went to work to render the cracked and baked mud left by the retiring ocean fertile and profitable. Lighters were constructed for the purpose, and the colonists formed themselves into gangs, laboring in common, and transporting so many loads of sand to each levee, as the banks were called, though not raised as on the Mississippi, and distributing it bountifully over the surface. The spade was employed to mix the two earths together.

Most of the allotments of land in the group were in the immediate neighborhood of the Reef. As there were quite a hundred of them, more than ten thousand acres of the islands were thus taken up at the start. By a rough calculation, however, the group extended east and west sixty-three miles, and north and south about fifty, the Reef being a very little west and a very little south of its center. Of this surface it was thought something like three-fourths was dry land or naked rock. This would give rather more than a million and a half of acres of land; but, of this great extent of territory, not more than two-thirds could be rendered available for the purposes of husbandry, for want of soil, or the elements of soil. There were places where the deposit of mud seemed to be of vast depth, while in others it did not exceed a few inches. The same was true of the sands, though the last was rarely of as great depth as the mud or alluvium.

A month was consumed in making the allotments, and in putting the different proprietors in possession of their respective estates. Then, indeed, were the results of the property-system made directly apparent. No sooner was an individual put in possession of his deed, and told that the lot it represented was absolutely his own, to do what he pleased with it, than he went to work with energy and filled with hopes, to turn his new domains to account. It is true that education and intelligence, if they will only acquit themselves of their tasks with disinterested probity, may enlighten and instruct the ignorant how to turn their means to account; but, all experience proves that each individual usually takes the best care of his own interests, and that the system is wisest which grants to him the amplest opportunity so to do.

To work all went, the men forming themselves into gangs, and aiding each other. The want of horses and neat cattle was much felt, more especially as Heaton's experience set every one at the sand, as the first step in a profitable husbandry; wheelbarrows, however, were made use of instead of carts, and it was found that a dozen pair of hands could do a good deal with that utensil, in the course of a day. All sorts of contrivances were resorted to in order to transport the sand, but the governor established a regular system, by which the lighter should deliver one load at each farm in succession. By the end of a month it was found that a good deal had been done, the distances being short

and the other facilities constantly increasing by the accession of new boats.

All sorts of habitations were invented. The scarcity of wood in the group was a serious evil, and it was found indispensable to import that material. Parts of Rancocus Island were well wooded, there growing among other trees a quantity of noble yellow pines. Bigelow was sent across in the *Abraham* to set up a mill, and to cut lumber. There being plenty of water-power, the mill was soon got at work, and a lot of excellent plank, boards, etc., was shipped in the schooner for the crater. Shingle-makers were also employed, the cedar abounding, as well as the pine. The transportation to the coast was the point of difficulty on Rancocus Island as well as elsewhere; none of the cattle being yet old enough to be used. Socrates had three pair of yearling steers, and one of two years old breaking, but it was too soon to set either at work. With the last, a little very light labor was done, but it was more to train the animals than with any other object.

On Rancocus Island, however, Bigelow had made a very ingenious canal, that was of vast service in floating logs to the mill. The dam made a long narrow pond that penetrated two or three miles up a gorge in the mountains, and into this dam the logs were rolled down the declivities, which were steep enough to carry anything into the water. When cut into lumber, it was found that the stream below the mill would carry small rafts down to the sea.

While all these projects were in the course of operation, the governor did not forget the high interests connected with his foreign relations; Waally was to be looked to, and Ooroony's son to be righted. The council was unanimously of opinion that sound policy required such an exhibition of force on the part of the colony as should make a lasting impression on their turbulent neighbors. An expedition was accordingly fitted out, in which the *Mermaid*, the *Abraham*, and a new pilot-boat built schooner of fifty tons burden were employed. This new schooner was nearly ready for launching when the *Rancocus* returned, and was put into the water for the occasion. She had been laid down in the cove, where Bigelow had found room for a sufficient yard, and where timber was nearer at hand than on the Reef. As Rancocus Island supplied the most accessible and the best lumber, the council had determined to make a permanent establishment on it, for the double purposes of occupation and building vessels. As the resources of that island were developed, it was found important on other accounts, also. Excellent clay for bricks was found, as was limestone, in endless quantities. For the purposes of agriculture, the place was nearly useless, there not being one thousand acres of good arable land in the whole island; but the mountains were perfect mines of treasure in the way of necessary supplies of the sorts mentioned.

A brickyard was immediately cleared and formed, and a limekiln constructed. Among the colonists, it was easy to find men accustomed to work in all these familiar branches. The American can usually turn his hand to a dozen different pursuits; and, though he may not absolutely reach perfection in either, he is commonly found useful and reasonably expert in all. Before the governor sailed on his expedition against Waally, a brickkiln and a limekiln were nearly built, and a vast quantity of lumber had been carried over to the Reef. As sandal-wood had been collecting for the twelve months of her late absence, the *Rancocus* had also been filled up, and had taken in a new cargo for Canton. It was not the intention of the governor to command his ship this voyage; but he gave her to Saunders, who was every way competent to the trust. When all was ready, the *Rancocus*, the *Mermaid*, the *Abraham*, and the *Anne*, as the new pilot-boat schooner was called, sailed for Betto's group; it being a part of the governor's plan to use the ship, in passing, with a view to intimidate his enemies. In consequence of the revolution that had put Waally up again, every one of the Kannakas who had gone out in the *Rancocus* on her last voyage, refused to go home, knowing that they would at once be im-

pressed into Waally's service; and they all now cheerfully shipped anew, for a second voyage to foreign lands. By this time, these men were very useful; and the governor had a project for bringing up a number of the lads of the islands, and of making use of them in the public service. This scheme was connected with his contemplated success, and formed no small part of the policy of the day.

The appearance of so formidable a force as was now brought against Waally reduced that turbulent chief to terms without a battle. About twenty of his canoes had got separated from the rest of the fleet in a squall, while returning from the unsuccessful attempt on the Reef, and they were never heard of more; or, if heard of, it was in uncertain rumors, which gave an account of the arrival of thret or four canoes at some islands a long way to leeward, with a handful of half-starved warriors on board. It is supposed that all the rest perished at sea. This disaster had rendered Waally unpopular among the friends of those who were lost; and that unpopularity was heightened by the want of success in the expedition itself. Success is all in all, with the common mind; and we daily see the vulgar shouting at the heels of those whom they are ready to crucify at the first turn of fortune. In this good land of ours, popularity adds to its more worthless properties the substantial result of power; and it is not surprising that so many forget their God in the endeavor to court the people. In time, however, all of these persons of mistaken ambition come to exclaim, with Shakespeare's Wolsey—

> "Had I but served my God with half the zeal
> I served my king, he would not in mine age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Waally's power, already tottering through the influence of evil fortune, crumbled entirely before the force Governor Woolston now brought against it. Although the latter had but forty whites with him, they came in ships, and provided with cannon; and not a chief dreamed of standing by the offender, in this his hour of need. Waally had the tact to comprehend his situation, and the wisdom to submit to his fortune. He sent a messenger to the governor with a palm-branch, offering to restore young Ooroony to all his father's authority, and to confine himself to his strictly inherited dominions. Such, in fact, was the basis of the treaty that was now made, though hostages were taken for its fulfillment. To each condition Waally consented; and everything was settled to the entire satisfaction of the whites, and to the honor and credit of young Ooroony. The result was, in substance, as we shall now record.

In the first place, one hundred lads were selected and handed over to the governor, as so many apprentices to the sea. These young Kannakas were so many hostages for the good behavior of their parents; while the parents, always within reach of the power of the colonists, were so many hostages for the good behavior of the Kannakas. Touching the last, however, the governor had very few misgivings, since he believed it very possible so to treat, and so to train them, as to make them fast friends. In placing them on board the different vessels, therefore, rigid instructions were given to their officers to be kind to these youngsters; and each and all were to be taught to read, and instructed in the Christian religion. The Rev. Mr. Hornblower took great interest in this last arrangement, as did half the females of the colony. Justice and kind treatment, in fact, produced their usual results in the cases of these hundred youths, every one of whom got to be, in the end, far more attached to the Reef, and its customs, than to their own islands and their original habits. The sea, no doubt, contributed its share to this process of civilization; for it is ever found that the man who gets a thorough taste for that element is loath to quit it again for *terra firma*.

One hundred able-bodied men were added to the recruits that the governor obtained in Betto's group. They were taken as hired laborers, and not as hostages. Beads and old iron were to be their pay, with fish-hooks, and such other trifles as had a value in their eyes; and

their engagement was limited to two months. There was a disposition among a few of the colonists to make slaves of these men, and to work their lands by means of a physical force obtained in Betto's group; but to this scheme the council would not lend itself for a moment. The governor well knew that the usefulness, virtue, and moral condition of his people, depended on their being employed, and he had no wish to undermine the permanent prosperity of the colony, by resorting to an expedient that might do well enough for a short time, but which would certainly bring its own punishment in the end.

Still, an accession of physical force, properly directed, would be of great use in this early age of the colony. The laborers were accordingly engaged; but this was one by the government, which not only took the control of the men, but which also engaged to see them paid the promised remuneration. Another good was also anticipated from this arrangement. The two groups must exist as friends or as enemies. So long as young Ooroony reigned, it was thought there would be little difficulty in maintaining amicable relations, and it was hoped that the intercourse created by this arrangement, aided by the trade in sandal-wood, might have the effect to bind the natives to the whites by the tie of interest.

The vessels lay at Betto's group a fortnight, completing all the arrangements made; though the *Rancocus* sailed on her voyage as soon as the terms of the treaty were agreed on, and the *Anne* was sent back to the Reef with the news that the war had terminated. As for Waally, he was obliged to place his favorite son in the hands of young Ooroony, who held the youthful chief as a hostage for his father's good behavior.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow;
The water-sprites will wield their arms,
And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirit's charms,
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might;
If thy heart be pure, and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlike fight."—DRAKE.

A TWELVEMONTH passed, after the return of the expedition against Betto's group, without the occurrence of any one very marked event. Within that time, Bridget made Mark the father of a fine boy, and Anne bore her fourth child to Heaton. The propagation of the human species, indeed, flourished marvelously, no less than seventy-eight children having been born in the course of that single year. There were a few deaths, only one among the adults, the result of an accident, the health of the colony having been excellent. An enumeration, made near the close of the year, showed a total of three hundred and seventy-nine souls, including those absent in the *Rancocus*, and excluding the Kannakas.

As for these Kannakas, the result of their employment quite equaled the governor's expectations. They would not labor like civilized men, it is true, nor was it easy to make them use tools; but at lifts, and drags, and heavy work, they could be, and were, made to do a vast deal. The first great object of the governor had been to get his people all comfortably housed beneath good roofs, and out of the way of the rains. Fortunately there were no decayed vegetable substances in the group, to produce fevers; and so long as the person could be kept dry, there was little danger to the health.

Four sorts, or classes, of houses were erected, each man being left to choose for himself, with the understanding that he was to receive a certain amount in value from the commonwealth, by contribution in labor, or in materials. All beyond that amount was to be paid for. To equalize advantages, a tariff was established as to

the value of labor and materials. These materials consisted of lumber, including shingles, stone, lime and brick; bricks burned, as well as those which were unburned, or adobe. Nails were also delivered from the public store, free of charge.

Of course, no one at first thought of building very largely. Small kitchens were all that were got up, at the commencement, and they varied in size, according to the means of their owners, as much as they differed in materials. Some built of wood; some of stones; some of regular bricks; and some of adobe. All did very well, but the stone was found to be much the preferable material, especially where the plastering within was furred off from the walls. These stones came from Rancocus Island, where they were found in inexhaustible quantities, partaking of the character of tufa. The largest of them were landed at the Reef, the loading and unloading being principally done by the Kannakas, while the smallest were delivered at different points along the channel, according to the wishes of the owners of the land. More than a hundred dwellings were erected in the course of the few months immediately succeeding the arrival of the immigrants. About half were on the Peak, and the remainder were in the group. It is true, no one of all these dwellings was large; but each was comfortable, and fully answered the purpose of protection against the rain. A roof of cedar shingles was tight, as a matter of course, and what was more, it was lasting. Some of the buildings were sided with these shingles; though clapboards were commonly used for that purpose. The adobe answered very well when securely roofed, though it was thought the unburnt brick absorbed more moisture than the brick which had been burned.

The largest of all the private dwellings thus erected was thirty feet square, and the smallest was fifteen. The last had its cooking apartment under a shed, however, detached from the house. Most of the ovens were thus placed; and in many instances the chimneys stood entirely without the buildings, even when they were attached to them. There was but one house of two stories, and that was John Pennock's, who had sufficient means to construct such a building. As for the governor, he did not commence building at all, until nearly every one else was through, when he laid the corner-stones of two habitations; one on the Peak, which was his private property, standing on his estate; and the other on the Reef, which was strictly intended to be a Government, or Colony House. The first was of brick, and the last of stone, and of great solidity, being intended as a sort of fortress. The private dwelling was only a story and a half high, but large on the ground for that region, measuring sixty feet square. The government building was much larger, measuring two hundred feet in length, by sixty feet in depth. The spacious edifice, however, was not altogether intended for a dwelling for the governor, but was so arranged as to contain great quantities of public property in its basement, and to accommodate the courts, and all the public offices on the first floor. It had an upper story, but that was left unfinished and untenanted for years, though fitted with arrangements for defense. Fortunately, cellars were little wanted in that climate, for it was not easy to have one in the group. It is true, that Pennock caused one to be blown out with gunpowder, under his dwelling, though every one prophesied that it would soon be full of water. It proved to be dry, notwithstanding; and a very good cellar it was, being exceedingly useful against the heats, though of cold there was none to guard against.

The Colony House stood directly opposite to the drawbridge, being placed there for the purposes of defense, as well as to have access to the spring. A want of water was rather an evil on the Reef; not that the sands did not furnish an ample supply, and that of the most delicious quality, but it had to be carried to inconvenient distances. In general, water was found in sufficient quantities and in suitable places among the group; but, at the Reef, there was certainly this diffi-

culty to contend with. As the governor caused his brother, the surveyor-general, to lay out a town on the Reef, it was early deemed necessary to make some provision against this evil. A suitable place was selected, and a cistern was blown out of the rock, into which all the water that fell on the roof of the Colony House was led. This reservoir, when full, contained many thousand gallons; and, when once full, it was found that the rains were sufficient to prevent its being very easily emptied.

But the greatest improvement that was made on the Reef, after all, was in the way of soil. As for the crater, that, by this time, was a mass of verdure, among which a thousand trees were not only growing, but flourishing. This was as true of its plain, as of its mounds; and of its mounds, as of its plain. But the crater was composed of materials very different from the base of the Reef. The former was of tufa, so far as it was rock at all; while the latter was, in the main, pure lava. Nevertheless, something like a soil began to form even on the Reef, purely by the accessions caused through its use by man. Great attention was paid to collecting everything that could contribute to the formation of earth, in piles; and these piles were regularly removed to such cavities, or inequalities in the surface of the rock, as would be most likely to retain their materials when spread. In this way many green patches had been formed, and, in a good many instances, trees had been set out, in spots where it was believed they could find sufficient nourishment.

But, no sooner had the governor decided to build on the Reef, and to make his capital there, than he set about embellishing the place systematically. Whenever a suitable place could be found, in what was intended for Colony House grounds, a space of some ten acres in the rear of the building, he put in the drill, and blew out rock. The fragments of stone were used about the building; and the place soon presented a ragged, broken surface, of which one might well despair of making anything. By perseverance, however, and still more by skill and judgment, the whole area was lowered more than a foot, and in many places, where Nature assisted the work, it was lowered several feet. It was a disputed question, indeed, whether stone for the building could not be obtained here, by blasting, cheaper and easier than by transporting it from Rancocus Island. Enough was procured in this way not only to construct the building, but to inclose the grounds with a sufficient wall. When all was got off that was wanted, boat-loads of mud and sand were brought by Kannakas and deposited in the cavity. This was a great work for such a community, though it proceeded faster than at first one might have supposed. The materials were very accessible, and the distances short, which greatly facilitated the labor, though unloading was a task of some gravity. The walls of the house were got up in about six months after the work was commenced, and the building was roofed; but, though the gardeners were set to work as soon as the stones were out of the cavities, they had not filled more than two acres at the end of the period mentioned.

Determined to make an end of this great work at once, the *Abraham* was sent over to young Ooroony to ask for assistance. Glad enough was that chief to grant what was demanded of him, and he came himself, at the head of five hundred men, to aid his friend in finishing this task. Even this strong body of laborers was busy two months longer before the governor pronounced the great end accomplished. Then he dismissed his neighbors with such gifts and pay as sent away everybody contented. Many persons thought the experiment of bringing so many savages to the Reef somewhat hazardous; but no harm ever came of it. On the contrary, the intercourse had a good effect, by making the two people better acquainted with each other. The governor had a great faculty in the management of those wild beings. He not only kept them in good humor, but what was far more difficult, he made them work. They were converted into a sort of Irish for his colony. It is true, one civilized man could do more than three of the Kanna-

kas, but the number of the last was so large that they accomplished a great deal during their stay.

Nor would the governor have ventured to let such dangerous neighbors into the group had there not been still more imposing mysteries connected with the Peak, into which they were not initiated. Even young Ooroony was kept in ignorance of what was to be found on that dreaded island. He saw vessels going and coming, knew that the governor often went there, saw strange faces appearing occasionally on the Reef that were understood to belong to the unknown land, and probably to a people who were much more powerful than those who were in direct communication with the natives.

The governor induced his Kannakas to work by interesting them in the explosions of the blasts, merely to enjoy the pleasure of seeing a cart-load of rock torn from its bed. One of these men would work at a drill all day, and then carry off the fragments to be placed in the walls after he had had his sport in this operation of blasting. They seemed never to tire of the fun, and it was greatly questioned if half as much labor could have been got out of them at any other work as at this.

A good deal of attention was paid to rendering the soil of the colony garden fertile as well as deep. In its shallowest places it exceeded a foot in depth, and in the deepest spots, where natural fissures had aided the drill, it required four or five feet of materials to form the level. These deep places were all marked, and were reserved for the support of trees. Not only was sand freely mixed with the mud, or muck, but sea-weed in large quantities was laid near the surface, and finally covered with the soil. In this manner was a foundation made that could not fail to sustain a garden luxuriant in its products, aided by the genial heat and plentiful rains of the climate. Shrubs, flowers, grass, and ornamental trees, however, were all the governor aimed at in these public grounds; the plain of the crater furnishing fruit and vegetables in an abundance as yet far exceeding the wants of the whole colony. The great danger, indeed, that the governor most apprehended was that the beneficent products of the region would render his people indolent; an idle nation becoming, almost infallibly, vicious as well as ignorant. It was with a view to keep the colony on the advance, and to maintain a spirit of improvement, that so much attention was so early bestowed on what might otherwise be regarded as purely intellectual pursuits, which, by creating new wants, might induce their subjects to devise the means of supplying them.

The governor judged right; for tastes are commonly acquired by imitation, and when thus acquired, they take the strongest hold of those who cultivate them. The effect produced by the Colony Garden, or public grounds, was such as twenty-fold to return the cost and labor bestowed on it. The sight of such an improvement set both men and women to work throughout the group, and not a dwelling was erected in the town, that the drill did not open the rock, and mud and sand form a garden. Nor did the governor himself confine his horticultural improvements to the gardens mentioned. Before he sent away his legion of five hundred, several hundred blasts were made in isolated spots on the Reef; places where the natural formation favored such a project; and holes were formed that would receive a boat-load of soil each. In these places trees were set out, principally cocoanuts, and such other plants as were natural to the situation, due care being taken to see that each had sufficient nourishment.

The result of all this industry was to produce a great change in the state of things at the Reef. In addition to the buildings erected, and to the gardens made and planted, within the town itself, the whole surface of the island was more or less altered. Verdure soon made its appearance in places where, hitherto, nothing but naked rock had been seen, and trees began to cast their shade over the young and delicious grasses. As for the town itself, it was certainly no great matter; containing about twenty dwellings, and otherwise being of very modest pre-

tensions. Those who dwelt there were principally such mechanics as found it convenient to be at the center of the settlement, some half a dozen persons employed about the warehouses of the merchants, a few officials of the government, and the families of those who depended mainly on the sea for their support. Each and all of these heads of families had drawn their lots, both in the group and on the Peak, though some had sold their rights the better to get a good start in their particular occupations. The merchants, however, established themselves on the Reef, as a matter of necessity, each causing a warehouse to be constructed near the water, with tackles and all the usual conveniencies for taking in and delivering goods. Each also had his dwelling near at hand. As these persons had come well provided for the Indian trade in particular, having large stocks of such cheap and coarse articles as took with the natives, they were already driving a profitable business, receiving considerable quantities of sandal-wood in exchange for their goods.

It is worthy of being mentioned that the governor and council early passed a sort of navigation act, the effect of which was to secure the carrying trade to the colony. The motive, however, was more to keep the natives within safe limits than to monopolize the profits of the seas. By the provisions of this law, no canoe could pass from Betto's group to either of the islands of the colony without express permission from the governor. In order to carry on the trade, the parties met on specified days at Ooroony's village, and there made their exchanges; vessels being sent from the Reef to bring away the sandal-wood. With a view to the final transportation of the last to a market, Saunders had been instructed to purchase a suitable vessel, which was to return with the *Rancocus*, freighted with such heavy and cheap implements as were most wanted in the colony, including cows and mares in particular. Physical force, in the shape of domestic animals, was greatly wanted; and it was perhaps the most costly of all the supplies introduced into the settlements. Of horned cattle there were already about five-and-twenty head in the colony—enough to make sure of the breed; but they were either cows, steers too young to be yet of much use, and calves. Nothing was killed, of course; but so much time must pass before the increase would give the succor wanted, that the governor went to unusual expense and trouble to make additions to the herd from abroad.

As for the horses, but three had been brought over, two of which were mares. The last had foaled twice; and there were four colts, all doing well, but wanting age to be useful. All the stock of this character was kept on the Peak, in order to secure it from invaders; and the old animals, even to the cows, were lightly worked there, doing a vast deal that would otherwise remain undone. It was so obviously advantageous to increase the amount of this sort of force, that Saunders had strict orders to purchase the vessel mentioned, and to bring over as many beasts as he could conveniently and safely stow. With this object in view, he was directed to call in, on the western side of Cape Horn, and to make his purchases in South America. The horned cattle might not be so good, coming from such a quarter, but the dangers of doubling the Cape would be avoided.

While making these general and desultory statements touching the progress of the colony, it may be well to say a word of Rancocus Island. The establishments necessary there, to carry on the mills, lime and brickkilns, and the stone quarry, induced the governor to erect a small work, in which the persons employed in that out-colony might take refuge, in the event of an invasion. This was done accordingly; and two pieces of artillery were regularly mounted on it. Nor was the duty of fortifying neglected elsewhere. As for the Peak, it was not deemed necessary to do more than improve a little upon nature; the colony being now too numerous to suppose that it could not defend the cove against any enemy likely to land there, should the entrance of that secret haven be detected. On the Reef, however, it was a very different matter.

That place was as accessible as the other was secure. The construction of so many stout stone edifices contributed largely to the defense of the town; but the governor saw the necessity of providing the means of commanding the approaches by water. Four distinct passages, each corresponding to a cardinal point of the compass, led from the crater out to sea. As the south passage terminated at the bridge, it was sufficiently commanded by the Colony House. But all the others were wider, more easy of approach, and less under the control of the adjacent islands. But the Summit had points whence each might be raked by guns properly planted, and batteries were accordingly constructed on these points; the twelve-pounder being used for their armaments. Each battery had two guns; and, when all was completed, it was the opinion of the governor that the post was sufficiently well fortified. In order, however, to give additional security, the crater was tabooed to all the Kannakas; not one of whom was permitted ever to enter it, or even to go near it.

But defense, and building, and making soil, did not altogether occupy the attention of the colonists during these important twelve months. Both the brothers of the governor got married; the oldest, or the attorney-general, to the oldest sister of John Pennock, and the youngest to a sister of the Rev. Mr. Hornblower. It was in this simple colony, as it ever has been, and ever will be in civilized society, that, in forming matrimonial connections, like looks for like. There was no person or family at the Reef which could be said to belong to the highest social class of America, if, indeed, any one could rank as high as a class immediately next to the highest; yet, distinctions existed which were maintained usefully, and without a thought of doing them away. The notion that money alone makes those divisions into castes which are everywhere to be found, and which will probably continue to be found as long as society itself exists is a very vulgar and fallacious notion. It comes from the difficulty of appreciating those tastes and qualities which, not possessing ourselves, are so many unknown and mysterious influences. In marrying Sarah Pennock, John Woolston was slightly conscious of making a little sacrifice in these particulars, but she was a very pretty, modest girl, of a suitable age, and the circle to choose from, it will be remembered, was very limited. In America that connection might not have taken place; but, at the crater, it was all well enough, and it turned out to be a very happy union. Had the sacrifice of habits and tastes been greater, this might not have been the fact, for it is certain that our happiness depends more on the subordinate qualities and our cherished usages, than on principles themselves. It is difficult to suppose that any refined woman, for instance, can ever thoroughly overcome her disgust for a man who habitually blows his nose with his fingers, or that one bred a gentleman can absolutely overlook, even in a wife, the want of the thousand and one little lady-like habits, which render the sex perhaps more attractive than do their personal charms.

Several other marriages took place, the scarcity of subjects making it somewhat hazardous to delay: when Hobson's choice is placed before one, deliberation is of no great use. It was generally understood that the *Rancocus* was to bring out very few immigrants, though permission had been granted to Captain Saunders to take letters to certain friends of some already settled in the colony, with the understanding that those friends were to be received, should they determine to come. That point, however, was soon to be decided, for just a year and one week after the *Rancocus* had sailed from Betto's group, the news reached the Reef that the good ship was coming into the northern roads, and preparing to anchor. The governor immediately went on board the *Anne*, taking Betts with him, and made sail for the point in question, with a view to bring the vessel through the passage to the Reef. The governor and Betts were the only two who, as it was believed, could carry so large a vessel through; though later soundings showed it was only necessary to keep clear of the points and the

shores, in order to bring in a craft of any draught of water.

When the *Anne* ran out into the roads, there she found the *Rancocus* at anchor, sure enough. On nearing her, Captain Saunders appeared on her poop, and in answer to a hail, gave the welcome answer of "all well." Those comprehensive words removed a great deal of anxiety from the mind of the governor; absence being, in one sense, the parent of uncertainty, and uncertainty of uneasiness. Everything about the ship, however, looked well, and to the surprise of those in the *Anne*, many heads belonging to others besides the crew were to be seen above the rail. A sail was in sight, moreover, standing in, and this vessel, Captain Saunders stated, was the brig *Henlopen*, purchased on government account, and loaded with stock and other property for the colony.

On going on board the *Rancocus* it was ascertained that, in all, one hundred and eleven new immigrants had been brought out! The circle of the affections had been set at work, and one friend had induced another to enter into the adventure, until it was found that less than the number mentioned could not be gotten rid of. That which could not be cured was to be endured, and the governor's dissatisfaction was a good deal appeased when he learned that the new-comers were of excellent materials; being, without exception, young, healthful, moral, and all possessed of more or less substance, in the way of worldly goods. This accession to the colony brought its population up to rather more than five hundred souls, of which number, however, near a hundred and fifty were children, or under the age of fourteen years.

Glad enough were the new-comers to land at a little settlement which had been made on the island which lay abreast of the roads, and where, indeed, there was a very convenient harbor, did vessels choose to use it. The roads, however, had excellent anchorage, and were perfectly protected against the prevailing winds of that region. Only once, indeed, since the place was inhabited, had the wind been known to blow *on* shore at that point; and then only during a brief squall. In general, the place was every way favorable for the arrival and departure of shipping, the trades making a leading breeze both in going and coming—as, indeed, they did all the way to and from the Reef. A long-headed immigrant, of the name of Dunks, had foreseen the probable future importance of this outer harbor, and had made such an arrangement with the council as to obtain leave for himself and three or four of his connections to exchange the land they had drawn against an equal quantity in this part of the group. The arrangement was made, and this little outlying colony had now been established an entire season. As the spot was a good deal exposed to an invasion, a stone dwelling had been erected that was capable of accommodating the whole party, and pickets were placed around it in such a way as to prove an ample defense against any attempt to carry the work by assault. The governor had lent them a field-piece, and it was thought the whole disposition was favorable to the security of the colony, since no less than eleven combatants could be mustered here to repel invasion.

The immigrants, as usual, found everything charming, when their feet touched *terra firma*. The crops *did* look well, and the island being covered with mud, the sand had done wonders for the vegetation. It is true that trees were wanting, though the pickets or palisades, being of willow, had all sprouted, and promised soon to inclose the dwelling in a grove. Some fifty acres had been tilled, more or less thoroughly, and timothy was already growing that was breast high. Clover looked well, too, as did everything else; the guano having lost none of its virtues since the late arrivals.

The governor sent back the *Anne*, with instructions to prepare room for the immigrants in the government dwelling, which, luckily, was large enough to receive them all. He waited with the *Rancocus*, however, for the *Henlopen* to come in and anchor. He then went on board this brig, and took a look at the stock. Saunders, a discreet, sensible man, so well understood the

importance of adding to the physical force of the colony, in the way of brutes, that he had even strained the point to bring as many mares and cows as he could stow. He had put on board twenty-five of the last, and twenty of the first; all purchased at Valparaiso. The weather had been so mild that no injury had happened to the beasts, but the length of the passage had so far exhausted the supplies that not a mouthful of food had the poor animals tasted for the twenty-four hours before they got in. The water, too, was scarce, and anything but sweet. For a month everything had been on short allowance, and the suffering creatures must have been enchanted to smell the land. Smell it they certainly did; for such a lowing, and neighing, and fretting did they keep up, when the governor got alongside of the brig, that he could not endure the sight of their misery, but determined at once to relieve it.

The brig was anchored within two hundred yards of a fine sandy beach, on which there were several runs of delicious water, and which communicated directly with a meadow of grass, as high as a man's breast. A bargain was soon made with Dunks; and the two crews, that of the *Rancocus*, as well as that of the brig, were set to work without delay, to hoist out every creature having a hoof, that was on board the *Henlopen*. As slings were all ready, little delay was necessary, but a mare soon rose through the hatchway, was swung over the vessel's side, and was lowered into the water. A very simple contrivance released the creature from the slings, and off it swam, making the best of its way toward the land. In three minutes the poor thing was on the beach, though actually staggering from weakness and from long use to the motion of the vessel. The water was its first aim. Dunks was there, however, to prevent it from drinking too much, when it made its way up to the grass, which it began to eat ravenously. All the rest went through the same process, and in a couple of hours the poor things were relieved from their misery, and the brig, which smelled like a stable, was well quit of them. Brooms and water were set to work immediately, but it was a month before the *Henlopen* lost the peculiar odor of the cattle.

Nor were the human beings much less rejoiced to go ashore than the brutes. Dunks gave them all a hearty welcome, and though he had little fruit to offer, he had plenty of vegetables, for which they were quite as thankful. Melons, however, he could and did give them, and the human part of the cargo had an ample feast on a sort of food to which they had now so long been strangers. The horses and cows were left on Dunks's Island, where they stayed until word was sent to the governor that they had eaten down all his grass, and would soon be on allowance again, unless taken away. Means, however, were soon found to relieve him of the stock, though his meadows, or pastures rather, having been seldom cut in that climate, were much improved by the visit paid them. As for the animals, they were parcelled out among the different farms, thus giving a little milk, and a little additional force to each neighborhood. Fowls and pigs had been distributed some time previously, so that not a man in the group was without his breeding sow and his brood of young chickens. These were species of stock that increased so rapidly, that a little care alone was wanting to make eggs and pork plenty. Corn, or maize, grew just for the planting; though it was all the better, certainly, for a little care.

After sufficient time had been allowed to make the necessary preparations, the vessels sailed with the immigrants for the Reef. There was many a glad meeting between friends and relatives. Those who had just arrived had a great deal to tell those who had preceded them by eighteen months, and those who now considered themselves old settlers, entertained the new ones with the wonders of their novel situation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Welter upon the waters, mighty one—
And stretch thee in the ocean's trough of brine;
Turn thy wet scales up to the wind and sun,
And toss the billow from thy flashing fin;
Heave thy deep breathing to the ocean's din,
And bound upon its ridges in thy pride,
Or dive down to its lowest depths, and in
The caverns where its unknown monsters hide,
Measure thy length beneath the gulf-stream's tide." —BRAINARD'S *Sea-Serpent.*

THE colony had now reached a point when its policy must have an eye to its future destinies. If it were intended to push it, like a new settlement, a very different course ought to be pursued from the one hitherto adopted. But the governor and council entertained more moderate views. They understood their real position better. It was true that the Peak, in one sense, or in that which related to soil and products, was now in a condition to receive immigrants as fast as they could come; but the Peak had its limits, and it could hold but a very circumscribed number. As to the group, land had to be formed for the reception of the husbandman, little more than the elements of soil existing over so much of its surface. Then in the way of trade, there could not be any very great inducement for adventurers to come, since the sandal-wood was the only article possessed which would command a price in a foreign market. This sandal-wood, moreover, did not belong to the colony, but to a people who might, at any moment, become hostile, and who already began to complain that the article was getting to be very scarce. Under all the circumstances, therefore, it was not deemed desirable to add to the population of the place faster than would now be done by natural means.

The cargoes of the two vessels just arrived were divided between the state and the governor by a very just process. The governor had one-half the proceeds for his own private use, as owner of the *Rancocus*, without which vessel nothing could have been done; while the state received the other moiety in virtue of the labor of its citizens as well as in that of its right to impose duties on imports and exports. Of the portion which went to the state, certain parts were equally divided between the colonists for immediate use, while other parts of the cargo were placed in store, and held as a stock, to be drawn upon as occasion might arise.

The voyage, like most adventures in sandal-wood, teas, etc., in that day, had been exceedingly advantageous, and produced a most beneficent influence on the fortunes and comforts of the settlement. A well-selected cargo of the coarse, low-priced articles most needed in such a colony, could easily have been purchased with far less than the proceeds of the cargo of tea that had been obtained at Canton, in exchange for the sandal-wood carried out; and Saunders, accordingly, had filled the holds of both vessels with such articles, besides bringing home with him a considerable amount in specie, half of which went into the public coffers, and half into the private purse of Governor Woolston. Money had been in circulation in the colony for the last twelve months; though a good deal of caution was used in suffering it to pass from hand to hand. The disposition was to hoard; but this fresh arrival of specie gave a certain degree of confidence, and the silver circulated a great deal more freely after it was known that so considerable an amount had been brought in.

It would scarcely be in our power to enumerate the articles that were received by these arrivals; they included everything in common use among civilized men, from a grindstone to a cart. Groceries, too, had been brought in reasonable quantities, including teas, sugars, etc.; though these articles were not so much considered *necessaries* in America fifty years ago as they are to-day. The groceries of the state, as well as many other articles, were put into the hands of the merchants, who either purchased them out and out, to dispose of at retail, or who took them on commission, with the same object. From this time, therefore, regular shops existed, there being three on the Reef and one on the Peak, where nearly everything in use could be bought, and that, too, at prices that were far from being exorbitant. The absence of import duties had a great in-

fluence on the cost of things, the state getting its receipts in kind, directly through the labor of its citizens, instead of looking to a custom-house in quest of its share for the general prosperity.

At that time very little was written about the great fallacy of the present day, Free Trade; which is an illusion about which men now talk, and dispute, and almost fight, while no living mortal can tell what it really is. It is wise for us in America, who never had anything but free trade, according to modern doctrines, to look a little closely into the sophisms that are getting to be so much in vogue; and which, whenever they come from our illustrious ancestors in Great Britain, have some such effect on the imaginations of a portion of our people as purling rills and wooded cascades are known to possess over those of certain young ladies of fifteen.

Free trade, in its true signification, or in the only signification which is not a fallacy, can only mean a commerce that is *totally unfettered by duties, restrictions, prohibitions and charges of all sorts*. Except among savages, the world never yet saw such a state of things, and probably never will. Even free trade ports have exactions that, in a degree, counteract their pretended principles of liberty; and no free port exists that is anything more, in a strict interpretation of its uses, than a sort of bonded warehouse. So long as your goods remain there on deposit and unappropriated, they are not taxed; but the instant they are taken to the *consumer*, the customary impositions must be paid.

Freer trade—that is, a trade which is less encumbered than some admitted state of things which previously existed—is easily enough comprehended; but, instead of conveying to the mind any general theory, it merely shows that a lack of wisdom may have prevailed in the management of some particular interest; which lack of wisdom is now being tardily repaired. Prohibitions, whether direct or in the form of impositions that the trade will not bear, may be removed without leaving trade *free*. This or that article may be thrown open to the general competition without import duty or tax of any sort, and yet the great bulk of the commerce of a country be so fettered as to put an effectual check upon anything like liberal intercourse. Suppose, for instance, that Virginia were an independent country. Its exports would be tobacco, flour, and corn; the tobacco crop probably more than equaling in value those portions of the other crops which are sent out of the country. England is suffering for food, and she takes off everything like imposts on the eatables, while she taxes tobacco to the amount of many hundred per cent. Can that be called free trade?

There is another point of view in which we could wish to protest against the shouts and fallacies of the hour. Trade, perhaps the most corrupt and corrupting influence of life—or, if second to anything in evil, second only to politics—is proclaimed to be the great means of humanizing, enlightening, liberalizing, and improving the human race! Now, against this monstrous mistake in morals, we would fain raise our feeble voices in sober remonstrance. That the intercourse which is a consequence of commerce may, in certain ways, liberalize a man's views, we are willing to admit; though, at the same time, we shall insist that there are better modes of attaining the same ends. But it strikes us as profane to ascribe to this frail and mercenary influence a power which there is every reason to believe the Almighty has bestowed on the Christian church, and on that alone; a church which is opposed to most of the practices of trade, which rebukes them in nearly every line of its precepts, and which, carried out in its purity, can alone give the world that liberty and happiness which a grasping spirit of cupidity is so ready to impute to the desire to accumulate gold!

Fortunately, there was little occasion to dispute about the theories of commerce at the Reef. The little trade that did exist was truly unfettered; but no one supposed that any man was nearer to God on that account, except as he was farther removed from temptations to do wrong. Still, the governing principle was sound; not by canting about the beneficent and

holy influences of commerce, but by leaving to each man his individuality, or restraining it only on those points which the public good demanded. Instead of monopolizing the trade of the colony, which his superior wealth and official power would have rendered very easy, Governor Woolston acted in the most liberal spirit to all around him. With the exception of the *Anne*, which was built by the colony, the council had decided, in some measure contrary to his wishes, though in strict accordance with what was right, that all the vessels were the private property of Mark.

After this decision, the governor formally conveyed the *Mermaid* and the *Abraham* to the state; the former to be retained principally as a cruiser and a packet, while the last was in daily use as a means of conveying articles and passengers from one island to the other. The *Neshamony* was presented, out and out, to Betts, who turned many a penny with her by keeping her running through the different passages, with freight, etc.; going from plantation to plantation, as these good people were in the practice of calling their farms. Indeed, Bob did little else, until the governor, seeing his propensity to stick by the water, and ascertaining that the intercourse would justify such an investment, determined to build him a sloop, in order that he might use her as a sort of packet and market-boat united. A vessel of about forty-five tons was laid down accordingly, and put into the water at the end of six months, that was just the sort of craft suited to Bob's wishes and wants. In the meantime, the honest fellow had resigned his seat in the council, feeling that he was out of his place in such a body, among men of more or less education, and of habits so much superior and more refined than his own. Mark did not oppose this step in his friend, but rather encouraged it; being persuaded nothing was gained by forcing upon a man duties he was hardly fitted to discharge. Self-made men, he well knew, were sometimes very useful; but he also knew that they must be first *made*.

The name of this new sloop was the *Martha*, being thus called in compliment of her owner's sober-minded, industrious and careful wife. She (the sloop, and not Mrs. Betts) was nearly all cabin, having lockers forward and aft, and was fitted with benches in her wings, steamboat fashion. Her canvas was of light duck, there being very little heavy weather in that climate; so that assisted by a boy and a Kannaka, honest Bob could do anything he wished with his craft. He often went to the Peak and Rancocus Island in her, always doing something useful; and he even made several trips in her, within the first few months he had her running, as far as Betto's group. On these last voyages, he carried over Kannakas as passengers, as well as various small articles, such as fish-hooks, old iron, hatchets even, and now and then a little tobacco. These he exchanged for cocoanuts, which were very scarce in the colony, on account of the number of mouths to consume them; baskets, Indian cloth, paddles which the islanders made very beautifully and with a great deal of care; bread-fruit, and other plants that abounded more at Betto's group than at the Reef, or even on the Peak.

But the greatest voyage Betts made that season was when he took a freight of melons. This was a fruit which now abounded in the colony; so much so as to be fed even to the hogs, while the natives knew nothing of it beyond the art of eating it. They were extraordinarily fond of melons, and Bob actually filled the cabin of the *Martha* with articles obtained in exchange for his cargo. Among other things obtained on this occasion was a sufficiency of sandal-wood to purchase for the owner of the sloop as many groceries as he could consume in his family for twelve months; though groceries were high, as may well be supposed, in a place like the Reef. Betts always admitted that the first great turn in his fortune was the money made on this voyage, in which he embarked without the least apprehension of Waally, and his never-ceasing wiles and intrigues. Indeed, most of his sales were made to that subtle

and active chief, who dealt very fairly by him.

All this time the *Rancocus* was laid up for want of something to freight her with. At one time the governor thought of sending her to pick up a cargo where she could; but a suggestion by a seaman of the name of Walker set him on a different track, and put on foot an adventure which soon attracted the attention of most of the sea-faring portion of the community.

It had been observed by the crew of the *Rancocus*, not only in her original run through those seas, but in her two subsequent passages from America, that the spermaceti whale abounded in all that part of the ocean which lay to windward of the group. Now Walker had once been second officer of a Nantucket craft, and was regularly brought up to the business of taking whales. Among the colonists were half a dozen others who had done more or less at the same business; and at the suggestion of Walker, who had gone out in the *Rancocus* as her first officer, Captain Saunders laid in a provision of such articles as were necessary to set up the business. These consisted of cordage, harpoons, spades, lances, and casks. Then no small part of the lower hold of the *Henlopen* was stowed with shook casks; iron for hoops, etc., being also provided.

As the sandal-wood was now obtained in only small quantities, all idea of sending the ship to Canton again, that year, was necessarily abandoned. At first this seemed to be a great loss; but when the governor came to reflect coolly on the subject, not only he, but the council generally, came to the conclusion that Providence was dealing more mercifully with them, by turning the people into this new channel of commerce, than to leave them to pursue their original track. Sandal-wood had a purely adventitious value, though it brought, particularly in that age, a most enormous profit; one so large, indeed, as to have a direct and quick tendency to demoralize those embarked in the trade. The whaling business, on the other hand, while it made large returns, demanded industry, courage, perseverance, and a fair amount of capital. Of vessels, the colonists had all they wanted; the forethought of Saunders and the suggestions of Walker furnished the particular means; and of provisions there was now a superabundance in the group.

It was exceedingly fortunate that such an occupation offered to interest and keep alive the spirit of the colonists. Man must have something to do; some main object to live for; or he is apt to degenerate in his ambition, and to fall off in his progress. No sooner was it announced that whales were to be taken, however, than even the women became alive to the results of the enterprise. This feeling was kept up by the governor's letting it be officially known that each colonist should have one share, or "lay," as it was termed, in the expected cargo; which share, or "lay," was to be paid for in provisions. Those actually engaged in the business had as many "lays" as it was thought they could earn; the colony in its collected capacity had a certain number more, in return for articles received from the public stores; and the governor, as owner of the vessels employed, received one-fifth of the whole cargo, or cargoes. This last was a very small return for the amount of capital employed; and it was so understood by those who reaped the advantages of the owner's liberality.

The *Rancocus* was not fitted out as a whaler, but was reserved as a warehouse to receive the oil, to store it until a cargo was collected, and then was to be used as a means to convey it to America. For this purpose she was stripped, had her rigging thoroughly overhauled, was cleaned out and smoked for rats, and otherwise was prepared for service. While in this state, she lay alongside of the natural quay, near and opposite to some extensive sheds which had been erected, as a protection against the heats of the climate.

The *Henlopen*, a compact clump of a brig that was roomy on deck, and had stout masts and good rigging, was fitted out for the whaler; though the *Anne* was sent to cruise in company. Five whale-

boats, with the necessary crews, were employed; two remaining with the *Anne*, and three in the brig. The Kannakas were found to be indefatigable at the oar, and a good number of them were used on this occasion. About twenty of the largest boys belonging to the colony were also sent out, in order to accustom them to the sea. These boys were between the ages of eight and sixteen, and were made useful in a variety of ways.

Great was the interest awakened in the colony when the *Henlopen* and the *Anne* sailed on this adventure. Many of the women, the wives, daughters, sisters, or sweethearts of the whalers, would gladly have gone along; and so intense did the feeling become, that the governor determined to make a festival of the occasion, and to offer to take out himself, in the *Mermaid*, as many of both sexes as might choose to make a trip of a few days at sea, and be witnesses of the success of their friends in this new undertaking. Betts also took a party in the *Martha*. The *Abraham*, too, was in company; while the *Neshamony* was sent to leeward, to keep a lookout in that quarter, lest the natives should take it into their heads to visit the group, while so many of its fighting-men, fully a hundred altogether, were absent. It is true those who stayed at home were fully able to beat off Waally and his followers; but the governor thought it prudent to have a lookout. Such was the difference produced by habit. When the whole force of the colony consisted of less than twenty men, it was thought sufficient to protect itself, could it be brought to act together; whereas, now when ten times twenty were left at home, unusual caution was deemed necessary, because the colony was weakened by this expedition of so many of its members. But everything is comparative with man.

When all was ready, the whaling expedition sailed; the governor leading on board the *Mermaid*, which had no less than forty females on her—Bridget and Anne being among them. The vessels went out by the southern channel, passing through the strait at the bridge in order to do so. This course was taken as it would be easier to turn to windward in the open water between the South Cape and the Peak than to do it in the narrow passages between the islands of the group. The *Mermaid* led off handsomely, sparing the *Henlopen* her courses and royals. Even the *Abraham* could spare the last vessel her foresail, the new purchase turning out to be anything but a traveler. The women wondered how so slow a vessel could ever catch a whale!

The direction steered by the fleet carried it close under the weather side of the Peak, the summit of which was crowded with the population, to see so unusual and pleasing a sight. The *Martha* led, carrying rather more sail, in proportion to her size, than the *Mermaid*. It happened, by one of those vagaries of fortune which so often thwart the best calculations, that a spout was seen to windward of the cliffs, at a moment when the sloop was about a league nearer to it than any other vessel. Now every vessel in the fleet had its whaleboat and whale boat's crew; though the men of all but those who belonged to the *Henlopen* were altogether inexperienced. It is true, they had learned the theory of the art of taking a whale; but they were utterly wanting in the practice.

Betts was not the man to have the game in view, however, and not make an effort to overcome it. His boat was manned in an instant, and away he went, with Socrates in the bows, to fasten to a huge creature that was rolling on the water in a species of sluggish enjoyment of its instincts. It often happens that very young soldiers, more especially when an *esprit de corps* has been awakened in them, achieve things from which older troops would retire, under the consciousness of their hazards. So did it prove with the *Martha's* boat's crew on this occasion. Betts steered, and he put them directly on the whale; Socrates, who looked fairly green under the influence of alarm and eagerness to attack, both increased by the total novelty of his situation, making his dart of the harpoon when the bows of the fragile craft were literally over the huge body of the animal. All the energy

of the negro was thrown into his blow, for he felt as if it were life or death with him; and the whale spouted blood immediately. It is deemed a great exploit with whalers, though it is not of very rare occurrence, to inflict a death-wound with the harpoon; that implement being intended to make fast with to the fish, which is subsequently slain with what is termed a lance. But Socrates actually killed the first whale he ever struck, with the harpoon; and from that moment he became an important personage in the fisheries of those seas. That blow was a sort of Palo Alto affair to him, and was the forerunner of many similar successes. Indeed, it soon got to be said that "with Bob Betts to put the boat on, and old Soc to strike, a whale commonly has a hard time on't." It is true, that a good many boats were stove, and two Kannakas were drowned, that very summer, in consequence of these tactics; but the whales were killed, and Betts and the black escaped with whole skins.

On this, the first occasion, the whale made the water foam, half-filled the boat, and would have dragged it under but for the vigor of the negro's arm and the home character of the blow, which caused the fish to turn up and breathe his last before he had time to run any great distance. The governor arrived on the spot just as Bob had got a hawser to the whale, and was ready to fill away for the South Cape channel again. The vessels passed each other cheering, and the governor admonished his friend not to carry the carcass too near the dwellings, lest it should render them uninhabitable. But Betts had his anchorage already in his eye, and away he went, with the wind on his quarter, towing his prize at the rate of four or five knots. It may be said here that the *Martha* went into the passage, and that the whale was floated into shallow water, where sinking was out of the question, and Bob and his Kannakas, about twenty in number, went to work to peel off the blubber in a very efficient, though not in a very scientific or artistical manner. They got the creature stripped of its jacket of fat that very night, and next morning the *Martha* appeared with a set of kettles, in which the blubber was tried out. Casks were also brought in the sloop, and, when the work was done, it was found that that single whale yielded one hundred and eleven barrels of oil, of which thirty-three barrels were head-matter! This was a capital commencement for the new trade, and Betts conveyed the whole of his prize to the Reef, where the oil was started into the ground-tier of the *Rancocus*, the casks of which were newly repaired and ready stowed to receive it.

A week later, as the governor in the *Mermaid*, cruising in company with the *Henlopen* and *Abraham*, was looking out for whales about a hundred miles to windward of the Peak, having met with no success, he was again joined by Betts in the *Martha*. Everything was reported right at the Reef. The *Neshamony* had come in for provisions and gone out again, and the *Rancocus* would stand up without watching, with her hundred and eleven barrels of oil in her lower hold. The governor expressed his sense of Betts's services, and reminding him of his old faculty of seeing farther and truer than most on board, he asked him to go up into the brig's cross-trees and take a look for whales. The keen-eyed fellow had not been aloft ten minutes before the cry of "spouts—spouts!" was ringing through the vessel. The proper signal was made to the *Henlopen* and *Abraham*, when everybody made sail in the necessary direction. By sunset a great number of whales were fallen in with, and as Captain Walker gave it as his opinion they were feeding in that place, no attempt was made on them until morning. The next day, however, with the return of light, six boats were in the water, and pulling off toward the game.

On this occasion, Walker led on, as became his rank and experience. In less than an hour he was fast to a very large whale, a brother of that taken by Betts; and the females had the exciting spectacle of a boat towed by an enormous fish, at a rate of no less than twenty knots in an hour. It is the practice among whalers for the vessel to keep working to

windward, while the game is taking, in order to be in the most favorable position to close with the boats, after the whale is killed. So long, however, as the creature has life in it, it would be folly to aim at any other object than getting to windward, for the fish may be here at one moment, and a league off in a few minutes more. Sometimes, the alarmed animal goes fairly out of sight of the vessel, running in a straight line some fifteen or twenty miles, when the alternatives are to run the chances of missing the ship altogether, or to cut from the whale. By doing the last not only is the harpoon lost, but often several hundred fathoms of line; and it not unfrequently happens that whales are killed with harpoons in them, left by former assailants, and dragging after them a hundred or two fathoms of line.

It may be well, here, to explain to the uninitiated reader, that the harpoon is a barbed spear, with a small, but stout cord, or whale line fastened to it. The boat approaches the fish bow foremost, but is made sharp at both ends that it may "back off," if necessary; the whale being often dangerous to approach, and ordinarily starting, when struck, in a way to render his immediate neighborhood somewhat ticklish. The fish usually goes down when harpooned, and the line must be permitted to "run out," or he would drag the boat after him. But a whale must breathe as well as a man, and the faster he runs the sooner he must come up for a fresh stock of air. Now the proper use of the harpoon and the line is merely to fasten to the fish; though it does sometimes happen that the creature is killed by the former. As soon as the whale reappears on the surface and becomes stationary, or even moderates his speed a little, the men begin to haul in line, gradually closing with their intended victim. It often happens that the whale starts afresh, when line must be permitted to run out anew; this process of "hauling in" and "letting run" being often renewed several times at the taking of a single fish. When the boat can be hauled near enough, the officer at its head darts his lance into the whale, aiming at a vital part. If the creature "spouts blood," it is well; but if not hit in the vitals, away it goes, and the whole business of "letting run," "towing," and "hauling in" has to be gone over again.

On the present occasion, Walker's harpooner, or boat-steerer, as he is called, had made a good "heave," and was well fast to his fish. The animal made a great circuit, running completely round the *Mermaid* at a distance which enabled those on board her to see all that was passing. When nearest to the brig, and the water was curling off the bow of the boat in combs two feet higher than her gunwale, under the impulse given by the frantic career of the whale, Bridget pressed closer to her husband's side, and, for the first time in her life, mentally thanked Heaven that he was the governor, since that was an office which did not require him to go forth and kill whales. At that very moment Mark was burning with the desire to have a hand in the sport, though he certainly had some doubts whether such on occupation would suitably accord with the dignity of his office.

Walker got alongside of his whale within half a mile of the two brigs, and to leeward of both. In consequence of this favorable circumstance, the *Henlopen* soon had its prize hooked on, and her people at work stripping off the blubber. This is done by hooking the lower block of a powerful purchase in a portion of the substance, and then cutting a strip of convenient size and heaving on the fall at the windlass. The strip is cut by implements called spades, and the blubber is torn from the carcass by the strain, after the sides of the "blanket-piece," as the strip is termed, are separated from the other portion of the animal by the cutting process. The "blanket-pieces" are often raised as high as the lower mast-heads, or as far as the purchase will admit of its being carried when a transverse cut is made, and the whole of the fragment is lowered on deck. This "blanket-piece" is then cut into pieces and put into the try-works, a large boiler erected on deck, in order to be "tried-out," when the oil

is cooled, and "started" below into casks. In this instance, the oil was taken on board the *Abraham* as fast as it was "tried out" on board the *Henlopen*, the weather admitting of the transfer.

But that single whale was far from being the only fruits of Betts's discovery. The honest old Delaware seaman took two more whales himself, Socrates making fast, and he killing the creatures. The boats of the *Henlopen* also took two more, and that of the *Abraham* one. Betts in the *Martha*, and the governor in the *Mermaid*, towed four of these whales into the southern channel, and into what now got the name of Whaling Bight. This was the spot where Betts had tried out the first fish taken, and it proved to be every way suitable for its business. The Bight formed a perfectly safe harbor, and there was not only a sandy shoal on which the whales could be floated and kept from sinking, a misfortune that sometimes occurs, but it had a natural quay quite near, where the *Rancocus* herself could lie. There was fresh water in abundance, and an island of sufficient size to hold the largest whaling establishment that ever existed. This island was incontinently named Blubber Island. The greatest disadvantage was the total absence of soil, and consequently of all sorts of herbage; but its surface was as smooth as that of an artificial quay, admitting of the rolling of casks with perfect ease. The governor no sooner ascertained the facilities of the place, which was far enough from the ordinary passage to and from the Peak to remove the nuisances, than he determined to make it his whaling haven.

The *Abraham* was sent across to Rancocus Island for a load of lumber, and extensive sheds were erected in time to receive the *Henlopen* when she came in with a thousand barrels of oil on board, and towing in three whales that she had actually taken in the passage between Cape South and the Peak. By that time the *Rancocus* had been moved, being stiff enough to be brought from the Reef to Blubber Island under some of her lower sails. This moving of vessels among the islands of the group was a very easy matter, so long as they were not to be carried to windward; and a further acquaintance with the channels had let the mariners into the secret of turning up against the trades and within the islands, by keeping in such reaches as enabled them to go as near the wind as was necessary, while they were not compelled to go nearer than a craft could lie.

Such was the commencement of a trade that was destined to be of the last importance to our colonists. The oil that was brought in, from the first cruise, a cruise that lasted less than two months, and including that taken by all the boats, amounted to two thousand barrels, quite filling the lower hold of the *Rancocus*, and furnishing her with more than half of a full cargo. At the prices which then ruled in the markets of Europe and America, three thousand five hundred barrels of spermaceti, with a due proportion of head-matter, was known to be worth near a hundred thousand dollars; and might be set down as large a return for labor as men could obtain under the most advantageous circumstances.

CHAPTER XXV.

"The forest reels beneath the stroke
Of sturdy woodman's ax;
The earth receives the white man's yoke,
And pays her willing tax
Of fruits and flowers and golden harvest fields,
And all that Nature to blithe labor yields.'
—PAULDING.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great success which attended the beginning of the whaling, it was six months before the *Rancocus* was loaded and ready to sail for Hamburg with her cargo. This time the ship went east, at once, instead of sailing to the westward, as she had previously done —taking with her a crew composed partly of colonists and partly of Kannakas. Six boys, however, went in the ship, the children of reputable settlers; all of whom the governor intended should be officers, hereafter, on board of colony vessels. To prevent difficulties on the score of national character, on leaving America the last time, Saunders had cleared for the islands

of the Pacific and a market; meaning to cover his vessel, let her go where she might, by the latter reservation. This question of nationality offered a good deal of embarrassment in the long run, and the council foresaw future embarrassments as connected with the subject; but every one of the colonists being of American birth, and America being then neutral, and all the American-built vessels having American papers, it was thought most prudent to let things take their natural course, under the existing arrangement, until something occurred to render a more decided policy advisable.

As soon as the *Rancocus* got off, the *Henlopen* went out again, to cruise about two hundred leagues to windward; while the inshore fishery was carried on by Betts, in the *Martha*, with great spirit and most extraordinary success. So alive did the people get to be to the profit and sport of this sort of business, that boats were constructed, and crews formed all over the colony, there being often as many as a dozen different parties out, taking whales near the coasts. The *furor* existed on the Peak, as well as in the lowlands, and Bridget and Anne could not but marvel that men would quit the delicious coolness, the beautiful groves, and all the fruits and bountiful products of that most delightful plain, to go out on the ocean, in narrow quarters, and under a hot sun, to risk their lives in chase of the whale! This did the colonists, nevertheless, until the governor himself began to feel the necessity of striking a whale, if he would maintain his proper place in the public opinion.

As respects the governor, and the other high functionaries of the colony, some indulgence was entertained; it being the popular notion that men who lived so much within doors, and whose hands got to be so soft, were not exactly the sort of persons who would be most useful at the oar. Heaton, and the merchants, Pennock, and the two younger Woolstons, with the clergyman, were easily excused in the popular mind; but the governor was known to be a prime seaman, and a silent expectation appeared to prevail, that some day he would be seen in the bow of a boat, lancing a whale. Before the first season was over, this expectation was fully realized; Governor Woolston heading no less than four of what were called the colony boats, or boats that belonged to the state, and fished as much for honor as profit, taking a fine whale on each occasion. These exploits of the governor's capped the climax. in the way of giving a tone to the public mind, on the subject of taking whales. No man could any longer doubt of its being honorable, as well as useful, and even the boys petitioned to be allowed to go out. The Kannakas, more or less of whom were employed in each vessel, rose greatly in the public estimation, and no *young* man could expect to escape animadversion, unless he had been present at least once at the taking of a whale. Those who had struck or lanced a fish were now held in a proportionate degree of repute. It was, in fact, in this group that the custom originally obtained, which prohibited a young man from standing at the head of the dance who had not struck his fish; and not at Nantucket, as has been erroneously supposed.

In a community where such a spirit was awakened, it is not surprising that great success attended the fisheries. The *Henlopen* did well, bringing in eight hundred barrels; but she found six hundred more in waiting for her, that had been taken by the inshore fishermen; some using the *Abraham*, some the *Martha*, some the *Anne*, and others again nothing but the boats, in which they pursued their game. In the latter cases, however, when a fish was taken, one of the larger vessels was usually employed to take the creature into the Bight. In this way was the oil obtained, which went to make up a cargo for the *Henlopen*. The governor had his doubts about sending this brig on so distant a voyage, the vessel being so slow; but there was no choice, since she must go, or the cargo must remain a long time where it was. The brig was accordingly filled up, taking in seventeen hundred barrels; and she sailed for Hamburg, under the command of a young man named Thomas. Walker remained be-

hind, preferring to superintend the whaling affairs at home.

So high did the fever run, by this time, that it was determined to build a couple of vessels, each to measure about a hundred and eighty tons, with the sole object of using them to take the whale. Six months after laying their keels, these little brigs were launched; and lucky it was that the governor had ordered copper for a ship to be brought out, since it now came handy for using on these two craft. But the whaling business had not been suffered to lag while the *Jonas* and the *Dragon* were on the stocks; the *Anne*, and the *Martha*, and the single boats, being out near half the time. Five hundred barrels were taken in this way; and Betts, in particular, had made so much money, or, what was the same thing, had got so much oil, that he came one morning to his friend the governor, when the following interesting dialogue took place between them, in the audience-chamber of the Colony House. It may as well be said here, that the accommodations for the chief-magistrate had been materially enlarged, and that he now dwelt in a suite of apartments that would have been deemed respectable even in Philadelphia. Bridget had a taste for furniture, and the wood of Rancocus Island admitted of many articles being made that were really beautiful, and which might have adorned a palace. Fine mats had been brought from China, such as are, and long have been, in common use in America; neat and quaint chairs and settees had also been in the governor's invoices, to say nothing of large quantities of fine and massive earthenware. In a word, the governor was getting to be rich, and like all wealthy men, he had a disposition to possess, in a proportionate degree, the comforts and elegancies of civilized life. But to come to our dialogue—

"Walk in, Captain Betts—walk in, sir, and do me the favor to take a chair," said the governor, motioning to his old friend to be seated. "You are always welcome, here; for I do not forget old times, I can assure you, my friend."

"Thankee, governor; thankee, with all my heart. I *do* find everything changed, nowadays, if the truth must be said, but yourself. To me, *you* be always, Mr. Mark, and Mr. Woolston, and we seem to sail along in company, much as we did the time you first went out a foremast-lad, and I teached you the difference between a flat-knot and a granny."

"No, no, Bob, everything is not so much changed as you pretend—I am not changed, in the first place."

"I confess it—*you* be the same, governor, blow high, or blow low."

"Then Martha is not changed, or nothing worth mentioning. A little more matronly, perhaps, and not quite as much of a girl as when you first made her acquaintance; but Martha, nevertheless. And, as for her heart, I'll answer for it, that is just the color it was at sixteen."

"Why, yes, governor; 'tis much as you say. Marthy is now the mother of four children, and that confarms a woman's appearance, depend on't. But Marthy is Marthy; and, for that matter, Miss Bridget is Miss Bridget, as much as one pea is like another. Madam Woolston does full credit to the climate, governor, and looks more like eighteen than ever."

"My wife enjoys excellent health, Betts; and grateful am I to God that it is so. But I think all our women have a fresh and sea-air sort of look, a cheerful freshness about them, that I ascribe to the salt and the sea-breezes. Then we have mountain air, in addition, on the Peak."

"Ay, ay, sir—I dare say you've got it right, as you do most matters. Well, governor, I don't know which counts up the fastest in the colony, children or whales?"

"Both flourish," answered Mark, smiling, "as our reports show. Mr. Secretary tells me that there were, on the first of the last month, three hundred and eighteen children in the colony under the age of ten years; of whom no less than one hundred and ninety-seven are born here—pure Craterinos, including your children and mine, Betts."

"It's a fine beginning, governor—a most capital start; and, though the young 'uns can't do much at taking a whale, or

securing the ile, just now, they'll come on in their turns, and be useful when we're in dock as hulks, sir."

"Talking of oil, you must be getting rich, Captain Betts. I hear you got in another hundred-barrel gentleman last week!"

"Times is altered with me, governor; and times is altered with you, too, sir, since you and I rafted loam and sea-weed, to raise a few cucumbers, and squashes, and melons. *Then*, we should have been as happy as princes to have had a good roof over our heads."

"I trust we are both thankful, where thanks are due, for all this, Betts?"

"Why, yes, sir, I endivor so to be; though men is desperate apt to believe they desarve all they get but the ill-luck. I and Marthy try to think of what is all in all to us, and I believe Marthy does make out pretty well, in that particlar, accordin' to Friends' way; though I am often jammed in religion, and all for want of taking to it early, as I sometimes think, sir."

"There is no doubt, Betts, that men grow in Christian character, as well as in evil; and the most natural growth, in all things, is that of the young. A great deal is to be undone and unlearned, if we put off the important hour to a late period in life."

"Well, as to unl'arnin', I suppose a fellow that had as little edication as myself will have an easy time of it," answered Betts, with perfect simplicity and good faith; "for most of my schoolin' was drowned in salt-water by the time I was twelve."

"I am glad of one thing," put in the governor, half in a congratulating way, and half inquiringly; "and that is that the Rev. Mr. Hornblower takes so well with the people. Everybody appears to be satisfied with his ministrations; and I do not see that any one is the worse for them, although he is an Episcopalian."

Betts twisted about on his chair, and seemed at first unwilling to answer; but his natural frankness, and his long habits of intimacy and confidence with Mark Woolston, both as man and boy, forbade his attempting anything seriously in the way of concealment.

"Well, governor, they *do* say that 'many men, many minds,'" he replied, after a brief pause; "and I suppose it's as true about religion, as in a judgment of ships, or in a ch'ice of a wife. If all men took to the same woman, or all seamen shipped for the same craft, a troublesome household, and a crowded and onhealthy vessel would be the upshot on't."

"We have a choice given us by Providence, both as to ships and as to wives, Captain Betts; but no choice is allowed any of us in what relates to religion. In that we are to mind the sailor's maxim, 'to obey orders if we break owners.'"

"Little fear of 'breaking owners,' I fancy, governor. But the difficulty is to know what orders is. Now Friends doesn't hold at all to dressing and undressing in church time; and I think myself books is out of place in praying to God."

"And is there much said among the people, Captain Betts, about the parson's gown and surplice, and about his *reading* his prayers, instead of writing them out and getting them by heart?"

There was a little malice in the governor's question, for he was too much behind the curtain to be the dupe of any pretending claims to sudden inspirations, and well knew that every sect had its liturgy, though only half-a-dozen have the honesty to print them. The answer of his friend was, as usual, frank, and to the point.

"I cannot say but there is, Mr. Mark. As for the clothes, women will talk about *them*, as you well know, sir; it being their natur' to be dressing themselves out so much. Then as to praying from the book, quite half of our people think it is not any better than no praying at all. A little worse, perhaps, if truth was spoken."

"I am sorry to hear this, Betts. From the manner in which they attend the services I was in hopes that prejudices were abating, and that everybody was satisfied."

"I don't think, governor, that there is

any great danger of a mutiny; though, many men, many minds, as I said before. But my business here is forgotten all this time; and I know it isn't with your honor now as it used to be with us both, when we had nothing to think of but the means of getting away from this place, into some other that we fancied might be better. I wish you joy, sir, in having got the two new brigs into the water."

"Thank you, Captain Betts. Does your present visit relate to either of those brigs?"

"Why, to come to the p'int, it does, sir. I've taken a fancy to the *Dragon*, and should like to buy her."

"Buy her! Have you any notion what such a vessel will cost, Betts?"

"Not a great way from eight thousand dollars, I should think, governor, now that the copper is on. Some things is charged high in this part of the world about a wessel, and other some isn't. Take away the copper and I should think a good deal less would buy either."

"And have you eight thousand dollars at command, my friend, with which to purchase the brig?"

"If ile is money, yes; if ile isn't money, no. I've got three hundred barrels on hand, one hundred of which is head-matter."

"I rejoice to hear this, Captain Betts, and the brig you shall have. I thought to have sold both to the merchants, for I did not suppose any one else here could purchase them; but I would greatly prefer to see one of them in the hands of an old friend. You shall have the *Dragon*, Betts, since you like her."

"Done and done between gentlemen is enough, sir; not that I set myself up for a gentleman, governor, but I've lived too long and too much in your respected society not to have l'arned some of the ways. The brig's mine, if ile will pay for her. And now, sir, having completed the trade, I *should* like to know if your judgment and mine be the same. I say the *Dragon* will beat the *Jonas* half a knot the best day the *Jonas* ever seed."

"I do not know but you are right, Bob. In looking at the two craft last evening, I gave the preference to the *Dragon*, though I kept my opinion to myself, lest I might mortify those who built the *Jonas*."

"Well, sir, I'm better pleased to hear this than to be able to pay for the brig! It is something to a plain body like myself to find his judgment upheld by them that know all about a matter."

In this friendly and perfectly confidential way did Mark Woolston still act with his old and long-tried friend, Robert Betts. The *Dragon* was cheap at the money mentioned, and the governor took all of the old seaman's "ile" at the very top of the market. This purchase at once elevated Betts in the colony to a rank but a little below that of the "gentlemen," if his modesty disposed him to decline being classed absolutely with them. What was more, it put him in the way of almost coining money. The brig he purchased turned out to be as fast as he expected, and what was more, the character of a lucky vessel, which she got the very first cruise, never left her, and gave her commander and owner, at all times, a choice of hands.

The governor sold the *Jonas* to the merchants, and took the *Martha* off Betts's hands, causing this latter craft to run regularly, and at stated hours, from point to point among the islands, in the character of a packet. Twice a week she passed from the Reef to the cove at the Peak, and once a fortnight she went to Rancocus Island. In addition to her other duties, this sloop now carried the mail.

A post-office law was passed by the council, and was approved of by the governor. In that day, and in a community so simple and practical, new-fangled theories concerning human rights were not allowed to interfere with regulations that were obviously necessary to the comfort and convenience of the public.

Fortunately, there was yet no newspaper, a species of luxury which, like the gallows, comes in only as society advances to the corrupt condition; or which, if it happen to precede it a little, is very certain soon to conduct it there. If every institution became no more than what it

was designed to be, by those who originally framed it, the state of men on earth would be very different from what it is. The unchecked means of publicity, out of all question, are indispensable to the circulation of truths; and it is equally certain that the unrestrained means of publicity are equally favorable to the circulation of lies. If we cannot get along safely without the possession of one of these advantages, neither can we get along very safely while existing under the daily, hourly, increasing influence of the other—call it what you will. If truth is all-important, in one sense, falsehood is all-important, too, in a contrary sense.

Had there been a newspaper at the Crater, under the control of some philosopher, who had neither native talent, nor its substitute education, but who had been struck out of a printer's devil by the rap of a composing-stick, as Minerva is reported to have been struck, full-grown, out of Jupiter's head by the hammer of Vulcan, it is probable that the wiseacre might have discovered that it was an inexcusable interference with the rights of the colonists, to enact that no one should carry letters for hire but those connected with the regular post-office. But no such person existing, the public mind was left to the enjoyment of its common-sense ignorance, which remained satisfied with the fact that, though it might be possible to get a letter carried from the Reef to the Cove, between which places the communications were constant and regular, for half the money charged by the office, yet it was not possible to get letters carried between some of the other points in the colony for twenty times the regulated postage. It is probable, therefore, that the people of the Crater and the Peak felt, that in supporting a general system, which embraced the good of all, they did more toward extending civilization, than if they killed the hen, at once, in order to come at the depository of the golden eggs in the shortest way.

In the Middle Ages, he who wished to send a missive was compelled, more than half the time, to be at the expense of a special messenger. The butchers, and a class of traders that corresponds, in part, to the modern English traveler, took charge of letters, on the glorious Free Trade principle; and sometimes public establishments hired messengers to go back and forth, for their own purposes. Then, the governments, perceiving the utility of such arrangements, imperfect as they were, had a sort of post-offices for their use, which have reached down to our own times, in the shape of government messengers. There can be little doubt that the man who found he could get a letter safely and promptly conveyed five hundred miles for a crown, after having been obliged previously to pay twenty for the same service, felt that he was the obliged party, and never fancied for a moment, that, in virture of his *patronage*, he was entitled to give himself airs, and to stand upon his natural right to have a post-office of his own, at the reduced price. But, indulgence creates wantonness, and the very man who receives the higest favors from the post-offices of this country, in which a letter is carried five and twenty hundred miles for ten cents, penetrating, though some fourteen or fifteen thousand offices, into every cranny of a region large as half Europe, kicks and grows restive because he has not the liberty of doing a few favored portions of the vast enterprise for himself; while he imposes on the public the office of doing that which is laborious and unprofitable! Such is man; such did he become when he fell from his first estate; and such is he likely to continue to be until some far better panacea shall be discovered for his selfishness and cupidity, than what is called "self-government."

But the Craterinos were thankful when they found that the *Martha* was set to running regularly, from place to place, carrying passengers and the mails. The two businesses were blended together for the sake of economy, and at the end of a twelvemonth it was found that the colony had nothing extra to pay. On the whole, the enterprise may be said to have succeeded; and as practice usually improves all such matters, in a few months it was ascertained that another very important

step had been taken on the high-road of civilization. Certainly, the colonists could not be called a letter-writing people, considered as a whole, but the facilities offered a temptation to improve, and, in time, the character of the entire community received a beneficial impression from the introduction of the mails.

It was not long after the two brigs were sold, and just as the *Martha* came into government possession, that all the principal functionaries made a tour of the whole settlements, using the sloop for that purpose. One of the objects was to obtain statistical facts; though personal observation, with a view to future laws, was the principal motive. The governor, secretary, attorney-general, and most of the council were along; and pleasure and business being thus united, their wives were also of the party. There being no necessity for remaining in the *Martha* at night, that vessel was found amply sufficient for all other purposes, though the "progress" occupied fully a fortnight.

As a brief relation of its details will give the reader a full idea of the present state of the "country," as the colonists now began to call their territories, we propose to accompany the travelers, day by day, and to give some short account of what they saw, and of what they did. The *Martha* sailed from the Cove about eight in the morning, having on board seventeen passengers, in addition to two or three who were going over to Rancocus Island on their regular business. The sloop did not sail, however, directly for the last-named island, but made toward the volcano, which had of late ceased to be as active as formerly, and into the condition of which it was now deemed important to make some inquiries. The *Martha* was a very fast vessel, and was soon quietly anchored in a small bay, on the leeward side of the island, where landing was not only practicable but easy. For the first time since its existence the crater was ascended. All the gentlemen went up, and Heaton took its measurement by means of instruments. The accumulation of materials, principally ashes and scoriæ, though lava had begun to appear in one or two small streams, had been very great since the governor's first visit to the spot. The island now measured about two miles in diameter, and being nearly round, might be said to be somewhere near six in circumference. The crater itself was fully half a mile in diameter, and, at that moment, was quite a thousand feet in height above the sea. In the center of this vast valley were three smaller craters or chimneys, which served as outlets to the fires beneath. A plain had formed within the crater, some four hundred feet below its summit, and it already began to assume that sulphur-tinged and unearthly hue, that is so common in and about active volcanoes. Occasionally a deep roaring would be succeeded by a hissing sound, not unlike that produced by a sudden escape of steam from a boiler, and then a report would follow, accompanied by smoke and stones; some of the latter of which were projected several hundred yards into the air, and fell on the plain of the crater. But these explosions were not one-tenth as frequent as formerly.

The result of all the observations was to create an impression that this outlet to the fires beneath was approaching a period when it would become inactive, and when, indeed, some other outlet for the pent forces might be made. After passing half a day on and around the volcano, even Bridget and Anne mustered courage and strength to ascend it, supported by the willing arms of their husbands. The females were rewarded for their trouble, though both declared that they should ever feel a most profound respect for the place after this near view of its terrors as well as of its beauties.

On quitting the volcano, the *Martha* proceeded directly to leeward, reaching Rancocus Island about sunset. Here the sloop anchored in the customary haven, and everybody but her crew landed. The fort was still kept up at this place, on account of the small number of the persons who dwelt there, though little apprehension now existed of a visit from

the natives; with the exception of the Kannakas, who went back and forth constantly on board the different craft in which they were employed, not a native had been near either island of the colony since the public visit of young Ooroony on the occasion of bringing over laborers to help to form the grounds of Colony House. The number and force of the different vessels would seem to have permanently settled the question of ascendency in those seas, and no one any longer believed it was a point to be controverted.

The population on Rancocus Island did not amount to more than fifty souls, and these included women and children. Of the latter, however, there were not yet many; though five or six were born annually, and scarcely one died. The men kept the mill going, cutting lumber of all sorts; and they made both bricks and lime, in sufficient quantities to supply the wants of the two other islands. At first it had been found necessary to keep a greater force there, but long before the moment of which we are writing, the people had all got into their regular dwellings, and the materials now required for building were merely such as were used in additions, or new constructions. The last, however, kept the men quite actively employed; but as they got well paid for their work, everybody seemed contented. The *Martha* never arrived without bringing over quantities of fruits, as well as vegetables, the Rancocusers, lumbermen-like, paying but little attention to gardening or husbandry. The island had its productions, and there was available land enough, perhaps, to support a few thousand people, but, after the group and the Peak, the place seemed so little tempting to the farmers, that no one yet thought of using it for the ordinary means of supporting life.

The "visitors," as the party called themselves, had an inquiry made into the state of the animals that had been turned loose on the pastures and mountain-sides of the island, to seek their own living. The hogs, as usual, had increased largely; it was supposed there might be near two hundred of these animals, near half of which, however, were still grunters. The laborers occasionally killed one, but the number grew so fast that it was foreseen it would be necessary to have an annual hunt, in order to keep it down. The goats did particularly well, though they remained so much on the highest peaks as to be seldom approached by any of the men. The cow had also increased her progeny, there being now no less than four younger animals, all of whom yielded milk to the people. The poultry flourished here, as it did in all that region, the great abundance of fruit, worms, insects, etc., rendering it unnecessary to feed them, though Indian corn was almost to be had for the asking throughout all the islands. This grain was rarely harvested, except as it was wanted, and the hogs that were fattened were usually turned in upon it in the fields.

It may be well to say that practice and experience had taught the colonists something in the way of fattening their pork. The animals were kept in the group until they were about eighteen months old, when they were regularly transported to the cove in large droves, and made to ascend the steps, passing the last two months of their lives amid the delightful groves of the Peak. Here they had acorns in abundance, though their principal food was Indian corn, being regularly attended by Kannakas who had been trained to the business. At killing-time, each man either came himself, or sent some one to claim his hogs; all of which were slaughtered on the Peak, and carried away in the form of pork. The effect of this change was to make much finer meat, by giving the animals a cooler atmosphere and purer food.

From Rancocus Island the *Martha* sailed for the group, which was visited and inspected in all its settlements by the governor and council. The policy adopted by the government of the colony was very much unlike that resorted to in America, in connection with the extension of the settlements. Here a vast extent of surface is loosely overrun, rendering the progress of civilization rapid, but very imperfect. Were the people of the United

States confined to one-half the territory they now occupy, there can be little question that they would be happier, more powerful, more civilized, and less rude in manners and feelings; although it may be high treason to insinuate that they are not all, men, women and children, already at the *ne plus ultra* of each of those attainments. But there is a just medium in the density of human population, as well as in other things; and that has not yet been reached, perhaps, even in the most thickly peopled of any one of the Old Thirteen.

Now, Mark Woolston had seen enough of the fruits of a concentrated physical force, in Europe, to comprehend their value; and he early set his face against the purely skimming process. He was resolved that the settlements should not extend faster than was necessary, and that as much of civilization should go with them as was attainable. In consequence of this policy, the country soon obtained a polished aspect, as far as the settlements reached. There were four or five distinct points that formed exceptions to this rule, it having been considered convenient to make establishments there, principally on account of the whalers. One, and the largest of these isolated settlements, was in the Whaling Bight, quite near to Blubber Island, where a village had sprung up, containing the houses and shops of coopers, rope-makers, boat-builders, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc.; men employed in making casks, whaling gear, and boats. There also were the dwellings of three or four masters and mates of vessels, as well as of sundry boat-steerers. In the whole, there might have been fifty habitations at this particular point; of which about two-thirds were in a straggling village, while the remainder composed so many farm-houses. Everything at this place denoted activity and a prosperous business; the merchants taking the oil as fast as it was ready, and returning for it hoops, iron in bars, hemp, and such other articles as were wanted for the trade.

By this time the *Rancocus* had returned, a[illegible] discharged her inward-bound cargo at the Reef, bringing excellent returns for the oils sent to Hamburg. She now lay in Whaling Bight, being about to load anew with oil that had been taken during her absence. Saunders was as busy as a bee, and Mrs. Saunders, who had come across from her own residence on the Peak, in order to remain as long as possible with her husband, was as happy as the day was long; seeming never to tire of exhibiting her presents to the other women at the Bight.

At the Reef itself, an exceedingly well-built little town was springing up. Since the removal of the whaling operations to the Bight, all nuisances were abated, and the streets, quays, and public walks were as neat as could be desired. The trees had grown wonderfully, and the gardens appeared as verdant and fresh as if they had a hundred feet of loam beneath them, instead of resting on solid lava, as was the fact. These gardens had increased in numbers and extent, so that the whole town was embedded in verdure and young trees. That spot on which the sun had once beaten so fiercely as to render it often too hot to be supported by the naked foot, was now verdant, cool, and refreshing, equally to the eye and to the feelings. The streets were narrow, as is desirable in warm climates—thus creating shade, as well as increasing the draughts of air through them; it being in the rear that the houses obtained space for ventilation as well as for vegetation. The whole number of dwellings on the Reef now amounted to sixty-four; while the warehouses, public buildings, ships, offices and other constructions brought the number of the roofs up to one hundred. These buildings, Colony House and the warehouses excepted, were not very large certainly, but they were of respectable dimensions, and neat and well put together. Colony House was large, as has been mentioned; and though plain, certain ornaments had been completed, which contributed much to its appearance. Every building, wiithout exception, had some sort of veranda to it; and as most of these additions were now embowered in shrubs or vines, they formed delightful

places of retreat during the heat of the day.

By a very simple process, water was pumped up from the largest spring by means of wind-sails, and conveyed in wooden logs to every building in the place. The logs were laid through the gardens, for the double purpose of getting soil to cover them, and to put them out of the way. Without the town, a regular system had been adopted, by which to continue to increase the soil. The rock was blown out, as stone was wanted; leaving, however, a quay around the margin of the island. As soon as low enough, the cavities became the receptacles of everything that could contribute to form soil; and one day in each month was set apart for a "bee;" during which little was done but to transport earth from Loam Island, which was far from being exhausted yet, or even leveled, and scattering it on those hollow spots. In this manner, a considerable extent of surface nearest to the town had already been covered, and seeded, and planted, so that it was now possible to walk from the town to the crater, a distance of a quarter of a mile, and be the whole time amid flowering shrubs, young trees, and rich grasses!

As for the crater itself, it was now quite a gem in the way of vegetation. Its cocoanut trees bore profusely; and its figs, oranges, limes, shaddocks, etc., were not only abundant, but rich and large. The Summit was in spots covered with delicious groves, and the openings were of as dark a verdure, the year round, as if the place lay twenty degrees farther from the equator than was actually the case. Here Kitty, followed by a flock of descendants, was permitted still to rove at large, the governor deeming her rights in the place equal to his own. The plain of the crater was mostly under tillage, being used as a common garden for all who dwelt in the town. Each person was taxed so many days, in work, or in money, agreeably to a village ordinance, and by such means was the spot tilled; in return, each person, according to a scale that was regulated by the amount of the contribution, was allowed to come or send daily, and dig and carry away a stated quantity of fruits and vegetables. All this was strictly regulated by a town law, and the gardener had charge of the execution of the ordinance; but the governor had privately intimated to him that there was no necessity for his being very particular, so long as the people were so few and the products so abundant. The entire population of the Reef proper amounted, at this visitation, to just three hundred and twenty-six persons, of whom near a hundred were under twelve years of age. This, however, was exclusively of Kannakas, but included the absent seamen, whose families dwelt there permanently.

The settlement at Dunks's Cove has been mentioned, and nothing need be said of it, beyond the fact that its agriculture had improved and been extended, its trees had grown, and its population increased. There was another similar settlement at East Cove—or Bay would be the better name—which was at the place where Mark Woolston had found his way out to sea, by passing through a narrow and half-concealed inlet. This entrance to the group was now much used by the whalers, who fell in with a great many fish in the offing, and who found it very convenient to tow them into this large basin, and cut them up. Thence the blubber was sent down in lighters to Whaling Bight, to be tried out. This arrangement saved a tow of some five-and-twenty miles, and often prevented a loss of the fish, as sometimes occurred in the outside passage, by having it blown on an iron-bound coast. In consequence of these uses of the place, a settlement had grown up near it, and it already began to look like a spot to be civilized. As yet, however, it was the least advanced of all the settlements in the group.

At the West Bay, there was a sort of naval station and lookout port to watch the people of the neighboring islands. The improvement did not amount to much, however, being limited to one farm, a small battery that commanded the roads, and a fortified house, which was also a tavern.

The agricultural, or strictly rural population of the group, were seated along the different channels nearest to the Reef. Some attention had been paid in the choice to the condition of the soil; but, on the whole, few unoccupied spots could now be found within a league of the Reef, and on any of the principal passages that communicated with the different islands. There were foot-paths, which might be used by horses, leading from farm to farm, along the margins of the channels; but the channels themselves were the ordinary means of communicating between neighbors. Boats of all sorts abounded, and were constantly passing and repassing. Here, as elsewhere, the vegetation was luxuriant and marvelous. Trees were to be seen around the houses, that elsewhere might have required three times the number of years that these had existed, to attain the same height.

The visitation terminated at the Peak. This place, so aptly likened to the garden of Eden, and frequently so called, could receive very little addition to its picturesque beauties from the hand of man. Parts of it were cultivated, it is true; enough to supply its population (rather more than three hundred souls) with food; but much the greater portion of its surface was in pasture. The buildings were principally of stones quarried out of the cliffs, and were cool as well as solid edifices. They were low, however, and of no great size on the ground. At the governor's farm, his private property, there was a dwelling of some pretension; low, like all the rest, but of considerable extent. Here Bridget now passed much of her time; for here it was thought best to keep the children. So cool and salubrious was the air on the Peak, that two schools were formed here; and a large portion of the children of the colony, of a suitable age, were kept in them constantly. The governor encouraged this plan, not only on account of the health of the children, but because great care was taken to teach nothing but what the children ought to learn. The art of reading may be made an instrument of evil as well as of good; and if a people imbibe false principles—if they are taught, for instance, that this or that religious sect should be tolerated, or the reverse, because it was most or least in conformity with certain political institutions, thus rendering an institution of God subservient to the institutions of men, instead of making the last subservient to the first—why, the less they know of letters, the better. Everything false was carefully avoided, and, with no great pretensions in the way of acquisitions, the schools of the Peak were made to be useful, and at least innocent. One thing the governor strictly enjoined; and that was, to teach these young creatures that they were fallible beings, carefully avoiding the modern fallacy of supposing that an infallible whole could be formed of fallible parts.

Such is an outline of the condition of the colony at the period which we have now reached. Everything appeared to be going on well. The *Henlopen* arrived, discharged, loaded, and went out again, carrying with her the last barrel of oil in the Bight. The whalers had a jubilee, for their adventures made large returns; and the business was carried on with renewed spirit. In a word, the colony had reached a point where every interest was said to be prosperous—a state of things with communities, as with individuals, when they are, perhaps, in the greatest danger of meeting with reverses, by means of their own abuses.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Cruel of heart, and strong of arm,
Proud in his sport, and keen for spoil,
He little reck'd of good or harm,
Fierce both in mirth and toil;
Yet like a dog could fawn, if need there were;
Speak mildly when he would, or look in fear."
The Buccaneer.—DANA.

AFTER the visitation, the governor passed a week at the Peak, with Bridget and his children. It was the habit of the wife to divide her time between the two dwellings; though Mark was so necessary to her as a companion, intellectually, and she was so necessary to Mark, for the same reason, that they were never very

long separated. Bridget was all heart, and she had the sweetest temper imaginable; two qualities that endeared her to her husband, far more than her beauty. Her wishes were centered in her little family, though her kindness and benevolence could extend themselves to all around her. Anne she loved as a sister and as a friend; but it would not have been impossible for Bridget to be happy, had her fortune been cast on the Reef, with no one else but Mark and her two little ones.

The Peak proper had got to be a sort of public promenade for all who dwelt near it. Here the governor, in particular, was much accustomed to walk, early in the day, before the sun got to be too warm, and to look out upon the ocean as he pondered on his several duties. The spot had always been pleasant, on account of the beauty and extent of the view; but a new interest was given to it since the commencement of the whaling operations in the neighborhood. Often had Bridget and Anne gone there to see a whale taken; it being no uncommon thing for one of the boys to come shouting down from the Peak, with the cry of "a fish—a fish!" It was by no means a rare occurrence for the shore-boats to take whales immediately beneath the cliffs, and the vessels could frequently be seen to windward working up to their game. All this movement gave life and variety to the scene, and contributed largely to the spot's becoming a favorite place of resort. The very morning of the day that he intended to cross over to the Reef, on his return from the "progress," the governor and his wife ascended to the Peak just as the sun was rising.

The morning was perfecly lovely; and never had the hearts of our married couple expanded more in love to their fellows, or been more profoundly filled with gratitude to God for all his goodness to them, than at that moment.

Young Mark, held by his mother's hand, while the father led his little daughter. This was the way they were accustomed to divide themselves in their daily excursions, it probably appearing to each parent that the child thus led was a miniature image of the other. On that morning the governor and Bridget were talking of the bounties that Providence had bestowed on them, and of the numberless delights of their situation. Abundance reigned on every side; in addition to the productions of the island, in themselves so ample and generous, commerce had brought its acquisitions, and, as yet, trade occupied the place a wise discrimination would give it. All such interests are excellent as *incidents* in the great scheme of human happiness; but woe betide the people among whom they get to be *principals!* As the man who lives only to accumulate is certain to have all his nobler and better feelings blunted by the grasping of cupidity, and to lose sight of the great objects of his existence, so do whole communities degenerate into masses of corruption, venality, and cupidity, when they set up the idol of commerce to worship in lieu of the ever-living God. So far from denoting a healthful prosperity, as is too apt to be supposed, no worse signs of the condition of a people can be given, than when all other interests are made to yield to those of the mere money-getting sort. Among our colonists, as yet, commerce occupied its proper place; it was only an incident in their state of society, and it was so regarded. Men did not search for every means of increasing it, whether its fruits were wanted or not, or live in a constant fever about its results. The articles brought in were all necessary to the comfort and civilization of the settlements, and those taken away were obtained by means of a healthful industry.

As they ascended the height, following an easy path that led to the Summit, the governor and his wife conversed about the late visitation, and of what each had seen that was striking and worthy of comment. Mark had a council to consult, in matters of state, but most did he love to compare opinions with the sweet, matronly young creature at his side. Bridget was so true in all her feelings, so just in her inferences, and so kindly disposed, that a better counselor could not have been found at the elbow of one intrusted with power.

"I am more uneasy on the subject of religion than on any other," observed the governor, as he helped his little companion up a difficult part of the ascent. "While out, I took great pains to sound the people on the subject, and I found a much greater variety of opinions, or rather of feelings, among them than I could have believed possible, after the quiet time we have hitherto had."

"After all, religion is, and ought to be, more a matter of feeling than of reason, Mark."

"That is true, in one sense, certainly; but it should be feeling subject to prudence and discretion."

"Everything should be subject to those two qualities, though so very few are. I have all along known that the ministrations of Mr. Hornblower were only tolerated by a good number of our people. You, as an Episcopalian, have not been so much in the way of observing this; for others have been guarded before *you*; but my family is known not to have been of that sect, and I have been treated more frankly."

"And you have not let me know this important fact, Bridget!" said the governor, a little reproachfully.

"Why should I have added to your other cares, by heaping this on your shoulder, dear Mark? The thing could not easily be prevented; though I may as well tell you now, what cannot much longer be kept a secret—the *Henlopen* will bring a Methodist and a Presbyterian clergyman in her, this voyage, if any be found willing to emigrate; and I have heard lately that Friends expect a preacher."

"The law against the admission of an immigrant, without the consent of the governor and council, is very clear and precise," answered the husband, looking grave.

"That may be true, my love, but it would hardly do to tell the people they are not to worship God in the manner that may best satisfy their own consciences."

"It is extraordinary that, as there is but one God and one Saviour, there should be more than one mode of worshiping them!"

"Not at all extroradinary, my dear Mark, when you come to consider the great diversity of opinion which exists among men, in other matters. But Mr. Hornblower has a fault, which is a very great fault in one situated as he is, without a competitor in the field. He lays too much stress on his particular mission; talking too much and preaching too much of his apostolic authority, as a divine."

"Men should never blink the truth, Bridget; and least of all, in a matter as grave as religion."

"Quite right, Mark, when it is necessary to say anything on the subject at all. But, after all, the apostolic succession is but a *means*, and if the end be attainable without dwelling on these means, it seems to me to be better not to conflict with the prejudices of those we wish to influence. Remember that there are not fifty real Episcopalians in all this colony where there is only one clergyman, and he of that sect."

"Very true; but Mr. Hornblower naturally wishes to make them all churchmen."

"It really seems to me that he ought to be content with making them all Christians."

"Perhaps he thinks the two identical—necessary to each other," added the governor, smiling on his charming young wife, who, in her own person, had quietly consented to the priestly control of her husband's clergyman, though but half converted to the peculiar distinctions of his sect herself.

"He should remember, more especially in his situation, that others may not be of the same way of thinking. Very few persons, I believe, inquire into the reasons of what they have been taught on the subject of religion, but take things as they find them."

"And here they find an Episcopalian, and they ought to receive him confidingly."

"That might do with children, but most of our people came here with their opinions formed. I wish Mr. Horn-

blower were less set in his opinions, for I am content to be an Episcopalian with you, my dear husband; certain, if the authority be not absolutely necessary, it can, at least, do no harm."

This ended the conversation at that time, for just then the party reached the Peak. Little, however, did the governor, or his pretty wife, imagine how much the future was connected with the interest of which they had just been speaking, or dream of the form in which the serpent of old was about to visit this Eden of modern times. But occurrences of another character almost immediately attracted their attention, and absorbed all the care and energy of the colony for some time. Scarcely was the party on the Peak, when the keen, lively eyes of the younger Bridget caught sight of a strange sail; and presently, another and another came into view. In a word, no less than three vessels were in sight, the first that had ever been seen in those seas, with the exception of the regular and well-known craft of the colony. These strangers were a ship and two brigs, evidently vessels of some size, particularly the first; and they were consorts, keeping in company, and sailing in a sort of line, which would seem to denote more of order and concert than it was usual to find among merchantmen. They were all on a wind, standing to the southward and eastward, and were now, when first seen, fairly within the strait between the Peak and the group, unquestionably in full sight of both, and distant from each some five or six leagues. With the wind as it was, nothing would have been easier for them all, than to fetch far enough to windward to pass directly beneath the western cliffs, and consequently, directly in front of the cove.

Luckily, there were several lads on the Peak, early as was the hour, who had ascended in quest of the berries of certain plants that flourished there. The governor instantly dispatched one of these lads with a note to Heaton, written in pencil, in which he desired that functionary to send a messenger down to the cove to prevent any of the fishermen from going out; it being the practice of many of the boys to fish in the shade of the cliffs, to leeward, ere the sun rose high enough to make the heat oppressive. Hitherto, the existence of the cove, as it was believed, remained unknown even to the Kannakas, and a stringent order existed that no boat should ever enter it so long as craft was in sight which might have any of those men on board it. Indeed, the whole Peak was just as much a place of mystery, to all but the colonists, as it was the day when Waally and his followers were driven away by their superstitious dread.

Having taken this precaution, and kept the other lads to send down with any farther message he might deem necessary, the governor now gave all his attention to the strangers. A couple of glasses were always kept on the Peak, and the best of these was soon in his hand, and leveled at the ship. Bridget stood at her husband's side, eager to hear his opinion, but waiting with woman's patience for the moment it might be given with safety. At length that instant came, and the half-terrified wife questioned the husband on the subject of his discoveries.

"What is it, Mark?" said Bridget, almost afraid of the answer she was so desirous of obtaining. "Is it the *Rancocus?*"

"If the *Rancocus*, love, be certain she would not be coming hither. The ship is of some size, and appears to be armed; though I cannot make out her nation."

"It is not surprising that she should be armed, Mark. You know that the papers Captain Saunders brought us were filled with accounts of battles fought in Europe."

"It is very true that the whole world is in arms, though that does not explain the singular appearance of these three vessels, in this remote corner of the earth. It is possible they may be discovery ships, for wars do not always put a stop to such enterprises. They appear to be steering for the Peak, which is some proof that they do not know of the existence of the settlements in the group. There they might anchor; but here, they cannot without entering the cove, of which they can know nothing."

"If discovery vessels, would they not naturally come first to the Peak, as the most striking object?"

"In that you are probably right, Bridget, though I think the commodore would be apt to divide his force, having three ships, and send one, at least, toward the group, even if he came hither with the others. No nation but England, however, would be likely to have vessels of that character out, in such a war, and these do not look like English craft at all. Besides, we should have heard something of such an expedition, by means of the papers, were there one out. It would be bad enough to be visited by explorers; yet, I fear these are worse than explorers."

Bridget very well understood her husband's apprehensions on the subject of exploring parties. As yet, the colony had got on very well, without having the question of nationality called into the account; but it had now become so far important, as, in a small way, to be a nursery for seamen; and there was much reason to fear that the ruthless policy of the strong would, in the event of a discovery, make it share the usual fortunes of the weak. It was on account of this dread of foreign interference that so much pains had been taken to conceal the history and state of the little community, the strongest inducements being placed before all the seamen who went to Europe to be discreet and silent. As for the Kannakas, they did not know enough to be very dangerous, and could not at all give any accurate idea of the position of the islands, had they been better acquainted than they were with their relation to other communities, and desirous of betraying them.

The governor now sent another note down to Heaton, with a request that orders might be forwarded along the cliffs, for every one to keep out of sight; as well as directions that care should be taken not to let any smoke even be seen to rise from the plain. This message was speedily followed by another, directing that all the men should be assembled, and the usual preparations made for defense. He also asked if it were not possible to send a whale-boat out, oy keeping immediately under the cliffs, and going well to windward, in such a manner as to get a communication across to the Reef, in order to put the people on their guard in that quarter. One or two whale-boats were always in the cove, and there were several crews of capital oarsmen among the people of the Peak. If such a boat could be prepared, it was to be held in readiness, as the governor himself might deem it expedient to cross the strait.

All this time the strange vessels were not idle, but drew nearer to the Peak, at a swift rate of sailing. It was not usual for mere merchantmen to be as weatherly, or to make as much way through the water, as did all these craft. On account of the great elevation at which the governor stood, they appeared small, but he was too much accustomed to his situation not to know how to make the necessary allowances. After examining her well, when she was within a league of the cliffs, he came to the opinion that the ship was a vessel of about six hundred tons, and that she was both armed and strongly manned. So far as he could judge, by the bird's-eye view he got, he fancied she was even frigate-built, and had a regular gun-deck. In that age such craft were very common, sloops of war having that construction quite as often as that of the more modern deep-waisted vessel. As for the brigs, they were much smaller than their consort, being of less than two hundred tons each, apparently, but also armed and strongly manned. The armaments were now easily to be seen, as indeed were the crews, each and all the vessels showing a great many men aloft, to shorten sail as they drew nearer to the island.

One thing gave the governor great satisfaction. The strangers headed well up, as if disposed to pass to windward of the cliffs, from which he inferred that none on board them knew anything of the existence or position of the Cove. So much care had been taken, indeed, to conceal this spot from even the Kannakas, that no great apprehension existed of its being known to any beyond the circle of the

regular colonists. As the ship drew still nearer, and came more under the cliffs, the governor was enabled to get a better view of her construction, and of the nature of her armament. That she was frigate-built was now certain, and the strength of her crew became still more evident, as the men were employed in shortening and making sail almost immediately under his eye.

Great care was taken that no one should be visible on the Peak. Of the whole island, that was the only spot where there was much danger of a man's being seen from the ocean; for the fringe of wood had been religiously preserved all around the cliffs. But, with the exception of the single tree already mentioned, the Peak was entirely naked; and, in that clear atmosphere, the form of a man might readily be distinguished even at a much greater elevation. But the glasses were leveled at the strangers from covers long before prepared for that purpose, and no fear was entertained of the lookouts, who had their instructions, and well understood the importance of caution.

At length, the vessels got so near as to allow of the glasses being pointed directly down upon the upper deck of the ship, in particular. The strangers had a little difficulty in weathering the northern extremity of the island, and they came much closer to the cliffs than they otherwise would, in order to do so. While endeavoring to ascertain the country of the ship, by examining her people, the governor fancied he saw some natives on board her. At first, he supposed there might be Kannakas, or Mowrees, among the crew; but a better look assured him that the Indians present were not acting in the character of sailors at all. They appeared to be chiefs, and chiefs in their war-dresses. This fact induced a still closer examination, until the governor believed that he could trace the person of Waally among them. The distance itself was not such as to render it difficult to recognize a form or a face, when assisted by the glass; but the inverted position of all on board the ship did make a view less certain than might otherwise have been the case. Still the governor grew, at each instant, more and more assured that Waally was there, as indeed he believed his son to be also. By this time, one of the men who knew the chief had come up to the Peak, with a message from Heaton, and he was of the same opinion as the governor, after taking a good look through the best glass. Bridget, too, had seen the formidable Waally, and *she* gave it as her opinion that he was certainly on board the ship. This was considered as a most important discovery. If Waally were there, it was for no purpose that was friendly to the colonists. The grudge he owed the last was enduring and deadly. Nothing but the strong arm of power could suppress its outbreakings, or had kept him in subjection for the last five years. Of late, the intercourse between the two groups had not been great; and it was now several months since any craft had been across to Ooroony's islands, from the Reef. There had been sufficient time, consequently, for great events to have been planned and executed, and, yet, that the colonists should know nothing of them.

But it was impossible to penetrate further into this singular mystery, so long as the strangers kept off the land. This they did of course, the three vessels passing to windward of the Peak, in a line ahead, going to the southward, and standing along the cliffs on an easy bowline. The governor now sent a whale-boat out of the cove, under her sails, with orders to stand directly across to the Reef, carrying the tidings, and bearing a letter of instructions to Pennock and such members of the council as might be present. The letter was short, but it rather assumed the probability of hostilities, while it admitted that there was a doubt of the issue. A good lookout was to be kept, at all events, and the forces of the colony were to be assembled. The governor promised to cross himself, as soon as the strangers quitted the neighborhood of the Peak.

In the meantime, Heaton mounted a horse, and kept company with the squadron as it circled the island. From time to time, he sent messages to the governor,

in order to let him know the movements of the strangers. While this was going on, the men were all called in from their several occupations, and the prescribed arrangements were made for defense. As a circuit of the island required several hours, there was time for everything; and the whale-boat was fairly out of sight from even the Peak, when Heaton dispatched a messenger to say that the squadron had reached the southern extremity of the island, and was standing off southeast, evidently steering toward the volcano.

Doubts now began to be felt whether the colonists would see anything more of the strangers. It was natural that navigators should examine unknown islands, cursorily at least; but it did not follow that, if trade was their object, they should delay their voyage in order to push their investigations beyond a very moderate limit. Had it not been for the undoubted presence of savages in the ship, and the strong probability that Waally was one of them, the governor would now have had hopes that he had seen the last of his visitors. Nevertheless, there was the chance that these vessels would run down to Rancocus Island, where not only might a landing be easily effected, but where the mills, the brick-yards, and indeed the principal cluster of houses were all plainly to be seen from the offing. No sooner was it certain, therefore, that the strangers had stood away to the southward and eastward, than another boat was sent across to let the millers, brickmakers, stone-quarriers, and lumbermen know that they might receive guests who would require much discretion in their reception.

The great policy of secrecy was obviously in serious danger of being defeated. How the existence of the colony was to be concealed, should the vessels remain any time in the group, it was not easy to see; and that advantage the governor and Heaton, both of whom attached the highest importance to it, were now nearly ready to abandon in despair. Still, neither thought of yielding even this policy until the last moment, and circumstances rendered it indispensable; for so much reflection had been bestowed on that, as well as on every other interest of the colony, that it was not easy to unsettle any part of their plans—in the opinion of its rulers, at least.

A sharp lookout for the squadron was kept, not only from the Peak, but from the southern end of the cliffs, all that day. The vessels were seen until they were quite near to the volcano, when their sudden disappearance was ascribed to the circumstance of their shortening sail. Perhaps they anchored. This could only be conjecture, however, as no boat could be trusted out to watch them, near by. Although there was no anchorage near the Peak, it was possible for a vessel to anchor anywhere in the vicinity of the volcano. The island of Vulcan's Peak appears to have been projected upwards, out of the depths of the ocean, in one solid, perpendicular wall, leaving no shallow water near it; but, as respects the other islands, the coast shoaled gradually in most places; though the eastern edge of the group was an exception to the rule, Still, vessels could anchor in any or all the coves and roadsteads of the group; and *there* the holding ground was unusually good, being commonly mud and sand, and these without rocks.

The remainder of the day, and the whole of the succeeding night, were passed with much anxiety by the governor and his friends. Time was given to receive an answer to the messages sent across to the Reef, but nothing was seen of the strangers, when day returned. The boat that came in from the Reef reported that the coast was clear to the northward. It also brought a letter, stating that notices had been sent to all the different settlements, and that the *Anne* had sailed to windward, to call in all the fishermen, and to go off to the nearest whaling-ground, in order to communicate the state of things in the colony to Captain Betts and his companions, who were out. The *Dragon* and the *Jonas*, when last heard from, were cruising only about a hundred miles to windward of the group, and it was thought important, on various accounts,

that they should be at once apprised of the arrival of the strangers.

The governor was perfectly satisfied with the report of what had been done, and this so much the more because it superseded the necessity of his quitting the Peak, just at the moment. The elevation of the mountain was of so much use as a lookout, that it was every way desirable to profit by it, until the time for observing was passed, and that for action had succeeded, in its stead. Of course, some trusty person was kept constantly on the Peak, looking out for the strangers, though the day passed without one of them being seen. Early next morning, however, a whale-boat arrived from Rancocus, with four stout oarsmen in it. They had left the station, after dark, and had been pulling up against the trades most of the intervening time. The news they brought was not only alarming, but it occasioned a great deal of surprise.

It seemed that the three strange vessels appeared off the point, at Rancocus Island, early on the morning of the preceding day. It was supposed that they had run across from the volcano in the darkness, after having been lost sight of from the Peak. Much prudence was observed by the colonists, as soon as light let them into the secret of their having such unknown neighbors. Bigelow happening to be there, and being now a man of a good deal of consideration with his fellow-citizens, he assumed the direction of matters. All the women and children ascended into the mountains, where secret places had long been provided for such as emergency, by clearing out and rendering two or three caves habitable, and where food and water were at hand. Thither most of the light articles of value were also transported. Luckily, Bigelow had caused all the saws at the mill to be taken down and secreted. A saw was an article not to be replaced, short of a voyage to Europe, even; for in that day saws were not manufactured in America; nor, indeed, was scarcely anything else.

When he had given his directions, Bigelow went alone to the point, to meet the strangers, who had anchored their vessels, and had landed in considerable force. On approaching the place, he found about a hundred men ashore, all well armed, and seemingly governed by a sort of military authority. On presenting himself before his party, Bigelow was seized, and taken to its leader, who was a seafaring man, by his appearance, of a fierce aspect and most severe disposition. This man could speak no English. Bigelow tried him in Spanish, but could get no answer out of him in that tongue either; though he suspected that what he said was understood. At length, one was brought forward who *could* speak English, and that so well as to leave little doubt in Bigelow's mind about the stranger's being either an Englishman or an American. Communications between the parties were commenced through this interpreter.

Bigelow was closely questioned touching the number of people in the different islands, the number of vessels they possessed, the present situation and employments of those vessels, the nature of their cargoes, the places where the property transported in the vessels was kept, and, in short, everything that bore directly on the wealth and movable possessions of the people. From the nature of these questions as well as from the appearance of the strangers, Bigelow had at once taken up the notion that they were pirates. In the eastern seas piracies were often committed on a large scale, and there was nothing violent in this supposition. The agitated state of the world, moreover, rendered piracies much more likely to go unpunished then than would be the case to-day, and it was well known that several vessels often cruised together, when engaged in these lawless pursuits, in those distant quarters of the world. Then the men were evidently of different races, though Bigelow was of opinion that most of them came from the East Indies, the coasts, or the islands. The officers were mostly Europeans by birth, or the descendants of Europeans; but two-thirds of the people whom he saw were persons of eastern extraction; some appeared to be Lascars, and others what sailors call Chinamen.

Bigelow was very guarded in his answers; so much so, indeed, as to give great dissatisfaction to his interrogators. About the Peak he assumed an air of great mystery, and said none but birds could get on it; thunder was sometimes heard coming out of its cliffs, but man could not get up to see what the place contained. This account was received with marked interest, and, to Bigelow's surprise, it did not appear to awaken the distrust he had secretly apprehended it might. On the contrary, he was asked to repeat his account, and all who heard it, though a good deal embellished this time, appeared disposed to believe what he said. Encouraged by this success the poor fellow undertook to mystify a little concerning the Reef; but here he soon found himself met with plump denials. In order to convince him that deception would be of no use, he was now taken a short distance and confronted with Waally!

Bigelow no sooner saw the dark countenance of the chief than he knew he was in bad hands. From that moment he abandoned all attempts at concealment, the condition of the Peak excepted, and had recourse to an opposite policy. He now exaggerated everything; the number and force of the vessels, giving a long list of names that were accurate enough, though the fact was concealed that they mostly belonged to boats; and swelling the force of the colony to something more than two thousand fighting men. The piratical commander, who went by the name of "the admiral" among his followers, was a good deal startled by this information, appealing to Waally to know whether it might be relied on for truth. Waally could not say yes or no to this question. He had heard that the colonists were much more numerous than they were formerly; but how many fighting men they could now muster was more than he could say. He knew that they were enormously rich, and, among other articles of value, possessed materials sufficient for fitting out as many ships as they pleased. It was this last information that had brought the strangers to the group; for they were greatly in want of naval stores of almost all sorts.

The admiral did not deem it necessary to push his inquiries any further at that moment; apparently he did not expect to find much at Rancocus Island, Waally having, most probably, let him into the secret of its uses. The houses and mills were visited and plundered; a few hogs and one steer were shot; but luckily most of the animals had been driven into a retired valley. The saw-mill was set on fire in pure wantonness, and it was burned to the ground. A new-grist mill escaped, merely because its position was not known. A great deal of injury was inflicted on the settlement merely for the love of mischief, and a brick-kiln was actually blown up in order to enjoy the fun of seeing the bricks scattered in the air. In short, the place was almost destroyed in one sense, though no attempt was made to injure Bigelow. On the contrary, he was scarcely watched, and it was no sooner dark than he collected a crew, got into his own whale-boat, and came to windward to report what was going on to the governor.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"All gone! 'tis ours the goodly land—
Look round—the heritage behold;
Go forth—upon the mountains stand;
Then, if ye can, be cold."—SPRAGUE.

LITTLE doubt remained in the mind of the governor, after he had heard and weighed the whole of Bigelow's story, that he had to deal with one of those piratical squadrons that formerly infested the eastern seas, a sort of successor of the old buccaneers. The men engaged in such pursuits were usually of different nations, and they were always of the most desperate and ruthless characters. The fact that Waally was with this party indicated pretty plainly the manner in which they had heard of the colony, and, out of all question, that truculent chief had made his own bargain to come in for a share of the profits.

It was highly probable that the origi-

nal object of these freebooters had been to plunder the pearl-fishing vessels, and hearing at their haunts of Betto's group, they had found their way across to it, where, meeting with Waally, they had been incited to their present enterprise.

Little apprehension was felt for the Peak. A vessel might hover about it a month and never find the cove; and should the pirates even make the discovery, such were the natural advantages of the islanders, that the chances were as twenty to one they would drive off their assailants. Under all the circumstances, therefore, and on the most mature reflection, the governor determined to cross over to the Reef, and assume the charge of the defense of that most important position. Should the Reef fall into the hands of the enemy, it might require years to repair the loss; or, what would be still more afflicting, the freebooters might hold the place, and use it as a general rendezvous in their nefarious pursuits. Accordingly, after taking a most tender leave of his wife and children, Governor Woolston left the cove, in the course of the forenoon, crossing in a whale-boat rigged with a sail. Bridget wished greatly to accompany her husband, but to this the latter would on no account consent; for he expected serious service, and thought it highly probable that most of the females would have to be sent over to the Peak for security. Finding that her request could not be granted, and feeling fully the propriety of her husband's decision, Mrs. Woolston so far commanded her feelings as to set a good example to other wives, as became her station.

When about mid-channel, the whale-boat made a sail coming down before the wind, and apparently steering for South Cape, as well as herself. This turned out to be the *Anne*, which had gone to windward to give the alarm to the fishermen, and was now on her return. She had warned so many boats as to be certain they would spread the notice, and she had spoken the *Dragon*, which had gone in quest of the *Jonas* and the *Abraham*, both of which were a few leagues to windward. Captain Betts, however, had come on board the *Anne*, and now joined his old friend, the governor, when about four leagues from the cape. Glad enough was Mark Woolston to meet with the *Anne*, and to find so good an assistant on board her. That schooner, which was regularly pilot-boat built, was the fastest craft about the islands, and it was a great matter to put headquarters on board her. The *Martha* came next, and the whale-boat was sent in to find that sloop, which was up at the Reef, and to order her out immediately to join the governor. Pennock was the highest in authority in the group, after the governor, and a letter was sent to him, apprising him of all that was known, and exhorting him to vigilance and activity; pointing out, somewhat in detail, the different steps he was to take, in order that no time might be lost. This done, the governor stood in toward Whaling Bight, in order to ascertain the state of things at that point.

The alarm had been given all over the group, and, when the *Anne* reached her place of destination, it was ascertained that the men had been assembled under arms, and every precaution taken. But Whaling Bight was the great place of resort of the Kannakas, and there were no less than forty of those men there at that moment, engaged in trying out oil, or in fitting craft, for the fisheries. No one could say which side these fellows would take, should it appear that their proper chiefs were engaged with the strangers; though, otherwise, the colonists counted on their assistance with a good deal of confidence. On all ordinary occasions a reasonably fair understanding existed between the colonists and the Kannakas. It is true, that the former were a little too fond of getting as much work as possible, for rather small compensations, out of these semi-savages; but, as articles of small intrinsic value still went a great way in these bargains, no serious difficulty had yet arisen out of the different transactions. Some persons thought that the Kannakas had risen in their demands, and put less value on a scrap of old iron than had been their original way of thinking, now that

so many of their countrymen had been back and forth a few times between the group and other parts of the world; a circumstance that was very naturally to be expected.

But the governor knew mankind too well not to understand that all unequal associations lead to discontent. Men may get to be so far accustomed to inferior stations, and to their duties and feelings, as to consider their condition the result of natural laws; but the least taste of liberty begets a jealousy and distrust that commonly raises a barrier between the master and servant that has a never-dying tendency to keep them more or less alienated in feeling. When the colonists began to cast about them, and to reflect on the chances of their being sustained by these hirelings in the coming strife, very few of them could be sufficiently assured that the very men who had now eaten of their bread and salt, in some instances for years, were to be relied on in a crisis. Indeed, the number of these Kannakas was a cause of serious embarrassment with the governor, when he came to reflect on his strength, and on the means of employing it.

Fully two hundred of the savages, or semi-savages, were at that moment either scattered about among the farm-houses, or working at the different places where shipping lay, or were out whaling to windward. Now, the whole force of the colony, confining it to fighting-men, and including those who were absent, was just three hundred and sixty-three. Of these, three hundred might possibly, on an emergency, be brought to act on any given point, leaving the remainder in garrisons. But a straggling body of a hundred and fifty of these Kannakas, left in the settlements, or on the Reef, or about the crater, while the troops were gone to meet the enemy, presented no very pleasing picture to the mind of the governor. He saw the necessity of collecting these men together, and of employing them actively in the service of the colony, as the most effectual mode of preventing their getting within the control of Waally. This duty was confided to Bigelow, who was sent to the Reef without delay, taking with him all the Kannakas at Whaling Bight, with orders to put them on board the shipping at the Reef—schooners, sloops, lighters, etc., of which there were now, ordinarily, some eight or ten to be found there—and to carry them all to windward; using the inner channels of the group. Here was a twenty-four hours' job, and one that would not only keep everybody quite busy, but which might have the effect to save all the property in the event of a visit to the Reef by the pirates. Bigelow was to call every Kannaka he saw to his assistance, in the hope of thus getting most of them out of harm's way.

Notwithstanding this procedure, which denoted a wise distrust of these Indian allies, the governor manifested a certain degree of confidence toward a portion of them, that was probably just as discreet in another way. A part of the crew of every vessel, with the exception of those that went to the Peak, was composed of Kannakas; and no less than ten of them were habitually employed in the *Anne*, which carried two whale-boats for emergencies. None of these men were sent away, or were in any manner taken from their customary employments. So much confidence had the governor in his own authority, and in his power to influence these particular individuals, that he did not hesitate about keeping them near himself, and, in a measure, of intrusting the safety of his person to their care. It is true that the Kannakas of both the *Anne* and the *Martha* were a sort of confidential seamen, having now been employed in the colony several years, and got a taste for the habits of the settlers.

When all his arrangements were made, the governor came out of Whaling Bight in the *Anne*, meeting Betts in the *Martha* off South Cape. Both vessels then stood down along the shores of the group, keeping a bright lookout in the direction of Rancocus Island, or toward the southward and westward. Two or three smaller crafts were in company, each under the direction of some one on whom reliance could be placed. The old *Neshamony* had the honor of being thus employed, among

others. The southwestern angle of the group formed a long, low point, or cape of rock, making a very tolerable roadstead on its northwestern side, or to leeward. This cape was known among the colonists by the name of Rancocus *Needle*, from the circumstance that it pointed with mathematical precision to the island in question. Thus it was a practice with the coasters to run for the extremity of this cape, and then to stand away on a due southwest course, certain of seeing the mountains for which they were steering in the next few hours. Among those who piled to and fro in this manner were many who had no very accurate notions of navigation; and to them this simple process was found to be quite useful.

Off Rancocus Needle the governor had appointed a rendezvous for the whole of his little fleet. In collecting these vessels, six in all, including four boats, his object had not been resistance—for the armaments of the whole amounted to but six swivels, together with a few muskets—but vigilance. He was confident that Waally would lead his new friends up toward the Western Roads, the point where he had made all his own attacks, and where he was most acquainted; and the position under the Needle was the best station for observing the approach of the strangers, coming as they must, if they came at all, from the southwest.

The *Anne* was the first craft to arrive off the point of the Needle, and she found the coast clear. As yet, no signs of invaders were to be seen; and the *Martha* being within a very convenient distance to the eastward, a signal was made to Captain Betts to stand over toward the Peak, and have a search in that quarter. Should the strangers take it into their heads to beat up under the cliffs again, and thence stretch across to the group, it would bring them in with the land to windward of the observing squadron, and give them an advantage the governor was very far from wishing them to obtain. The rest of the craft came down to the place of rendezvous, and kept standing off and on, under short sail, close in with the rocks, so as to keep in the smoothest of the water. Such was the state of things when the sun went down in the ocean.

All night the little fleet of the colonists remained in the same uncertainty as to the movements of their suspicious visitors. About twelve the *Martha* came round the Needle, and reported the coast clear to the southward. She had been quite to the cove, and had communicated with the shore. Nothing had been seen of the ship and her consorts since the governor left, nor had any further tidings been brought up from to leeward since the arrival of Bigelow. On receiving this information, the governor ordered his command to run off, in diverging lines, for seven leagues each, and then to wait for day. This was accordingly done; the *Anne* and *Martha*, as a matter of course, outstripping the others. At the usual hour day reappeared, when the lookout aloft, on board the *Anne*, reported the *Martha* about two leagues to the northward, the *Neshamony* about as far to the southward, though a league farther to windward. The other craft were known to be to the northward of the *Martha*, but could not be seen. As for the *Neshamony*, she was coming down with a flowing sheet, to speak the governor.

The sun had fairly risen, when the *Neshamony* came down on the *Anne's* weather-quarther, both craft then standing to the northward. The *Neshamony* had seen nothing. The governor now directed her commander to stand directly down toward Rancocus Island. If she saw nothing, she was to go in and land, in order to get the news from the people ashore. Unless the information obtained in this way was of a nature that demanded a different course, she was to beat up to the volcano, reconnoiter there, then stand across to the cove, and go in; whence she was to sail for the Reef, unless she could hear of the governor at some other point, when she was to make the best of her way to *him*.

The *Anne* now made sail toward the *Martha*, which sloop was standing to the northward, rather edging from the group, under short canvas. No land was in sight, though its haze could be discovered

all along the eastern board, where the group was known to lie; but neither the Peak, nor the Volcano, nor Rancocus heights could now be seen from the vessels. About ten the governor spoke Captain Betts, to ask the news. The *Martha* had seen nothing; and, shortly after, the three boats to the northward joined, and made the same report. Nothing had been seen of the strangers, who seemed, most unaccountably, to be suddenly lost!

This uncertainty rendered all the more reflecting portion of the colonists exceedingly uneasy. Should the pirates get into the group by either of its weather channels, they would not only find all the property and vessels that had been taken in that direction at their mercy, but they would assail the settlements in their weakest parts, render succor more difficult, and put themselves in a position whence it would be easiest to approach or to avoid their foes. Any one understanding the place, its facilities for attacking, or its defenses, would naturally endeavor to enter the group as well to windward as possible; but Waally had never attempted anything of the sort; and, as he knew little of the inner passages, it was not probable he had thought of suggesting a course different from his own to his new friends. The very circumstance that he had always approached by the same route was against it; for, if his sagacity had not pointed out a preferable course for himself, it was not to be expected it would do it for others. Still, it was not unreasonable to suppose that practiced seamen might see the advantages which the savage had overlooked, and a very serious apprehension arose in the minds of the governor, and Betts in particular, touching this point. All that could be done, however, was to dispatch two of the boats, with orders to enter the group by the northern road, and proceed as far as the Reef. The third boat was left to cruise off the Needle, in order to communicate with anything that should go to that place of rendezvous with a report, and, at the same time, to keep a lookout for the pirates. With the person in charge of this boat was left the course to be steered by those who were to search for the governor, as they arrived off the Needle, from time to time.

The *Anne* and *Martha* bore up, in company, as soon as these arrangements were completed, it being the plan now to go and look for the strangers. Once in view, the governor determined not to lose sight of the pirates again, but to remain so near them as to make sure of knowing what they were about. In such cases a close lookout should always be kept on the enemy, since an advantage in time is gained by so doing, as well as a great deal of uncertainty and indecision avoided.

For seven hours the *Anne* and *Martha* stood toward Rancocus Island, running off about two leagues from each other, thereby "spreading a clew," as sailors call it, that would command the view of a good bit of water. The tops of the mountains were soon seen, and by the end of the time mentioned most of the lower land became visible. Nevertheless, the strangers did not come in sight. Greatly at a loss how to proceed, the governor now sent the *Martha* down for information, with orders for her to beat up to the Needle as soon as she could, the *Anne* intending to rendezvous there next morning, agreeably to previous arrangements. As the *Martha* went off before the wind, the *Anne* hauled up sharp toward the Peak, under the impression that something might have been seen of the strangers from the high land there. About four in the morning the *Anne* went into the cove, and the governor ascended to the plain to have an interview with Heaton. He found everything tranquil in that quarter. Nothing had been seen of the strange squadron, since it went out of sight under the volcano; nor had even the *Neshamony* come in. The governor's arrival was soon known, early as it was, and he had visits from half the women on the island, to inquire after their absent husbands. Each wife was told all the governor knew, and this short intercourse relieved the minds of a great many.

At eight the *Anne* sailed again, and at

ten she had the Needle in sight, with three boats off it, on the lookout. Here, then, were tidings at last; but the impatience of the governor was restrained, in order to make out the character of a sail that had been seen coming down through the straits, under a cloud of canvas. In a short time this vessel was made out to be the *Abraham*, and the *Anne* hauled up to get her news. The two schooners spoke each other about twelve o'clock, but the *Abraham* had no intelligence to impart. She had been sent, or rather carried by Bigelow out by the eastern passage, and had stood along the whole of the weather side of the group, to give notice to the whalers where to go; and she had notified the two brigs to go in to windward, and to remain in Weather Bay, where all the rest of the dull crafts had been taken for safety; and then had come to leeward to look for the governor. As the *Abraham* was barely a respectable sailer, it was not deemed prudent to take her too near the strangers; but she might see how matters were situated to the eastward. By keeping on the weather coast, and so near the land as not to be cut off from it, she would be of particular service; since no enemy could approach in that quarter without being seen; and Bigelow's familiarity with the channels would enable him not only to save his schooner by running in, but would put it in his power to give notice throughout the whole group of the position and apparent intentions of the strangers. The *Abraham*, accordingly, hauled by the wind to beat back to her station, while the *Anne* kept off for the Needle.

At the rendezvous, the governor found most of his craft waiting for him. The *Neshamony* was still behind; but all the rest had executed their orders, and were standing off and on, near the cape, ready to report. Nothing had been seen of the strangers! It was certain they had not approached the group, for two of the boats had just come out of it, having left the colonists busy with the preparations for defense, but totally undisturbed in other respects. This information gave the governor increased uneasiness. His hope of hearing from the pirates in time to be ready to meet them now depended on his reports from to leeward. The *Neshamony* ought soon to be in; nor could it be long before the *Martha* would return. The great source of apprehension now came from a suspicion that some of the Kannakas might be acting as pirates, along with Waally. For Waally himself no great distrust was felt, since he had never been allowed to see much of the channels of the group; but it was very different with the sea-going Kannakas, who had been employed by the colonists. Some of these men were familiar with all the windings and turnings of the channels, knew how much water could be taken through a passage, and though not absolutely safe pilots, perhaps, were men who might enable skillful seamen to handle their vessels with tolerable security within the islands.

Should it turn out that one or two of these fellows had undertaken to carry the strangers up to windward, and to take them into one of the passages in that quarter of the group, they might be down upon the different fortified points before they were expected, and sweep all before them. It is true, this danger had been in a measure foreseen, and persons had been sent to look out for it; but it never had appeared so formidable to the governor as now that he found himself completely at fault where to look for his enemy. At length a prospect of fresh reports appeared. The *Neshamony* was seen in the southern board, standing across from the Peak; and about the same time the *Martha* was made out in the southwestern, beating up from Rancocus Island direct. As the first had been ordered to land, and had also been round by the volcano, the *Anne* hauled up for her, the governor being impatient to get her tidings first. In half an hour the two vessels were alongside of each other. But the *Neshamony* had very little that was new to tell! The pirates had remained on the island but a short time after Bigelow and his companions got away, doing all the damage they could, however, in that brief space. When they left it was night, and nothing very certain

could be told of their movements. When last seen, however, they were on a wind, and heading to the southward, a little westerly; which looked like beating up toward the volcano, the trades now blowing due southeast. But the *Neshamony* had been quite round the volcano, without obtaining a sight of the strangers. Thence she proceeded to the Peak, where she arrived only a few hours after the governor had sailed, going into the cove and finding all quiet. Of course, the *Martha* could have no more to say than this, if as much; and the governor was once more left to the pain of deep suspense.

As was expected, when Betts joined, he had nothing at all to tell. He had been ashore at Rancocus Point, heard the complaints of the people touching their losses, but had obtained no other tidings of the wrong-doers. Unwilling to lose time, he staid but an hour, and had been beating back to the rendezvous the rest of the period of his absence. Was it possible that the strangers had gone back to Betto's group, satisfied with the trifling injuries they had inflicted? This could hardly be; yet it was not easy to say where else they had been. After a consultation, it was decided that the *Martha* should stand over in that direction in the hope that she might pick up some intelligence by meeting with fishing canoes that often came out to a large cluster of rocks that lay several leagues to windward of the territories of Ooroony and Waally. Captain Betts had taken his leave of the governor, and had actually got on board his own vessel in order to make sail, when a signal was seen flying on board one of the boats that was kept cruising well out in the straits, intimating that strange vessels were seen to windward. This induced the governor to recall the *Martha*, and the whole of the lookout vessels stood off into the straits.

In less than an hour all doubts were removed. There were the strangers, sure enough, and what was more, there was the *Abraham* ahead of them, pushing for Cape South passage, might and main; for the strangers were on her heels, going four to her three. It appeared afterward that the pirates, on quitting Rancocus Island, had stood off to the southward, until they reached to windward of the volcano, passing, however, a good bit to leeward of the island, on their first stretch, when, finding the Peak just dipping, they tacked to the northward and westward, and stood off toward the ordinary whaling ground of the colony, over which they swept in the expectation of capturing the brigs. The pirates had no occasion for oil, which they probably would have destroyed in pure wantonness, but they were much in want of naval stores, cordage in particular, and the whaling gear of the two brigs would have been very acceptable to them. While running in for the group, after an unsuccessful search, they made the *Abraham*, and gave chase. That schooner steered for the straits, in the hope of finding the governor; but was so hard pressed by her pursuers as to be glad to edge in for Cape South roads, intending to enter the group, and run for the Reef, if she could do no better.

Luckily, the discovery of the lookout boat prevented the execution of the *Abraham's* project, which would have led the pirates directly up to the capital. But, no sooner did the governor see how things were situated, than he boldly luffed up toward the strangers, intending to divert them from the chase of the *Abraham*; or, at least, to separate them, in chase of himself. In this design he was handsomely seconded by Betts, in the *Martha*, who hauled his wind in the wake of the *Anne*, and carried everything that would draw, in order to keep his station. This decision and show of spirit had its effect. The two brigs, which were most to the southward, altered their course, and edged away for the *Anne* and *Martha*, leaving the ship to follow the *Abraham* alone. The governor was greatly rejoiced at this, for he had a notion a vessel as large as the strange ship would hesitate about entering the narrow waters, on account of her draught; she being much larger than any craft that had ever been in before, as the Kannakas must know, and would not fail to report to the pirates. The governor supposed this ship to be a vessel of

between six and seven hundred tons measurement. Her armament appeared to be twelve guns of a side, below, and some eight or ten guns on her quarter-deck and forecastle. This was a formidable craft in those days, making what was called in the English service an eight-and-twenty gun frigate, a class of cruisers that were then found to be very useful. It is true that the first-class modern sloop-of-war would blow one of those little frigates out of water, being several hundred tons larger, with armaments, crews and spars in proportion; but an eight-and-twenty gun frigate offered a very formidable force to a community like that of the Crater, and no one knew it better than the governor.

The three strangers all sailed like witches. It was well for the *Abraham* that she had a port so close under her lee, or the ship would have had her, beyond the smallest doubt. As it was she caught it, as she rounded the cape, as close in as she could go, the frigate letting slip at her the whole of her starboard broadside, which cut away the schooner's gaff, jib-stay, and main-topmast, besides killing a Kannaka, who was in the main-cross-trees at the time. This last occurrence turned out to be fortunate, in the main, however, since it induced all the Kannakas to believe that the strangers were their enemies, in particular; else, why kill one of their number, when there were just as many colonists as Kannakas to shoot at!

As the governor expected, the ship did not venture to follow the *Abraham* in. That particular passage, in fact, was utterly unknown to Waally, and those with him, and he could not give such an account of it as would encourage the admiral to stand on. Determined not to lose time unnecessarily, the latter hauled short off shore, and made sail in chase of the *Anne* and *Martha*, which, by this time, were about mid-channel, heading across to the Peak. It was not the wish of the governor, however, to lead the strangers any nearer to the cove than was necessary, and no sooner did he see the *Abraham* well within the islands, her sails concealed by the trees, of which there was now a little forest on this part of the coast, and the ship drawing well off the land in hot pursuit of himself, than he kept away in the direction of Rancocus Island, bringing the wind on his larboard quarter. The strangers followed, and in half an hour they were all so far to leeward of Cape South, as to remove any apprehension of their going in there very soon.

Thus far the plan of the governor had succeeded to admiration. He had his enemies in plain sight, within a league of him, and in chase of his two fastest craft. The best sailing of the *Anne* and *Martha* was on a wind, and, as a matter of course, they could do better, comparatively, in smooth water, than larger craft. No sooner, therefore, had he got his pursuers far enough off the land, and far enough to leeward, than the governor wore, or jibbed would be the better word, running off northwest, with the wind on his starboard quarter. This gave the strangers a little the advantage, in one sense, though they lost it in another. It brought them on his weather-beam; pretty well forward of it, too; but the Needle was directly ahead of the schooner and sloop, and the governor foresaw that his pursuers would have to keep off to double that, which he was reasonably certain of reaching first.

Everything turned out as the governor anticipated. The pirates had near a league of water more to pass over, before they could double the Needle, than the *Anne* and the *Martha* had; and, though those two crafts were obliged to haul up close to the rocks, under a distant fire from all three of their pursuers, no harm was done, and they were soon covered by the land, and were close-hauled in smooth water, to leeward of the group. Twenty minutes later the strangers came round the cape, also, bearing up sharp, and following their chase. This was placing the enemy just where the colonists could have wished. They were now to leeward of every point in the settlements, looking up toward the roads, which opened on the western passage, or that best known to

Waally, and which he would be most likely to enter, should he attempt to pilot the strangers in. This was getting the invaders precisely where the governor wished them to be, if they were to attack him at all. They could not reach the Reef in less than twenty-four hours, with their knowledge of the channel; would have to approach it in face of the heaviest and strongest batteries, those provided for Waally; and, if successful in reaching the inner harbor, would enter it under the fire of the long twelves mounted on the crater, which was, rightly enough, deemed to be the citadel of the entire colony, unless, indeed, the Peak might better deserve that name.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"It scares the sea-birds from their nests;
They dart and wheel with deafening screams;
Now dark—and now their wings and breasts
Flash back amid disastrous gleams.
O, sin! what hast thou done on this fair earth?
The world, O man! is wailing o'er thy birth."
—DANA.

IT was the policy of the colonists to lead their pursuers directly up to the Western Roads. On the small island, under which vessels were accustomed to anchor, was a dwelling or two, and a battery of two guns—nine-pounders. These guns were to command the anchorage. The island lay directly in front of the mouth of the passage, making a very beautiful harbor within it; though the water was so smooth in the roads, and the last were so much the most convenient for getting under way in, that this more sheltered haven was very little used. On the present occasion, however, all the colony craft beat up past the island, and anchored inside of it. The crews were then landed, and they repaired to the battery, which they found ready for service in consequence of orders previously sent.

Here, then, was the point where hostilities would be likely to commence, should hostilities commence at all. One of the boats was sent across to the nearest island inland, where a messenger was landed, with directions to carry a letter to Pennock, at the Reef. This messenger was compelled to walk about six miles, the whole distance in a grove of young palms and bread-fruit trees; great pains having been taken to cultivate both of these plants throughout the group, in spots favorable to their growth. After getting through the grove, the path came out on a plantation, where a horse was kept for this especial object; and here the man mounted and galloped off to the Reef, soon finding himself amid a line of some of the most flourishing plantations in the colony. Fortunately, however, as things then threatened, these plantations were not on the main channel, but stood along the margin of a passage which was deep enough to receive any craft that floated, but which was a *cul-de-sac*, that could be entered only from the eastward. Along the margin of the ship-channel, there was not yet soil of the right quality for cultivation, though it was slowly forming, as the sands that lay thick on the adjacent rocks received other substances by exposure to the atmosphere.

The *Anne* and her consorts had been anchored about an hour, when the strangers hove-to in the roads, distant about half a mile from the battery. Here they all hoisted white flags, as if desirous of having a parley. The governor did not well know how to act. He could not tell whether or not it would do to trust such men; and he as little liked to place Betts, or any other confidential friend, in their power, as he did to place himself there. Nevertheless, prudence required that some notice should be taken of the flag of truce; and he determined to go off a short distance from the shore in one of his own boats, and hoist a white flag, which would be as much as to say that he was waiting there to receive any communication that the strangers might choose to send him.

It was not long after the governor's boat had reached her station, which was fairly within the short range of the two guns in the battery, ere a boat shoved off from the ship, showing the white flag, too. In a few minutes, the two boats were within the lengths of each other's oars, riding peacefully side by side.

On board the stranger's boat, in addition to the six men who were at the oars, were three persons in the stern-sheets. One of these men, as was afterward ascertained, was the admiral himself; a second was an interpreter, who spoke English with a foreign accent, but otherwise perfectly well; and the third was no other than Waally! The governor thought a fierce satisfaction was gleaming in the countenance of the savage when they met, though the latter said nothing. The interpreter opened the communications.

"Is any one in that boat," demanded this person, "who is empowered to speak for the authorities ashore?"

"There is," answered the governor, who did not deem it wise, nevertheless, exactly to proclaim his rank. "I have full powers, being directly authorized by the chief magistrate of this colony."

"To what nation does your colony belong?"

This was an awkward question, and one that had not been at all anticipated, and which the governor was not fully prepared to answer.

"Before interrogatories are thus put, it might be as well for me to know by what authority I am questioned at all," returned Mr. Woolston. "What are the vessels which have anchored in our waters, and under what flag do they sail?"

"A man-of-war never answers a hail, unless it comes from another man-of-war," answered the interpreter, smiling.

"Do you, then, claim to be vessels of war?"

"If compelled to use our *force*, you will find us so. We have not come here to answer questions, however, but to ask them. Does your colony claim to belong to any particular nation, or not?"

"We are all natives of the United States of America, and our vessels sail under her flag."

"The United States of America!" repeated the interpreter, with an ill-concealed expression of contempt. "There is good picking among the vessels of that nation, as the great European belligerents well know; and while so many are profiting by it, *we* may as well come in for our share."

It may be necessary to remind a portion of our readers, that this dialogue occurred more than forty years ago, and long before the republic sent out its fleets and armies to conquer adjacent states; when, indeed, it had scarce a fleet and army to protect its own coasts and frontiers from insults and depredations. It is said that when the late Emperor of Austria, the good and kind-hearted Francis II., was shown the ruins of the little castle at Habsburg, which is still to be seen crowning a low height, in the canton of Aarraw, Switzerland, he observed, "I now see that we have not *always* been a great family." The governor cared very little for the fling at his native land, but he did not relish the sneer, as it indicated the treatment likely to be bestowed on his adopted country. Still, the case was not to be remedied except by the use of the means already provided, should his visitors see fit to resort to force.

A desultory conversation now ensued, in which the strangers pretty plainly let their designs be seen. In the first place they demanded a surrender of all the craft belonging to the colony, big and little, together with all the naval stores. This condition complied with, the strangers intimated that it was possible their conquests would not be pushed much further. Of provisions, they stood in need of pork, and they understood that the colony had hogs without number. If they would bring down to the island a hundred fat hogs, with barrels and salt, within twenty-four hours, it was probable, however, no further demand for provisions would be made. They had obtained fifty barrels of very excellent flour at Rancocus Island, and could not conveniently stow more than that number, in addition to the demanded hundred barrels of pork. The admiral also required that hostages should be sent on board his ship, and that he should be provided with proper pilots, in order that he, and a party of suitable size, might take the *Anne* and the *Martha*, and go up to the

town, which he understood lay some twenty or thirty miles within the group. Failing of an acquiescence in these terms, war, and war of the most ruthless character, was to be immediately proclaimed. All attempts to obtain an announcement of any national character, on the part of the strangers, was evaded; though, from the appearance of everything he saw, the governor could not now have the smallest doubt that he had to do with pirates.

After getting all out of the strangers that he could, and it was but little at the best, the governor quietly, but steadily, refused to accede to any one of the demands, and put the issue on the appeal to force. The strangers were obviously disappointed at this answer, for the thoughtful, simple manner of Mark Woolston had misled them, and they had actually flattered themselves with obtaining all they wanted without a struggle. At first, the anger of the admiral threatened some treacherous violence on the spot, but the crews of the two boats were so nearly equal, that prudence, if not good faith, admonished him of the necessity of respecting the truce. The pirates separated, however, with denunciations, nay, maledictions, on the part of the strangers, the colonists remaining quiet in demeanor, but firm.

The time taken for the two boats to return to their respective points of departure was but short; and scarcely was that of the stranger arrived alongside of its vessel, ere the ship fired a gun. This was the signal of war, the shot of that first gun falling directly in the battery, where it took off the hand of a Kannaka, besides doing some other damage. This was not a very favorable omen, but the governor encouraged his people, and to work both sides went, trying who could do the other the most harm. The cannonading was lively and well sustained, though it was not like one of the present time, when shot are hollow, and a gun is chambered and, not unfrequently, has a muzzle almost as large as the open end of a flour-barrel, and a breech as big as a hogshead. At the commencement of this century a long twelve-pounder was considered a smart piece, and was thought very capable of doing a good deal of mischief. The main battery of the ship was composed of guns of that description, while one of the brigs carried eight nines, and the other fourteen sixes. As the ship mounted altogether thirty, if not thirty-two, guns, this left the governor to contend with batteries that had in them at least twenty-six pieces, as opposed to his own two. A couple of lively guns, nevertheless, well-served and properly mounted behind good earthern banks, are quite equal to several times their number on board ship. Notwithstanding the success of the first shot of the pirates, this truth soon became sufficiently apparent, and the vessels found themselves getting the worst of it. The governor, himself, or Captain Betts pointed every gun that was fired in the battery, and they seldom failed to make their marks on the hulls of the enemy. On the other hand, the shot of the shipping was either buried in the mounds of the battery, or passed over its low parapets. Not a man was hurt ashore, at the end of an hour's struggle, with the exception of the Kannaka first wounded, while seven of the pirates were actually killed, and near twenty wounded.

Had the combat continued in the manner in which it was commenced, the result would have been a speedy and signal triumph in favor of the colony. But, by this time, the pirate admiral became convinced that he had gone the wrong way to work, and that he must have recourse to some management, in order to prevail against such stubborn foes. Neither of the vessels was anchored, but all kept under way, maneuvering about in front of the battery, but one brig hauled out of the line to the northward, and making a stretch or two clear of the line of fire, she came down on the north end of the battery, in a position to rake it. Now this battery had been constructed for plain, straightforward cannonading in front, with no embrasures to command the roads on either flank. Curtains of earth had been thrown up on the flanks to protect the men, it is true, but this passive sort of resistance could do very little good

in a protracted contest. While this particular brig was gaining that favorable position, the ship and the other brig fell off to leeward, and were soon at so long a shot as to be out of harm's way. This was throwing the battery entirely out of the combat, as to anything aggressive, and compelled a prompt decision on the part of the colonists. No sooner did the nearest brig open her fire, and that within short canister range, than the ship and her consort hauled in again on the southern flank of the battery, the smallest vessel leading, and feeling her way with the lead. Perceiving the utter uselessness of remaining, and the great danger he ran of being cut off, the governor now commenced a retreat to his boats. This movement was not without danger, one colonist being killed in effecting it, and two more of the Kannakas wounded. It succeeded, notwithstanding, and the whole party got off to the *Anne* and *Martha*.

This retreat, of course, left the island and the battery at the mercy of the pirates. The latter landed, set fire to the buildings, blew up the magazine, dismounted the guns, and did all the other damage to the place that could be accomplished in the course of a short visit. They then went on board their vessels again, and began to beat up into the Western Passage, following the colonists who preceded them, keeping just out of gun-shot.

The Western Passage was somewhat crooked, and different reaches were of very frequent occurrence. This sometimes aided a vessel in ascending, or going to windward, and sometimes offered obstacles. As there were many other passages, so many false channels, some of which were *culs-de-sac*, it was quite possible for one ignorant of the true direction to miss his way; and this circumstance suggested to the governor an expedient which was highly approved of by his friend and counselor, Captain Betts, when it was laid before that plain, but experienced, seaman. There was one false passage, about a league within the group, which led off to the northward, and far from all the settlements, that offered several inducements to enter it. In the first place it had more of the appearance of a main channel, at its point of junction, than the main channel itself, and might easily be mistaken for it; then it turned right into the wind's eye, after beating up it for a league; and at the end of a long reach that ran due southeast it narrowed so much as to render it questionable whether the *Anna* and *Martha* could pass between the rocks into a wide bay beyond. This bay was the true *cul-de-sac*, having no other outlet or inlet than the narrow pass just mentioned; though it was very large, was dotted with islands, and reached quite to the vicinity of Loam Island, or within a mile or two of the Reef.

The main question was whether the schooner and the sloop could pass through the opening which communicated between the reach and the bay. If not, they must inevitably fall into the hands of the pirates, should they enter the false channel and be followed in. Then, even admitting that the *Anne* and *Martha* got through the narrow passage, should the pirates follow them in their boats there would be very little probability of their escaping; though they might elude their pursuers for a time among the islands. Captain Betts was of opinion that the two vessels *could* get through, and was strongly in favor of endeavoring to lead the enemy off the true course to the Reef by entangling them in this *cul-de-sac*. If nothing but delay was gained, delay would be something. It was always an advantage to the assailed to have time to recover from their first alarm and to complete their arrangements. The governor listened to his friend's arguments with favor, but he sent the *Neshamony* on direct to the Reef with a letter to Pennock, acquainting that functionary with the state of things, the intended plan, and a request that a twelve-pounder, that was mounted on a traveling carriage, might be put on board the boat and sent to a landing, whence it might easily be dragged by hand to the narrow passage so often mentioned. This done, he took the way into the false channel himself.

The governor, as a matter of course, kept at a safe distance ahead of the pirates in the *Anne* and the *Martha*. This he was enabled to do quite easily, since fore-and-aft vessels made much quicker tacks than those that are square-rigged. As respects water, there was enough of that almost everywhere; it being rather a peculiarity of the group that nearly every one of its passages had good channels and bold shores. There was one shoal, however, and that of some extent, in the long reach of the false channel named; and when the governor resolved to venture in there, it was not without the hope of leading the pirate ship on it. The water on this shoal was about sixteen feet deep, and there was scarce a hope of either of the brigs fetching up on it; but, could the ship be enticed there, and did she only strike with good way on her, and on a falling tide, her berth might be made very uncomfortable. Although this hope appeared faintly in the background of the governor's project, his principal expectation was that of being able to decoy the strangers into a *cul-de-sac*, and to embarrass them with delays and losses. As soon as the *Neshamony* was out of sight, the *Anne* and *Martha*, therefore, accompanied by the other boats, stood into the false channel, and went off to the northward merrily, with a leading wind. When the enemy reached the point they did not hesitate to follow, actually setting studding sails in their eagerness not to be left too far behind.

It is probable that Waally was of but little service to his allies just then, for, after all, the knowledge of that chief was limited to a very imperfect acquaintance with such channels as would admit of the passage of even canoes. The distances were by no means trifling in these crooked passages. By the true channel it was rather more than seven and twenty miles from the western roads to the Reef; but, it was fully ten more by this false channel, even deducting the half league where there was no passage at all, or the bottom of the *bag*. Now it required time to beat up such a distance, and the sun was setting when the governor reached the shoal already mentioned, about which he kept working for some time, in the hope of enticing the ship on it in the dark. But the pirates were too wary to be misled in this fashion. The light no sooner left them than they took in all their canvas and anchored. It is probable that they believed themselves on their certain way to the Reef, and felt indisposed to risk anything by adventuring in the obscurity. Both parties, consequently, prepared to pass the night at their anchors. The *Anne* and *Martha* were now within less than a mile of the all-important passage, through which they were to make their escape, if they escaped at all.

The opportunity of ascertaining the fact was not to be neglected, and it was no sooner so dark as to veil his movements than the governor went on board the *Martha*, which was a vessel of more beam than the *Anne*, and beat her up to the rocks, in order to make a trial of its capacity. It was just possible to take the sloop through in several places; but, in one spot, the rocks came too near together to admit of her being hauled between them. The circumstances would not allow of delay, and to work everybody went, with such implements as offered, to pick away the rock and to open a passage. By midnight this was done, and the *Martha* was carried through into the bay beyond. Here she stood off a short distance and anchored. The governor went back to his own craft and moved her about a mile, being apprehensive of a boat attack in the darkness, should he remain where he was. This precaution was timely, for, in the morning, after day had dawned, no less than seven boats were seen pulling down to the pirates, which had, no doubt, been looking for the schooner and the sloop in vain. The governor got great credit for this piece of management; more even than might have been expected, the vulgar usually bestowing their applause on acts of a glittering character, rather than on those which denote calculation and forethought.

As the day advanced the pirates recommenced their operations. The delay, however, had given the colonists a great

advantage. There had been time to communicate with the Reef, and to receive the gun sent for. It had greatly encouraged the people up at the town to hear that their enemies were in the false channel; and they redoubled their efforts, as one multiplies his blows on a retreating enemy. Pennock sent the governor most encouraging reports, and gave him to understand that he had ordered nearly all the men in from the outposts, leaving just enough to have a lookout and to keep the Kannakas in order. As it was now understood that the attack must be on the capital, there was every reason for taking this course.

All the vessels were soon under way again. The pirates missed the *Martha*, which they rightly enough supposed had gone ahead. They were evidently a good deal puzzled about the channel, but supposed it must be somewhere to windward. In the meantime the governor kept the *Anne* maneuvering around the shoal, in the hope of luring the ship on it. Nor was he without rational hopes of success, for the brigs separated, one going close to each side of the sound, to look for the outlet, while the ship kept beating up directly in its center, making a sinuous course toward the schooner, which was always near the shallow water. At length the governor was fully rewarded for his temerity; the admiral had made a stretch that carried him laterally past the lee side of the shoal, and when he went about he looked directly for the *Anne*, which was standing back and forth near its weather margin. Here the governor held on until he had the satisfaction of seeing the ship just verging on the weather side of the shoal, when he up helm and stood off to leeward, as if intending to pass out of the *cul-de-sac* by the way he had entered, giving his pursuers the slip. This bold maneuver took the pirate admiral by surprise, and being in the vessel that was much the nearest to the *Anne*, he up helm, and was plumped on the shoal with strong way on him, in less than five minutes! The instant the governor saw this, he hauled his wind and beat back again, passing the broadside of the ship with perfect impunity, her people being too much occupied with their own situation to think of their guns or of molesting him.

The strange ship had run aground within half a mile of the spot where the twelve-pounder was planted, and that gun now opened on her with great effect. She lay quartering to this new enemy, and the range was no sooner obtained than every shot hulled her. The governor now landed and went to work seriously, first ordering the *Anne* carried through the pass, to place her beyond the reach of the brigs. A forge happened to be in the *Anne*, to make some repairs to her iron work, and this forge, a small one, it is true, was taken ashore, and an attempt was made to heat some shot in it. The shot had been put into the forge an hour or two before, but a fair trial was not made until the whole apparatus was landed. For the next hour the efforts of both sides were unremitted. One of the brigs went to the assistance of the admiral, while the other endeavored to silence the gun, which was too securely placed, however, to mind her broadsides. One shot hulling her, soon drove her to leeward; after which all the attention of the pirates was bestowed on their ship.

The admiral, beyond all doubt, was very awkwardly placed. He had the whole width of the shoal to leeward of him, could only get off by working directly in the face of the fire, and had gone on with seven knots way on his ship. The bottom was soft mud; and the colonists knew that nothing but anchors laid to windward, with a heavy strain and a good deal of lightening, would ever take that vessel out of her soft berth. Of this fact the pirates themselves soon began to be convinced, for they were seen pumping out their water. As for the brigs, they were by no means well handled. Instead of closing with the battery and silencing the gun, as they might have done, they kept aloof, and even rendered less assistance to the ship than was in their power. In point of fact, they were in confusion, and manifested that want of order and submission

to authority, as well as self-devotion, that would have been shown among men in an honest service; guilt paralyzed their efforts, rendering them timid and distrustful.

After near two hours of cannonading, during which the colonists had done the pirates a good deal of damage, and the pirates literally had not injured the colonists at all, the governor was ready with his hot shot, which he had brought to something more than a red heat. The gun was loaded with great care, and fired, after having been deliberately pointed by the governor himself. The ship was hulled, and a trifling explosion followed on board. That shot materially added to the confusion among the pirates, and it was immediately followed by another, which struck also. It was now so apparent that confusion prevailed among the pirates, that the governor would not take the time necessary to put in the other hot shot, but he loaded and fired as fast as he could in the ordinary way.

In less than a quarter of an hour after the first hot shot was fired, smoke poured out of the admiral's main-deck ports; and two minutes later it was succeeded by flames.

From that moment the result of the conflict was no longer doubtful. The pirates, among whom great confusion prevailed, even previously to this disaster, now lost all subordination, and it was soon seen that each man worked for himself, striving to save as much as he could of his ill-gotten plunder. The governor understood the state of the enemy, and though prudence could scarcely justify his course, he determined to press him to the utmost. The *Anne* and *Martha* were both brought back through the pass, and the twelve pounder was taken on board the former, there being room to fight it between her masts. As soon as this was done, the two craft bore down on the brigs, which were by this time a league to leeward of the burning ship, their commanders having carried them there to avoid the effects of the expected explosion. The admiral and his crew saved themselves in the boats, abandoning nearly all their property, and losing a good many men. Indeed, when the last boat left the ship, there were several of her people below, so far overcome by liquor as to be totally helpless. These men were abandoned too, as were all the wounded, including Waally, who had lost an arm by the fire of the battery.

Neither did the governor like the idea of passing very near the ship, which had now been burning fully an hour. In going to leeward, he gave her a berth, and it was well he did, for she blew up while the *Anne* and *Martha*, as it was, were considerably within a quarter of a mile of her. The colonists ever afterward considered an incident connected with this explosion as a sort of Providential manifestation of the favor of Heaven. The *Martha* was nearest to the ship at the instant of her final disaster, and very many fragments were thrown around her; a few even on her decks. Among the last was a human body, which was cast a great distance in the air, and fell, like a heavy clod, across the gunwale of the sloop. This proved to be the body of Waally, one of the arms having been cut away by a shot, three hours before! Thus perished a constant and most wily enemy of the colony, and who had, more than once, brought it to the verge of destruction, by his cupidity and artifices.

From this moment the pirates thought little of anything but of effecting their retreat, and of getting out into open water again. The governor saw this, and pressed them hard. The twelve-pounder opened on the nearest brig, as soon as her shot would tell; and even the *Martha's* swivel was heard, like the bark of a cur that joins in the clamor when a strange dog is set upon by the pack of a village. The colonists on shore flew into the settlements, to let it be known that the enemy was retreating, when every dwelling poured out its inmates in pursuit. Even the females now appeared in arms; there being no such incentive to patriotism, on occasions of the kind, as the cry that the battle has been won. Those whom it might have been hard to get within the

sound of a gun, a few hours before, now became valiant, and pressed into the van, which bore a very different aspect, before a retreating foe, from that which it presented on their advance.

In losing Waally, the strangers lost the only person among them who had any pretensions to be thought a pilot. He knew very little of the channels to the Reef, at the best, though he had been there thrice; but, now he was gone, no one left among them knew anything about them at all. Under all the circumstances, therefore, it is not surprising that the admiral should think more of extricating his two brigs from the narrow waters than of pursuing his original plan of conquest. It was not difficult to find his way back by the road he had come; and that road he traveled as fast as a leading breeze would carry him along it. But retreat, as it now appeared, was not the only difficulty with which this freebooter had to contend. It happened that no kind feeling existed between the admiral and the officers of the largest of the brigs. So far had their animosity extended, that the admiral had deemed it expedient to take a large sum of money, which had fallen to the share of the vessel in question, out of that brig, and keep it on board the ship, as a guarantee that they would not run away with their craft. This proceeding had not strengthened the bond between the parties; and nothing had kept down the strife but the expectation of the large amount of plunder that was to be obtained from the colony. That hope was now disappointed; and, the whole time the two vessels were retiring before the *Anne* and the *Martha*, preparations were making on board one of the brigs to reclaim this ill-gotten treasure, and on board the other to retain it. By a species of freemasonry peculiar to their pursuits, the respective crews were aware of each other's designs; and when they issued nearly abreast out of the passage, into the inner bay of the Western Roads, one passed to the southward of the island, and the other to the northward; the *Anne* and *Martha* keeping close in their wakes.

As the two vessels cleared the island and got into open water, the struggle commenced in earnest; the disaffected brig firing into the admiral. The broadside was returned, and the two vessels gradually neared each other, until the canopies of smoke which accompanied their respective movements became one. The combat now raged, and with a savage warmth, for hours; both brigs running off the land under short canvas. At length the firing ceased, and the smoke so far cleared away as to enable the governor to take a look at the damages done. In this respect, there was little to choose; each vessel having suffered, and seemingly each about as much as the other. After consuming an hour or two in repairing damages, the combat was renewed; when the two colony craft, seeing no prospects of its soon terminating, and being now several leagues to leeward of the group, hauled up for the roads again. The brigs continued their fight, always running off before the wind, and went out of sight, canopied by smoke, long after the reports of their guns had become inaudible. This was the last the governor ever saw or heard of these dangerous enemies.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Vox Populi, vox Dei.—VENERABLE AXIOM.

AFTER this unlooked-for termination of what the colonists called the "Pirate-War," the colony enjoyed a long period of peace and prosperity. The whaling business was carried on with great success, and many connected with it actually got rich. Among these was the governor, who, in addition to his other means, soon found himself in possession of more money than he could profitably dispose of in that young colony. By his orders, no less than one hundred thousand dollars were invested in his name, in the United States six per cents, his friends in America being empowered to draw the dividends, and, after using a due proportion in the way of commissions, to re-invest the remainder to his credit.

Nature did quite as much as art in

bringing on the colony; the bounty of God, as the industry of man. It is our duty, however, to allow that the colonists did not so regard the matter. A great change came over their feelings, after the success of the "Pirate-War," inducing them to take a more exalted view of themselves and their condition than had been their wont. The ancient humility seemed suddenly to disappear; and in its place a vainglorious estimate of themselves and of their prowess arose among the people. The word "people," too, was in everybody's mouth, as if the colonists themselves had made those lovely islands, endowed them with fertility, and rendered them what they were now fast becoming—scenes of the most exquisite rural beauty, as well as granaries of abundance. By this time the palm-tree covered more or less of every island; and the orange, lime, shaddock, and other similar plants, filled the air with the fragrance of their flowers, or rendered it bright with the golden hues of their fruits. In short, everything adapted to the climate was flourishing in the plantations, and plenty reigned even in the humblest dwelling.

This was a perilous condition for the healthful humility of human beings. Two dangers beset them; both colored and magnified by a common tendency. One was that of dropping into luxurious idleness—the certain precursor, in such a climate, of sensual indulgences; and the other was that of "waxing fat and kicking." The tendency common to both was to place self before God, and not only to believe that they merited all they received, but that they actually created a good share of it.

Of luxurious idleness, it was perhaps too soon to dread its worst fruits. The men and women retained too many of their early habits and impressions to drop easily into such a chasm; on the contrary, they rather looked forward to producing results greater than any which had yet attended their exertions. An exaggerated view of self, however, and an almost total forgetfulness of God, took the place of the colonial humility with which they had ·ced their career in this new region. These feelings were greatly heightened by three agents, that men ordinarily suppose might have a very different effect —religion, law, and the press.

When the *Rancocus* returned, a few months after the repulse of the pirates, she had on board some fifty emigrants; the council still finding itself obliged to admit the friends of families already settled in the colony, on due application. Unhappily, among these emigrants were a printer, a lawyer, and no less than four persons who might be termed divines. Of the last, one was a Presbyterian, one a Methodist—the third was a Baptist, and the fourth a Quaker. Not long after the arrival of this importation, its consequences became visible. The sectaries commenced with a thousand professions of brotherly love, and a great parade of Christian charity; indeed, they pretended that they had emigrated in order to enjoy a higher degree of religious liberty than was now to be found in America, where men were divided into sects, thinking more of their distinguishing tenets than of the Being whom they professed to serve. Forgetting the reasons which brought them from home, or quite possibly carrying out the impulses which led them to resist their former neighbors, these men set to work, immediately, to collect followers, and believers after their own peculiar notions. Parson Hornblower, who had hitherto occupied the ground by himself, but who was always a good deal inclined to what are termed "distinctive opinions," buckled on his armor and took the field in earnest.

In order that the sheep of one flock should not be mistaken for the sheep of another, great care was taken to mark each and all with the brand of sect. One clipped an ear, another smeared the wool (or drew it over the eyes), and a third, as was the case with Friend Stephen Dighton, the Quaker, put on an entire covering, so that his sheep might be known by their outward symbols, far as they could be seen. In a word, on those remote and sweet islands, which, basking in the sun and cooled by the trades, seemed designed by Providence to sing hymns daily and

hourly to their Maker's praise, the subtleties of sectarian faith smothered that humble submission to the divine law by trusting solely to the mediation, substituting in its place immaterial observances and theories which were much more strenuously urged than clearly understood. The devil, in the form of a "professor," once again entered Eden; and the Peak, with so much to raise the soul above the grosser strife of men, was soon ringing with discussions on "free grace," "immersion," "spiritual baptism," and the "apostolical succession." The birds sang as sweetly as ever, and their morning and evening songs hymned the praises of their Creator as of old; but, not so was it with the morning and evening devotions of men. These last began to pray *at* each other, and if Mr. Hornblower was an exception, it was because his admirable liturgy did not furnish him with the means of making these forays into the enemy's camp.

Nor did the accession of law and intelligence help the matter much. Shortly after the lawyer made his appearance, men began to discover that they were wronged by their neighbors, in a hundred ways which they had never before discovered. Law, which had hitherto been used for the purposes of justice, and of justice only, now began to be used for those of speculation and revenge. A virtue was found in it that had never before been suspected of existing in the colony; it being discovered that men could make not only very comfortable livings, but, in some cases, get rich, by the law; not by its practice, but by its practices. Now came into existence an entire new class of philanthropists; men who were ever ready to lend their money to such of the needy as possessed property, taking judgment bonds, mortgages, and other innocent securities, which were received because the lender always *acted on a principle* of not lending without them, or had taken a vow, or made their wives promises; the end of all being a transfer of title, by which the friendly assistant commonly relieved his dupe of the future care of all his property. The governor soon observed that one of these philanthropists rarely extended his saving hand that the borrower did not come out as naked as the ear of corn that had been through the sheller, or nothing but cob; and that, too, in a sort of patent-right time.

Then there were the laborers of the press to add to the influence of those of religion and the law. The press took up the cause of human rights, endeavoring to transfer the power of the state from the public departments to its own printing office; and aiming at establishing all the equality that can flourish when one man has a monoply of the means of making his facts to suit himself, leaving his neighbors to get along under such circumstances as they can. But the private advantage secured to himself by this advocate of the rights of all, was the smallest part of the injury he did, though his own interests were never lost sight of, and colored all he did; the people were soon convinced that they had hitherto been living under an unheard-of tyranny, and were invoked weekly to arise in their might, and be true to themselves and their posterity. In the first place, not a tenth of them had ever been consulted on the subject of the institutions at all, but had been compelled to take them as they found them. Nor had the present incumbents of office been placed in power by a vote of a majority, the original colonists having saved those who came later to the island all trouble in the premises. In these facts was an unceasing theme of declamation and complaint to be found. It was surprising how little the people really knew of the oppression under which they labored, until this stranger came among them to enlighten their understandings.

Nor was it less wonderful how many sources of wrong he exposed that no one had ever dreamed of having an existence. Although there was not a tax of any sort laid in the colony, not a shilling ever collected in the way of import duties, he boldly pronounced the citizens of the islands to be the most overburdened people in Christendom! The taxation of England was nothing to it, and he did not hesitate to proclaim a general bankruptcy

as the consequence, unless some of his own expedients were resorted to, in order to arrest the evil. Our limits will not admit of a description of the process by which this person demonstrated that a people who literally contributed nothing at all, were overtaxed; but any one who has paid attention to the opposing sides of a discussion on such a subject, can readily imagine how easily such an apparent contradiction can be reconciled, and the proposition demonstrated.

In the age of which we are writing, a majority of mankind fancied that a statement made in print was far more likely to be true than one made orally. Then he who stood up in his proper person and uttered his facts on the responsibility of his personal character, was far less likely to gain credit than the anonymous scribbler, who recorded his lie on paper, though he made his record behind a screen, and half the time as much without personal identity as he would be found to be without personal character, were he actually seen and recognized. In our time, the press has pretty effectually cured all observant persons at least of giving faith to a statement merely because it is in print, and has become so far alive to its own great inferiority as publicly to talk of conventions to purify itself, and otherwise to do something to regain its credit; but such was not the fact, even in America, forty years since. The theory of an unrestrained press has fully developed itself within the last quarter of a century, so that even the elderly ladies, who once said with marvelous unction, "It must be true, for it's in print," are now very apt to say, "Oh! it's only a newspaper *account*." The foulest pool has been furnished by a beneficient Providence with the means of cleansing its own waters.

But the "Crater Truth-Teller" could utter its lies, as a privileged publication, at the period of this narrative. Types still had a sanctity; and it is surprising how much they deceived, and how many were their dupes. The journal did not even take the ordinary pains to mystify its readers, and to conceal its own cupidity, as are practiced in communities more advanced in civilization. We dare say that journals *are* to be found in London and Paris that take just as great liberties with the fact as the "Crater Truth-Teller"; but they treat their readers with a little more outward respect, however much they may mislead them with falsehoods. Your London and Paris publics are not to be dealt with as if composed of credulous old women, but require something like a plausible mystification to throw dust in their eyes. They have a remarkable proneness to believe that which they wish, it is true; but, beyond that weakness, some limits are placed to their faith, and appearances must be a good deal consulted.

But at the Crater no such precaution seemed to be necessary. It is true that the editor did use the pronoun "we," in speaking of himself; but he took all other occasions to assert his individuality, and to use his journal diligently in its behalf. Thus, whenever he got into the law, his columns were devoted to publicly maintaining his own side of the question, although such a course was not only opposed to every man's sense of propriety, but was directly flying into the teeth of the laws of the land; but little did he care for that. He was a public servant, and of course all he did was right. To be sure other public servants were in the same category, all they did being wrong; but he had the means of telling his own story, and a large number of gaping dunces were ever ready to believe him. His manner of filling his larder is particularly worthy of being mentioned. Quite as often as once a week his journal had some such elegant article as this, viz.:—"Our esteemed friend, Peter Snooks"—perhaps it was Peter Snooks, *Esquire*—"has just brought us a fair specimen of his cocoanuts, which we do not hesitate in recommending to the housekeepers of the Crater, as among the choicest of the group." Of course, 'Squire Snooks was grateful for this puff, and often brought *more* cocoanuts. The same great supervision was extended to the bananas, the bread-fruit, the cucumbers, the melons,

and even the squashes, and always with the same results to the editorial larder. Once, however, this worthy did get himself in a quandary with his use of the imperial pronoun. A mate of one of the vessels inflicted personal chastisement on him, for some impertinent comments he saw fit to make on the honest tar's vessel; and, this being matter of intense interest to the public mind, he went into a detail of all the evolutions of the combat.

Other men may pull each other's noses, and inflict kicks and blows, without the world's caring a straw about it; but the editorial interest is too intense to be overlooked in this manner. A bulletin of the battle was published; the editor speaking of himself always in the plural, out of excess of modesty and to avoid egotism (!) in three columns which were all about himself, using such expressions as these:—"*We* now struck *our* antagonist a blow with *our* fist, and followed this up with a kick of *our* foot, and otherwise *we* made an assault on him that he will have reason to remember to his dying day." Now these expressions, for a time, set all the old women in the colony against the editor, until he went into an elaborate explanation, showing that his modesty was so painfully sensitive that he could not say *I* on any account, though he occupied three more columns of his paper in explaining the state of *our* feelings. But, at first, the cry went forth that the battle had been of *two* against *one;* and *that* even the simple-minded colonists set down as somewhat cowardly. So much for talking about *we* in the bulletin of a single combat!

The political effects produced by this paper, however, were much the most material part of its results. Whenever it offended and disgusted its readers by its dishonesty, selfishness, vulgarity and lies—and it did this every week, being a hebdomadal—it recovered the ground it had lost by beginning to talk of "the people" and their rights. This the colonists could not withstand. All their sympathies were enlisted in behalf of him who thought so much of their rights; and, at the very moment he was trampling on these rights to advance his own personal views, and even treating them with contempt by uttering the trash he did, they imagined that he, and his paper in particular, and its doctrines in general, were a sort of gift from Heaven to form the palladium of their precious liberties!

The great theory advanced by this editorial tyro, was, that a majority of any community had a right to do as it pleased. The governor early saw, not only the fallacies, but the danger of this doctrine; and he wrote several communications himself, in order to prove that it was false. If true, he contended it was true altogether; and that it must be taken, if taken as an axiom at all, with its largest consequences. Now if a majority has a right to rule, in this arbitrary manner, it has a right to set its dogmas above the commandments, and to legalize theft, murder, adultery, and all the other sins denounced in the twentieth chapter of Exodus. This was a poser to the demagogue, but he made an effort to get rid of it, by excepting the laws of God, which he allowed that even majorities were bound to respect. Thereupon, the governor replied that the laws of God were nothing but the great principles which ought to govern human conduct, and that his concession was an avowal that there was a power to which majorities should defer. Now this was just as true of minorities as it was of majorities, and the amount of it all was that men, in establishing governments, merely set up a standard of principles which they pledged themselves to respect; and that, even in the most democratical communities, all that majorities could legally effect was to decide certain minor questions, which, being necessarily referred to some tribunal for decision, was of preference referred to them. If there was a power superior to the will of the majority, in the management of human affairs, then majorities were not supreme; and it behooved the citizen to regard the last as only what they really are, and what they were probably designed to be—tribunals subject to the control of certain just principles.

Constitutions, or the fundamental law.

the governor went on to say, were meant to be the expression of those just and general principles which should control human society, and as such should prevail over majorities. Constitutions were expressly intended to defend the rights of minorities; since without them each question, or interest, might be settled by the majority, as it arose. It was but a truism to say that the oppression of the majority was the worst sort of oppression; since the parties injured not only endured the burden imposed by many, but were cut off from the sympathy of their kind, which can alleviate much suffering, by the inherent character of the tyranny.

There was a great deal of good sense, and much truth in what the governor wrote on this occasion; but of what avail could it prove with the ignorant and short-sighted, who put more trust in one honeyed phrase of the journal, that flourished about the "people" and their "rights," than in all the arguments that reason, sustained even by revelation, could offer to show the fallacies and dangers of the new doctrine. As a matter of course, the wiles of the demagogue were not without fruits. Although every man in the colony, either in his own person, or in that of his parent or guardian, had directly entered into the covenants of the fundamental law, as that law then existed, they now began to quarrel with its provisions, and to advance doctrines that would subvert everything as established, in order to put something new and untried in its place. *Progress* was the great desideratum; and *change* was the handmaiden of progress. A sort of "puss in the corner" game was started, which was to enable those who had no places to run into the seats of those who had. This is a favorite pursuit of man, all over the world, in monarchies as well as in democracies; for, after all that institutions can effect, there is little change in men by putting on, or in taking off ermine and robes, or in wearing "republican simplicity," in office or out of office; but the demagogue is nothing but the courtier, pouring out his homage in the gutters instead of in the antechamber.

Nor did the governor run into extremes in his attempts to restrain the false reasoning and exaggerations of the demagogue and his deluded or selfish followers. Nothing would be easier than to demonstrate that their notions of the rights of numbers was wrong, to demonstrate that were their theories carried out in practice, there could be, and would be nothing permanent or settled in human affairs; yet not only did each lustrum, but each year, each month, each week, each hour, each minute demand its reform. Society must be periodically reduced to its elements, in order to redress grievances. The governor did not deny that men had their natural rights, at the very moment he insisted that these rights were just as much a portion of the minority as of the majority. He was perfectly willing that equal laws should prevail, as equal laws did prevail in the colony, though he was not disposed to throw everything into confusion merely to satisfy a theory. For a long time, therefore, he opposed the designs of the new school, and insisted on his vested rights, as established in the fundamental law, which had made him ruler for life. But "it is hard to kick against the pricks." Although the claim of the governor was in every sense connected with justice, perfectly sacred, it could not resist the throes of cupidity, selfishness, and envy. By this time the newspaper, that palladium of liberty, had worked the minds of the masses to a state in which the naked pretension of possessing rights that were not common to everybody else was to the last degree "intolerable and not to be endured." To such a height did the fever of liberty rise, that men assumed a right to quarrel with the private habits of the governor and his family, some pronouncing him proud because he did not neglect his teeth, as the majority did, eat when they ate, and otherwise presumed to be of different habits from those around him. Some even objected to him because he spat in his pocket-handkerchief, and did not blow his nose with his fingers.

All this time, religion was running riot, as well as politics. The next-door neighbors hated each other most sincerely, be-

cause they took different views of regeneration, justification, predestination and all the other subtleties of doctrine. What was remarkable, they who had the most clouded notions of such subjects were the loudest in their denunciations. Unhappily, the Rev. Mr. Hornblower, who had possession of the ground, took a course which had a tendency to aggravate instead of lessening this strife among the sects. Had he been prudent, he would have proclaimed louder than ever "Christ and Him crucified;" but he made the capital mistake of going up and down, crying with the mob, "the Church, the Church!" This kept constantly before the eyes and ears of the dissenting part of the population—dissenting from his opinions if not from an establishment—the very features that were the most offensive to them. By "the Church" they did not understand the same divine institution as that recognized by Mr. Hornblower himself, but surplices, and standing up and sitting down, and gowns, and reading prayers out of a book, and a great many other similar observances, which were deemed by most of the people relics of the "scarlet woman." It is wonderful about what insignificant matters men can quarrel, when they wish to fall out. Perhaps religion, under these influences, had quite as much to do with the downfall of the governor, which shortly after occurred, as politics, and the newspaper, and the new lawyer, all of which and whom did everything that was in their power to destroy him.

At length the demagogues thought they had made sufficient progress to spring their mine. The journal came out with a proposal to call a convention, to alter and improve the fundamental law. That law contained a clause already pointing out the mode by which amendments were to be made in the constitution; but this mode required the consent of the governor, of the council, and finally, of the people. It was a slow, deliberative process, too, one by which men had time to reflect on what they were doing, and so far protected vested rights as to render it certain that no very great revolution could be effected under its shadow. Now the disaffected aimed at revolution—at carrying out completely the game of "puss in the corner," and it became necessary to set up some new principle by which they could circumvent the old fundamental law.

This was very easily accomplished in the actual state of the public mind; it was only to carry out the doctrine of the sway of the majority to a practical result; and this was so cleverly done as actually to put the balance of power in the hands of the minority. There is nothing new in this, however, as any cool-headed man may see in this enlightened republic of our own, daily examples in which the majority-principle works purely for the aggrandizement of a minority clique. It makes very little difference how men are ruled; they will be cheated; for, failing of rogues at headquarters to perform that office for them, they are quite certain to set to work to devise some means of cheating themselves. At the Crater this last trouble was spared them, the opposition performing that office in the following ingenious manner.

The whole colony was divided into parishes, which exercised in themselves a few of the minor functions of government. They had a limited legislative power, like the American town meetings. In these parishes, laws were passed to require the people to vote "yes" or "no," in order to ascertain whether there should, or should not, be a convention to amend the constitution. About one-fourth of the electors attended these primary meetings, and of ten meetings which were held, in six "yes" prevailed by average majorities of about two votes in each parish. This was held to be demonstration of the wishes of the majority of the people to have a convention, though most those who stayed away did so because they believed the whole procedure not only illegal, but dangerous. Your hungry demagogue, however, is not to be defeated by any scruples so delicate. To work these *élites* of the colony went to organize an election for members of the convention. At this election about a third of the electors appeared, the car-

didates succeeding by handsome majorities, the rest staying away because they believed the whole proceedings illegal. Thus fortified by the sacred principle of the sway of majorities, these representatives of a minority met in convention and formed an entirely new fundamental law; one, indeed, that completely subverted the old one, not only in fact, but in theory. In order to get rid of the governor to a perfect certainty, for it was known that he could still command more votes for the office than any other man in the colony, one article provided that no person should hold the office of governor, either prospectively, or perspectively, more than five years consecutively. This placed Mr. Mark Woolston on the shelf at the next election. Two legislative bodies were formed, the old council was annihilated, and everything was done that cunning could devise, to cause power and influence to pass into new hands. This was one great object of the whole procedure, and, of course, it was not neglected.

When the new constitution was completed, it was referred back to the people for approval. At this third appeal to the popular voice, rather less than half of all the electors voted, the constitution being adopted by a majority of one-third of those who did. By this simple and exquisite republican process was the principle of the sway of majorities vindicated, a new fundamental law for the colony provided, and all the old incumbents turned out of office. "Silence gives consent," cried the demagogues, who forgot they had no right to put their questions!

Religion had a word to say in these changes. The circumstance that the governor was an Episcopalian reconciled many devout Christians to the palpable wrong that was done him; and it was loudly argued that a church government of bishops was opposed to republicanism, and consequently ought not to be entertained by republicans. This charming argument, which renders religious faith secondary to human institutions, instead of human institutions secondary to religious faith, thus completely putting the cart before the horse, has survived that distant revolution, and is already flourishing in more eastern climes. It is as near an approach to an idolatrous worship of self as human conceit has recently tolerated.

As a matter of course, elections followed the adoption of the new constitution. Pennock was chosen governor for two years; the new lawyer was made judge; the editor, secretary of state and treasurer; and other similar changes were effected. All the Woolston connection were completely laid on the shelf. This was not done so much by the electors, with whom they were still popular, as by means of the nominating committees. These nominating committees were expedients devised to place the power in the hands of the few, in a government of the many. The rule of the majority is so very sacred a thing that it is found necessary to regulate it by legerdemain. No good republican ever disputes the principle, while no sagacious one ever submits to it. There are various modes, however, of defeating all "sacred principles," and this particular "sacred principle" among the rest. The simplest is that of caucus nominations. The process is a singular illustration of the theory of a majority government. Primary meetings are called, at which no one is ever present, but the wire-pullers and their puppets. Here very fierce conflicts occur between the wire-pullers themselves, and these are frequently decided by votes as close as majorities of one, or two. Making the whole calculation, it follows that nominations are usually made by about a tenth, or even a twentieth of the body of the electors; and this, too, on the supposition that they who vote actually have opinions of their own, as usually they have not, merely wagging their tongues as the wires are pulled. Now these nominations are conclusive, when made by the ruling party, since there are no concerted means of opposing them. A man must have a flagrantly bad character not to succeed under a regular nomination, or he must be too honest for the body of the electors; one fault being quite as likely to defeat him as the other.

In this way was a great revolution effected in the colony of the Crater. At one time, the governor thought of knocking the whole thing in the head, by the strong arm; as he might have done, and would have been perfectly justified in doing. The Kannakas were now at his command, and, in truth, a majority of the electors were with him; but political jugglery held them in duress. A majority of the electors of the State of New York are, at this moment, opposed to universal suffrage, especially as it is exercised in the town and village governments, but moral cowardice holds them in subjection. Afraid of their own shadows, each politician hesitates to "bell the cat." What is more, the select aristocrats and monarchists are the least bold in acting frankly, and in saying openly what they think; leaving that office to be discharged, as it ever will be, by the men who—*true* democrats, and not canting democrats—willing to give the people just as much control as they know how to use, or which circumstances will allow them to use beneficially to themselves, do not hesitate to speak with the candor and manliness of their principles. These men call things by their right names, equally eschewing the absurdity of believing that Nature intended rulers to descend from male to male, according to the order of primogeniture, or the still greater nonsense of supposing it necessary to obtain the most thrifty plants from the hot-beds of the people, that they may be transplanted into the beds of state, reeking with the manure of the gutters.

The governor submitted to the changes, through a love of peace, and ceased to be anything more than a private citizen, when he had so many claims to be first, and when, in fact, he had so long been first. No sovereign on his throne could write *Gratiâ Dei* before his titles with stricter conformity to truth than Mark Woolston; but his right did not preserve him from the ruthless plunder of the demagogue. To his surprise, as well as to his grief, Pennock was seduced by ambition, and he assumed the functions of the executive with quite as little visible hesitation as the heir-apparent succeeds to his father's crown.

It would be untrue to say that Mark did not feel the change; but it is just to add that he felt more concern for the future fate of the colony than he did for himself or his children. Nor, when he came to reflect on the matter, was he so much surprised that he could be supplanted in this way, under a system in which the sway of the majority was so much lauded, when he did not entertain a doubt that considerably more than half of the colony preferred the old system to the new, and that the same proportion of the people would rather see him in the Colony House than to see John Pennock in his stead. But Mark—we must call him the governor no longer—had watched the progress of events closely, and began to comprehend them. He had learned the great and all-important political truth, THAT THE MORE A PEOPLE ATTEMPT TO EXTEND THEIR POWER DIRECTLY OVER STATE AFFAIRS, THE LESS THEY, IN FACT, CONTROL THEM, AFTER HAVING ONCE PASSED THE POINT OF NAMING LAWGIVERS AS THEIR REPRESENTATIVES, MERELY BESTOWING ON A FEW ARTLUL MANAGERS THE INFLUENCE THEY VAINLY IMAGINE TO HAVE SECURED TO THEMSELVES.

This truth should be written in letters of gold at every corner of the streets and highways in a republic; for truth it is, and truth, those who press the foremost on another path will the soonest discover it to be. The mass *may* select their representatives, *may* know them, and *may* in a good measure so far sway them as to keep them to their duties; but when a constituency assumes to enact the part of executive and judiciary, they not only get beyond their depth, but into the mire. What *can*, what *does* the best-informed layman, for instance, know of the qualifications of this or that candidate to fill a seat on the bench! He has to take another's judgment for his guide; and a popular appointment of this nature is merely transferring the nomination from an enlightened, and, what is everything, a RESPONSIBLE authority, to one that is unavoidably at the mercy of second per-

sons for its means of judging, and is as IRRESPONSIBLE AS AIR.

At one time Mark Woolston regretted that he had not established an opposition paper, in order to supply an antidote for the bane; but reflection satisfied him it would have been useless. Everything human follows its law, until checked by abuses that create resistance. This is true of the monarch who misuses power until it becomes tyranny; of the nobles, who combine to restrain the monarch, until the throes of an aristocracy-ridden country proclaim that it has merely changed places with the prince; of the people, who wax fat and kick! Everything human is abused; and it would seem that the only period of tolerable condition is the transition state, when the new force is gathering to a head, and before the storm has time to break. In the meantime, the earth revolves, men are born, live their time, and die; communities are formed and are dissolved; dynasties appear and disappear; good contends with evil, and evil still has its day; the whole, however, advancing slowly but unerringly toward that great consummation, which was designed from the beginning, and which is as certain to arrive in the end, as that the sun sets at night and rises in the morning. The supreme folly of the hour is to imagine that perfection will come before its stated time.

CHAPTER XXX.

"This is thy lesson, mighty sea!
Man calls the dimpled earth his own,
The flowery vale, the golden lea;
And on the wild gray mountain stone
Claims Nature's temple for his throne!
But where thy many voices sing
Their endless song, the deep, deep tone
Calls back its spirit's airy wing,
He shrinks into himself, when God is king!"
—LUNT.

FOR some months after the change of government, Mark Woolston was occupied in attending to the arrangement of his affairs, preparatory to an absence of some length. Bridget had expressed a strong wish to visit America once more, and her two eldest children were now of an age when their education had got to be a matter of some solicitude. It was the intention of their father to send them to Pennsylvania for that purpose, when the proper time arrived, and to place them under the care of his friends there, who would gladly take the charge. Recent events probably quickened this intention, both as to feeling and time, for Mark was naturally much mortified at the turn things had taken.

There was an obvious falling off in the affairs of the colony from the time it became transcendantly free. In religion, the sects ever had fair play, or ever since the arrival of the parsons, and that had been running down, from the moment it began to run into excesses and exaggerations. As soon as a man begins to *shout* in religion, he may be pretty sure that he is "hallooing before he is out of the woods." It is true, that all our feelings exhibit themselves, more or less, in conformity to habits and manners, but there is something profane in the idea that the spirit of God manifests its presence in yells and clamor, even when in possession of those who have not been trained to the more subdued deportment of reason and propriety. The shouting and declamatory parts of religion may be the evil spirits growling and yelling before they are expelled, but these must not be mistaken for the voice of the Ancient of Days.

The morals decayed as religion obtained its false directions. Self-righteousness, the inseparable companion of the quarrels of sects, took the place of humility, and thus became prevalent that most dangerous condition of the soul of man, when he imagines that *he* sanctifies what he does; a frame of mind, by the way, that is by no means strange to very many who ought to be conscious of their unworthiness. With the morals of the colony, its prosperity, even in worldly interests, began to lose ground. The merchants, as usual, had behaved badly in the political struggle. The intense selfishness of the caste kept them occupied with the pursuit of gain, at the most critical moments of the struggle, or when their influence might have been of

use; and when the mischief was done, and they began to feel its consequences, or, what to them was the same thing, to fancy that the low price of oil in Europe was owing to the change of constitution at the Crater, they started up in convulsed and mercenary efforts to counteract the evil, referring all to money, and not manifesting any particular notions of principles concerning the manner in which it was used. As the cooler heads of the minority —perhaps we ought to say of the majority, for, oddly enough, the minority now actually ruled in Craterdom, by carrying out fully the principle of the sway of the majority—but, as the cooler heads of the colony well understood that nothing material was to follow from such spasmodic and ill-directed efforts, the merchants were not backed in their rising, and, as commonly happens with the slave, the shaking of their chains only bound them so much the tighter.

At length the *Rancocus* returned from the voyage on which she had sailed just previously to the change in the constitution, and her owner announced his intention to go in her to America, the next trip, himself. His brothers, Heaton, Anne, their children, and finally, Captain Betts, Friend Martha, and their issue, all, sooner or later, joined the party; a desire to visit the low shores of the Delaware once more uniting with the mortification of the recent changes to induce them all to wish to see the land of their fathers before they died. All the oil in the colony was purchased by Woolston, at rather favorable prices, the last quotations from abroad being low: the ex-governor disposed of most of his movables, in order to effect so large an operation. He also procured a glorious collection of shells, and some other light articles of the sort, filling the ship as full as she could be stowed. It was then that the necessity of having a second vessel became apparent, and Betts determined to withdraw his brig from the fishery, and to go to America in her. The whales had been driven off the original fishing-ground, and the pursuit was no longer as profitable as it had been, three fish having been taken formerly to one now; a circumstance the hierarchy of the Crater did not fail to ascribe to the changes in the constitution, while the journal attributed it to certain aristocratic tendencies which, as that paper averred, had crept into the management of the business.

The vessels were loaded, the passengers disposing of as many of their movables as they could, and to good advantage, intending to lay in fresh supplies in Philadelphia, and using the funds thus obtained to procure a freight for the brig. At the end of a month, both vessels were ready, the different dwellings were transferred to new occupants, some by lease and others by sales, and all those who contemplated a voyage to America were assembled at the crater. Previously to taking leave of a place that had become endeared to him by so many associations and interests, Mr. Woolston determined to take the *Anne*, hiring her of the government for that purpose—Governor Pennock condescendingly deciding that the public interests would not suffer by the arrangement—and going in her once more through the colony, on a tour of private, if not of official inspection. Bridget, Heaton, Anne, and Captain Betts, were of the party; the children being left at the crater in proper custody.

The first visit was paid to Rancocus Island. Here the damage done by the pirates had long been repaired; and the mills, kilns and other works were in a state of prosperous industry. The wild hogs and goats were now so numerous as to be a little troublesome, particularly the former; but, a good many being shot, the inhabitants did not despair of successfully contending with them for the possession of the place. There were cattle, also, on this island; but they were still tame, the cows giving milk, and the oxen being used in the yoke. These were the descendants of the single pair Woolston had sent across, less than twelve years before, which had increased in an arithmetical proportion, care having been taken not to destroy any. They now exceeded a hundred, of whom quite half were cows; and the islanders occasionally treated

themselves to fresh beef. As cows had been brought into the colony in every vessel that arrived, they were now in tolerably good numbers, Mark Woolston himself disposing of no less than six when he broke up his farming establishment for a visit to America. There were horses, too, though not in as great numbers as there were cows and oxen. Boats were so much used, that roadsters were very little needed; and this so much the less, on account of the great steadiness of the trades. By this time, everybody understood the last; and the different channels of the group were worked through with almost the same facility as would have been the case with so many highways. Nevertheless, horses were to be found in the colony, and some of the husbandmen preferred them to the horned cattle in working their lands.

A week was passed in visiting the group. Something like a consciousness of having ill-treated Mark was to be traced among the people; and this feeling was manifested under a well-known law of our nature, which rendered those the most vindictive and morose who had acted the worst. Those who had little more to accuse themselves of than a compliant submission to the wrong-doing of others, in political matters everywhere the most numerous class of all, received their visitors well enough, and in many instances they treated their guests with delicacy and distinction. On the whole, however, the late governor derived but little pleasure from the intercourse, so much mouthing imbecility being blended with the expressions of regret and sympathy as to cause him to mourn over the compliance of his fellow-creatures, more than to rejoice at their testimony in his own favor.

But, notwithstanding all these errors of man, Nature and time had done their work magnificently since the last "progress" of Woolston among the islands. The channels were in nearly every instance lined with trees, and the husbandry had assumed the aspect of an advanced civilization. Hedges, beautiful in their luxuriance and flowers, divided the fields; and the buildings which contribute to the comforts of a population were to be found on every side. The broad plains of soft mud, by the aid of the sun, the rains, the guano, and the plow, had now been some years converted into meadows and arable lands; and those which still lay remote from the peopled parts of the group, still nine-tenths of its surface, were fast getting the character of rich pastures, where cattle, and horses, and hogs were allowed to roam at pleasure. As the cock crowed from the midst of his attendant party of hens and chickens, the ex-governor in passing would smile sadly, his thoughts reverting to the time when its predecessor raised its shrill notes on the naked rocks of the Reef!

The Reef itself had undergone more changes than any other spot in the colony, as the Peak had undergone fewer. The town by this time contained more than two hundred buildings, of one sort and another, and the population exceeded five hundred souls. This was a small population for so many tenements; but the children, as yet, did not bear a just proportion to the adults. The crater was the subject of what to Mark Woolston was a most painful lawsuit. From the first, he had claimed that spot as his private property; though he had conceded its use to the public, under a lease, since it was so well adapted, by natural formation, to be a place of refuge when invasions were apprehended. But the crater he had found barren, and had rendered fertile; the crater had even seemed to him to be an especial gift of Providence bestowed on him in his misery; and the crater was his by possession, as well as by other rights, when he received strangers into his association. None of the older inhabitants denied this claim. It is the last comers who are ever the most anxious to dispute ancient rights. As they can possess none of these established privileges themselves, they dislike that others should enjoy them; and association places no restraints on their cupidity.

Pennock, once in the hands of "the people," was obliged to maintain their rights, or what some among them chose to call

their rights; and he authorized the attorney-general to bring an action of ejectment against the party in possession. Some pretty hard-faced trickery was attempted in the way of legislation in order to help along the claim of the public; for, if the truth must be said, the public is just as wont to resort to such unworthy means to effect its purposes as private individuals, when it is deemed necessary. But there was little fear of the "people's" failing; they made the law, and they administered it, through their agents; the power being now so completely in their hands that it required twice the usual stock of human virtue to be able to say them nay, as had formerly been the case. God help the man whose rights are to be maintained against the masses, when the immediate and dependent nominees of those masses are to sit in judgment! If the public, by any inadvertency, have had the weakness to select servants that are superior to human infirmities, and who prefer to do right rather than to do as their masters would have them, it is a weakness that experience will be sure to correct, and which will not be often repeated.

The trial of this cause kept the Woolstons at the crater a week longer than they would have remained. When the cause was submitted to the jury, Mr. Attorney-General had a great deal to say about aristocracy and privileged orders, as well as about the sacred rights of the people. To hear him, one might have imagined that the Woolstons were princes, in the full possession of their hereditary states, and who were dangerous to the liberties of the mass, instead of being what they really were, citizens without one right more than the meanest man in the colony, and with even fewer chances of maintaining their share of these common rights, in consequence of the prejudice and jealousy, and, most of all, the *envy*, of the majority. Woolston argued his own cause, making a clear, forcible, and manly appeal to the justice and good sense of the jury, in vindication of his claims; which, on every legal as well as equitable principle, was out of all question such as every civilized community should have maintained. But the great and most powerful foe of justice, in cases of this sort, is SLANG; and SLANG in this instance came very near being too much for law. The jury were divided, ten going for the "people," and two for the right; one of the last being Bigelow, who was a fearless, independent fellow, and cared no more for the bugbear called the "people" by the slang-whangers of politics than he did for the Emperor of Japan.

The day after this fruitless trial, which left Mark's claim in abeyance until the next court, a period of six months, the intended travelers repaired on board ship, and the brig, with her party, went to sea, under her owner, Captain Betts, who had provided himself with a good navigator in the person of his mate. The *Rancocus*, however, crossed over to the Peak, and the passengers all ascended to the plain to take leave of that earthly paradise. Nature had done so much for this place that it had been the settled policy of Mark Woolston to suffer its native charms to be marred as little as possible. But the Peak had ever been deemed a sort of West-End of the Colony; and, though the distribution of it had been made very fairly, those who parted with their shares receiving very ample compensations for them, a certain distinction became attached to the residence on the Peak. Some fancied it was on account of its climate; some, because it was a mountain and was more raised up in the world than the low islands near it; some, because it had most edible birds and the best figs; but none of those who now coveted residences there for their families, or the name of residence there, would allow, even to themselves, what was the simple fact, that the place received its highest distinction on account of the more distinguished individuals who dwelt on it. At first the *name* was given to several settlements in the group, just as the Manhattanese have their East and West Broadway; and, just for the very same reasons that have made them so rich in Broadways, they will have ere long first-fifth, second-fifth, and third-

fifth avenue, unless common sense begins to resume its almost forgotten sway among the aldermen. But this demonstration in the way of names did not satisfy the minor-majority after they got into the ascendant; and a law was passed authorizing a new survey and a new subdivision of the public lands on the Peak among the citizens of the colony. On some pretense of justice, that is not very easily to be understood, those who had property there already were not to have shares in the new lottery; a lottery, by the way, in which the prizes were about twice as large as those which had originally been distributed among the colonists.

But Mark and Bridget endeavored to forget everything unpleasant in this visit to their much-loved home. They regarded the place as a boon from Providence, that demanded all their gratitude, in spite of the abuses of which it was the subject; and never did it seem to them more exquisitely beautiful, perhaps it never had been more perfectly lovely, than it appeared the hour they left it. Mark remembered it as he found it, a paradise in the midst of the waters, wanting only in man to erect the last great altar in his heart, in honor of its divine Creator. As yet its beauties had not been much marred; though the new irruption menaced them with serious injuries.

Mr. and Mrs. Woolston took leave of their friends, and tore themselves away from the charming scenery of the Peak, with heavy hearts. The *Rancocus* was waiting for them, under the lee of the island, and everybody was soon on board her. The sails were filled, and the ship passed out from among the islands by steering south, and hauling up between the Peak and the volcano. The latter now seemed to be totally extinct. No more smoke arose from it, or had indeed arisen from it for a twelvemonth. It was an island, and in time it might become habitable, like the others near it.

Off Cape Horn the *Rancocus* spoke the *Dragon;* Captain Betts and his passengers being all well. The two vessels saw no more of each other until the ship was coming out of the Bay of Rio, as the brig was going in. Notwithstanding this advantage, and the general superiority of the sailing of the *Rancocus*, such was the nature of the winds that the last encountered, that when she passed Cape May lights the brig was actually in the bay, and ahead of her. This circumstance, however, afforded pleasure rather than anything else, and the two vessels landed their passengers on the wharves of Philadelphia within an hour of each other.

Great was the commotion in the little town of Bristol at the return of all the Woolstons, who had gone off, no one knew exactly whither; some saying to New Holland; others to China; and a few even to Japan. The excitement extended across the river to the little city of Burlington, and there was danger of the whole history of the colony's getting into the newspapers. The colonists, however, were still discreet, and in a week something else occurred to draw the attention of the multitude, and the unexpected visit was soon regarded like any other visit.

Glad enough, notwithstanding, were the near relatives of Bridget and Anne, in particular, to see those two fine young women again. Neither appeared much more than a twelvemonth older than when she went away. This was owing to the delicious, yet not enervating, climate in which both had lived. They were mothers, and a little more matronly in appearance, but none the less lovely; their children, like themselves, were objects of great interest, in their respective families, and happy indeed were the households which received them. It in no degree lessened the satisfaction of any of the parties, that the travelers had all returned much better off in their circumstances than when they went away. Even the two younger Woolstons were now comfortable, and early announced an intention not to return to the islands. As for the ex-governor, he might be said to be rich; but his heart was still in the colony, over the weaknesses of which his spirit yearned, as the indulgent parent feels for the failings of a backsliding child. Nevertheless, Bridget was persuaded to

remain with her father a twelvemonth longer than her husband, for the health of the old gentleman had become infirm, and he could not bear to part with his only child so soon again, after she had once been restored to his arms. It was, therefore, decided, that Mr. Mark Woolston should fill the *Rancocus* with such articles as were deemed the most useful to the colony, and go back in that vessel, leaving his wife and children at Bristol, with the understanding he would return and seek them the succeeding summer. A similar arrangement was made for the wife and children of Captain Betts, Friend Martha Betts being much in the practice of regulating her conduct by that of Friend Bridget Woolston. Betts sold his brig, and consented to go in the *Rancocus* as a passenger, having no scruples, now he had become comparatively wealthy, about eating with his old shipmate, and otherwise associating with him, though it was always as a sort of humble companion.

The Heatons determined to remain in America, for a time at least. Mr. Heaton felt the ingratitude of the colonists even more keenly than his brother-in-law; for he knew how much had been done for them, and how completely they had forgotten it all. Anne regretted the Peak, and its delicious climate; but her heart was mainly concentered in her family, and she could not be otherwise than happy, while permitted to dwell with her husband and children.

When the *Rancocus* sailed, therefore, she had no one on board her but Mark Woolston and Betts, with the exception of her proper crew. Her cargo was of no great intrinsic value, though it consisted in articles much used, and consequently in great demand in the colony. As the vessel had lain some months at Philadelphia, where she had been thoroughly repaired and new-coppered, she sailed well, and made an excellent run to Rio, nor was her passage bad as far as the straits of La Maire. Here she encountered westerly gales, and the Cape may be said to have been doubled in a tempest. After beating about for six weeks in that stormy ocean, the ship finally got into the Pacific, and went into Valparaiso. Here Mark Woolston received very favorable offers for most of his cargo, but, still feeling desirous to serve his colony, he refused them all, setting sail for the islands as soon as he had made a few repairs, and had a little refreshed his crew.

The passages between Valparaiso and the Crater had usually consumed about five weeks, though somewhat dependent on the state of the trades. On this occasion the run was rather long, it having been attempted to find a new course. Formerly the vessels had fallen in with the Crater between Betto's group and the Reef, which was bringing them somewhat to leeward, and Mr. Woolston now thought he would try a more southern route, and see if he could not make the Peak, which would not only bring him to windward, but which place was certainly giving him a more striking object to fall in with than the lower islands of the group.

It was on the morning of one of the most brilliant days of those seas, that Captain Saunders met the ex-governor on the quarter-deck, as the latter appeared there for the first time since quitting his berth, and announced that he had just sent lookouts aloft to have a search for the land. By his reckoning they must be within twelve leagues of the Peak, and he was rather surprised that it was not yet visible from the deck. Make it they must very shortly; for he was quite certain of his latitude, and did not believe that he could be much out of the way, as respected his longitude. The cross-trees were next hailed, and the inquiry was made if the Peak could not be seen ahead. The answer was, that no land was in sight, in any part of the ocean!

For several hours the ship ran down before the wind, and the same extraordinary vacancy existed on the waters! At length an island was seen, and the news was sent down on deck. Toward that island the ship steered, and about two in the afternoon, she came up close under its lee, and backed her topsail. This island was a stranger to all on board! The navigators were confident they must be within a few

leagues of the Peak, as well as of the volcano; yet nothing could be seen of either, while here was an unknown island in their places! This strange land was of very small dimensions, rising out of the sea about three hundred feet. It extent was no great matter, half a mile in diameter perhaps, and its form nearly circular. A boat was lowered, and a party pulled toward it.

As Mr. Woolston approached this as yet strange spot, something in its outline recurred to his memory. The boat moved a little further north, and he beheld a solitary tree. Then a cry escaped him, and the whole of the terrible truth flashed on his mind. He beheld the summit of the Peak, and the solitary tree was that which he had himself preserved as a signal. The remainder of his paradise had sunk beneath the ocean!

On landing, and examining more minutely, this awful catastrophe was fully confirmed. No part of Vulcan's Peak remained above water but its rocky summit, and its venerable deposit of guano. All the rest was submerged; and when soundings were made, the plain, that spot which had almost as much of heaven as of earth about it, according to the unenlightened minds of its inhabitants, was found to be nearly a hundred fathoms deep in the ocean!

It is scarcely possible to describe the sickening awe which came over the party, when they had assured themselves of the fatal facts by further observation. Everything, however, went to confirm the existence of the dire catastrophe. These internal fires had wrought a new convulsion, and the labors and hopes of years had vanished in a moment. The crust of the earth had again been broken; and this time it was to destroy, instead of to create. The lead gave fearful confirmation of the nature of the disaster, the soundings answering accurately to the known formation of the land in the neighborhood of the Peak. But, in the Peak itself, it was not possible to be mistaken; there it was in its familiar outline, just as it had stood in its more elevated position, when it crowned its charming mountain, and overlooked the whole of that enchanting plain which had so lately stretched beneath. It might be said to resemble, in this respect, that sublime rock, which is recognized as a part of the "everlasting hills," in Cole's series of noble landscapes that is called the "March of Empire;" ever the same amid the changes of time, and civilization, and decay, there it was the apex of the Peak: naked, storm-beaten, and familiar to the eye, though surrounded no longer by the many delightful objects which had once been seen in its neighborhood.

Saddened, and chastened in spirit by these proofs of what had befallen the colony, the party returned to the ship. That night they remained near the little islet; next day they edged away in the direction of the place where the volcano had formerly risen up out of the waves. After running the proper distance, the ship was hove-to, and her people sounded; two hundred fathoms of line were out, but no bottom was found. Then the *Rancocus* bore up for the island which had borne her own name. The spot was ascertained, but the mountain had also sunk into the ocean. In one place, soundings were had in ten fathoms water, and here the vessel was anchored. Next day, when the ship was again got under way, the anchor brought up with it a portion of the skeleton of a goat. It had doubtless fallen upon the remains of such an animal, and hooking it with its flukes thus unexpectedly brought once more to the light of day, the remains of a creature that may have been on the very summit of the island when the earthquake in which it was swallowed occurred.

The *Rancocus* next shaped her course in the direction of the group. Soundings were struck near the western roads, and it was easy enough to carry the vessel toward what had formerly been the center of those pleasant isles. The lead was kept going, and a good lookout was had for shoals; for, by this time, Mr. Woolston was satisfied that the greatest changes had occurred at the southward, as in the former convulsion, the group having sunk but a trifle compared with the Peak; never-

theless, every person, as well as thing, would seem to have been engulfed. Toward evening, however, as the ship was feeling her way to windward with great caution, and when the ex-governor believed himself to be at no great distance from the center of the group, the lookouts proclaimed shoal-water, and even small breakers, about half a mile on their larboard beam. The vessel was hove-to, and a boat went to examine the place, Woolston and his friend Betts going in her.

The shoal was made by the summit of the crater; breakers appearing in one or two places where the hill had been highest. The boat met with no difficulty, however, in passing over the spot, merely avoiding the white water. When the lead was dropped into the center of the crater, it took out just twenty fathoms of line. That distance, then, below the surface of the sea, had the crater, and its town, and its people sunk! If any object had floated, as many must have done, it had long before drifted off in the currents of the ocean, leaving no traces behind to mark a place that had so lately been tenanted by human beings. The *Rancocus* anchored in twenty-three fathoms, it being thought she lay nearly over the Colony House, and for eight-and-forty hours the exploration was continued. The sites of many a familiar spot were ascertained, but nothing could be found on which even a spar might be anchored, to buoy out a lost community.

At the end of the time mentioned, the ship bore up for Betto's group. There young Ooroony was found, peacefully ruling as of old. Nothing was known of the fate of the colonists, though surprise had been felt at not receiving any visits from their vessels. The intercourse had not been great of late, and most of the Kannakas had come away; soon after the Woolstons had left, the especial friends of humanity, and the almost exclusive lovers of the "people" having begun to oppress them by extracting more work than was usual, and forgetting to pay for it. These men could say but little about the condition of the colony beyond this fact. Not only they, but all in the group, however, could render some account of the awful earthquake of the last season, which, by their descriptions, greatly exceeded in violence anything formerly known in those regions. It was in that earthquake, doubtless, that the colony of the crater perished to a man.

Leaving handsome and useful presents with his friend, young Ooroony, and putting ashore two or three Kannakas who were in the vessel, Woolston now sailed for Valparaiso. Here he disposed of his cargo to great advantage and purchased copper in pigs at almost as great. With this new cargo he reached Philadelphia, after an absence of rather more than nine months.

Of the colony of the crater and its fortunes, little was ever said among its survivors. It came into existence in a manner that was most extraordinary, and went out of it in one that was awful. Mark and Bridget, however, pondered deeply on these things; the influence of which colored and chastened their future lives. The husband often went over, in his mind, all the events connected with his knowledge of the Reef. He would thus recall his shipwreck and desolate condition when suffered first to reach the rocks; the manner in which he was the instrument in causing vegetation to spring up in the barren places; the earthquake; and the upheaving of the islands from out of the waters; the arrival of his wife and other friends; the commencement and progress of the colony; its blessings, so long as it pursued the right, and its curses, when it began to pursue the wrong; his departure, leaving it still a settlement surrounded with a sort of earthly paradise, and his return, to find all buried beneath the ocean. Of such is the world and its much-coveted advantages. For a time our efforts seem to create, and to adorn, and to perfect, until we forget our origin and destination, substituting self for that divine hand which alone can unite the elements of worlds as they float in gases, equally from His mysterious laboratory, and scatter

them again into thin air when the works of His hand cease to find favor in His view.

Let those who would substitute the voice of the created for that of the Creator, who shout "the people, the people," instead of hymning the praises of their God, who vainly imagine that the masses are sufficient for all things, remember their insignificance and tremble. They are but mites amid millions of other mites, that the goodness of Providence has produced for its own wise ends; their boasted countries, with their vaunted climates and productions, have temporary possessions of but small portions of a globe that floats, a point, in space, following the course pointed out by an invisible finger, and which will one day be suddenly struck out of its orbit, as it was originally put there, by the hand that made it. Let that dread Being, then, be never made to act a second part in human affairs, or the rebellious vanity of our race imagine that either numbers, or capacity, or success, or power in arms, is aught more than a short-lived gift of His beneficence, to be resumed when His purposes are accomplished.

THE END OF "THE CRATER."

MILES WALLINGFORD.

SEQUEL TO "AFLOAT AND ASHORE."

PREFACE.

THE conclusion of this tale requires but little preface. Many persons may think that there is too much of an old man's despondency in a few of the opinions of this portion of the work; but, after sixty, it is seldom we view the things of this world *en beau*. There are certain political allusions, very few in number, but pretty strong in language, that the signs of the times fully justify, in the editor's judgment; though he does not profess to give his own sentiments in this work, so much as those of the subject of the narrative himself. "The anti-rent combination," for instance, will prove, according to the editor's conjectures, to be one of two things in this community—the commencement of a dire revolution, or the commencement of a return to the sounder notions and juster principles that prevailed among us thirty years since, than certainly prevail to-day. There is one favorable symptom discoverable in the deep-seated disease that pervades the social system; men dare, and do deal more honestly and frankly with the condition of society in this country, than was done a few years since. This right, one that ought to be most dear to every freeman, has been recovered only by painful sacrifices and a stern resolution; but recovered it has been, in some measure; and, were the pens of the country true to their owners' privileges, we should soon come to a just view of the sacred nature of private character, as well as the target-like vulnerability of public follies and public vice.

It is certain that, for a series of dangerous years, notions just the reverse of this have prevailed among us, gradually rendering the American press equally the vehicle of the most atrocious personal calumny, and the most flatulent national self-adulation. It is under such a state of things that the few evils alluded to in this work have had their rise. Bodies of men, however ignorant or small, have come to consider themselves as integral portions of a community that never errs, and, consequently, entitled to esteem themselves infallible. When in debt, they have fancied it political liberty to pay their debts by the strong hand; a very easy transition for those who believe themselves able to effect all their objects. The disease has already passed out of New York into Pennsylvania; it will spread, like any other epidemic, throughout the country; and there will soon be a severe struggle among us, between the knave and the honest man. Let the class of the latter look to it. It is to be hoped it is still sufficiently powerful to conquer.

These few remarks are made in explanation of certain opinions of Mr. Wallingford, that have been extorted from him by the events of the day, as he was preparing this work for the press, remarks that might seem out of place were it not a part of his original plan, which contemplated enlarging far more than he has, indeed, on some of the prominent peculiarities of the state of society in which he has passed the greater part of his days.

CHAPTER I.

"But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove;
Mend when thou canst."—LEAR.

It is almost as impossible to describe minutely what occurred on the boat's reaching the *Wallingford,* as to describe all the terrific incidents of the struggle between Drewett and myself in the water. I had sufficient perception, however, to see, as I was assisted on board by Mr. Hardinge and Neb, that Lucy was not on deck. She had probably gone to join Grace, with a view to be in readiness for meeting the dire intelligence that was expected. I afterward learned that she was long on her knees in the after-cabin, engaged in that convulsive prayer which is apt to accompany sudden and extreme distress in those who appeal to God in their agony!

During the brief moments, and they were but mere particles of time, if one can use such an expression, in which my senses could catch anything beyond the horrid scene in which I was so closely engaged, I had heard shrill screams from the lungs of Chloe; but Lucy's voice had not mingled in the outcry. Even now, as we were raised, or aided, to the deck, the former stood, with her face glistening with tears, half convulsed with terror and half expanding with delight, uncertain whether to laugh or to weep, looking first at her master and then at her own admirer, until her feelings found a vent in the old exclamation of "de feller!"

It was fortunate for Andrew Drewett that a man of Post's experience and steadiness was with us. No sooner was the seemingly lifeless body on board, than Mr. Hardinge ordered the water-cask to be got out; and he and Marble would have soon been rolling the poor fellow with all their might, or holding him by the heels, under the notion that the water he had swallowed must be got out of him, before he could again breathe; but the authority of one so high in the profession soon put a stop to this. Drewett's wet clothes were immediately removed, blankets were warmed at the galley, and the most judicious means were resorted to in order to restore the circulation. The physician soon detected signs of life, and, ordering all but one or two assistants to leave the spot, in ten minutes Drewett was placed in a warm bed, and might be considered out of danger.

The terrific scene enacted so directly before his eyes, produced an effect on the Albonny man, who consented to haul aft his main-sheet, lower his studding-sail and top-sail, come by the wind, stand across to the *Wallingford,* heave-to, and lower a boat. This occurred just as Drewett was taken below; and, a minute later, old Mrs. Drewett and her two daughters, Helen and Caroline, were brought alongside of us. The fears of these tender relatives were allayed by my report; for, by this time, I could both talk and walk; and Post raised no objection to their being permitted to go below. I seized that opportunity to jump down into the sloop's hold, where Neb brought me some dry clothes; and I was soon in a warm, delightful glow, that contributed in no small degree to my comfort. So desperate had been my struggles, however, that it took a good night's rest completely to restore the tone of my nerves and all my strength. My arrangements were barely completed, when I was summoned to the cabin.

Grace met me with extended arms. She wept on my bosom for many minutes. She was dreadfully agitated as it was; though happily she knew nothing of the cause of Chloe's screams, and of the confusion on deck, until I was known to be safe. Then Lucy communicated all the facts to her in as considerate a manner as her own kind and gentle nature could dictate. I was sent for, as just stated, and caressed like any other precious thing that its owner had supposed itself about to lose. We were still in an agitated state, when Mr. Hardinge appeared at the door of the cabin with a prayer-book in his hand. He demanded our attention, all kneeling in both cabins, while the good, simple-minded old man read some of the collects, the Lord's Prayer, and concluded

with the thanksgiving for "a safe return from sea!" He would have given us the marriage ceremony itself, before he would have gone out of the prayer-book for any united worship whatever.

It was impossible not to smile at this last act of pious simplicity, while it was equally impossible not to be touched with such an evidence of sincere devotion. The offering had a soothing influence on all our feelings, and most especially on those of the excited females. As I came out into the main cabin, after this act of devotion, the excellent divine took me in his arms, kissed me just as he had been used to do when a boy, and blessed me aloud. I confess I was obliged to rush on deck to conceal my emotion.

In a few minutes I became sufficiently composed to order sail made on our course, when we followed the *Orpheus* up the river, soon passing her, and taking care to give her a wide berth—a precaution I long regretted not having used at first. As Mrs. Drewett and her two daughters refused to quit Andrew, we had the whole family added to our party, as it might be, perforce. I confess to having been sufficiently selfish to complain a little, to myself only, however, at always finding these people in my way, during the brief intervals I now enjoyed of being near Lucy. As there was no help, after seeing all the canvas spread, I took a seat in one of the chairs that stood on the main deck, and began, for the first time, coolly to ponder on all that had just passed. While thus occupied, Marble drew a chair to my side, gave me a cordial squeeze of the hand, and began to converse. At this moment, neatly tricked out in dry clothes, stood Neb on the forecastle, with his arms folded sailor-fashion, as calm as if he had never felt the wind blow; occasionally giving in, however, under the influence of Chloe's smiles and unsophisticated admiration. In these moments of weakness, the black would bow his head, give vent to a short laugh, when, suddenly recovering himself, he would endeavor to appear dignified. While this pantomime was in the course of exhibition forward, the discourse aft did not flag.

"Providence intends you for something remarkable, Miles," my mate continued, after one or two brief expressions of satisfaction at my safety; "something uncommonly remarkable, depend on it. First you were spared in the boat off the Isle of Bourbon; then, in another boat off Delaware Bay; next, you got rid of the Frenchman so dexterously in the British Channel; after that, there was the turn up with the bloody Smudge and his companions; next comes the recapture of the *Crisis*; sixthly, as one might say, you picked me up at sea, a runaway hermit; and now here, this very day, seventhly and lastly, are you sitting safe and sound, after carrying as regular a lubber as ever fell overboard, on your head and shoulders down to the bottom of the Hudson no less than three times! I consider you to be the only man living who ever sunk his three times, and came up to tell of it with his own tongue."

"I am not at all conscious of having said one word about it, Moses," I retorted, a little dryly.

"Every motion, every glance of your eye, boy, tells the story. No; Providence intends you for something remarkable, you may rely on *that*. One of these days you may go to Congress—who knows?"

"By the same rule, you are to be included, then; for in most of my adventures you have been a sharer, besides having qualities that are exclusively your own. Remember, you have even been a hermit."

"Hu-s-h—not a syllable about it, or the children would run after me as a sight. You must have generalized in a remarkable way, Miles, after you sunk the last time, without much hope of coming up again?"

"Indeed, my friend, you are quite right in your conjecture. So near a view of death is apt to make us all take rapid and wide views of the past. I believe it even crossed my mind that *you* would miss me sadly."

"Ay," returned Marble, with feeling, "them are the moments to bring out the truth! Not a juster idee passed your brain than *that*, Master Miles, I can as-

sure you. Missed you! I would have bought a boat and started for Marble Land, never again to quit it, the day after the funeral. But there stands your cook, fidgeting and looking this way, as if she had a word to put in on the occasion. This expl'ite of Neb's will set the niggers up in the world; and it wouldn't surprise me if it cost you a suit of finery all round."

"A price I will cheerfully pay for my life. It is as you say—Dido certainly wishes to speak to me, and I must give her an invitation to come nearer."

Dido Clawbonny was the cook of the family, and the mother of Chloe. Whatever hypercriticism might object to her color, which was a black out of which all the gloss had fairly glistened itself over the fire, no one could deny her being full blown. Her weight was exactly two hundred, and her countenance a strange medley of the light-heartedness of her race, and the habitual and necessary severity of a cook. She often protested that she was weighed down by "responserbility;" the whole of the discredit of overdone beef, or underdone fish, together with those which attach themselves to heavy bread, lead-like buckwheat cakes, and a hundred other similar cases, belonging exclusively to her office. She had been twice married, the last connection having been formed only a twelvemonth before. In obedience to a sign, this important lady now approached.

"Welcome back, Masser Mile," Dido began with a courtesy, meaning "Welcome back from being half-drowned;" "ebberyboddy *so* grad you isn't hurt!"

"Thank you, Dido—thank you, with all my heart. If I have gained nothing else by the ducking, I have gained a knowledge of the manner in which my servants love me."

"Lor' bless us all! How we help it, Masser Mile? As if a body can posserbly help how lub come and go! Lub jest like religion, Masser Mile—some get him, and some don't. But lub for a young masser and a young missus, sar—*dat* jest as nat'ral as lub for ole masser and ole missus. I t'ink nut'in' of neider."

Luckily, I was too well acquainted with the Clawbonny dialect to need a vocabulary in order to understand the meaning of Dido. All she wished to express was the idea that it was so much a matter of course for the dependents of the family to love its heads, that she did not think the mere circumstance, in itself, worthy of a second thought.

"Well, Dido," I said, "how does matrimony agree with you, in your old age? I hear you took a second partner to yourself, while I was last at sea."

Dido let her eyes fall on the deck, according to the custom of all brides, let their color be what it may; manifested a proper degree of confusion, then courtesied, turned her full-moon face so as to resemble a half-moon, and answered, with a very suspicious sort of a sigh—

"Yes, Masser Mile, dat jest so. I did t'ink to wait and ask 'e young masser's consent; but Cupid say"—not the god of love, but an old negro of that name, Dido's second partner—"but Cupid say, 'what odd he make to Masser Mile? he long way off, and he won't care'; and so, sah, rader than be tormented so by Cupid, one had altogedder better be married at once—dat all, sah."

"And that is quite enough, my good woman; that everything may be in rule, I give my consent now, and most cheerfully."

"T'ankee, sah!" dropping a courtesy, and showing her teeth.

"Of course the ceremony was performed by our excellent rector, good Mr. Hardinge?"

"Sartain, sah—no Clawbonny nigger t'ink he marry at all, 'less Masser Hardinge bless him and say 'Amen.' Ebberybody say 'e marriage is as good as ole masser and missusses. Dis make two time Dido got married; and both time good, lawful ceremunny, as ebber was. Oh! yes, sah!"

"And I hope your change of condition has proved to your mind, Dido, now the thing is done. Old Cupid is no great matter in the way of beauty, certainly; but he is an honest, sober fellow enough."

"Yes, sah, he *dat* no one *can* deny.

Ah! Masser Mile, 'em 'ere step-husband, after all, nebber jest like a body own husband! Cupid *berry* honest, and *berry* sober; but he only step-husband; and *dat* I tell him twenty times already, I do t'ink, if trut' was said."

"Perhaps you have now said it often enough—twenty times are quite sufficient to tell a man such a fact."

"Yes, sah," dropping another courtesy. "If Masser Mile please."

"I do please, and think you have told him *that* often enough. If a man won't learn a thing in twenty lessons, he is not worth the trouble of teaching. So tell him he's a step-husband no more, but try something else. I hope he makes Chloe a good father?"

"Lor' sah, he no Chloe's fadder, at all —*her* fadder dead and gone, and nebber come back. I want to say a word to young masser, 'bout Chloe and that 'ere fellow, Neb—yes, sah."

"Well, what is it, Dido? I see they like each other, and suppose *they* wish to get married, too. Is that the object of your visit? If so, I consent without waiting to be asked. Neb will make no step-husband, I can promise you."

"Don't be in a hurry, Masser Mile," said Dido, with an eagerness that showed this ready consent was anything but what she wanted. "Dere many 'jection to Neb, when he ask to marry a young gal in Chloe's sitiation. You know, sah, Chloe now Miss Grace's own waiting-maid. Nobody else help her dress, or do anything in 'e young missus' room, dan Chloe, sheself—my darter, Chloe Clawbonny!"

Here was a new turn given to the affair! It was "like master, like man." Neb's love (or *lub*, for that was just the word, and just the idea, too) was no more fated to run smooth than my own; and the same objection lay against us both, viz., want of gentility! I determined to say a good word for the poor fellow, however; while it would have been exceeding the usage of the family to interfere in any other manner than by advice, in an affair of the heart.

"If Chloe is my sister's favorite servant, Dido," I remarked, "you are to remember that Neb is mine."

"Dat true, sah, and so Chloe say; but dere great difference, Masser Mile, atween Clawbonny and a ship. Neb own himself, young masser, he doesn't even lib in cabin, where you lib, sir."

"All that is true, Dido; but there is a difference of another sort between a ship and a house. The house-servant may be more liked and trusted than the out-door servant; but we think, at sea, it is more honorable to be a foremast hand than to be in the cabin, unless as an officer. I was a foremast Jack some time, myself; and Neb is only in such a berth as his master once filled."

"Dat a great deal—quite won'erful, sah—berry great deal, and more dan Chloe can say, or I can wish her to say. But, sah, dey say now Neb has save 'e young masser's life, young masser must gib him free paper; and no gal ob mine shall ebber be free nigger's wife. No, sah; 'scuse me from dat disgrace, which too much for fait'ful old servant to bear!"

"I am afraid, Dido, Neb is the same way of thinking. I offered him his freedom. the other day, and he refused to receive it. Times are changing in this country; and it will be thought, soon, it is more creditable for a black to be free than to be any man's slave. The law means to free all hands of you, one of these days."

"Nebber tell me dat, Masser Mile—dat day nebber come for me or mine; even old Cupid know better dan *dat*. Now, sah, Misser Van Blarcum's Brom want to have Chloe, dreadful; but I nebber consent to sich a uner"—Dido meant union—"nebber. Our family, sah, altogedder too good to marry in among the Van Blarcums. Nebber has been, and never shall be, uner atween 'em."

"I was not aware, Dido, that the Clawbonny slaves were so particular about their connections."

"Won'erful particular, sah, and ebber hab been, and ebber will be. Don't t'ink, Masser Mile, I marry ole Cupid myself, if anoder prop'r connection offer in 'e

family; but I prefar him to marry into oder family hereabout."

"Neb is Clawbonny, and my great friend; so I hope you will think better of his suit. Some day Chloe may like to be free; and Neb will always have it in his power to make his wife free as well as himself."

"Sah, I t'ink as you say, Masser Mile, sah—when I hab done t'inkin', sah, hope young masser and young missus hear what ole cook got to say afore 'ey gives consent."

"Certainly; Chloe is your daughter, and she shall pay you all due respect—for that I will answer for my sister as well as for myself. We will never encourage disrespect for parents."

Dido renewed and redoubled her thanks, made another profound courtesy, and withdrew with a dignity that, I dare say, in Neb's and Chloe's eyes, boded little good. As for myself, I now mused on the character of the things of this world. Here were people of the very humblest class known in a nation—nay, of a class sealed by Nature itself, and doomed to inferiority—just as tenacious of the very distinctions that were making me so miserable, and against which certain persons, who are wiser than the rest of the world, declaim without understanding them, and even go so far, sometimes, as to deny their existence. My cook reasoned, in her sphere, much as I knew that Rupert reasoned, as the Drewetts reasoned, as the world reasoned, and, as I feared, even Lucy reasoned in my own case! The return of Marble, who had left my side as soon as Dido opened her budget, prevented my dwelling long on this strange—I had almost said uncouth—coincidence, and brought my mind back to present things.

"As the old woman has spun her yarn, Miles," the mate resumed, "we will go on with matters and things. I have been talking with the mother of the youngster that fell overboard, and giving her some advice for the benefit of her son in time to come, and what do you think she gives as the reason for the silly thing he did?"

"It is quite out of my power to say—that he was a silly fellow, naturally, perhaps."

"Love. It seems the poor boy is in love with this sweet friend of yours, Rupert's sister, and it was nothing more nor less than love which made him undertake to play rope-dancer on our main-boom?"

"Did Mrs. Drewett tell you this with her own mouth, Marble?"

"That did she, Captain Wallingford, for, while you were discussing Neb and Chloe, with old Dido, we, that is, the doctor, the mother and myself, were discussing Andrew and Lucy between ourselves. The good old lady gave me to understand it was a settled thing, and that she looked on Miss Hardinge already as a third daughter."

This was a strange subject for Mrs. Drewett to discuss with a man like Marble, or even with Post, but some allowances were to be made for Marble's manner of viewing his own connection with the dialogue, and more for the excited condition of the mother's feelings. She was scarcely yet in possession of all her faculties, and might very well commit an indiscretion of this nature, more especially in her conversation with a man in Post's position, overlooking or disregarding the presence of the mate. The effect of all that had passed was to leave a strong impression on my mind that I was too late. Lucy must be engaged, and waited only to become of age, in order to make the settlements she intended in favor of her brother, ere she was married. Her manner to myself was merely the result of habit and sincere friendship, a little increased in interest and gentleness, perhaps, on account of the grievous wrong she felt we had received from Rupert. What right had I to complain, admitting all this to be true? I had scarcely been aware of my own passion for the dear girl, for years, and had certainly never attempted to make her acquainted with it. She had made me no pledges, plighted no faith, received no assurances of attachment, was under no obligation to wait my pleasure. So sincere was my affection for Lucy, that I rejoiced even in my misery, when I remembered that not the slightest imputation could be

laid on her deportment, truth, or frankness. On the whole, it was perhaps the more natural that she should love Andrew Drewett, one she met for the first time after she became of an age to submit to such impressions, than to love me, whom she had been educated to treat with the familiarity and confidence of a brother. Yes, I was even just enough to admit this.

The scene of the morning, and the presence of Mrs. Drewett and her daughters, produced an entire change in the spirits and intercourse of our party. The ladies remained below most of the time, and as for Drewett himself, he was advised by Post not to quit his berth until he found his strength restored. Mr. Hardinge passed much time by Andrew Drewett's side, offering such attention as might be proper from a father to a son. At least it so seemed to me. This left Marble and myself in possession of the quarter-deck, though we had occasional visits from all below—Grace, Lucy, and old Mrs. Drewett excepted.

In the meantime, the *Wallingford* continued to ascend the river, favored until evening by a light southerly breeze. She outsailed everything, and, just as the sun was sinking behind the fine termination of the Catskill range of mountains, we were some miles above the outlet of the stream that has lent it its name.

A lovelier landscape can scarce be imagined than that which presented itself from the deck of the sloop. It was the first time I had ascended the river, or, indeed, that any of the Clawbonny party had been up it so high, Mr. Hardinge excepted; and everybody was called on deck to look at the beauties of the hour. The sloop was about a mile above Hudson, and the view was to be gazed at toward the south. This is, perhaps, the finest reach of this very beautiful stream, though it is not the fashion to think so; the Highlands being the part usually preferred. It is easy enough for me, who have since lived among the sublimity of the Swiss and Italian lakes, to understand that there is nothing of a very sublime character, relatively considered, in any of the reaches of the Hudson; but it would be difficult to find a river that has so much which is exquisitely beautiful; and this, too, of a beauty which borders on the grand. Lucy was the first person to create any doubts in my mind concerning the perfection of the Highlands. Just as the cockney declaims about Richmond Hill—the *inland* view from Mont-Martre, of a clouded day, is worth twenty of it—but just as the provincial London cockney declaims about Richmond Hill, so has the provincial American been in the habit of singing the praises of the Highlands of the Hudson. The last are sufficiently striking, I will allow; but they are surpassed in their own kind by a hundred known mountain landscapes; while the softer parts of the river have scarcely a rival. Lucy, I repeat, was the first person to teach me this distinction—Lucy, who then had never seen either Alps or Apennines. But her eye was as true as her principles, her tongue, or her character. All was truth about this dear girl—truth unadulterated and unalloyed.

"Certainly, my dear Mrs. Drewett," the dear girl said, as she stood supporting the old lady, who leaned on her arm, gazng at the glorious sunset, "the Highlands have nothing to equal this! To me this seems all that art could achieve; while I confess the views in the mountains have ever appeared to want something that the mind can imagine."

Mrs. Drewett, though a respectable, was a commonplace woman. She belonged to the vast class that do most of their thinking by proxy; and it was a sort of heresy in her eyes to fancy anything could surpass the Highlands. Poor Mrs. Drewett! She was exceedingly cockney, without having the slightest suspicion of it. *Her* best ought to be everybody else's best. She combated Lucy's notion warmly, therefore, protesting that the Highlands *could* not have a superior. This is a sort of argument it is not easy to overcome; and her companion was content to admire the scene before her in silence, after urging one or two reasons in support of her opinion, in her own quiet, unpretending manner.

I overheard this little argument, and was a close observer of the manner of the

parties. Mrs. Drewett was extremely indulgent, even while warmest, seeming to me to resist Lucy's opinion as an affectionate mother would contend with the mistaken notions of a very favorite child. On the other hand, Lucy appeared confiding, and spoke as the young of her sex are most apt to do, when they utter their thoughts to ears they feel must be indulgent.

A sunset cannot last forever; and even this, sweet as it had been, soon became tame and tasteless to me. As the ladies now disappeared, I determined to anchor, the wind failing, and the tide coming ahead. Marble and myself had a sort of stateroom fitted up for us in the hold; and thither I was glad to retire, standing really in need of rest, after the terrible exertions of that day. What passed in the cabins that evening I had no opportunity of knowing, though I heard laughing, and happy female voices, through the bulkheads, hours after my own head was on its pillow. When Marble came down to turn in, he told me the cabin party had revived, and that there had been much pleasant discourse among the young people; and this in a way to cause even him to derive great satisfaction as a listener.

Neb gave us a call at daylight. The wind was fresh at west-northwest, but the tide was just beginning to run on the flood. I was so impatient to be rid of my guests, that all hands were called immediately, and we got the sloop under way. The pilot professed himself willing to beat through the narrow passages above, and the *Wallingford's* greatest performances being on the wind, I was determined to achieve my deliverance that very tide. The sloop drew more water than was usual for the up-river craft, it is true; but she was light, and just at the moment could go wherever the loaded Albany vessels went. Those were not the days of vast public works; and, as for seagoing craft, none had ever crossed the Overslaugh, so far as had come to my knowledge. Times have changed greatly since; but the reader will remember I am writing of that remote period in American history, the year of our Lord 1803.

The anchor was no sooner aweigh than the deck became a scene of activity. The breeze was stiff, and it enabled me to show the *Wallingford* off to advantage among the dull, flat-bottomed craft of that day. There were reaches in which the wind favored us, too; and, by the time the ladies reappeared we were up among the islands, worming our way through the narrow channels with rapidity and skill. To me and to Marble also the scene was entirely novel; and between the activity that our evolutions required, and the constant change of scene, we had little leisure to attend to those in the cabin. Just as breakfast was announced, indeed, the vessel was approaching the more difficult part of the river; and all we got of that meal we took on deck, at snatches, between the many tacks we made. As good luck would have it, however, the wind backed more to the westward about eight o'clock; and we were enabled to stem the ebb that began to make at the same time. This gave us the hope of reaching the end of our passage without again anchoring.

At length we reached the Overslaugh, which, as was apt to be the case, was well sprinkled with vessels aground. The pilot carried us through them all, however; if not literally with flying colors, which would have been regarded as an insult by the less fortunate, at least with complete success. Then Albany came into view leaning against its sharp acclivity, and spreading over its extensive bottom-land. It was not the town it is to-day, by quite three-fourths less in dwellings and people; but it was then, as now, one of the most picturesque-looking places in America. There is no better proof, in its way, how much more influence the talking and writing part of mankind have than the mere actors, than is to be found in the relative consideration of Albany, on the scale of appearance and position, as compared with those enjoyed by a hundred other towns, more especially in the Eastern States. Almost without a competitor, as to beauty of situation, or at least on a level with Richmond and Burlington, among the inland towns, it was usu-

ally esteemed a Dutch place that every pretender was at liberty to deride, in my younger days. We are a people by no means addicted to placing our candle under the bushel, and yet I cannot recall a single civil expression in any native writer touching the beauties of Albany. It may have been owing to the circumstance that so much of the town was under the hill at the beginning of the century, and that strangers had few opportunities of seeing it to advantage; but I rather think its want of the Anglo-Saxon origin was the principal reason it was so little in favor.

Glad enough was I to reach the wharves, with their line of store-houses, that then literally spouted wheat into the sloops that crowded the quays, on its way to feed the contending armies of Europe. Late as it was in the season, wheat was still pouring outward through all the channels of the country, enriching the farmers with prices that frequently rose as high as two dollars and a half the bushel, and sometimes as high as three. Yet no one was so poor in America as to want bread! The dearer the grain, the higher the wages of the laborer, and the better he lived.

It was not at all late when the *Wallingford* was slowly approaching the wharf where it was intended to bring up. There was a sloop ahead of us, which we had been gradually approaching for the last two hours, but which was enabled to keep in advance in consequence of the lightness of the wind. This dying away of the breeze rendered the approaching noontide calm and pleasant; and everybody in-board, even to Grace, came on deck, as we moved slowly past the dwellings on the eastern bank, in order to get a view of the town. I proposed that the Clawbonny party should land, contrary to our original intention, and profit by the opportunity to see the political capital of the State at our leisure. Both Grace and Lucy were inclined to listen favorably; and the Drewetts, Andrew and his sisters, were delighted at this prospect of our remaining together a little longer. Just at this moment the *Wallingford*, true to her character, was coming up with the sloop ahead, and was already doubling on her quarter. I was giving some orders, when Lucy and Chloe, supporting Grace, passed me on their way to the cabin. My poor sister was as pale as death, and I could see that she trembled so much she could hardly walk. A significant glance from Lucy bade me not to interfere, and I had sufficient self-command to obey. I turned to look at the neighboring sloop, and found at once an explanation of my sister's agitation. The Mertons and Rupert were on her quarter-deck, and so near as to render it impossible to avoid speaking, at least to the former. At this embarrassing instant Lucy returned to my side, with a view, as I afterward learned, to urge me to carry the *Wallingford* to some place so distant as to remove the danger of any intercourse. This accident rendered the precaution useless, the whole party in the other vessel catching sight of my companion at the same moment.

"This is an agreeable surprise!" called out Emily, in whose eyes Rupert's sister could not be an object of indifference. "By your brother's and Mrs. Drewett's account we had supposed you at Clawbonny, by the bedside of Miss Wallingford."

"Miss Wallingford is here, as are my father, and Mrs. Drewett, and——"

Lucy never let it be known who that other "and" was intended to include.

"Well, this is altogether surprising!" put in Rupert, with a steadiness of voice that really astounded me. "At the very moment we were giving you lots of credit for your constancy in friendship, and all that sort of thing, here you are, Mademoiselle Lucie, trotting off to the Springs, like all the rest of us, bent on pleasure."

"No, Rupert," answered Lucy, in a tone which I thought could not fail to bring the heartless coxcomb to some sense of the feeling he ought to manifest; "I am going to no Springs. Doctor Post has advised a change of scene and air for Grace; and Miles has brought us all up in his sloop,

that we may endeavor to contribute to the dear sufferer's comfort, in one united family. We shall not land in Albany."

I took my cue from these last words, and understood that I was not even to bring the sloop alongside the wharf.

"Upon my word, it is just as she says, colonel!" cried Rupert. "I can see my father on the forecastle, with Post, and divers others of my acquaintance. Ay—and there's Drewett, as I live! Wallingford, too! How fare you, noble captain, up in this fresh-water stream? You must be strangely out of your latitude."

"How do you do, Mr. Hardinge?" I coldly returned the salutation; and then I was obliged to speak to the major and his daughter. But Neb was at the helm, and I had given him a sign to sheer further from our companion. This soon reduced the intercourse to a few wavings of handkerchiefs, and kissings of the hand, in which all the Drewetts came in for a share. As for Lucy, she walked aside, and I seized the occasion to get a word in private.

"What am I to do with the sloop?" I asked. "It will soon be necessary to come to some decision."

"By no means go to the wharf. Oh! this has been most cruel. The cabin windows are open, and Grace *must* have heard every syllable. Not even a question as to her health! I dread to go below and witness the effect."

I wished not to speak of Rupert to his sister, and avoided the subject. The question, therefore, was simply repeated. Lucy inquired if it were not possible to land our passengers without bringing-up, and, hearing the truth on the subject, she renewed her entreaties not to land. Room was taken accordingly, and the sloop, as soon as high enough, was rounded-to, and the boat lowered. The portmanteau of Post was placed in it, and the Drewetts were told that everything was ready to put them ashore.

"Surely we are not to part thus!" exclaimed the old lady. "You intend to land, Lucy, if not to accompany us to Ballston? The waters might prove of service to Miss Wallingford."

"Doctor Post thinks not, but advises us to return tranquilly down the river. We may yet go as far as Sandy Hook, or even into the Sound. It all depends on dear Grace's strength and inclinations."

Protestations of regret and disappointment followed, for everybody appeared to think much of Lucy, and very little of my poor sister. Some attempts were even made at persuasion; but the quiet firmness of Lucy soon convinced her friends that she was not to be diverted from her purpose. Mr. Hardinge, too, had a word to say in confirmation of his daughter's decision; and the travelers reluctantly prepared to enter the boat. After he had assisted his mother over the sloop's side, Andrew Drewett turned to me, and in fair, gentleman-like, manly language, expressed his sense of the service I had rendered him. After this acknowledgment, the first he had made, I could do no less than shake his hand; and we parted in the manner of those who have conferred and received a favor.

I could perceive that Lucy's color heightened, and that she looked exceedingly gratified, while this little scene was in the course of being acted, though I was unable to comprehend the precise feeling that was predominant in her honest and truthful heart. Did that increased color proceed from pleasure at the handsome manner in which Drewett acquitted himself of one of the most embarrassing of all our duties—the admission of a deep obligation? or was it in any manner connected with her interest in me? I could not ask, and, of course, did not learn. This scene, however, terminated our intercourse with the Drewetts for the moment, the boat pulling away immediately after.

CHAPTER II.

"Misplaced in life,
I know not what I could have been, but feel
I am not what I should be—let it end."
—SARDANAPALUS.

GLAD enough was I to find the quiet and domestic character of my vessel re-

stored. Lucy had vanished as soon as it was proper, but, agreeably to her request, I got the sloop's head down-stream, and began our return passage, without even thinking of putting a foot on the then unknown land of Albany. Marble was too much accustomed to submit without inquiry to the movements of the vessel he was in to raise any objections, and the *Wallingford*, her boat in tow, was soon turning down with the tide, aided by a light westerly wind, on her homeward course. This change kept all on deck so busy, that it was some little time ere I saw Lucy again. When we did meet, however, I found her sad and full of apprehension. Grace had evidently been deeply hurt by Rupert's deportment. The effect on her frame was such that it was desirable to let her be as little disturbed as possible. Lucy hoped she might fall asleep, for, like an infant, her exhausted physical powers sought relief in this resource, almost as often as the state of her mind would permit. Her existence, although I did not then know it, was like that of the flame which flickers in the air, and which is endangered by the slightest increase of the current to which the lamp may be exposed.

We succeeded in getting across the Overslaugh without touching, and had got down among the islands below Coeyman's,* when we were met by the new flood. The wind dying away to a calm, we were compelled to select a berth and anchor. As soon as we were snug, I sought an interview with Lucy, but the dear girl sent me word by Chloe that Grace was dozing, and that she could not see me just at that moment, as her presence in the cabin was necessary in order to maintain silence. On receiving this message, I ordered the boat hauled up alongside; Marble, myself and Neb got in; when the black sculled us ashore—Chloe grinning at the latter's dexterity, as with one hand and a mere play of the wrist he caused the water to foam under the bows of our little bark.

* Queeman's as pronounced. This is a Dutch, not an Indian name, and belongs to a respectable New York family.

The spot where we landed was a small but lovely gravelly cove, that was shaded by three or four enormous weeping-willows, and presented the very picture of peace and repose. It was altogether a retired and rural bit, there being near it no regular landing, no reels for seines, nor any of those signs that denote a place of resort. A single cottage stood on a small natural terrace, elevated some ten or twelve feet above the rich bottom that sustained the willows. This cottage was the very *beau ideal* of rustic neatness and home comfort. It was of stone, one story in height, with high pointed roof, and had a Dutch-looking gable that faced the river, and which contained the porch and outer door. The stones were white as the driven snow, having been washed a few weeks before. The windows had the charm of irregularity, and everything about the dwelling proclaimed a former century, and a *régime* different from that under which we were then living. In fact, the figures 1698, let in as iron braces to the wall of the gable, announced that the house was quite as old as the second structure at Clawbonny.

The garden of this cottage was not large, but it was in admirable order. It lay entirely in the rear of the dwelling; and behind it, again, a small orchard, containing about a hundred trees, on which the fruit began to show itself in abundance, lay against the sort of amphitheater that almost inclosed this little nook against the intrusion and sight of the rest of the world. There were also half a dozen huge cherry trees, from which the fruit had not yet altogether disappeared, near the house, to which they served the double purpose of ornament and shade. The out-houses seemed to be as old as the dwelling, and were in quite as good order.

As we drew near the shore, I directed Neb to cease sculling, and sat gazing at this picture of retirement, and, apparently, of content, while the boat drew toward the gravelly beach, under the impetus already received.

"This is a hermitage I think I could stand, Miles," said Marble, whose look

had not been off the spot since the moment we left the sloop's side. "This is what I should call a human hermitage, and none of your out-and-out solitudes. Room for pigs and poultry; a nice gravelly beach for your boat; good fishing in the offing, I'll answer for it; a snug shoulder-of-mutton sort of a house; trees as big as a two-decker's lower masts; and company within hail, should a fellow happen to take it into his head that he was getting melancholy. That is just the spot I would like to fetch up in, when it became time to go into dock. What a place to smoke a cigar in is that bench up yonder, under the cherry tree; and grog must have a double flavor alongside of that spring of fresh water!"

"You could become the owner of this very place, Moses, and then we should be neighbors, and might visit each other by water. It cannot be much more than fifty miles from this spot to Clawbonny."

"I dare say, now, that they would think of asking, for a place like this, as much money as would buy a good wholesome ship—a regular A No. 1."

"No such thing; a thousand or twelve hundred dollars would purchase the house, and all the land we can see—some twelve or fifteen acres, at the most. You have more than two thousand salted away, I know, Moses, between prize money, wages, adventures, and other matters."

"I could hold up my head under two thousand, of a sartainty. I wish the place was a little nearer Clawbonny, say eight or ten miles off; and then I do think I should talk to the people about a trade."

"It's quite unnecessary, after all. I have quite as snug a cove, near the creek bluff at Clawbonny, and will build a house for you there, you shall not tell from a ship's cabin; that would be more to your fancy."

"I've thought of that, too, Miles, and at one time fancied it would be a prettyish sort of an idee; but it won't stand logarithms, at all. You may build a room that may have its cabin *look*, but you can't build one that'll have a cabin *natur'*. You may get carlins, and transoms, and lockers, and bulkheads all right; but where are you to get your motion? What's a cabin without motion? It would soon be like the sea in the calm latitudes, offensive to the senses. No! none of your bloody motionless cabins for me. If I'm afloat, let me be afloat; if I'm ashore, let me be ashore."

Ashore we were by this time, the boat's keel grinding gently on the pebbles of the beach. We landed and walked toward the cottage, there being nothing about the place to forbid our taking this liberty. I told Marble we would ask for a drink of milk, two cows being in sight, cropping the rich herbage of a beautiful little pasture. This expedient at first seemed unnecessary, no one appearing about the place to question our motives, or to oppose our progress. When we had reached the door of the cottage, we found it open, and could look within without violating any of the laws of civilization. There was no vestibule, or entry; but the door communicated directly with a room of some size, and which occupied the whole front of the building. I dare say this single room was twenty feet square, besides being of a height a little greater than was then customary in buildings of that class. This apartment was neatness itself. It had a home-made, but really pretty carpet on the floor; contained a dozen old-fashioned, high-back chairs, in some dark wood; two or three tables, in which one might see his face; a couple of mirrors of no great size, but of quaint gilded ornaments; a buffet with some real china in it; and the other usual articles of a country residence that was somewhat above the ordinary farm-houses of the region, and yet as much below the more modest of the abodes of the higher class. I supposed the cottage to be the residence of some small family that had seen more of life than was customary with the mere husbandman, and yet not enough to raise it much above the level of the husbandman's homely habits.

We were looking in from the porch on this scene of rural peace and faultless neatness, when an inner door opened in the deliberate manner that betokens age, and the mistress of the cottage appeared. She

was a woman of approaching seventy, of middle size, a quiet, but firm step, and an air of health. Her dress was of the fashion of the previous century, plain, but as neat as everything around her—a spotless white apron seeming to bid defiance to the approach of anything that could soil its purity. The countenance of this old woman certainly did not betoken any of the refinement which is the result of education and good company; but denoted benevolence, a kind nature, and feeling. We were saluted without surprise, and invited in, to be seated.

"It isn't often that sloops anchor here," said the old woman—lady it would be a stretch of politeness to call her—"their favor*yte* places being higher up, and lower down, the river."

"And how do you account for that, mother?" asked Marble, who seated himself and addressed the mistress of the cottage with a seaman's frankness. "To my fancy, this is the best anchorage I've seen in many a day—one altogether to be coveted. One might be as much alone as he liked in a spot like this, without absolutely turning your bloody hermit."

The old woman gazed at Marble like one who scarce knew what to make of such an animal; and yet her look was mild and indulgent.

"I account for the boatmen's preferring other places to this," she said, "by the circumstance that there is no tavern here; while there is one two miles above, and another two miles below us."

"Your remark that there is no tavern here reminds me of the necessity of apologizing for coming so boldly to your door," I answered; "but we sailors mean no impertinence; though we are so often guilty of it in landing."

"You are heartily welcome. I am glad to see them that understand how to treat an old woman kindly and know how to pity and pardon them that do not. At my time of life we get to learn the value of fair words and good treatment, for it's only a short time it will be in our power to show either to our fellow-creatures."

"Your favorable disposition to your fellows comes from living all your days in a spot as sweet as this."

"I would much rather think that it comes from God. He alone is the scource of all that is good within us."

"Yet a spot like this must have its influence on a character. I dare say you have lived long in this very house, which, old as you profess to be, seems to be much older than yourself. It has probably been your abode ever since your marriage?"

"And long before, sir. I was born in this house, as was my father before me. You are right in saying that I have dwelt in it ever since my marriage, for I dwelt in it long before."

"This is not very encouraging for my friend here, who took such a fancy to your cottage, as we came ashore, as to wish to own it; but I scarce think he will venture to purchase, now he knows how dear it must be to you."

"And has your friend no home—no place in which to put his family?"

"Neither home nor family, my good mother," answered Marble for himself; "and so much the greater reason, you will think, why I ought to begin to think of getting both as soon as possible. I never had father or mother, to my knowledge; nor house, nor home, of any sort, but a ship. I forgot; I was a hermit once, and set myself up in that trade, with a whole island to myself; but I soon gave up all to natur', and got out of that scrape as fast as I could. The business didn't suit me."

The old woman looked at Marble intently. I could see by her countenance that the off-hand, sincere, earnest manner of the mate had taken some unusual hold of her feelings.

"Hermit!" the good woman repeated, with curiosity; "I have often heard and read of such people; but you are not at all like them I have fancied to be hermits."

"Another proof I undertook a business for which I was not fit. I suppose a man before he sets up for a hermit ought to know something of his ancestors, as one looks to the pedigree of a horse in order to find out whether he is fit for a racer.

Now, as I happen to know nothing of mine, it is no wonder I fell into a mistake. It's an awkward thing, old lady, for a man to be born without a name."

The eye of our hostess was still bright and full of animation, and I never saw a keener look than she fastened on the mate, as he delivered himself in this, one of his usual fits of misanthropical feeling.

"And were *you* born without a name?" she asked, after gazing intently at the other.

"Sartain. Everybody is born with only one name; but I happened to be born without any name at all."

"This is so extr'or'nary, sir," added our old hostess, more interested than I could have supposed possible for a stranger to become in Marble's rough bitterness, "that I should like to hear how such a thing could be."

"I am quite ready to tell you all about it, mother; but as one good turn deserves another, I shall ask you first to answer me a few questions about the ownership of this house, and cove, and orchard. When you have told your story, I am ready to tell mine."

"I see how it is," said the old woman in alarm. "You are sent here by Mr. Van Tassel to inquire about the money due on the mortgage, and to learn whether it is likely to be paid or not."

"We are not sent here at all, my good old lady," I now thought it time to interpose; for the poor woman was very obviously much alarmed, and in a distress that even her aged and wrinkled countenance could not entirely conceal. "We are just what you see—people belonging to that sloop, who have come ashore to stretch their legs, and have never heard of any Mr. Van Tassel, or any money or any mortgage."

"Thank Heaven for that!" exclaimed the old woman, seeming to relieve her mind as well as her body by a heavy sigh. "'Squire Van Tassel is a hard man; and a widow woman, with no relative at hand but a granddarter that is just sixteen, is scarce able to meet him. My poor old husband always maintained that the money had been paid; but now he is dead and gone, 'Squire Van Tassel brings forth the bond and mortgage, and says, 'If you can prove that these are paid, I'm willing to give them up.'"

"This is so strange an occurrence, my dear old lady," I observed, "that you have only to make us acquainted with the facts to get another supporter in addition to your granddaughter. It is true I am a stranger, and have come here purely by accident; but Providence sometimes appears to work in this mysterious manner, and I have a strong presentiment we may be of use to you. Relate your difficulties, then; and you shall have the best legal advice in the State, should your case require it."

The old woman seemed embarrassed; but, at the same time, she seemed touched. We were utter strangers to her, it is true; yet there is a language in sympathy which goes beyond that of the tongue, and which, coming *from* the heart, goes *to* the heart. I was quite sincere in my offers, and this sincerity appeared to have produced its customary fruits. I was believed; and, after wiping away a tear or two that forced themselves into her eyes, our hostess answered me as frankly as I had offered my aid.

"You do not look like 'Squire Van Tassel's men, for they seem to me to think the place is theirs already. Such craving, covetous creatures I never before laid eyes on! I hope I may trust you?"

"Depend on us, mother," cried Marble, giving the old woman a cordial squeeze of the hand. "My heart is in this business, for my mind is half made up, at first sight, to own this spot myself—by honest purchase, you'll understand me, and not by any of your land-shark tricks—and, such being the case, you can easily think I'm not inclined to let this Mr. Tassel have it."

"It would be almost as sorrowful a thing to *sell* this place," the good woman answered, her countenance confirming all she said in words, "as to have it torn from me by knaves. I have told you that even my father was born in this very house. I was his only child; and when

God called him away, which he did about twelve years after my marriage, the little farm came to me, of course. Mine it would have been at this moment, without let or hinderance of any sort, but for a fault committed in early youth. Ah! my friends, it is hopeless to do evil, and expect to escape the consequences."

"The evil *you* have done, my good mother," returned Marble, endeavoring to console the poor creature, down whose cheeks the tears now fairly began to run; "the evil you have done, my good mother, can be no great matter. If it was a question about a rough tar like myself, or even of Miles there, who's a sort of sea-saint, something might be made of it, I make no doubt; but your account must be pretty much all credit, and no debtor."

"That is a state that befalls none of earth, my young friend"—Marble *was* young, compared to his companion, though a plump fifty. "My sin was no less than to break one of God's commandments."

I could see that my mate was a good deal confounded at this ingenuous admission; for, in his eyes, breaking the commandments was either killing, stealing, or blaspheming. The other sins of the decalogue he had come by habit to regard as peccadilloes.

"I think this must be a mistake, mother," he said, in a sort of consoling tone. "You may have fallen into some oversights, or mistakes; but this breaking of the commandments is rather serious sort of work."

"Yet I broke the fifth; I forgot to honor my father and mother. Nevertheless, the Lord has been gracious; for my days have already reached threescore-and-ten. But this is His goodness—not any merit of my own!"

"Is it not a proof that the error has been forgiven?" I ventured to remark. "If penitence can purchase peace, I feel certain you have earned that relief."

"One never knows! I think this calamity of the mortgage, and the danger I run of dying without a roof to cover my head, may be all traced up to that one act of disobedience. I have been a mother myself—may say I am a mother now, for my granddaughter is as dear to me as was her blessed mother—and it is when we look *down*, rather than when we look *up*, as it might be, that we get to understand the true virtue of this commandment."

"If it were impertinent curiosity that instigates the question, my old friend," I added, "it would not be in my power to look you in the face, as I do now, while begging you to let me know your difficulties. Tell them in your own manner, but tell them with confidence; for, I repeat, we have the power to assist you, and can command the best legal advice of the country."

Again the old woman looked at me intently through her spectacles; then, as if her mind was made up to confide in our honesty, she disburdened it of its secrets.

"It would be wrong to tell you a part of my story without telling you all," she began; "for you might think Van Tassel and his set are alone to blame, while my conscience tells me that little has happened that is not a just punishment for my great sin. You'll have patience, therefore, with an old woman, and hear her whole tale; for mine is not a time of life to mislead any. The days of white-heads are numbered; and, was it not for Kitty, the blow would not be quite so hard on me. You must know, we are Dutch by origin—come of the ancient Hollanders of the colony—and were Van Duzers by name. It's like, friends," added the good woman, hesitating, "that you are Yankees by birth?"

"I cannot say I am," I answered, "though of English extraction. My family is long of New York, but it does not mount back quite as far as the time of the Hollanders."

"And your friend? He is silent; perhaps he is of New England? I would not wish to hurt his feelings, for my story will bear a little hard, perhaps, on his love of home."

"Never mind me, mother, but rowse it all up like entered cargo," said Marble, in his usual bitter way when alluding to his own birth. "There's not the man

breathing that one can speak more freely before, on such matters, than Moses Marble."

"Marble!—that's a *hard* name," returned the woman, slightly smiling, "but a *name* is not a *heart*. My parents were Dutch; and you may have heard how it was before the Revolution, between the Dutch and the Yankees. Near neighbors, they did not love each other. The Yankees said the Dutch were fools, and the Dutch said the Yankees were knaves. Now, as you may easily suppose, I was born before the Revolution, when King George II. was on the throne and ruled the country; and though it was long after the English got to be our masters, it was before our people had forgotten their language and their traditions. My father himself was born after the English governors came among us, as I've heard him say; but it mattered not—he loved Holland to the last, and the customs of his fathers."

"All quite right, mother," said Marble, a little impatiently; "but what of all that? It's as nat'ral for a Dutchman to love Holland, as it is for an Englishman to love Hollands. I've been in the Low Countries, and must say it's a muskrat sort of a life the people lead; neither afloat nor ashore."

The old woman regarded Marble with more respect after this declaration; for, in that day, a traveled man was highly esteemed among us. In her eyes, it was a greater exploit to have seen Amsterdam than it would now be to visit Jerusalem. Indeed, it is getting rather discreditable to a man of the world not to have seen the Pyramids, the Red Sea, and the Jordan.

"My father loved it not the less, though he never saw the land of his ancestors," resumed the old woman. "Notwithstanding the jealousy of the Yankees among us Dutch, and the mutual dislike, many of the former came among us to seek their fortunes. They are not a home-staying people, it would seem; and I cannot deny that cases have happened in which they have been known to get away the farms of some of the Netherlands stock in a way that it would have been better not to have happened."

"You speak considerately, my dear woman," I remarked, "and like one that has charity for all human failing."

"I ought to do so for my own sins, and I ought to do so to them of New England, for my own husband was of that race."

"Ay, now the story is coming round regularly, Miles," said Marble, nodding his head in approbation. "It will touch on love next, and, if trouble do not follow, set me down as an ill-nat'red old bachelor. Love in a man's heart is like getting heated cotton, or shifting ballast, into a ship's hold."

"I must confess to it," continued our hostess, smiling in spite of her real sorrows—sorrows that were revived by thus recalling the events of her early life. "A young man of Yankee birth came among us as a schoolmaster, when I was only fifteen. Our people were anxious enough to have us all taught to read English, for many had found the disadvantage of being ignorant of the language of their rulers and of the laws. I was sent to George Wetmore's school, like most of the young people of the neighborhood, and remained his scholar for three years. If you were on the hill above the orchard yonder, you might see the school-house at this moment; for it is only a short walk from our place, and a walk that I made four times a day for just three years."

"One can see how the land lies now," cried Marble, lighting a cigar, for he thought no apology necessary for smoking under a Dutch roof. "The master taught his scholar something more than he found in his spelling-book, or the catechism. We'll take your word about the school-house, seeing it is out of view."

"It was out of sight, truly, and that may have been the reason my parents took it so hard when George Wetmore asked their leave to marry me. This was not done until he had walked home with me, or as near home as the brow of yon hill, for a whole twelvemonth, and had served a servitude almost as

THE RECOGNITION.—*Miles Wallingford.*

long and as patient as that of Jacob for Rachel."

"Well, mother, how did the old people receive the question? like good-natured parents, I hope, for George's sake."

"Rather say like the children of Holland, judging of the children of New England. They would not hear of it, but wished me to marry my own cousin, Petrus Storm, who was not greatly beloved, even in his own family."

"Of course you down anchor, and said you never would quit the moorings of home?"

"If I rightly understand you, sir, I did something very different. I got privately married to George, and he kept school near a twelvemonth longer, up behind the hill, though most of the young women were taken away from his teaching."

"Ay, the old way; the door was locked after the horse was stolen! Well, you were married, mother——"

"After a time it was necessary for me to visit a kinswoman who lived a little down the river. There my first child was born, unknown to my parents, and George gave it in charge to a poor woman who had lost her own babe, for we were still afraid to let our secret be known to my parents. Now commences the punishment for breaking the fifth commandment."

"How's that, Miles?" demanded Moses. "Is it ag'in the commandments for a married woman to have a son?"

"Certainly not, my friend, though it is a breach of the commandments not to honor our parents. This good woman alludes to her marrying contrary to the wishes of her father and mother."

"Indeed I do, sir, and dearly have I been punished for it. In a few weeks I returned home, and was followed by the sad news of the death of my first-born. The grief of these tidings drew the secret from me, and Nature spoke so loud in the hearts of my poor parents, that they forgave all, took George home, and ever afterward treated him as if he also had been their own child. But it was too late; had it happened a few weeks earlier my own precious babe might have been saved to me."

"You cannot know that, mother; we all die when our time comes."

"His time had not come. The miserable wretch to whom George trusted the boy exposed him among strangers to save herself trouble, and to obtain twenty dollars at as cheap a rate as possible——"

"Hold!" I interrupted. "In the name of heaven, my good woman, in what year did this occur?"

Marble looked at me in astonishment, though he clearly had glimpses of the object of my question.

"It was in the month of June, 17—. For thirty long, long years I supposed my child had actually died, and then the mere force of conscience told me the truth. The wretched woman could not carry the secret with her into the grave, and she sent for me to hear the sad revelation."

"Which was to say she left the child in a basket on a tombstone in a marble-worker's yard in the town—in the yard of a man whose name was Durfee!" I said as rapidly as I could speak.

"She did, indeed! though it is a marvel to me that a stranger should know this. What will be God's pleasure next?"

Marble groaned. He hid his face in his hands, while the poor woman looked from one of us to the other, in bewildered expectation of what was to follow. I could not leave her long in doubt; but preparing her for what was to follow, by little and little I gave her to understand that the man she saw before her was her son. After half a century of separation the mother and child had thus been thrown together by the agency of an inscrutable Providence! The reader will readily anticipate the character of the explanations that succeeded. Of the truth of the circumstances there could not be a shadow of doubt, when everything was related and compared. Mrs. Wetmore had ascertained from her unfaithful nurse the history of her child as far as the almshouse, but thirty years had left a gap in the information she had received, and it was impossible for her to obtain the name under which he had left that institution.

The Revolution was just over when she made her application, and it was thought that some of the books had been taken away by a refugee. Still, there were a plenty of persons to supply traditions and conjectures, and so anxious were she and her husband to trace these groundless reports to their confirmation or refutation, that much money and time were thrown away in the fruitless attempts. At length one of the old attendants of the children's department was discovered, who professed to know the whole history of the child brought from the stonecutter's yard. This woman doubtless was honest, but her memory had deceived her. She said that the boy had been called Stone instead of Marble, a mistake that was natural enough in itself, but which was probably owing to the fact that another child of the first name had really left the institution a few months before Moses took his leave. This Aaron Stone had been traced, first as an apprentice to a tradesman, thence into a regiment of foot in the British army, which regiment had accompanied the rest of the forces at the evacuation, November 25, 1783.

The Wetmores fancied they were now on the track of their child. He was traced down to a period within a twelvemonth of that of the search, and was probably to be found in England, still wearing the livery of the king. After a long consultation between the disconsolate parents, it was determined that George Wetmore should sail for England in the hope of recovering their son. But, by this time, money was scarce. These worthy people were enabled to live in comfort on their little farm, but they were not rich in cash. All the loose coin was gone in the previous search, and even a small debt had been contracted to enable them to proceed as far as they had. No alternative remained but to mortgage their home. This was done with great reluctance; but what will not a parent do for his child? A country lawyer, of the name of Van Tassel, was ready enough to advance five hundred on a place that was worth quite three thousand dollars. This man was one of the odious class of country usurers, a set of cormorants that are so much worse than their town counterparts, because their victims are usually objects of real, and not speculative distress, and as ignorant and unpracticed as they are necessitous. It is wonderful with what far-sighted patience one of these wretches will bide his time, in order to effect a favorite acquisition. Mrs. Wetmore's little farm was very desirable to this Squire Van Tassel, for reasons in addition to its intrinsic value; and for years nothing could be kinder and more neighborly than his indulgence. Interest was allowed to accumulate until the whole debt amounted to the sum of a thousand dollars. In the meantime the father went to England, found the soldier after much trouble and expense, ascertained that Stone knew his parents, one of whom had died in the almshouse, and spent all his money.

Years of debt and anxiety succeeded, until the father sunk under his misfortunes. An only daughter also died, leaving Kitty a legacy to her widowed mother, the other parent having died even before her birth. Thus was Katharine Van Duzen, our old hostess, left to struggle on nearly alone, at the decline of life, with a poverty that was daily increasing, years, and this infant granddaughter. Just before his death, however, George Wetmore had succeeded in selling a portion of his farm, that which was the least valuable to himself, and with the money he paid off Van Tassel's mortgage. This was his own account of the matter, and he showed to his wife Van Tassel's receipt, the money having been paid at the county town, where the bond and mortgage could not be then produced. This was shortly before Wetmore's last illness. A twelvemonth after his death the widow was advised to demand the bond, and to take the mortgage off record. But the receipt was not to be found. With a woman's ignorance of such matters, the widow let this fact leak out; and her subsequent demand for the release was met by a counter one for evidence of payment. This was the commencement of Van Tassel's hostile attitude; and things

had gone as far as a foreclosure, and an advertisement for a sale, when the good woman thus opportunely discovered her son.

CHAPTER III.

"I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment; by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me; I stay here on my bond."
—SHYLOCK.

IT is not easy to describe the immediate effect of this discovery on either of the parties most concerned. Not a doubt remained on the mind of either, after the facts were explained, of the reality of the relationship; for that was so simply proved as to place the circumstance beyond all dispute. Mrs. Wetmore thought of her lost son as of an innocent, smiling babe; and here she found him a red-faced, hard-featured, weather-beaten tar, already verging toward age, and a man of manners that were rough, if not rude. She could not at first possess any knowledge of the better points in his character, and was compelled to receive this boon from Providence as it was offered. Nevertheless, a mother's love is not easily dissatisfied or smothered; and ere I left the house, I could see the old woman's eyes fixed on Marble with an expression of interest and tenderness they had not manifested previously to the revelations.

As for the mate himself, now that the fondest wish of his life was so unexpectedly gratified, he was taken so much by surprise that he appeared to think something was wanting. He found his mother the reputable widow of a reptuable man, of a class in life quite equal to his own, living on a property that was small certainly, and involved, but property that had been long in her family. The truth was, Marble felt so much at this unlooked-for appeal to his gentler feelings, that one of his stern nature did not know how to answer it on the emergency; and the obstinacy of his temperament rather induced him to resist than to yield to such unwonted sentiments. I could see he was satisfied with his mother, while he was scarcely satisfied with himself; and, with a view to place both parties in truer positions, I desired Moses to walk down and look at the boat, while I remained alone with his new-found parent. This was not done, however, until all the explanations had been made, and the mother had both blessed and wept over her child. It was done, indeed, principally to relieve Marble from the oppression of feeling created by this very scene.

As soon as alone with Mrs. Wetmore, I explained to her my own connection with Marble, and gave her a sort of apologetic account of his life and character, keeping down the weak points, and dwelling on the strong. I set her mind at ease, at once, on the subject of the farm; for, should the worst happen, her son had double the amount of money that would be necessary to discharge the mortgage.

"The debt was incurred, my dear Mrs. Wetmore, in his behalf; and he will be happy to discharge it on the spot. I would advise you to pay the money at once. Should the receipt ever be found, this Van Tassel will be obliged to refund; for though the law winks at many wrongs, it will not wink at one so atrocious as this, provided you can satisfy it with proof. I shall leave Moses——"

"His name is Oloff, or Oliver," interrupted the old woman, eagerly; "I named him after my own father, and had him duly christened, before he was intrusted to the nurse, in the hope it might soften his grandfather's heart, when he came to know of my marriage. Oloff Van Duzer Wetmore is his real name."

I smiled to think of Marble's sailing under such an appellation, and was about to suggest a compromise, when the subject of our discourse returned. The mate had regained his composure during the half hour he had been absent; and I saw by the kind glance he threw on his mother, whose look answered his own more naturally than I could have hoped, that things were getting right; and, by way of removing the awkwardness of excessive sensibility, I pursued the discourse.

"We were talking of your true name, Moses, as you came in," I said. "It

will never do for you to hail by one name, while your mother hails by another. You'll have to cut adrift from Moses Marble altogether."

"If I do, may I be——"

"Hush, hush—you forget where you are, and in whose presence you stand."

"I hope my son will soon learn that he is always in the presence of his God," observed the mother, plaintively.

"Ay, ay—that's all right, mother, and you shall do with me just what you please in any of them matters; but as for not being Moses Marble, you might as well ask me not to be myself. I should be another man, to change my name. A fellow might as well go without clothes, as go without a name; and mine came so hard, I don't like to part with it. No, no—had it come to pass, now, that my parents had been a king and a queen, and that I was to succeed 'em on the throne, I should reign as King Moses Marble, or not reign at all."

"You'll think better of this, and take out a new register under your lawful designation."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, mother, and that will satisfy all parties. I'll bend on the old name to the new one, and sail under both."

"I care not how you are called, my son, so long as no one has need to blush for the name you bear. This gentleman tells me you are an honest and true-hearted man; and those are blessings for which I shall never cease to thank God."

"Miles has been singing my praises, has he? I can tell you, mother, you had need look out for Miles's tongue. Natur' intended him for a lawyer, and it's mere accident his being a sailor, though a capital one he is. But what may be my name, according to law?"

"Oloff Van Duzer Wetmore Moses Marble, according to your own expedient of sailing under all your titles. You can ring the changes, however, and call yourself Moses Oloff Marble Van Duzer Wetmore, if you like that better."

Moses laughed, and as I saw that both he and his new-found mother were in a fit state to be left together, and that the sun now wanted but an hour or two of setting, I rose to take my leave.

"You will remain with your mother to-night, Marble," I observed; "I will keep the sloop at an anchor until I can see you in the morning, when we will settle the future a little more deliberately."

"I should not like to lose my son so soon after finding him," the old woman anxiously remarked.

"No fear of me, mother—I berth under your roof to-night, and so many more in the bargain, that you'll be glad enough to be rid of me in the end."

I then left the house, followed by Marble, toward the boat. As we reached the little piece of bottom-land, I heard a sort of suppressed sob from the mate, and, turning round, was surprised to see the tears running down his sun-burned cheeks. His wrought-up feelings had at last obtained the mastery; and this rude, but honest creature, had fairly given in, under the excitement of this strange admixture of joy, wonder, shame, and natural emotion. I took his hand, gave it a hearty squeeze, but said nothing; though I stopped, unwilling to go nearer to Neb until my companion had regained his composure. This he did, sufficiently to speak, in the course of a minute or two.

"It's all like a dream to me, Miles," Moses at length muttered—"more out of natur' like, than setting up for a hermit."

"You'll soon get accustomed to the change, Marble; then everything will seem in the ordinary way, and natural."

"To think of my being a son, and having a real, living mother!"

"You must have known that you had parents once, though you are fortunate in finding one of them alive at your time of life."

"And she an honest woman! A mother the President of the United States, or the first commodore in the navy, needn't be ashamed of!"

"All that is fortunate, certainly; especially the first."

"She's a bloody good-looking old woman in the bargain. I'll have her dressed up and carry her down to town, the first opportunity."

"What would you give an old woman that trouble for? You'll think better of these matters in the long run."

"Better! Yes, I'll take her to Philadelphia, and perhaps to Baltimore. There's the gardens, and the theaters, and the museums, and lots of things that I dare say the dear old soul never laid eyes on."

"I'm mistaken in your mother, if she would not prefer a church to all of them put together."

"Well, there's churches in all of them towns. Put it on a religious footing, if you will, and I ought to take my mother as soon as possible down to York. She's old, you see, and cannot live forever, just to oblige me; and here has she been tied down to one church all her days, giving her no ch'ice nor opportunity. I dare say, now, variety is just as agreeable in religion as in anything else."

"You are nearer right there, Moses, than you think yourself, possibly. But we can talk of all these things to-morrow. A good night's rest will give us cooler heads in the morning."

"I shall not sleep a wink for thinking of it. No, no—I'll make the old lady pack up before breakfast, and we'll sail in the sloop. I'll take her aboard the *Dawn* with me in town, and a comfortable time we'll have of it in her cabins. She has as good state-rooms as a yacht."

There were no liners in those days; but a ship with two cabins was a miracle of convenience.

"Your mother will hardly suit a ship, Moses; and a ship will hardly suit your mother."

"How can any of us know that till we try? If I'm a chip of the old block, they'll take to each other like rum and water. If I'm to go out in the ship, I'm far from certain I'll not take the old woman to sea with me."

"You'll probably remain at home, now that you *have* a home, and a mother, and other duties to attend to. I and my concerns will be but secondary objects with you hereafter, Mr. Wetmore."

"Wetmore be d——d! D'ye mean to tell me, Miles, that I'm to give up my calling, give up the sea, give up *you?*"

"You wished to be a hermit once, and found it a little too solitary; had you a companion or two, you would have been satisfied, you said. Well, here is everything you can wish; a mother, a niece, a house, a farm, barns, outhouses, garden, and orchard; and, seated on that porch, you can smoke cigars, take your grog, look at the craft going up and down the Hudson——"

"Nothing but so many bloody sloops," growled the mate. "Such in-and-in fore-and-afters that their booms won't stay guyed out, even after you've been at the pains to use a hawser."

"Well, a sloop is a pleasant object to a sailor, when he can get nothing better. Then there is this Mr. Van Tassel to settle with—you may have a ten years' lawsuit on your hands, to amuse you."

"I'll make short work with that scamp when I fall in with him. You're right enough, Miles; that affair must be settled before I can lift an anchor. My mother tells me he lives hard by, and can be seen, at any moment, in a quarter of an hour. I'll pay him a visit this very night."

This declaration caused me to pause. I knew Marble too well, not to foresee trouble if he were left to himself in a matter of this nature, and thought it might be well to inquire further into the affair. Sailors do everything off-hand. Mrs. Wetmore telling me that her son's statement was true, on my going back to the house to question her in the matter, and offering us the use of an old-fashioned one-horse chaise, that the only farm-laborer she employed was just then getting ready to go in, in quest of Kitty, I availed myself of the opportunity, took the printed advertisement of the sale to read as we went along, obtained our directions, and off Marble and I went in quest of the usurer.

There would be sufficient time for all our purposes. It is true that the horse, like the house, its owner, the laborer, the chaise, and all we had yet seen about Willow Cove, as we had learned the place

was called, was old; but he was the more safe and sure. The road led up the ascent by a ravine, through which it wound its way very prettily; the laborer walking by our side to point out the route, after we should reach the elevation of the country that stretched inland.

The view from the height, as it might be termed in reference to the river, though it was merely on the level of the whole region in that portion of the State, was both extensive and pretty. Willow Grove, as Marble called his mother's place three or four times, while our horse was working his way up the ascent, looked more invitingly than ever, with its verdant declivities, rich orchards, neat cottages, all ensconced behind the sheltering cover of the river heights. Inland, we saw a hundred farms, groves without number, divers roads, a hamlet within a mile of us, an old-fashioned extinguisher-looking church-spire, and various houses of wood painted white, with here and there a piece of rustic antiquity in bricks, or stone, washed with lime or some livelier paint; for the Dutch of New York had brought the habits of Holland with them, delighting in colors. This relief may be desirable in a part of the world where the eternal green of the meadows in a manner fatigues the eye; but certainly the gray of nature has no just competitor in the tints of the more artificial portions of the ordinary landscape. White may make a scene look gay; but it can never lend it dignity, or the solemn hues that so often render the loveliness of a view impressive as well as sweet. When this glaring color reaches the fences, it gives the prettiest landscape the air of a bleaching-yard, or of a great laundry, with the clothes hung out to dry!

The guide pointed out to us the house of Van Tassel, and another at which we should find Kitty, who was to be brought home by us on our return. Understanding the course and distance, we put to sea without any misgivings. The horse was no flyer, and Marble and I had plenty of leisure to arrange preliminaries before reaching the door to which we were bound. After some consultation, and a good deal of discussion, I succeeded in persuading my companion it would not be wisest to break ground by flogging the attorney—a procedure to which he was strongly inclined. It was settled, however, he was at once to declare himself to be Mrs. Wetmore's son, and to demand his explanations in that character; one that would clearly give him every claim to be heard.

"I know what these usurers, as you call 'em, Miles, must be," said the mate. "They are a sort of in-shore pawnbrokers; and the Lord have mercy on them, for I'll have none. I've had occasion to pawn a watch, or a quadrant, in my time; and bloody poor prices does a fellow get for his goods and chattels. Yes, yes; I'll let the old gentleman know at once I'm Van Duzer Oloff Marble Wetmore Moses, or whatever's my name; and will stand up for the right in a fashion that will surprise him; but what are you to do in the meantime?"

It struck me, if I could get Marble to attempt practicing a sort of *ruse*, it would have the effect to prevent his resorting to club-law, toward which I knew he had a strong natural disposition, and of which I was still a little afraid. With this object, then, I conceived the following scheme.

"You shall simply introduce me as Mr. Miles Wallingford," I said, "but in a formal manner, that may induce this Mr. Van Tassel to imagine I'm a sort of lawyer; and this may have the effect to awe him, and bring him to terms the easier. Do not *say* I am a lawyer, for that will not be true, and it will also be awkward falling back when the truth comes to be known."

Marble took the idea, and seemed pleased with it, though he affirmed that that there could be no such thing as acting lawyer without lying a little, and that "the truth was too good for one of your bloody usurers." I got him trained, however, by the time we reached the door; and we alighted as well prepared for our task as could be expected.

There was nothing about the residence of 'Squire Van Tassel to denote the grasping money-lender, unless a certain

negligence of the exterior might be supposed to betray the abode of such a man. His friends wished to ascribe this to an indifference to appearance; but the multitude more accuratety imputed it to parsimony. When the very soul gets to be absorbed in the process of rolling gold over and over, in order to make it accumulate, the spirit grudges the withdrawal of the smallest fraction from the gainful pursuit; and here lies the secret of the disdain of appearances that is so generally to be met with in this description of persons. Beyond this air of negligence, however, the dwelling of Van Tassel was not to be distinguished from those of most of the better houses of that part of the country. Our application for admission was favorably received, and in a minute we were shown into the attorney's office.

'Squire Van Tassel, as this man was universally termed, eyed us keenly as we entered, no doubt with a view to ascertain if we were borrowers. I might possibly have passed for one of that character, for I aimed at looking serious and thoughtful; but I would defy any man to mistake Moses for one who came on such an errand. He looked more like a messenger sent by the Father of Sin, to demand the payment of a certain bond that had been signed in blood, and of which the fatal pay-day had at length arrived. I had to give the skirt of his coat a pull, in order to recall him to our agreement, else I do think the first salutation received by the attorney would have been a broadside in anything but words. The hint succeeded, and Marble permitted our host to open the communications.

'Squire Van Tassel had a very miserly exterior. He even looked ill fed; though doubtless this appearance was more a consequence of habit of body, than of short-feeding. He wore spectacles with black rims, and had the common practice of looking over them at objects at a distance, which gave him an air still more watchful than that which he imbibed from character. His stature was small, and his years about sixty, an age when the accumulation of money begins to bring as much pain as pleasure; for it is a period of life when men cannot fail to see the termination of their earthly schemes. Of all the passions, however, avarice is notoriously that which the latest loosens its hold on the human heart.

"Your servant, gentlemen," began the attorney, in a manner that was civil enough; "your servant; I beg you to help yourselves to chairs." We all three took seats at this invitation. "A pleasant evening," eying us still more keenly over his glasses, "and weather that is good for the crops. If the wars continue much longer in Europe," another look over the glasses, "we shall sell all the substance out of our lands, in order to send the belligerents wheat. I begin to look on real estate security as considerably less valuable than it was, when hostilities commenced in 1793, and as daily growing less and less so."

"Ay, you may say that," Marble bluntly answered; "particularly the farms of widows and orphans."

The "'Squire" was a little startled at this unexpected reply. He looked intently at each of us again, over the spectacles, and then asked, in a manner divided between courtesy and authority—

"May I inquire your names, and the object of this visit?"

"Sartain," said Marble. "That's reasonable and your right. We are not ashamed of our names, nor of our errand. As for the last, Mr. Van Tassel, you'll know it sooner than you will wish to know it; but, to begin at the right end, this gentleman with me is Mr. Miles Wallingford, a partic'lar friend of old Mrs. Wetmore, who lives a bit down the road yonder, at a farm called Willow Grove; 'Squire Wallingford, sir, is *her* friend, and *my* friend, and I've great pleasure in making you acquainted with him."

"I am happy to see the gentleman," answered Van Tassel, taking another look, while at the same time he glanced his eye at an alphabetical list of the attorneys and counselors to see what place I occupied among them. "Very happy to see the gentleman, who has quite lately commenced practice, I should

think, by his age, and my not remembering the name."

"There must be a beginning to all things, Mr. Van Tassel," I replied, with a calmness that I could see the old usurer did not like.

"Very true, sir, and I hope your future success will be in proportion to the lateness of your appearance at the bar. Your companion has much more the air of a sailor than of a lawyer." This was true enough, there being no mistaking Marble's character, though I had put on a bodycoat to come ashore in. "I presume *he* is not in the practice."

"That remains to be seen, sir," answered Marble. "Having told you my friend's name, Mr. Van Tassel, I will now tell you my own. I am called Moses Marble Wetmore Van Duzer Oloff, sir, or some such bloody thing; and you're welcome to take your pick out of the whole list. I'll answer to either of them aliases."

"This is so extraordinary and unusual, gentlemen, I scarce know what to make of it. Has this visit any connection with Mrs. Wetmore, or her farm, or the mortgage I have been foreclosing on the last?"

"It has, sir; and I am that Mrs. Wetmore's son—yes, sir, the only child of that dear, good old soul."

"The son of Mrs. Wetmore!" exclaimed Van Tassel, both surprised and uneasy. "I knew there *was* a son; but I have been always told it was impossible to find him. I see no resemblance, sir, in you, to either George Wetmore or Kitty Van Duzer."

Now this was not altogether true. As for George Wetmore, they who had known him in middle age afterward declared that Moses did resemble him greatly; while I, myself, could trace in the mouth and milder expression of the mate's features a strong likeness to the subdued character of his aged mother's face. This resemblance would not have been observed, in all probability, without a knowledge of the affinity that existed between the parties; but, with that knowledge, it was not easy to overlook.

"Resemblance!" repeated Marble, much in the tone of one who is ready to quarrel on the slightest provocation; "how should there be any resemblance after the life I've led? In the first place I was carried out of my mother's sight in less than ten days after I was born. Then I was placed on a tombstone, by way of encouragement; after which they sent me to live among paupers. I ran away at ten years old, and went to sea, where I've played the part of a man-of-war's man, privateer's man, smuggler, mate, master, and all hands; everything, in short, but a pirate and mutineer. I've been a bloody hermit, Mr. Van Tassel, and if that won't take the resemblance to anything human out of a fellow his face is as unchangeable as that on a gold coin."

"All this, Mr. Wallingford, is so unintelligible to me, that I shall have to ask you to explain it."

"I can only add to it, sir, my belief that every word you hear is true. I am satisfied that this is, in a legal sense, Oloff Van Duzer Wetmore, the only surviving child of George Wetmore and Katharine Van Duzer. He has come to see you in relation to a claim you are said to hold against the farm his mother inherited from her parents."

"*Said* to hold! I certainly do hold George Wetmore's bond, secured by a mortgage signed by his wife, balance due, including interest and costs, $963.42; and am proceeding to sell, under the statute. One sale has been postponed to oblige the widow, for a merciful man would not wish to press a single and aged woman, though I've lain out of my money a very long time. You are aware, sir, that I lose all my interest on interest, and must take up with just what the law will give—hardship enough in active times like these, when not a day passes that something good does not offer in the way of purchasing the best of securities, at liberal discounts. Trade is so lively now, Mr. Wallingford, that men will almost sell their souls for money."

"I rather think, sir, that some men will do this at all times, nay, do it hourly, daily. But I am instructed"—I could not help acting the counsel a little on the

occasion—"I am instructed that the bond of George Wetmore is paid in full."

"How can that be, sir, while I still hold bond and mortgage? As a business man, you must understand the value to be attached to the idle tales of women, and can see the danger of taking gossip for authority. George Wetmore had some knowledge of business, and would not be likely to pay his bond without taking it up, or at least of obtaining a receipt, much less leave the mortgage on record."

"I am informed he did take your receipt, though he presumes he must have lost it with a missing pocket-book, which his widow supposes to have been dropped from his coat the very day he returned from the court where he met you, and where he says he paid you the money, being anxious to stop interest as soon as possible."

"A very idle story, and one you do not suppose the chancellor will believe, confirmed by the *hearsay* of the party interested in preserving the property. You are aware, sir, that the sale can be stopped only by an injunction from the Court of Chancery."

Now I was certainly no lawyer, but like almost every American, I knew something of that branch of the jurisprudence of the country which touched my own interests. As a landholder, I had a little knowledge of the law of real estate, and was not absolutely ignorant of the manner in which matters were managed in that most searching of all tribunals, the Court of Chancery. A lucky thought suggested itself to my mind on the instant, and I made use of it on the spur of the moment.

"It is quite true, sir," I answered, "that any prudent judge might hesitate about entering a decree on authority no better than the oath of Mrs. Wetmore that she had heard her husband say he had paid the money, but you will remember that the party replying has to swear to his answer. All of us might be better satisfied in this affair were you to make oath that the money was never paid."

This hit told, and from that moment I did not entertain a doubt that Wetmore had paid the money, and that Van Tassel retained a perfect recollection of the whole affair. This much I could read in the man's altered countenance and averted eye, though my impressions certainly were not proof. If not proof, however, for a court of justice, they served to enlist me earnestly in the pursuit of the affair, into which I entered warmly from that moment. In the meantime I waited for Van Tassel's answer, watching his countenance the whole time, with a vigilance that I could easily see caused him great embarrassment.

"Kitty Wetmore and I were born neighbors' children," he said, "and this mortage has given me more trouble than all the rest of my possessions. That I have been in no hurry to foreclose is plain by the length of time I've suffered to go by without claiming my dues. I could wait no longer without endangering my rights, as there would be a presumption of payment after twenty years, and a presumption that would tell harder against me than old Kitty's oath. We are neighbors' children, as I've said, nevertheless, and rather than push matters to extremities I will consent to some sort of a compromise."

"And what sort of a compromise will be agreeable to your notions of justice, Mr. Van Tassel?"

"Why, sir, as Kitty is old, it would be a sad thing to drive her from the roof under which she was born. This I've said and thought from the first, and say *now*. Still, I cannot part with my property without a compensation; though I'm willing to wait. I told Mrs. Wetmore before advertising, that if she would give a new bond, making all clear, and giving me interest on the whole sum now due, I should be willing to grant her time. I now propose, however, as the simplest way of settling the affair, to accept from her a release of the equity of redemption, and to grant her a lease, for her own life, on a nominal rent."

Even Marble knew enough to see the rank injustice of such an offer. In addition to conceding the non-payment of the debt, it was securing to Van Tassel, at no distant day, the quiet possession of the

farm, for somewhat less than one-third its value. I detected symptoms of an outbreak in the mate, and was obliged to repress it by a sign while I kept the discussion in my own hands.

"Under such an arrangement, sir," I answered, "my friend here would be literally selling his birthright for a mess of porridge."

"You will remember, Mr. Wallingford, that a mortgage sale, legally made, is a ticklish thing, and the courts do not like to disturb one. This sale will take place this day week; and the title once passed, it will not be so easy a matter to get it repassed. Mr. Wetmore, here, does not look like a man ready to pay down a thousand dollars."

"We shall not run the risk of letting the title pass. I will buy the property, myself, if necessary; and should it afterward appear that the money has been actually paid, we believe you are sufficiently secure for principal, interest and costs."

"You are young in the profession, Mr. Wallingford, and will come to learn the folly of advancing money for your clients."

"I am not in the profession at all, sir, as you have erroneously supposed, but am a shipmaster; and Mr. Wetmore, or Marble, as he has hitherto been called, is my mate. Still, we are none the worse provided with the means of paying a thousand dollars—or twenty of them, should it be necessary."

"No lawyer!" cried Van Tassel, smiling grimly. "A couple of sailors about to dispute the foreclosure of a mortgage! Famous justice we should get at your hands, gentlemen! Well, well; I now see how it is, and that this has only been an attempt to work on my sympathies for an old woman who has been living on my money these twenty years. I rather think your $963.42 will prove to be of the same quality as your law."

"And yet it struck me, Mr. Van Tassel, that you rather disliked the idea of swearing to the truth of an answer to a certain bill in chancery, which, if I cannot draw, one Abraham Van Vetchen, of Albany, can!"

"Abraham Van Vetchen is a skillful counsel, and an honest man, and is not likely to be employed in a cause that rests on an old woman's *hearsays*—and all to save her own farm!"

Marble could keep silence no longer. He told me afterward, that, during the dialogue, he had been taking the measure of the old usurer's foot, and felt it would be a disgrace to strike so feeble a creature; but to sit and hear his newly-found mother sneered at, and her just rights derided, was more than his patience could endure. Rising abruptly, therefore, he broke out at once in one of the plainest philippics of the sea. I shall not repeat all he said; for, to render it justly, might be to render it offensive; but in addition to calling old Van Tassel by a great many names that were as unusual as they were quaint, he called him by several that would be familiar to the ears of most of my readers, besides being perfectly well merited. I allowed his humor to find vent; and, giving the attorney to understand he should hear further from us, I succeeded in getting my companion to the wagon without coming to blows. I could see that Van Tassel was very far from being at his ease, and that he would still gladly keep us, if he could, in the hope of bringing about some sort of a compromise, if possible; but I thought it wisest to let matters rest awhile, after the decided demonstration we had already made.

It was not an easy matter to get Marble into the vehicle; but this was no sooner effected, than I trotted him off down the road, taking the direction of the house where we had been told to seek Kitty Huguenin, old Mrs. Wetmore's granddaughter, who would be waiting the appearance of the chaise, in order to return home.

"You must put on a more amicable look," said I to the mate, as we went on our way, "or you'll frighten your niece; with whom, you will remember, you are about to make an acquaintance."

"The cheating vagabond, to take advantage of a poor, lonely old woman, whose only husband was in the grave, and only son at sea!" the mate continued

to mutter. "Talk about the commandments! I should like to know what commandment this was breaking. The whole six, in a batch."

"The tenth, I am inclined to think, my friend; and that is a commandment broken all day, and every day."

The denunciations of the mate continued for some time longer, and then went off like the rumbling of distant thunder in the heavens after the passage of the gust.

CHAPTER IV.

"Mo Moorish maid might hope to vie
With Laila's cheek, or Laila's eye;
No maiden loved with purer truth,
Or ever loved a lovelier youth."—SOUTHEY.

"MILES," said Moses, suddenly, after riding a short distance in silence, "I must quit the old lady this very night, and go down with you to town. We must have that money up at the place of sale, in readiness for the vagabond; for, as to letting him have the smallest chance at Willow Grove, that is out of the question."

"As you please, Marble; but, now get yourself in trim to meet another relation; the second you have laid eyes on in this world."

"Think of that, Miles! Think of my having *two* relations! A mother and a niece! Well, it is a true saying that it never rains but it pours."

"You probably have many more—uncles, aunts, and cousins in scores. The Dutch are famous for counting cousins; and no doubt you'll have calls on you from half the county."

I saw that Marble was perplexed, and did not know, at first, but he was getting to be embarrassed by this affluence of kindred. The mate, however, was not the man long to conceal his thoughts from me; and, in the strength of his feelings, he soon let his trouble be known.

"I say, Miles," he rejoined, "a fellow may be bothered with felicity, I find. Now, here, in ten minutes, perhaps, I shall have to meet my sister's dartar—my own, born, blood niece; a full-grown, and I dare say, a comely young woman; and, hang me, if I know exactly what a man ought to say in such a state of the facts. Generalizing won't do with these near relations; and I suppose a sister's dartar is pretty much the same to a chap as his own dartar would be, provided he had one."

"Exactly; had you reasoned a month, you could not have hit upon a better solution of the difficulty than this. Treat this Kitty Huguenin just as you would treat Kitty Marble."

"Ay, ay; all this is easy enough aforehand, and to such scholars as you; but it comes hard on a fellow like myself to heave his ideas out of him, as it might be, with a windlass. I managed the old woman right well, and could get along with a dozen mothers better than with one sister's dartar. Suppose she should turn out a girl with black eyes, and red cheeks, and all that sort of thing; I dare say she would expect me to kiss her?"

"Certainly; she will expect that, should her eyes even be white, and her cheeks black. Natural affection expects this much even among the least enlightened of the human race."

"I am disposed to do everything according to usage," returned Marble, quite innocently, and more discomposed by the situation in which he so unexpectedly found himself than he might have been willing to own; "while, at the same time, I do not wish to do anything that is not expected from a son and an uncle. If these relations had only come one at a time."

"Poh, poh, Moses—do not be quarreling with your good luck, just as it's at its height. Here is the house, and I'll engage one of those four girls is your niece—that with the bonnet for a dollar; she being ready to go home, and the whole having come to the door, in consequence of seeing the chaise driving down the road. They are puzzled at finding us in it, however, instead of the usual driver."

Marble hemmed, attempted to clear his throat, pulled down both sleeves of his jacket, settled his black handkerchief to his mind, slyly got rid of his quid, and

otherwise "cleared ship for action," as he would have been very apt to describe his own preparations. After all his heart failed him at the pinch; and just as I was pulling up the horse, he said to me, in a voice so small and delicate that it sounded odd to one who had heard the man's thunder as he hailed yards and tops in gales of wind:

"Miles, my dear boy, I do not half like this business; suppose you get out, and open the matter to the ladies. There's four of them, you see, and that's three too many. Go, now, Miles, that's a good fellow, and I'll do the same for you another time. I can't have *four* nieces here, you'll own yourself."

"And while I'm telling your story to your niece, your own sister's daughter, what will you be doing here, pray?"

"Doing? Why, anything, my dear Miles, that can be useful. I say, boy, do you think she looks anything like me? When you get nearer, if you should think so, just hold up a hand as a signal, that I may not be taken by surprise. Yes, yes; you go first, and I'll follow; and, as for 'doing,' why, you know, I can hold this bloody horse."

I laughed, threw the reins to Marble, who seized them with both hands, as if the beast required holding, while I alighted, and walked to the cluster of girls, who awaited my movements in surprise and silence. Since that day, I have seen more of the world than might have been expected in one of my early career; and often have I had occasion to remark the tendency there exists to extremes in most things; in manners, as well as in every other matter connected with human feelings. As we become sophisticated, acting takes the place of nature, and men and women often affect the greatest indifference in cases in which they feel the liveliest interest. This is the source of the ultra *sang froid* of what is termed high breeding, which would have caused the four young women, who then stood in the door-yard of the respectable farmhouse at which I had alighted, to assume an air as cold, and as marblelike, at the sudden appearance of Mrs. Wetmore's chaise, containing two strange faces, as if they had been long expecting our arrival, and were a little displeased it had not occurred an hour sooner. Such, however, was not my reception. Though the four girls were all youthful, blooming, pretty, delicate in appearance, according to the fashion of American women, and tolerably well attired, they had none of the calm exterior of conventional manner. One would speak quick to another; looks of surprise were often exchanged; there were not a few downright giggles, and then each put on as dignified an air to meet the stranger as, under the circumstances, she could assume.

"I presume Miss Kitty Huguenin is among you, young ladies," I commenced, bowing as civilly as was necessary; "for this appears to be the house to which we were directed."

A girl of about sixteen, of decidedly pleasing appearance, and one who bore a sufficient resemblance to old Mrs. Wetmore to be recognized, advanced a step out of the group, a little eagerly, and then as suddenly checked herself, with the timidity of her years and sex, as if afraid of going too far.

"I am Kitty," she said, changing color once or twice; now flushing, and now growing pale. "Is anything the matter, sir? has grandmother sent for me?"

"Nothing is the matter, unless you can call *good news* something the matter. We have just left your grandmother's on business, having been up to 'Squire Van Tassel's on her affairs; rather than let us go on foot she lent us her chaise, on condition that we should stop on our return and bring you home with us. The chaise is the evidence that we act under orders."

In most countries such a proposition would have excited distrust; in America, and in that day, more especially among girls of the class of Kitty Huguenin, it produced none. Then, I flatter myself, I was not a very frightful object to a girl of that age, and that my countenance was not of such a cast as absolutely to alarm her. Kitty accordingly wished her companions hasty adieus, and in a minute she

was placed between Marble and myself, the old vehicle being sufficiently spacious to accommodate three. I made my bows, and away we trotted, or *ambled* would be a better word. For a brief space there was silence in the chaise, though I could detect Marble stealing sidelong glances at his pretty little niece. His eyes were moist, and he hemmed violently once, and actually blew his nose, taking occasion, at the same time, to pass his handkerchief over his forehead no less than three times in as many minutes. The furtive manner in which he indulged in these feelings provoked me to say:

"You appear to have a bad cold this evening, Mr. Wetmore," for I thought the opportunity might also be improved in the way of breaking ground with our secret.

"Ay, you know how it is in these matters, Miles—somehow, I scarce know why myself, but somehow I feel bloody womanish this evening."

I felt little Kitty pressing closer to my side, as if she had certain misgivings touching her other neighbor.

"I suppose you are surprised, Miss Kitty," I resumed, "at finding two strangers in your grandmother's chaise?"

"I did not expect it—but—you said you had been to Mr. Van Tassel's, and that there was good news for me—does 'Squire Van Tassel allow that grandfather paid him the money?"

"Not that exactly, but you have friends who will see that no wrong shall be done you. I suppose you have been afraid your grandmother and yourself might be turned away from the old place?"

"'Squire Van Tassel's daughters have boasted as much," answered Kitty in a very subdued tone—a voice, indeed, that grew lower and more tremulous as she proceeded—"but I don't much mind *them*, for they think their father is to own the whole country one of these days." This was uttered with spirit. "But the old house was built by grandmother's grandfather, they say, and grandmother was born in it, and mother was born in it, and so was I. It is hard to leave a place like that, sir, and for a debt, too, that grandmother says she is sure has once been paid."

"Ay, bloody hard!" growled Marble.

Kitty again pressed nearer to me, or, to speak more properly, further from the mate, whose countenance was particularly grim just at that moment.

"All that you say is very true, Kitty," I replied, "but Providence has sent you friends to take care that no wrong shall be done your grandmother or yourself."

"You're right enough in that, Miles," put in the mate. "God bless the old lady; she shall never sleep out of the house, with my consent, unless it is when she sails down the river to go to the theater, and the museum, the ten or fifteen Dutch churches there are in town, and all them 'ere sort o' thingumerees."

Kitty gazed at her left-hand neighbor with surprise, but I could feel that maiden bashfulness induced her to press less closely to my side than she had done the minute before.

"I don't understand you," Kitty answered, after a short pause, during which she was doubtless endeavoring to comprehend what she had heard. "Grandmother has no wish to go to town: she only wants to pass the rest of her days quietly, at the old place, and one church is enough for anybody."

Had the little girl lived a few years later, she would have ascertained that some persons required half a dozen.

"And you, Kitty, do you suppose your grandmother has no thought for you, when she shall be called away herself?"

"Oh, yes! I know she thinks a good deal of *that*, but I try to set her heart at ease, poor, dear old grandmother, for it's of no use to be distressing herself about *me!* I can take care of myself well enough, and have plenty of friends who will never see me want. Father's sisters say they'll take care of *me*."

"You have one friend, Kitty, of whom you little think just now, and he will provide for you."

"I don't know whom you mean, sir—unless—and yet—you can't suppose I never think of God, sir?"

"I mean a friend on earth—have you no

friend on earth whom you have not mentioned yet?"

"I am not sure—perhaps—you do not mean Horace Bright, do you, sir?"

This was said with a bright blush and a look in which the dawning consciousness of maiden shame was so singularly blended with almost childish innocence, as both to delight me and yet cause me to smile.

"And who is Horace Bright?" I asked, assuming as grave an air as possible.

"Oh! Horace is nobody—only the son of one of our neighbors. There, don't you see the old stone house that stands among the apple and cherry trees, on the bank of the river, just here in a line with this barn?"

"Quite plainly, and a very pretty place it is. We were admiring it as we drove up the road."

"Well, that is Horace Bright's father's, and one of the best farms in the neighborhood. But you mustn't mind what *he* says, grandmother always tells me; boys love to talk grandly, and all the folks about here feel for us, though most of them are afraid of 'Squire Van Tassel, too."

"I place no reliance at all on Horace's talk, not I. It is just as your grandmother tells you; boys are fond of making a parade, and often utter things they don't mean."

"Well, I don't think that is Horace's way in the least, though I wouldn't have you suppose I ever think the least in the world about what Horace says concerning my never being left to want. My own aunts will take care of *that*."

"And should they fail you, my dear," cried Marble, with strong feeling, "your own *uncle* would step into their places, without waiting to have his memory jogged."

Again Kitty looked surprised, a very little startled, and again she pressed to my side.

"I have no uncle," she answered, timidly. "Father never had a brother, and grandmother's son is dead."

"No, Kitty," I said, giving a look at Marble to keep him quiet, "in the last you are mistaken. This is the good news of which we spoke. Your grandmother's son is not dead, but living, and in good health. He is found, acknowledged, has passed the afternoon with your grandmother, has money more than enough to satisfy even the unjust demand of the miserly Van Tassel, and will be a father to *you*."

"Oh! dear me, can this be true?" exclaimed Kitty, pressing still closer than ever to my side. "And are you uncle, after all, and will it all come out as you say? Poor, poor grandmother, and I not at home to hear it all, and to help her under such a great trial!"

"Your grandmother was a little distressed of course, at first, but she bore it all remarkably well, and is as happy at this moment as you yourself could wish her to be. You are under a mistake, however, in supposing I am your uncle. Do I look old enough to be your mother's brother?"

"Dear me, no—I might have seen that, hadn't I been so silly—can it be this other gentleman?"

Here Marble took his hint from nature, and clasping the pretty young creature in his arms, he kissed her with an affection and warmth that were truly paternal. Poor Kitty was frightened at first, and, I dare say, like her grandmother, in a slight degree disappointed, but there was so much heartiness in the mate's manner that it reassured her in a degree.

"I'm a bloody poor uncle, I know, Kitty, for a young woman like you to own," Marble got out, though sorely tempted to blubber; "but there's worse in the world, as you'll discover, no doubt, in time. Such as I am, you must take me, and from this time henceforth do not care a straw for old Van Tassel, or any other griping vagabond like him, in York State."

"Uncle is a sailor!" Kitty answered, after being fairly released from the mate's rough embrace. "Grandmother heard once that he was a soldier."

"Ay, that comes of lying. I don't think they could have made a soldier of me, had two wicked nurses run away with me, and had they placed me on fifty tombstones, by way of commencing life. My natur' would revolt at carrying a musket,

for sartain, while the seas have always been a sort of home to me."

Kitty made no answer to this, being a little in doubt, I believe, as to the manner in which she was to regard this new acquisition of an uncle.

"Your grandparents did suppose your uncle a soldier," I remarked, "but after the man was seen the mistake was discovered, and now the truth has come out in a way that will admit of no dispute."

"How is uncle named?" demanded the niece in a low voice and a hesitating manner. "Mother's brother was christened Oloff, I have heard grandmother say."

"Very true, dear; we've been all over that, the old lady and I. They tell me, too, I was christened by the name of Moses —I suppose you know who Moses was, child?"

"To be sure, uncle!" said Kitty, with a little laugh of surprise. "He was the great law-maker of the Jews."

"Ha, Miles, is that so?"

I nodded assent.

"And do you know about his being found in the bulrushes, and the story of the king of Ethiopia's daughter?"

"The king of Egypt, you mean, do you not, Uncle Oloff?" cried Kitty, with another little laugh.

"Well, Ethiopia or Egypt; it's all pretty much the same—this girl has been wonderfully edicated, Miles, and will turn out famous company for me, in the long winter evenings, some twenty years hence, or when I've worked my way up into the latitude of the dear, good old soul under the hill yonder."

A slight exclamation from Kitty was followed by a blush and a change of expression, that showed she was thinking, just at that moment, of anything but Uncle Oloff. I asked an explanation.

"It's *only* Horace Bright, out yonder in the orchard, looking at us. He will be puzzled to know who is with me, in the old chaise. Horace thinks he can drive a horse better than any one about here, so you must be careful how you hold the reins, or use the whip. Horace!"

This boded no good to Marble's plans for passing the evenings of his old age with Kitty to amuse him; but, as we were now on the brow of the hill, with the cottage in sight, Horace Bright was soon lost to view. To do the girl justice, she appeared now to think only of her grandmother, and of the effects the recent discovery of her son would be likely to produce on one of her years and infirmities. As for myself, I was surprised to see Mr. Hardinge in earnest conversation with old Mrs. Wetmore, both seated on the stoop of the cottage, in the mild summer's evening, and Lucy walking, to and fro, on the short grass of the willow bottom, with an impatience and restlessness of manner it was very unusual for her to exhibit. No sooner was Kitty alighted, than she ran to her grandmother, Marble following, while I hastened to the point where was to be found the great object of my interest. Lucy's face was full of meaning and concern, and she received me with an extended hand that, gracious as was the act itself, and most grateful as it would have proved to me under other circumstances, I now feared boded no good.

"Miles, you have been absent an age!" Lucy commenced. "I should be disposed to reproach you, had not the extraordinary story of this good old woman explained it all. I feel the want of air and exercise; give me your arm, and we will walk a short distance up the road. My dear father will not be inclined to quit that happy family so long as any light is left."

I gave Lucy my arm, and we did walk up the road together, actually ascending the hill I had just descended; but all this did not induce me to overlook the fact that Lucy's manner was hurried and excited. The whole seemed so inexplicable, that I thought I would wait her own pleasure in the matter.

"Your friend Marble," she continued —"I do not know why I ought not to say *our* friend Marble—must be a very happy man at having, at length, discovered who his parents are, and to have discovered them to be so respectable and worthy of his affection."

"As yet, he seems to be more bewildered than happy, as, indeed, does the whole family. The thing has come on

them so unexpectedly, that there has not been time to bring their feelings in harmony with the facts."

"Family affection is a blessed thing, Miles," Lucy resumed, after a short pause, speaking in her thoughtful manner; "there is little in this world that can compensate for its loss. It must have been sad, sad, to the poor fellow to have lived so long without father, mother, sister, brother, or any other known relative."

"I believe Marble found it so; yet, I think he felt the supposed disgrace of his birth more than his solitary condition. The man has warm affections at the bottom, though he has a most uncouth manner of making it known."

"I am surprised one so circumstanced never thought of marrying; he might, at least, have lived in the bosom of his own family, though he never knew that of a father."

"These are the suggestions of a tender and devoted female heart, dear Lucy; but what has a sailor to do with a wife? I have heard it said Sir John Jervis—the present Lord St. Vincent — always declared a married seaman a seaman spoiled; and I believe Marble loves a ship so well he would hardly know how to love a woman."

Lucy made no answer to this indiscreet and foolish speech. Why it was made, I scarce know myself; but the heart has its bitter moods, when it prompts sentiments and declarations that are very little in accordance with its real impulses. I was so much ashamed of what I had just said, and, in truth, so much frightened, that, instead of attempting to laugh it off as a silly, unmeaning opinion, or endeavoring to explain that this was not my own way of thinking, I walked on some distance in silence, myself, and suffered my companion to imitate me in this particular. I have since had reason to think that Lucy was not pleased at my manner of treating the subject, though, blessed creature! she had another matter to communicate, that lay too heavy on her heart to allow one of her generous, disinterested nature to think much of anything else.

"Miles," Lucy at length broke the silence by saying, "I wish, I *do* wish we had not met that other sloop this morning."

I stopped short in the highway, dropped my beautiful companion's arm, and stood gazing intently in her face, as if I would read her most inmost thoughts through those windows of the soul, her serene, mild, tender, blue eyes. I saw that the face was colorless, and that the beautiful lips, out of which the words that had alarmed me more by their accents than their direct signification, had proceeded, were quivering in a way that their lovely mistress could not control. Tears, as large as heavy drops of rain, too, were trembling on the long silken eyelashes, while the very attitude of the precious girl denoted hopelessness and grief!

"This relates to Grace!" I exclaimed, though my throat was so parched as almost to choke my utterance.

"Whom, or what else can now occupy our minds, Miles? I can scarce think of anything but Grace; when I do it is to remember that my own brother has killed her!"

What answer could I have made to such a speech, had my mind been sufficiently at ease as respects my sister to think of anything else? As it was, I did not even attempt the vain office of saying anything in the way of alleviating my companion's keen sense of the misconduct of Rupert.

"Grace is then worse in consequence of this unhappy encounter?" I observed, rather than asked.

"Oh! Miles; what a conversation I have had with her, this afternoon! She speaks, already, more like a being that belongs to the regions of the blessed than like one of earth! There is no longer any secret between us. She would gladly have avoided telling me her precise situation with Rupert, but we had already gone so far, I would know more. I thought it might relieve her mind; and there was the chance, however slight, of its enabling us to suggest some expedient to produce still further good. I think it has had some of the first effect, for she is now sleeping."

"Did Grace say anything of your communicating this miserable tale to me?"

"It is, indeed, a miserable tale! Miles, they were engaged from the time Grace was fifteen! Engaged distinctly, and in terms, I mean; not by any of the implied understandings, by which those who were so intimate generally might believe themselves bound to each other."

"And in what manner did so early and long-continued an engagement cease?"

"It came from Rupert, who should have died first, before he was so untrue to himself, to my poor father, to me, to all of us, Miles, as well as to his own manhood. It has been as we supposed; he has been deluded by the *éclat* that attaches to these Mertons in our provincial society; and Emily is rather a showy girl, you know—at least for those who are accustomed only to our simple habits."

Alas! little did Lucy *then* know—she has learned better since—that "showy" girls belong much more to our "simple" state of society than to the state of those which are commonly conceived to be more advanced. But Emily Merton was, in a slight degree, more artificial in manner than it was usual for a Manhattanese female of that day to be, and this was what Lucy meant; Lucy, who always thought so humbly of herself, and was ever so ready to concede to her rivals all that could plausibly be asked in their behalf.

"I am well aware how much importance the leading set among ourselves attaches to English connection, and English rank," I answered; "but it does not strike me Emily Merton is of a class so elevated, that Rupert Hardinge need break his faith in order to reap the advantage of belonging to her or her family."

"It cannot be altogether that. Miles," Lucy added, in an appealing, but touchingly confidential manner, "you and I have known each other from children, and, whatever may be the weaknesses of one who is so dear to me, and who, I hope, has not altogether lost his hold on your own affections, *we* can still rely on each other. I shall speak to you with the utmost dependence on your friendship, and a reliance on your heart that is not second to that which I place on my dear father's: for this is a subject on which there ought to be no concealment between *us*. It is impossible that one as manly, as upright, as honest, I will say, as yourself, can have lived so long in close intimacy with Rupert, and not be aware that he has marked defects of character."

"I have long known that he is capricious," I answered, unwilling to be severe on the faults of Lucy's brother, to Lucy's own ear; "perhaps, I might add, that I have known he pays too much attention to fashion, and the opinions of fashionable people."

"Nay, as *we* cannot deceive ourselves, let us not attempt the ungrateful task of endeavoring to deceive each other," the true-hearted girl replied, though she said this with so great an effort that I was compelled to listen attentively to catch all she uttered. "Rupert has failings worse than these. He is mercenary; nor is he always a man of truth. Heaven knows how I have wept over these defects of character, and the pain they have given me from childhood! But, my dear, dear father overlooks them all—or, rather, seeing them, he hopes all things; it is hard for a parent to believe a child irreclaimable."

I was unwilling to let Lucy say any more on this subject, for her voice, her countenance, I might almost say her whole figure, showed how much it cost her to say even this much of Rupert. I had long known that Lucy did not respect her brother as much as she could wish; but this was never before betrayed to me in words, nor in any other manner, indeed, that would not have eluded the observation of one who knew the parties less thoroughly than myself. I could perceive that she felt the awful consequences she foresaw from her brother's conduct gave me a claim on her sincerity, and that she was suffering martyrdom, in order to do all that lay in her power to lessen the force of the blow that unworthy relative had inflicted. It would have been ungenerous in me to suffer such a sacrifice to

continue a moment longer than was necessary.

"Spare yourself and me, dearest Lucy," I eagerly said, "all explanations but those which are necessary to let me know the exact state of my sister's case. I confess, I could wish to understand, however, the manner in which Rupert has contrived to explain away an engagement that has lasted fours years, and which must have been the source of so much innocent confidence between Grace and himself."

"I was coming to that, Miles; and when you know it, you will know all. Grace has felt his attentions to Emily Merton, for a long time; but there never was a verbal explanation between them until just before she left town. Then she felt it due to herself to know the truth; and, after a conversation which was not very particular, your sister offered to release Rupert from his engagement, did he in the least desire it."

"And what answer did he make to a proposal that was as generous as it was frank?"

"I must do Grace the justice to say, Miles, that, in all she said, she used the utmost tenderness toward my brother. Still, I could not but gather the substance of what passed. Rupert, at first, affected to believe that Grace herself wished to break the engagement; but, in this, you well know, her ingenuous simplicity would not permit him to succeed. She did not attempt to conceal how deeply she should feel the change in her situation, and how much it might influence her future happiness."

"Ay, that was like both of them—like Rupert, and like Grace," I muttered, huskily.

Lucy continued silent an instant, apparently to allow me to regain my self-command; then she continued:

"When Rupert found that the responsibility of the rupture must rest on him, he spoke more sincerely. He owned to Grace that his views had changed; said they were both too young to contract themselves when they did, and that he had made an engagement to marry at a time when he was unfit to bind himself to so solemn a contract—said something about minors, and concluded by speaking of his poverty and total inability to support a wife, now that Mrs. Bradfort had left me the whole of her property."

"And this is the man who wishes to make the world believe that he is the true heir!—nay, who told me himself, that he considers you as only a sort of trustee, to hold half, or two-thirds of the estate until he has had leisure to sow his wild oats!"

"I know he has encouraged such notions, Miles," Lucy answered, in a low voice; "how gladly would I realize his hopes, if things could be placed where we once thought they were! Every dollar of Mrs. Bradfort's fortune would I relinquish with joy to see Grace happy, or Rupert honest."

"I am afraid we shall never see the first, Lucy, in this world, at least."

"I have never wished for this engagement since I have been old enough to judge of my brother's true character. He would ever have been too fickle, and of principles too light, to satisfy Grace's heart, or her judgment. There may have been some truth in his plea that the engagement was too early and inconsiderately made. Persons so young can hardly know what will, or what will not, be necessary to their own characters a few years later. As it is, even Grace would now refuse to marry Rupert. She owned to me that the heaviest part of the blow was being undeceived in relation to his character. I spoke to her with greater freedom than a sister ought to have used, perhaps, but I wished to arouse her pride as the means of saving her. Alas! Grace is all affections, and those once withered, I fear, Miles, the rest of her being will go with them."

I made no answer to this prophetic remark, Lucy's visit to the shore, her manner, and all that she had said, convincing me that she had, in a great degree, taken leave of hope. We conversed some time longer, returning toward the cottage; but there was nothing further to communicate that it is necessary to record. Neither of us thought of self, and I would as soon have attempted to desecrate a

church, as attempt to obtain any influence over Lucy, in my own behalf, at such a moment. All my feelings reverted to my poor sister again, and I was dying with impatience to return to the sloop, whither indeed it was time to repair, the sun having some time before disappeared, while even the twilight was drawing to a close.

CHAPTER V.

"The serpent of the field, by art
And spells, is won from harming,
But that which coils around the heart,
Oh! who hath power of charming."
—HEBREW MELODIES.

IT was not easy to make Mr. Hardinge a sharer in my impatience. He had taken a fancy to Marble, and was as much rejoiced at this accidental discovery of the mate's parentage, as if he had been one of the family himself. With such feelings, therefore, I had a good deal of difficulty in getting him away. I asked Marble to go off with me, it being understood that he was to be landed again, in order to pass the first night of his recognition under his mother's roof. To this scheme, however, he raised an objection, as soon as told it was my intention to go down the river as far as New York in quest of further medical advice, insisting on accompanying me, in order to obtain the thousand dollars, with which to face 'Squire Van Tassel, or, at least, his mortgage sale. Accordingly, there were leave-takings, and about eight we were all on board the sloop.

I did not see, nor did I ask to see, my sister again that night. I had not seen her, indeed, since the moment Rupert was discovered in company with the Mertons; and, to own the truth, I felt afraid to see her, knowing, as I did, how much her frame was apt to be affected by her mind. It appeared to me there remained but the single duty to perform, that of getting below as fast as possible, in order to obtain the needed medical aid. It is true, we possessed Post's written instructions, and knew his opinion that the chief thing was to divert Grace's thoughts from dwelling on the great cause of her malady; but, now he had left us, it seemed as if I should neglect a most sacred duty did I delay obtaining some other competent physician.

The tide turned at nine, and we got immediately under way, with a light southwest wind. As for Marble, ignorant as Mr. Hardinge himself of the true condition of my sister, he determined to celebrate his recent discoveries by a supper. I was about to object to the project, on account of Grace, but Lucy begged me to let him have his way; such *convives* as my late guardian and my own mate were not likely to be very boisterous; and she fancied that the conversation, or such parts of it as should be heard through the bulkhead, might serve to divert the invalid's mind from dwelling too intently on the accidental rencounter of the morning.

The scheme was consequently carried out; and, in the course of an hour, the cabins of the *Wallingford* presented a singular spectacle. In her berth was Grace, patiently and sweetly lending herself to her friend's wish to seem to listen to her own account of the reason of the mate's *festa*, and to be amused by his sallies; Lucy, all care and attention for her patient, as I could discover through the open door of the after-cabin, while she endeavored to appear to enter into the business that was going on at the table, actually taking wine with the mate, and drinking to the happiness of his newly-found relatives; Mr. Hardinge, overflowing with philanthropy, and so much engrossed with his companion's good fortune as not to think of aught else at the moment; Marble, himself, becoming gradually more under the influence of his new situation, as his feelings had time to gather force and take their natural direction; while I was compelled to wear the semblance of joining his festivities at an instant when my whole soul was engrossed with anxiety on behalf of Grace.

"This milk is just the richest and best that ever came on board a vessel!" exclaimed the mate, as he was about to wind up his own share of the repast with a cup of coffee — "and as for butter, I can say I never tasted the article be-

fore. Little Kitty brought both down to the boat with her own hands, and that makes them so much the sweeter, too, for if anything can add to the excellence of eatables, it is to have them pass through the hands of one's own relations. I dare say, Mr. Hardinge, now, you have verified this, time and again, in your own experience?"

"In feeling, my friend; in feeling, often, though little in practice, in the sense that you mean. My family has been my congregation, unless, indeed, Miles here, and his beloved sister, can be added to my own children in fact, as they certainly are in affection. But, I can understand how butter made by the hands of one's own mother, or by those of such a pretty niece as your Kitty, would taste all the sweeter."

"It's such a providential thing, as you call it, to find *such* a mother in the bargain! Now I might have discovered a slattern, or a scold, or a woman of bad character; or one that never went to church; or even one that swore and drank; for, begging your pardon, Miss Lucy, just such creatur's are to be met with; whereas, instead of any of these disagreeable recommendations, I've fallen in with an A No. 1 mother; ay, and such an old lady as the King of England, himself, need not be ashamed to own.* I felt a strong desire, Mr. Hardinge, to get down on my knees, and to ask the dear, good old soul just to say, 'God bless you, my dear son, Moses, Van Duzer, or Oloff, whatever your name may be.'"

"And if you had, Mr. Marble, you would not have been any the worse for it. Such feelings do you honor, and no man need be ashamed of desiring to receive a parent's blessing."

"I suppose now, my dear sir," added Marble, innocently, "that is what is called having a religious turn? I've often foreseen that religion would fetch me up, in the long run; and now that I am altogether relieved from bitterness of heart on the subject of belonging to none, and no one's belonging to me, my sentiments have undergone a great alteration, and I feel a wish to be at peace with the whole human family—no, not with the *whole;* I except that rascally old Van Tassel."

"You must except no one—we are told to 'love those that hate us, to bless those that curse us, and to pray for those that despitefully use us.'"

Marble stared at Mr. Hardinge; for, to own the truth, it would have been difficult, in a Christian land, to meet with one of his years who had less religious instruction than himself. It is quite probable that these familiar mandates had never been heard by him before; but I could see that he was a little struck with the profound morality that pervaded them; a morality to which no human heart appears to be so insensible as not in secret to acknowledge its sublimity. Still he doubted.

"Where are we told to do this, my dear sir?" demanded Marble, after looking intently at the rector for a moment.

"Where? why, where we get all our divine precept and inspired morality, the Bible. You must come to wish this Mr. Van Tassel good, instead of evil; try to love, instead of hating him."

"Is that religion?" demanded the mate, in his most dogmatical and determined manner.

"It is Christianity—its spirit, its very essence; without which the heart cannot be right, let the tongue proclaim what delusion it may."

Marble had imbibed a sincere respect for my late guardian, equally from what he had heard me say in his favor, and what he had seen himself, of his benevolent feelings, kind-hearted morality, and excellent sense. Nevertheless, it was not an easy matter to teach a being like Marble the lesson that he was to do good to those who used him despitefully; and just at that moment he was in a frame of mind to do almost anything else, sooner than pardon Van Tassel. All this I could see, understanding the man so well, and, in

* In that day, all allusions to royalty were confined to the majesty of Great Britain; it being no uncommon thing, at the commencement of this century, to hear "*The* King" toasted at many of the best tables of the country.

order to prevent a useless discussion that might disturb my sister, I managed to change the discourse before it was too late; I say too late, because it is not easy to shake off two moralists, who sustain their doctrines as strongly as Mr. Hardinge and my mate.

"I am glad the name of this Mr. Van Tassel has been mentioned," I observed, "as it may be well to have your advice, sir, concerning our best mode of proceeding in his affair."

I then related to Mr. Hardinge the history of the mortgage, and the necessity there was for promptitude, inasmuch as the sale was advertised for the ensuing week. My late guardian was better acquainted with the country up the river than I was myself; and it was fortunate the subject was broached, as he soon convinced me the only course to be pursued was to put Marble ashore at Hudson, where, if too late for the regular stage, he might obtain some other conveyance, and proceed to town by land. This would barely leave him time to transact all the necessary business, and to be back in season to prevent the title to the Willow Cove from passing into the usurer's grasp. As was usual with Mr. Hardinge, he entered into this, as into every good work, heart and hand, and immediately set about writing directions for Marble's government when he got ashore. This put an end to the banquet, and glad was I to see the table removed, and the other signs of a tranquil night reappear.

It was twelve before the sloop was as low as Hudson, and I saw by our rate of sailing, that, indeed, there was little prospect of her reaching New York in time for Marble's necessities. He was landed, therefore, and Mr. Hardinge and myself accompanied him to the stage-house, where we ascertained that the next morning after breakfast he would be enabled to get into the stage, which would reach town in the evening of the succeeding day. But this was altogether too slow for Marble's impatience. He insisted on procuring a private conveyance, and we saw him drive out of the long street that then composed most of the city of Hudson, at a slapping pace, about one o'clock in the morning. This important duty discharged, Mr. Hardinge and I returned to the sloop, in which Neb had been standing off and on, in waiting for us, and again made sail down the river. When I turned in the *Wallingford* was getting along at the rate of about five miles the hour; the wind having freshened and come out at the westward, a quarter that just enabled her to lay her course.

The reader will easily imagine I did not oversleep myself the following morning. My uneasiness was so great, indeed, that I dreamed of the dreadful accident which had produced my father's death, and then fancied that I saw him, my mother, and Grace, all interred at the same time, and in the same grave. Fortunately, the wind stood at the west, and the sloop was already within twenty miles of the creek at Clawbonny when I got on deck. All was quiet in the after-cabin, and Mr. Hardinge still continuing in his berth, I went out to breathe the fresh morning air, without speaking to any below. There was no one on the quarter-deck but the pilot, who was at the helm, though I saw a pair of legs beneath the boom, close in with the mast, that I knew to be Neb's, and a neat, dark petticoat, that I felt certain must belong to Chloe. I approached the spot, intending to question the former on the subject of the weather during his watch, but just as I was about to hail him, I heard the young lady say, in a more animated tone than was discreet for the character of the conversation:

"No, *nebber*, sah—*nebber*, widout the apperbation of my modder and de whole famerly. Mattermony a berry differ t'ing, Neb, from what your surposes. Now many a young nigger gentleman imagine dat he has only to coax his gal to say 'yes,' and den dey goes to the clergy and stands up for de blessin', and imagines all right for the futur', and for de present time, all which is just a derlusion and a derception. No, sah, mattermony a berry differ t'ing from *dat*, as any old lady can tell you. De fuss t'ing in mattermony is to hab a *consent*."

"Well, Chloe, and hab'n't I had dis

berry consent from you now for most two year?"

"Ay, dat not de consent I surposes. You wouldn't t'ink, Neb, ongrateful feller, to get marry widout first askin' de consent of Masser Mile, I *do* surpose! You, who has been his own waiter so long, and has gone to sea wid him so often, and has saved his life, and has helped kill so many hateful saverges, and has been on a desert conternent wid him."

"I nebber told you dat, Chloe—I said on an island."

"Well, what's the differ? You cannot tell me anyt'ing of edercation, Neb, for I hab hear Miss Grace and Miss Lucy say deir lesson so often dat I sometimes surposes I can say 'em all, one by one, almost as well as my young lady 'emselves. No, Neb, on *dat* subjeck better be silent. You been much too busy ebber to be edercated, and if I *do* marry you, remember I now tell you I shall not enter into mattermony wid you on account of any edercation you hab."

"All Clawbonny say dat we can make as good a couple, Chloe, as ebber stood up togedder."

"All Clawbonny don't know much of mattermony, Neb. People talks inderskrimernaterly, and doesn't know what dey says, too often. In de fuss place my modder, my own born modder, upposes our uner, and dat is a very great differculty to begin wid. When a born modder upposes, a darter ought to t'ink sebberal time."

"Let me speak to Masser Mile; he'll fetch up her objeckshun wid a round turn."

"What dat, Neb?"

"It mean masser will *order* her to consent."

"Dat nebber satterfy my conscience, Neb. We be nigger, dat true, but no Clawbonny master ebber tell a Clawbonny slabe to get marry or not to get marry, as he choose. Dat would be intollabull, and not to be supported! No, mattermony is religion, and religion free. No color' young lady hab vergin affeekshun to t'row 'em away on just whom her masser say. But, Neb, dere one odder differculty to our uner dat I don't know—sometime I feel awful about it!"

As Chloe now spoke naturally, for the first time, Neb was evidently startled, and I had sufficient amusement and sufficient curiosity to remain stationary in order to hear what this new obstacle might be. The voice of the negress was music itself, almost as sweet as Lucy's, and I was struck with a light tremor that pervaded it, as she so suddenly put an end to all her own affectation of sentiment, and nipped her airs and graces, as it might be, in the bud.

"Nebber talk to me of mattermony, Neb," Chloe continued, almost sobbing as she spoke, "while Miss Grace be in dis berry bad way! It hard enough to see her look so pale and melercholy, without t'inking of becomin' a wife."

"Miss Grace will grow better, now Masser Mile carry her on de water. If he only take her to sea, she get so fat and hearty, no libbin' wid her!"

Chloe did not acquiesce in this opinion; she rather insisted that "Miss Grace" was altogether too delicate and refined a person to live in a ship. But the circumstance that struck me with the greatest force, in this characteristic dialogue, was the fact that Chloe betrayed to me the consciousness of the cause of my sister's indisposition; while, true to her sex's instincts, and faithful to her duty, the girl completely concealed it from her lover. I was also oppressively struck with the melancholy forebodings that appeared in Chloe's manner, rather than in her words, and which made it apparent that she doubted of her young mistress's recovery. She concluded the conversation by saying:

"No, no, Neb, don't talk to me of mattermony while Miss Grace so ill; and if anyt'ing *should* happen, you need nebber talk to me of it at *all*. I could nebber t'ink of any uner (union) should anyt'ing happen to Miss Grace. Lub (love) will die forebber in de family, when Miss Grace die!"

I turned away at this speech, the tears starting to my eyes, and saw Lucy standing in the companionway. She was wait-

ing to speak to me, and no sooner caught my eye than, beckoning me to her side, she let me know that my sister desired to see me. Erasing every sign of emotion as soon as possible, I descended with Lucy, and was soon at the side of my sister's berth.

Grace received me with an angelic smile; but I almost gasped for breath as I noticed the prodigious change that had come over her in so brief a space. She now looked more like a being of another world than ever; and this, too, immediately after coming from the refreshment of a night's rest. I kissed her forehead, which had an unnatural chill on it, I thought; and I felt the feeble pressure of an arm that was thrown affectionately around my neck. I then sat down on the transom, still holding my sister's hand. Grace looked anxiously at me for half a minute ere she spoke, as if to ascertain how far I was conscious of her situation.

"Lucy tells me, brother," she at length said, "that you think of carrying me down the river, as far as town, in order to get further advice. I hope this is a mistake of our dear Lucy's, however?"

"It is not, Grace. If the wind stand here at the westward, I hope to have you in Lucy's own house, in Wall Street, by to-morrow evening. I know she will receive you hospitably, and have ventured to form the plan without consulting you on the subject."

"Better that I should be at Clawbonny —if anything can now do me good, brother, it will be native air, and pure country air. Hearken to my request, and stop at the creek."

"Your serious request, Grace, will be a law to me, if made on due reflection. This growing feebleness, however, alarms me; and I cannot justify it to myself not to send for advice."

"Remember, Miles, it is not yet twenty-four hours since one of the ablest men of the country saw me. We have his written instructions; and, all that men can do for me, they will do for me. No, brother; listen to my entreaties, and go into the creek. I pine, I pine to be again at dear Clawbonny, where alone I can enjoy anything like peace of body or mind. This vessel is unsuited to me; I cannot think of a future or pray in it. Brother, *dearest* brother, carry me home, if you love me!"

There was no resisting such an appeal. I went on deck with a heavy heart, and gave the necessary orders to the pilot; and, in about eight-and-forty hours after we emerged into the Hudson, we left that noble stream again to shoot beneath the shaded, leafy banks of our own inlet. Grace was so feeble as to be carried to the chaise, in which she was supported by Lucy, during the short drive to the house. When I reached my own dwelling, I found Mr. Hardinge pacing the little portico, or piazza, waiting for my arrival, with an uneasiness of manner that at once proclaimed his anxiety to see me. He had driven the horse of the chaise, and had imbibed a first impression of Grace's danger.

"Miles, my dear boy—my second son," the simple-hearted, excellent old man commenced; "Miles, my dear boy, the hand of God has been laid heavily on us—your beloved sister, my own precious Grace, is far more ill than I had any idea of, before this morning."

"She is in the hands of her merciful Creator," I said, struggling to command myself, "who, I greatly fear, is about to call her from a world that is not good enough for one so innocent and pure, to take her to Himself. I have foreseen this from the hour I first met her, after my return; though a single ray of hope dawned on me, when Post advised the change of scene. So far from producing good, this excursion has produced evil; and she is much worse than when we left home."

"Such short-sighted mortals are we! But what can we do, my boy? I confess my judgment, my faculties themselves are nearly annihilated by the suddenness of this shock. I had supposed her illness some trifling complaint that youth and care would certainly remove; and here we stand, as it might be, at the call of the trumpet's blast, almost around her grave!"

"I am most anxious to lean on your wisdom and experience, my dear sir, at this critical moment; if you will advise, I shall be happy to follow your instructions."

"We must lean on God, Miles," answered my worthy guardian, still pacing the piazza, the tears running down his cheeks in streams, and speaking so huskily as barely to be intelligible; "yes, we will have the prayers of the congregation next Sunday morning; and most devout and heartfelt prayers they will be; for her own sainted mother was not more deservedly loved! To be called away so young—to die in the first bloom of youth and loveliness, as it were—but, it is to go to her God! We must endeavor to think of her gain—to rejoice over, rather than mourn, her loss."

"I grieve to perceive that you regard my sister's case as so entirely hopeless, sir."

"Hopeless! It is full of the brightest promise; and when I come to look calmly at it, my reason tells me I ought not to grieve. Still, Miles, the loss of Lucy, herself, would scarce be a more severe blow to me. I have loved her from childhood, cared for her as for one of my own, and feel the same love for her that I should feel for a second daughter. Your parents were dear to me, and their children have always appeared to me to belong to my own blood. Had I not been your guardian, boy, and you and Grace been comparatively so rich, while I and mine were so poor, it would have been the first wish of my heart to have seen Rupert and Grace, you and Lucy, united, which would have made you all my beloved children alike. I often thought of this, until I found it necessary to repress the hope, lest I should prove unfaithful to my trust. Now, indeed, Mrs. Bradfort's bequest might have smoothed over every difficulty; but it came too late! It was not to be; Providence had ordered otherwise."

"You had an ardent supporter of your scheme in one of your children, at least, sir."

"So you have given me to understand, Miles, and I regret that I was informed of the fact so late, or I might have contrived to keep off other young men while you were at sea, or until an opportunity offered to enable you to secure my daughter's affections. That done, neither time nor distance could have displaced you; the needle not being more true than Lucy, or the laws of nature more certain."

"The knowledge of these sterling qualities, sir, only makes me regret my having come too late so much the more."

"It was not to be; at one time I *did* think Rupert and Grace had a preference for each other; but I must have been deceived. God had ordered it otherwise, and wisely no doubt; as His omniscience foresaw the early drooping of this lovely flower. I suppose their having been educated together, so much like brother and sister, has been the reason there was so much indifference to each other's merits. You have been an exception on account of your long absences, Miles, and you must look to those absences for the consolation and relief you will doubtless require. Alas! alas! that I could not now fold Grace to my heart, as a daughter and a bride, instead of standing over her grave! Nothing but Rupert's diffidence of his own claims, during our days of poverty, could have prevented him from submitting himself to so much loveliness and virtue. I acquit the lad of insensibility; for nothing but the sense of poverty, and the pride of a poor gentleman, added perhaps to the brotherly regard he has always felt for Grace, could have kept him from seeking her hand. Grace, properly enough, would have requited his affection."

Such is a specimen of the delusion under which we live daily. Here was my sister dying of blighted affections under my own roof; and the upright, conscientious father of the wretch who had produced this withering evil utterly unconscious of the wrong that had been done, still regarding his son with the partiality and indulgence of a fond parent. To me, it seemed incredible at the time, that unsuspecting integrity could carry its simplicity so far; but I have since lived long enough to know that mistakes like these

are constantly occurring around us; effects being hourly attributed to causes with which they have no connection, and causes being followed down to effects that are as imaginary as human sagacity is faulty. As for myself, I can safely say, that in scarce a circumstance of my life that has brought me the least under the cognizance of the public have I ever been judged justly. In various instances have I been praised for acts that were either totally without any merit, or, at least, the particular merit imputed to them; while I have been even persecuted for deeds that deserved praise. An instance or two of the latter of these cases of the false judgment of the world will be laid before the reader as I proceed.

Mr. Hardinge continued for some time to expatiate on the loveliness of Grace's character, and to betray the weight of the blow he had received in gaining this sudden knowledge of her danger. He seemed to pass all at once from a state of inconsiderate security to one of total hopelessness, and found the shock so much harder to endure. At length he sent for Lucy, with whom he continued closeted for nearly an hour. I ascertained, afterward, that he questioned the dear girl closely on the subject of my sister's malady; even desiring to know if her affections were any way connected with this extraordinary sinking of the vital powers, but not in the slightest degree inclining to the distrust of Rupert's being in any manner implicated in the affair. Lucy, truthful and frank as she was, felt the uselessness, nay the danger, of enlightening her father, and managed to evade all his more delicate inquiries without involving herself in falsehoods. She well knew, if he were apprised of the real state of the case, that Rupert woold have been sent for, and every reparation it was in his power to make would have been insisted on as an act of justice; a hopeless and distressing attempt to restore the confidence of unbounded love, and the esteem which, once lost, is gone forever.

Perhaps the keenest of all Grace's sufferings proceeded from the consciousness of the total want of merit in the man she had so effectually enshrined in her heart, that he could only be ejected by breaking in pieces and utterly destroying the tenement that had so long contained him. With ordinary natures this change of opinion might have sufficed for the purposes of an effectual cure, but my poor sister was differently constituted. She had ever been different from most of her sex in intensity of feeling, and had come near dying, while still a child, on the occasion of the direful catastrophe of my father's loss; and the decease of even our mother, though long expected, had come near to extinguish the flame of life in the daughter. As I have already said more than once, a being so sensitive and so pure ever seemed better fitted for the regions of bliss than for the collisions and sorrows of the world. Now we were at Clawbonny again, I scarce knew how to employ myself. Grace I could not see; Lucy, who took the entire management of the invalid, requiring for her rest and quiet. In this she did but follow the directions of reason, as well as those left by Post, and I was fain to yield, knowing that my sister could not possibly have a more judicious or a more tender nurse.

The different persons belonging to the mill and the farm came to me for directions, which I was compelled to give with thoughts engrossed with the state of my sister. More than once I endeavored to arouse myself, and for a few minutes *seemed* to enter, if I did not truly enter, with interest into the affairs presented to my consideration; but these little rallies were merely so many attempts at self-delusion, and I finally referred everything to the respective persons intrusted with the different branches of the duty, bidding them act as they had been accustomed to do in my abscence.

"Why, yes, Masser Mile," answered the old negro who was the head man in the field, "dis berry well, if he can do it. Remember I always hab Masser Hardinge to talk to me about 'e crop, and sich t'ing, and dat a won'erful help to a poor nigger when he in a nonplush."

"Surely, Hiram, you are a better hus-

bandman than Mr. Hardinge and myself put together, and cannot want the advice of either to tell you how to raise corn, or to get in hay!"

"Dat berry true, sah—so true, I won't deny him. But you know how it be, Masser Mile; a nigger *do* lub to talk, and it help along work won'erfully, to get a good dispute, afore he begin."

As respects the blacks, this was strictly true. Though as respectful as slavery and habit could make them, they were so opinionated and dogmatical, each in his or her sphere, that nothing short of a downright assertion of authority could produce submission to any notions but their own. They loved to argue the different points connected with their several duties, but they did not like to be convinced. Mr. Hardinge would discuss with them, from a sense of duty, and he would invariably yield unless in cases that involved moral principles. On all such points, and they were not of infrequent occurrence in a family of so many blacks, he was as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians; but, as respected the wheat, the potatoes, the orchards, the mill, or the sloop, he usually submitted to the experience of those more familiar with the business, after having discussed the matters in council. This rendered him exceedingly popular at Clawbonny, the persuaded usually having the same sort of success in the world as a good listener. As for the rector himself, after so many long discussions, he began to think he had actually influenced the different steps adopted; the cause of one of the illusions I have already portrayed.

Old Hiram did not quit me when he came for instructions, alias a "dispute," without a word of inquiry touching Grace. I could see that the alarm had passed among the slaves, and it was quite touching to note the effect it produced on their simple minds. It would have been sufficient for them to love her that Grace was their young mistress; but such a mistress as she had ever been, and one so winning in manner and person, they might be said almost to worship her.

"I berry sorry to hear Miss Grace be onwell, sah," said old Hiram, looking at me sorrowfully. "It go hard wid us all if any t'ing happen *dere!* I alway s'pose, Masser Mile, dat Miss Grace and Masser Rupert come togeder, some time; as we all expects you and Miss Lucy will. Dem are happy days, sah, at Clawbonny, for den we all know our new masser and new missus from de cradle. No, no—we can nebber spare Miss Grace, sah; even I should miss her in 'e field!"

The very blacks had observed the state of things which had deluded my poor sister; and the slave had penetrated his master's secret. I turned away abruptly from the negro, lest he should also detect the evidence of the weakness extorted by his speech from the eyes of manhood.

CHAPTER VI.

"Like the lily
That once was mistress of the field, and flourished,
I'll hang my head and perish."—QUEEN CATHERINE.

I SAW little of Lucy that night. She met us at evening prayers, and tears were in her eyes as she arose from her knees. Without speaking, she kissed her father for good-night, more affectionately than ever, I thought, and then turned to me. Her hand was extended (we had seldom met or parted for eighteen years without observing this little act of kindness), but she did not—nay, *could not*, speak. I pressed the little hand fervently in my own, and relinquished it again in the same eloquent silence. She was seen no more by us until next day.

The breakfast had ever been a happy meal at Clawbonny. My father, though merely a shipmaster, was one of the better class; and he had imbibed many notions, in the course of his different voyages, that placed him much in advance of the ordinary habits of his day and country. Then, an *American* shipmaster is usually superior to those of other countries. This arises from some of the peculiarities of our institutions, as well as from the circumstance that the navy is so small. Among other improvements, my father

had broken in upon the venerable American custom of swallowing a meal as soon as out of bed. The breakfast at Clawbonny, from my earliest infancy, or as long as I can remember, had been eaten regularly at nine o'clock, a happy medium between the laziness of dissipation and the hurry of ill-formed habits. At that hour the whole family used to meet, still fresh from a night's repose, and yet enlivened and gay by an hour or two of exercise in the open air, instead of coming to the family board half asleep, with a sort of drowsy sulkiness, as if the meal were a duty, and not a pleasure. We ate as leisurely as keen appetites would permit; laughed, chatted, related the events of the morning, conversed of our plans for the day, and indulged our several tastes and humors like people who had been up and stirring, and not like so many drowsy drones swallowing our food for form's sake. The American breakfast has been celebrated by several modern writers, and it deserves to be, though certainly not to be compared to that of France. Still, it might be far better than it is, did our people understand the *mood* in which it ought to be enjoyed.

While on this subject, the reader will excuse an old man's prolixity, if I say a word on the state of the science of the table in general, as it is put in practice in this great republic. A writer of this country, one Mr. Cooper, has somewhere said that the Americans are the grossest feeders in the civilized world, and warns his countrymen to remember that a national character may be formed in the kitchen. This remark is commented on by Captain Marryatt, who calls it both unjust and ill-natured. As for the ill-nature I shall say nothing, unless it be to remark that I do not well see how that which is undeniably true ought to be thought so very ill-natured. That it is true every American who has seen much of other lands must know. Captain Marryatt's allegation, that the tables are good in the large towns, has nothing to do with the merits of this question. The larger American towns are among the best eating and drinking portions of the world. But what are they as compared to the whole country? What are the public tables, or the tables of the refined, as compared to the tables of the mass, even in these very towns? All things are to be judged of by the rules, and not by the exceptions.

Because a small portion of the American population understand what good cookery is, it by no means follows that *all* do. Who would think of saying that the people of England live on white-bait and venison, because the nobility and gentry (the aldermen inclusive) can enjoy both, in the seasons, *ad libitum?*" I suspect this Mr. Cooper knows quite as well what he is about, when writing of America, as any European. If pork fried in grease, and grease pervading half the other dishes, vegetables cooked without any art, and meats done to rags, make a good table, then is this Mr. Cooper wrong, and Captain Marryatt right, and *vice versa.* As yet, while nature has done so much in America, art has done but little. Much compared with numbers and time, certainly, but little as compared with what numbers and time have done elsewhere. Nevertheless, I would make an exception in favor of America, as respects the table of one country, though not so much in connection with the coarseness of the feeding as in the poverty of the food. I consider the higher parts of Germany to be the portions of the Christian world where eating and drinking are in the most primitive condition; and that part of this great republic, which Mr. Alison would probably call the *state* of New England, to come next. In abundance and excellence of food in the native form America is particularly favored; Baltimore being at the very nucleus of all that is exquisite in the great business of mastication. Nevertheless, the substitution of cooks from the interior of New England, for the present glittering tenants of her kitchens, would turn even that paradise of the epicure into a sort of oleaginous waste. Enough of cookery.

Lucy did not appear at prayers next morning! I felt her absence as one feels the certainty of some dreadful evil.

Breakfast was announced; still Lucy did not appear. The table was smoking and hissing; and Romeo Clawbonny, who acted as the every-day house-servant, or footman, had several times intimated that it might be well to commence operations, as a cold breakfast was very cold comfort.

"Miles, my dear boy," observed Mr. Hardinge, after opening the door to look for the absentee half a dozen times, "we will wait no longer. My daughter, no doubt, intends to breakfast with Grace, to keep the poor dear girl company; for it *is* dull work to breakfast by one's self. You and I miss Lucy sadly, at this very moment, though we have each other's company to console us."

We had just taken our sèats, when the door slowly opened, and Lucy entered the room.

"Good morning, dearest father," said the sweet girl, passing an arm round Mr. Hardinge's neck, with more than her usual tenderness of manner, and imprinting a long kiss on his bald head. "Good morning, Miles," stretching toward me a hand, but averting her face, as if afraid it might reveal too much when exposed fully to my anxious and inquiring gaze. "Grace passed a pretty quiet night, and is, I think, a little less disturbed this morning than she was yesterday."

Neither of us answered or questioned the dear nurse. What a breakfast was that, compared to so many hundreds in which I had shared at that very table, and in that same room! Three of the accustomed faces were there, it is true; all the appliances were familiar, some dating as far back as the time of the first Miles; Romeo, now a gray-headed and wrinkled negro, was in his usual place; but Chloe, who was accustomed to pass often between her young mistress and a certain closet, at that meal, which never seemed to have all we wanted arranged on the table at first, was absent, as was that precious "young mistress" herself. "Gracious Providence!" I mentally ejaculated, "is it thy will it should *ever* be thus? Am I *never* again to see those dove-like eyes turned on me in sisterly affection from the head of my table, as I have so often seen them on hundreds and hundreds of occasions?" Lucy's spirits had sometimes caused her to laugh merrily; and her musical voice once used to mingle with Rupert's and my own more manly and deeper notes in something like audible mirth; not that Lucy was ever boisterous or loud; but, in early girlhood, she had been gay and animated, to a degree that often blended with the noisier clamor of us boys. With Grace, this had never happened. She seldom spoke, except in moments when the rest were still; and her laugh was rarely audible, though so often heartfelt and joyous. It may seem strange to those who have never suffered the pang of feeling that such a customary circle was broken up forever; but, that morning, the first in which I keenly felt that my sister was lost to me, I actually missed her graceful, eloquent silence!

"Miles," said Lucy, as she rose from the table, tears trembling on her eyelids as she spoke, "half an hour hence come to the family room. Grace wishes to see you *there* this morning, and I have not been able to deny her request. She is weak, but thinks the visit will do her good. Do not fail to be punctual, as waiting might distress her. Good morning, dearest papa; when I want *you* I will send for you."

Lucy left us with these ominous notices, and I felt the necessity of going on the lawn for air. I walked my half hour out, and returned to the house in time to be punctual to the appointment. Chloe met me at the door, and led the way in silence toward the family room. Her hand was no sooner laid on the latch than Lucy appeared, beckoning me to enter. I found Grace reclining on that small settee, or *causeuse*, on which we had held our first interview, looking pallid and uneasy, but still looking lovely and as ethereal as ever. She held out a hand affectionately, and then I saw her glance toward Lucy, as if asking to be left with me alone. As for myself, I could not speak. Taking my old place, I drew my sister's head on my bos-

om, and sat holding it in silence for many painful minutes. In that position I could conceal the tears which forced themselves from my eyes, it exceeding all my powers to repress these evidences of human grief. As I took my place, the figure of Lucy disappeared, and the door closed.

I never knew how long a time Grace and I continued in that tender attitude. I was not in a state of mind to note such a fact, and have since striven hard to forget most that occurred in that solemn interview. After a lapse of so many years, however, I find memory painfully accurate on all the leading circumstances, though it was impossible to recall a point of which I took no heed at the moment. Such things only as made an impression is it in my power to relate.

When Grace gently, and I might add faintly, raised herself from my bosom, she turned on me eyes that were filled with a kind anxiety on my account, rather than her own.

"Brother," she said, earnestly, "the will of God must be submitted to; I am very, *very* ill—broken in pieces—I grow weaker every hour. It is not right to conceal such a truth from ourselves, or from each other."

I made no reply, although she evidently paused to give me an opportunity to speak. I could not have uttered a syllable to have saved my life. The pause was impressive, rather than long.

"I have sent for you, dearest Miles," my sister continued, "not that I think it probable I shall be called away soon or suddenly. God will spare me for a little while, I humbly trust, in order to temper the blow to those I love; but he is about to call me to him,and we must all be prepared for it; you, and dear, dear Lucy, and my beloved guardian, as well as myself. I have not sent for you even to tell you this; for Lucy gives me reason to believe you expect the separation; but I wish to speak to you on a subject that is very near my heart, while I have strength and fortitude to speak on it at all. Promise me, dearest, to be calm, and to listen patiently."

"Your slightest wish will be law to me, beloved, most precious sister; I shall listen as if we were in our days of childish confidence and happiness—though I fear those days are never to return!"

"Feel not thus, Miles, my noble-hearted, manly brother. Heaven will not desert you, unless you desert your God; it does not desert me, but angels beckon me to its bliss! Were it not for you and Lucy, and my dear, dear guardian, the hour of my departure would be a moment of pure felicity. But we will not talk of this now. You must prepare yourself, Miles, to hear me patiently, and to be indulgent to my last wishes, even should they seem unreasonable to your mind at first."

"I have told you, Grace, that a request of yours will be a law to me; have no hesitation, therefore, in letting me know any, or all your wishes."

"Let us, then, speak of worldly things; for the last time, I trust, my brother. Sincerely do I hope that this will be the last occasion on which I shall ever be called to allude to them. This duty discharged, all that will remain to me on earth will be the love I bear my friends. This Heaven itself will excuse, as I shall strive not to let it lessen that I bear my God."

Grace paused, and I sat wondering what was to follow, though touched to the heart by her beautiful resignation to a fate that to most so young would seem hard to be borne.

"Miles, my brother," she continued, looking at me anxiously, "we have not spoken much of your success in your last voyage, though I have understood that you have materially increased your means."

"It has quite equaled my expectations; and, rich in my ship and ready money, I am content, to say nothing of Clawbonny. Do what you will with your own, therefore, my sister; not a wish of mine shall ever grudge a dollar; I would rather not be enriched by your loss. Make your bequests freely, and I shall look on each and all of them as so many memorials of your affectionate heart and many virtues."

Grace's cheeks flushed, and I could see that she was extremely gratified, though still tremblingly anxious.

"You doubtless remember that by our father's will, Miles, my property becomes yours, if I die without children before I reach the age of twenty-one; while yours would have been mine under the same circumstances. As I am barely twenty, it is out of my power to make a legal will."

"It is in your power to make one that shall be equally binding, Grace. I will go this instant for pen, ink, and paper; and, as you dictate, will I write a will that shall be even more binding than one that might come within the rules of the law."

"Nay, brother, that is unnecessary; all I wish I have already said in a letter addressed to yourself; and which, should you now approve of it, will be found among my papers as a memorandum. But there should be no misapprehension between you and me, dearest Miles. I do not wish you even fully to consent to my wishes now; take time to consider, and let your judgment have as much influence on your decision as your own excellent heart."

"I am as ready to decide at this moment as I shall be a year hence. It is enough for me that you wish the thing done, to have it done, sister."

"Bless you, bless you, brother," said Grace, affectionately pressing my hand to her heart; "not so much that you consent to do as I wish, as for the spirit and manner in which you comply. Still, as I ask no trifle, it is proper that I release you from all pledges here given, and allow you time for reflection. Then, it is also proper you should know the full extent of what you promise."

"It is enough for me that it will be in my power to perform what you desire; further than that I make no stipulation."

I could see that Grace was profoundly struck with this proof of my attachment, but her own sense of right was too just and active to suffer the matter to rest there.

"I must explain further," she added. "Mr. Hardinge has been a most faithful steward, and by means of economy during my long minority, the little cost that has attended my manner of living, and some fortunate investments that have been made of interest money, I find myself a good deal richer than I had supposed. In relinquishing my property, Miles, you will relinquish rather more than two-and-twenty thousand dollars, or quite twelve hundred a year. There ought to be no misapprehensions on this subject between us, least of all at such a moment."

"I wish it were more, my sister, since it gives you pleasure to bestow it. If it will render you any happier to perfect any of your plans, take ten thousand of my own and add to the sum which is now yours. I would increase rather than lessen your means of doing good."

"Miles, Miles," said Grace, dreadfully agitated, "talk not thus—it almost shakes my purpose! But no, listen now to my wishes, for I feel this will be the last time I shall ever dare to speak on the subject. In the first place, I wish you to purchase some appropriate ornament, of the value of five hundred dollars, and present it to Lucy as a memorial of her friend. Give also one thousand dollars in money to Mr. Hardinge, to be distributed in charity. A letter to him on the subject, and one to Lucy, will also be found among my papers. There will still remain enough to make suitable presents to the slaves and leave the sum of twenty thousand dollars entire and untouched."

"And what shall I do with these twenty thousand dollars, sister?" I asked, Grace hesitating to proceed.

"That sum, dearest Miles, I wish to go to Rupert. You know that he is totally without fortune, with the habits of a man of estate. The little I can leave him will not make him rich, but it may be the means of making him happy and respectable. I trust Lucy will add to it when she comes of age, and the future will be happier for them all than the past."

My sister spoke quick, and was compelled to pause for breath. As for myself, the reader can better imagine than I can describe my sensations, which were of a character almost to overwhelm me. The circumstance that I felt precluded from making any serious objections, added to the intensity of my suffering, left me in a state of grief, regret, indignation, wonder, pity and tenderness, that it is wholly out

of my power to delineate. Here, then, was the tenderness of the woman, enduring to the last, caring for the heartless wretch who had destroyed the very springs of life in her physical being, while it crushed the moral like a worm beneath the foot, yet bequeathing, with her dying breath, as it might be, all the worldly goods in her possession, to administer to his selfishness and vanity!

"I know you must think this strange, brother," resumed Grace, who doubtless saw how utterly unable I was to reply; "but I shall not die at peace with myself without it. Unless he possesses some marked assurance of my forgiveness, my death will render Rupert miserable; with such a marked assurance, he will be confident of possessing my pardon and my prayers. Then, both he and Emily are penniless, I fear, and their lives may be rendered blanks for the want of the little money it is in my power to bestow. At the proper time, Lucy, I feel confident, will add her part, and you, who remain behind me, can all look on my grave and bless its humble tenant!"

"Angel!" I murmured—"this is too much! Can you suppose Rupert will accept this money?"

Ill as I thought of Rupert Hardinge, I could not bring my mind to believe he was so base as to receive money coming from such a source, and with such a motive. Grace, however, viewed the matter differently; not that she attached anything discreditable to Rupert's compliance, for her own womanly tenderness, long and deeply rooted attachment, made it appear to her eyes more as an act of compliance with her own last behest than as the act of degrading meanness it would unquestionably appear to be to all the rest of the world.

"How can he refuse this to me, coming to him, as the request will, from my grave?" rejoined the lovely enthusiast. "He will owe it to me; he will owe it to our former affection—for he once loved me, Miles; nay, he loved me even more than you ever did, or could, dearest—much as I know you love me."

"By Heavens, Grace," I exclaimed, unable to control myself any longer, "that is a fearful mistake. Rupert Hardinge is incapable of loving anything but himself; he has never been worthy of occupying the most idle moment of a heart true and faithful as yours."

These words escaped me under an impulse I found entirely impossible to control. Scarcely were they uttered, ere I deeply regretted the indiscretion. Grace looked at me imploringly, turned as pale as death, and trembled all over, as if on the verge of dissolution. I took her in my arms, I implored her pardon, I promised to command myself in future, and I repeated the most solemn assurances of complying with her wishes to the very letter. I am not certain I could have found it in my heart not to have recalled my promise, but for the advantage my sister obtained over me, by means of this act of weakness. There was something so exceedingly revolting to me in the whole affair, that even Grace's holy weakness failed to sanctify the act in my eyes; at least so far as Rupert was concerned. I owe it to myself to add that not a selfish thought mingled with my reluctance, which proceeded purely from the distaste I felt to seeing Lucy's brother, and a man for whom I had once entertained a boyish regard, making himself so thoroughly an object of contempt. As I entertained serious doubts of even Rupert's sinking so low, I felt the necessity of speaking to my sister on the subject of such a contingency.

"One might hesitate about accepting your money, after all, dearest sister," I said; "and it is proper you give me directions what I am to do, in the event of Rupert's declining the gift."

"I think that is little probable, Miles," answered Grace, who lived and died under a species of hallucination on the subject of her early lover's real character—"Rupert may not have been able to command his affections, but he cannot cease to feel a sincere affection for me; to remember our ancient confidence and intimacy. He will receive the bequest as you would take one from dear Lucy," added my sister, a painful-looking smile illuminating that

angelic expression of countenance to which I have so often alluded; "or, as that of a sister. *You* would not refuse such a thing to Lucy's dying request, and why should Rupert to mine?"

Poor Grace! Little did she see the immense difference there was in my relation to Lucy and that which Rupert bore to her. I could not explain this difference, however, but merely assented to her wishes, renewing, for the fourth or fifth time, my pledges of performing with fidelity all she asked at my hands. Grace then put into my hands an unsealed letter addressed to Rupert, which she desired me to read when alone, and which I was to have delivered with the legacy or donation of money.

"Let me rest once more on your bosom, Miles," said Grace, reclining her head in my arms, quite exhausted under the reaction of the excitement she had felt while urging her request. "I feel happier at this moment than I have been for a long time; yet, my increasing weakness admonishes me it cannot last long. Miles, darling, you must remember all our sainted mother taught you in childhood, and you will not mourn over my loss. Could I leave you united to one who understood and appreciated your worth, I should die contented. But you will be left alone, poor Miles; for a time at least you will mourn for me."

"Forever—long as life lasts, beloved Grace," I murmured, almost in her ear.

Exhaustion kept my sister quiet for a quarter of an hour, though I felt an occasional pressure of her hands, both of which held one of mine; and I could hear words asking blessings and consolation for me, whispered from time to time in heartfelt petitions to Heaven. As she gained strength by repose, my sister felt the desire to continue the discourse revive. I begged her not to incur the risk of further fatigue, but she answered, smiling affectionately in my face.

"Rest! There will be no permanent rest for me, until laid by the side of my parents. Miles, do your thoughts ever recur to that picture of the future that is so precious to the believer, and which leads us to hope, if not absolutely to confide in it as a matter of faith, that we may recognize each other in the next state of being, and that in a communion still sweeter than any of this life, since it will be a communion free from all sin, and governed by holiness?"

"We sailors give little heed to these matters, Grace; but I feel that, in future, the idea you have just mentioned will be full of consolation to me."

"Remember, my best-beloved brother, it is only the blessed that can enjoy such a recognition—to the accursed it must add an additional weight to the burden of their woe."

"Felix trembled!" The thought that even this chance of again meeting my sister, and of communing with her in the form in which I had ever seen and loved her might be lost, came in aid of other good resolutions that the state of the family had quickened in my heart. I thought, however, it might be well not to let Grace lead the conversation to such subjects, after all that had just passed, repose becoming necessary to her again. I therefore proposed calling Lucy, in order that she might be carried to her own room. I say carried; for, by a remark that fell from Chloe, I had ascertained that this was the mode in which she had been brought to the place of meeting. Grace acquiesced; but while we waited for Chloe to answer the bell, she continued to converse.

"I have not exacted of you, Miles," my sister continued, "any promise to keep my bequest a secret from the world; your own sense of delicacy would do that; but I will make it a condition that you do not speak of it to either Mr. Hardinge or Lucy. They may possibly raise weak objections, particularly the last, who has, and ever has had, some exaggerated opinions about receiving money. Even in her days of poverty, and poor as she was, you know, notwithstanding our true love for each other, and close intimacy, I never could induce Lucy to receive a cent. Nay, so scrupulous has she been, that the little presents which friends constantly give and receive, she would decline, because she

had not the means of offering them in return."

I remembered the gold the dear girl had forced on me, when I first went to sea, and could have kneeled at her feet and called her "blessed."

"And this did not make you love and respect Lucy the less, my sister? But do not answer; so much conversing must distress you."

"Not at all, Miles. I speak without suffering, nor does the little talking I do enfeeble me in the least. When I appear exhausted, it is from the feelings which accompany our discourse. I talk much, very much, with dear Lucy, who hears me with more patience than yourself, brother!"

I knew that this remark applied to Grace's wish to dwell on the unknown future, and did not receive it as a reproach in any other sense. As she seemed calm, however, I was willing to indulge her wish to converse with me, so long as she dwelt on subjects that did not agitate her. Speaking of her hopes of heaven had a contrary effect, and I made no further opposition.

"Lucy's hesitation to be under the obligations you mention did not lessen her iu your esteem?" I repeated.

"You know it could not, Miles. Lucy is a dear, good girl; and the more intimately one knows her, the more certain is one to esteem her. I have every reason to bless and pray for Lucy; still I desire you not to make either her or her father acquainted with my request."

"Rupert would hardly conceal such a thing from so near and dear friends."

"Let Rupert judge of the propriety of that for himself. Kiss me, brother; do not ask to see me again to-day, for I have much to arrange with Lucy; to-morrow I shall expect a long visit. God bless you, my own dear—my *only* brother, and ever have you in his holy keeping!"

I left the room as Chloe entered; and, in threading the long passage that led to the apartment which was appropriated to my own particular purposes, as an office, cabinet, or study, I met Lucy near the door of the latter. I could see she had been weeping, and she followed me into the room.

"What do you think of her, Miles?" the dear girl asked, uttering the words in a tone so low and plaintive as to say all that she anticipated herself.

"We shall lose her, Lucy; yes, 'tis God's pleasure to call her to himself."

Had worlds depended on the effort, I could not have got out another syllable. The feelings which had been so long pent up in Grace's presence broke out, and I am not ashamed to say that I wept and sobbed like an infant.

How kind, how woman-like, how affectionate did Lucy show herself at that bitter moment. She said but little, though I think I overheard her murmuring "poor Miles!"—"poor *dear* Miles!"—"what a blow it must be to a brother!"—"God will temper this loss to him!" and other similar expressions. She took one of my hands and pressed it warmly between both her own; held it there for two or three minutes; hovered round me, as the mother keeps near its slumbering infant when illness renders rest necessary; and seemed more like a spirit sympathizing with my grief than a mere observer of its violence. In reflecting on what then passed months afterward, it appeared to me that Lucy had entirely forgotten herself, her own causes of sorrow, her own feelings as respected Grace, in the single wish to solace me. But this was ever her character; this was her very nature; to live out of herself, as it might be, and in the existence of those whom she esteemed or loved. During this scene Lucy lost most of the restraints which womanhood and more matured habits had placed on her deportment; and she behaved toward me with the innocent familiarity that marked our intercourse down to the time I sailed in the *Crisis*. It is true, I was too dreadfully agitated at first to take heed of all that passed; but, I well remember, that before leaving me in obedience to a summons from Grace, she laid her head affectionately on mine, and kissed the curls with which nature had so profusely covered the last. I thought, at the time, notwithstanding, that the salute

would have been on the forehead, or cheek, three years before, or previously to her acquaintance with Drewett.

I was a long time in regaining entire self-command; but, when I did, I opened my sister's letter to Rupert, agreeably to her request, and perused it twice without a pause, even to reflect. It was conceived in these words:—

"MY DEAREST RUPERT:—God, in his infinite and inscrutable wisdom, when you read this letter, will have seen fit to call me to himself. Let not this seeming loss, in any manner, afflict you, my friend; for I feel the humble assurance that I shall reap the full benefit of the Saviour's great sacrifice. I could not have been happy in this life, Rupert; and it is a mercy that I am taken thus early to a better. It grieves me to part from your excellent father, from our precious, and rightfully beloved Lucy, and from dear, dear Miles. This is the last tribute I pay to nature, and I hope it will be pardoned for its character. There is a strong hope within me that my death will be sanctified to the benefit of my friends. With this view, and this view only, beloved Rupert, I wish you to remember it. In all other respects let it be forgotten. You have found it impossible to command your affections, and worlds would not have tempted me to become your wife without possessing all your heart. I pray daily, almost hourly"—tears had evidently blotted this portion of the letter—"for you and Emily. Live together, and make each other happy. She is a sweet girl; has enjoyed advantages that Clawbonny could not bestow, and which will contribute to your gratification. In order that you may sometimes think of me"—poor Grace was not aware of this contradiction in her requests—"Miles will send you a legacy that I leave you. Accept it as a little fortune with Emily. I wish sincerely it were much larger; but you will not overlook the intention, and forget the insufficiency of the sum. Small as it is, I trust it will enable you to marry at once, and Lucy's heart may be confided in for the rest.

"Farewell, Rupert—I do not say farewell, Emily; for I think this letter, as well as its object, had better remain a secret between you and me, and my brother—but I wish your future wife all earthly happiness, and an end as full of hope as that which attends the death-bed of your affectionate

"GRACE WALLINGFORD."

Oh! woman, woman, what are ye not when duly protected and left to the almost divine impulses of your generous natures! What may ye not become, when rendered mercenary and envious by too close a contact with those worldly interests which are never admitted to an ascendency without destroying all your moral beauty!

CHAPTER VII.

"And the beautiful, whose record
Is the verse that cannot die,
They, too, are gone, with their glorious bloom,
From the love of human eye."—MRS. HEMANS.

I CANNOT dwell minutely on the events of the week that succeeded: Grace sunk daily, hourly; and the medical advice that was obtained, more as a duty than with any hope of its benefiting the patient, failed of assisting her. Mr. Hardinge saw the invalid often, and I was admitted to her room each day, where she would lie reclining on my bosom for hours at a time, seemingly fond of this innocent indulgence of her affections, on the eve of her final departure. As it was out of the question that my sister should again visit the family room, the *causeuse* was brought into her chamber, where it was made to perform the office to which it had been several times devoted in its proper apartment since my return from sea. That venerable chair still exists, and I often pass thoughtful hours in it, in my old age, musing on the past, and recalling the different scenes and conversations of which it could tell, did it possess consciousness and the faculty of speech.

Mr. Hardinge officiated in his own church, agreeably to his intention, on the

succeeding Sunday. Lucy remained with her friend, and I make no doubt their spirits devoutly communed with ours the while, for I mustered sufficient fortitude to be present at St. Michael's. I could observe an earnest sympathy in every member of the little congregation, and tears fell from nearly every eye when the prayer for the sick was read. Mr. Hardinge remained at the rectory for the further duties of the day, but I rode home immediately after morning service, too uneasy to remain absent from the house longer than was necessary at such a moment. As my horse trotted slowly homeward he overtook Neb, who was walking toward Clawbonny with an air so different from his customary manner I could not help remarking it. Neb was a muscular, active black, and usually walked as if his legs were all springs; but he moved along now so heavily that I could not but see some weight upon the spirits had produced this influence on the body. The change was, naturally enough, attributed to the state of affairs with Chloe; and I felt disposed to say a word to my faithful slave, who had been unavoidably overlooked in the pressure of sorrow that had weighed me down for the last ten days. I spoke to the poor fellow as cheerfully as I could, as I came up, and endeavored to touch on such subjects as I thought might interest without troubling him.

"This is a famous windfall that has crossed Mr. Marble's track, Neb," I said, pulling up in order to go a short distance at an even pace with my brother tar. "As nice an old woman for a mother, as pretty a little girl for a niece, and as snug a haven to moor in at the end of the voyage as any old worn-out sea-dog could or ought to wish."

"Yes, sir, Masser Mile," Neb answered, as I fancied, in the manner of one who was thinking of something different from what he said; "yes, sir, Mr. Marble a reg'lar sea-dog."

"And as such not the less entitled to have a good old mother, a pretty niece, and a snug home."

"No, sir; none de wuss for bin' sea-dog, all must allow. Nebberdeless, Masser Mile, I sometime wish you and I nebber hab see salt water."

"That is almost as much as wishing we never looked down the Hudson from the hills and banks of Clawbonny, boy; the river itself being salt not far below us. You are thinking of Chloe, and fancying that had you stayed at home your chance of getting into her good graces would have been better."

"No, Masser Mile; no, *sir*. Nobody at Clawbonny t'ink, just now, of anyt'ng but deat'."

I started in surprise. Mr. Hardinge kept everything like exaggeration and those physical excitements which it is so much the habit of certain sects to mistake for religious impulses, even from the negroes of the Clawbonny property. Neb's speech sounded more like an innovation of this nature than I had ever heard among my people; and I looked hard at the fellow for an instant before I answered.

"I am afraid I understand you, Neb," was my reply, after a meaning pause. "It is a relief to me to find that my people retain all their affections for the children of their old master and mistress."

"We hard-hearted, indeed, sir, if we don't. Ah! *Masser* Mile, you and I see many dreadful t'ing together, but we nebber see anyt'ng like dis!"

Neb's dark cheek was glistening with tears as he spoke, and I spurred my horse lest my own manhood might give way there in the road, and in the presence of those who were fast approaching. Why Neb had expressed sorrow for having ever gone to sea, I could not account for in any other manner than by supposing that he imagined Grace was, in some manner, a sufferer by my absence from home.

When I reached the house, not a soul was visible. The men had all gone to church, and were to be seen in the distance, coming along the road, singly, and in a melancholy manner, not a sign of the customary, thoughtless merriment of a negro escaping a single individual among them; but it was usual for some of the black Venuses to be seen sunning them-

selves at that season, exhibiting their summer finery to each other and their admirers. Not one was now visible. All the front of the house, the lawn, the kitchens, of which there were no less than three, and the kitchen yards; in short, every familiar haunt of the dwelling was deserted and empty. This boded evil; and, throwing the bridle over a post, I walked hurriedly toward the part of the building, or *buildings* would be a better word, inhabited by Grace.

As I ended the passage which communicated with my sister's own room, the departure from ordinary appearances was explained. Six or seven of the negresses were kneeling near the door, and I could hear the low, solemn, earnest voice of Lucy, reading some of the collects and other prayers suited to the sick-chamber and to the wants of a parting soul. Lucy's voice was music itself, but never before had it sounded so plaintively sweet. The lowest intonation was distinctly audible, as if the dear, devout creature felt that the Being she addressed was not to be approached in any other manner, while the trembling earnestness of the tones betrayed the depth of feeling with which each syllable escaped from the heart. Talk of liturgies impairing the fervor of prayer! This may be the fact with those who are immersed in themselves while communing with God, and cannot consent even to pray without placing their own thoughts and language, however ill-digested and crude, uppermost in the business of the moment. Do not such persons know that, as respects united worship, their own prayers are, to all intents and purposes, a formulary to their listeners, with the disadvantage of being received without preparation or direction to the mind?—nay, too often substituting a critical and prurient curiosity for humble and intelligent prayer? In these later times, when Christianity is reassuming the character of quarrels of sects, and, as an old man who has lived, and hopes to die, in communion with the Anglo-American Church, I do not wish to exculpate my own particular branch of the Catholic body from blame, but, in these later times, when Christianity is returning to its truculency, forgetful of the chiefest of virtues, charity, I have often recalled the scene of that solemn noontide, and asked myself the question, "if any man could have heard Lucy, as I did on that occasion, concluding with the petition which Christ himself gave to his disciples as a comprehensive rule, if not absolutely as a formulary, and imagine the heart could not fully accompany words that had been previously prescribed?"

No sooner had Lucy's solemn tones ceased than I passed through the crowd of weeping and still kneeling blacks, and entered my sister's room. Grace was reclining in an easy chair; her eyes closed, her hands clasped together, but lying on her knees, and her whole attitude and air proclaiming a momentary, but total abstraction of the spirit. I do not think she heard my footstep at all, and I stood at her side an instant, uncertain whether to let her know of my presence, or not. At this instant I caught the eye of Lucy, who seemed intent on the wish to speak to me. Grace had three or four small rooms that communicated with each other in her part of the dwelling; and into one of these, which served as a sort of *boudoir*, though the name was then unknown in America, I followed the dear girl, whose speaking, but sad look had bidden me to do so.

"Is my father near at hand?" Lucy asked with an interest I did not understand, since she must have known he intended to remain at his own residence, in readiness for the afternoon service.

"He is not. You forget he has to attend to evening prayers."

"I have sent for him, Miles," taking one of my hands in both her own with the tenderness a mother would manifest to a very dear child; "*dear* Miles, you must summon all your fortitude."

"Is my sister worse?" I demanded, huskily, for, prepared as I was for the result, I was not expecting it by any means so soon.

"I cannot call it worse, Miles, to be about to be called away to God in such a frame of mind. But it is proper I should tell you all. Rather less than an hour

since, Grace told me that the hour was at hand. She has the knowledge of her approaching end, though she would not let me send for you. She said you would have ample time to witness it all. For my father, however, I have sent, and he must soon be here."

"Almighty Providence! Lucy, do you really think we shall lose Grace so soon?"

"As it is the will of God to take her from us, Miles, I can scarce repine that her end should be so easy, and, in all respects, so tranquil."

So long as memory is granted to me, will the picture that Lucy presented at that moment remain vividly impressed on my mind. She loved Grace as a most dear sister; loved her as an affectionate, generous-minded, devoted woman alone can love; and yet, so keenly was she alive to the nature of the communication it was her duty to make, that concern for me alone reigned in her saddened and anxious eye. Her mind had schooled itself to bear its own grief, and meek, believing, and disposed to foresee all that her profound faith taught her to hope, I do believe she considered my sister a subject of envy rather than of regret, though her solicitude on my account was so absorbing. This generous self-denial touched my feelings in more ways than one, enabling me to command myself to a degree that might otherwise have been out of my power, during the few succeeding hours. I felt ashamed to manifest all I endured in the presence of so much meek but pious fortitude, and that exhibited by one whose heart I so well knew to be the very seat of the best human affections. The sad smile that momentarily illuminated Lucy's countenance, as she gazed anxiously in my face when speaking, was full of submissive hope and Christian faith.

"God's will be done," I rather whispered than uttered aloud. "Heaven is a place more suited to such a spirit than the abodes of men."

Lucy pressed my hand, and appeared relieved from a load of intense anxiety by this seeming fortitude. She bade me remain where I was, until she had herself apprised Grace of my return from church. I could see through the open door that the negresses had been directed to retire, and presently I heard the footstep of Mr. Hardinge approaching the room adjoining that in which I then was, and which answered the purpose of a sort of antechamber for those who came to the sick-room from the more public side of the house. I met my excellent old guardian in that apartment, and Lucy was at my side at the next instant. One word from the last sufficed to keep us in this room while she returned to that of Grace.

"God have mercy on us, my dear boy," the divine ejaculated, as much in prayer as in grief; "and I say on us, as well as on *you*, for Grace has ever been dear to me as a child of my own. I knew the blow must come, and have prayed the Lord to prepare us all for it and to sanctify it to us, old and young, but notwithstanding, death has come 'literally' when no man knoweth. I must have materials for writing, Miles, and you will choose an express for me out of your people; let the man be ready to mount in half an hour, for I shall not require half that time to prepare my letter."

"Medical advise is useless, I am afraid, dear sir," I answered. "We have Post's directions, and very respectable attendance from our own family physician, Dr. Wurtz, who gave me to understand several days since that he saw no other means of averting the evil we dread than those already adopted. Still, sir, I shall be easier if we can persuade Dr. Bard to cross the river, and have already thought of sending Neb once more on that errand."

"Do so," returned Mr. Hardinge, drawing toward him a little table on which Dr. Wurtz had written a few prescriptions, that were used more for form, I believe, than any expectation of the good they could do, and beginning to write even while talking; "do so," he added, "and Neb can put this letter in the post-office on the eastern bank of the river, which will be the quickest mode of causing it to reach Rupert——"

"Rupert!" I exclaimed, in a key that I instantly regretted.

"Certainly; we can do no less than send for Rupert, Miles. He has ever been like a brother to Grace, and the poor fellow would feel the neglect keenly, did we overlook him on an occasion like this. You seem astonished at my thinking of summoning him to Clawbonny."

"Rupert is at the Springs, sir, happy in the society of Miss Merton; would it not be better to leave him where he is?"

"What would you think, Miles, were Lucy on her death-bed, and we should fail to let you know it?"

I gazed so wildly at the good old man, I believe, that even his simplicity could not avoid seeing the immense difference between the real and the supposititious case.

"Very true, poor Miles, very true," Mr. Hardinge added in an apologetic manner; "I see the weakness of my comparison, though I was beginning to hope you were already regarding Lucy once more with the eyes of a brother. But Rupert must not be forgotten either, and here is my letter already written."

"It will be too late, sir," I got out, hoarsely; "my sister cannot survive the day."

I perceived that Mr. Hardinge was not prepared for this; his cheek grew pale, and his hand trembled as he sealed the epistle. Still he sent it, as I afterward discovered.

"God's will be done!" the excellent divine murmured. "If such should really be his holy will, we ought not to mourn that another humble Christian spirit is called away to the presence of its great Creator! Rupert can, at least, attend to do honor to all that we can honor of the saint we lose."

There was no resisting or contending with so much simplicity and goodness of heart, had it been in my power; and a summons to the room of Grace called all my thoughts to her. My sister's eyes were now open. I shuddered, felt a sinking of the heart like that produced by despair, as I caught their unearthly or rather their supernatural expression. It was not that anything which indicated death in its more shocking aspects met my look, but simply that I could trace the illumination of a spirit that already felt itself on the eve of a new state of being, and one that must at least separate all that remained behind from any further communication with itself. I am not certain that I felt no pang at the thought that my sister could be entirely happy without any participation on my part in her bliss. We are all so selfish that it is hard to say how far even our most innocent longings are free from the taint of this feature of our nature.

But Grace herself could not entirely shake off the ties of kindred and human love so long as her spirit continued in its earthly tenement. So far from this, every glance she cast on one or all of us denoted the fathomless tenderness of her nature, and was filled with its undying affection. She was weak, frightfully so, I fancied, for death appeared to hasten in order to release her as swiftly and easily as possible, yet did her interest in me and in Lucy sustain her sufficiently to enable her to impart much that she wished to say. In obedience to a sign from her, I knelt at her side, and received her head on my bosom as near as possible in that attitude in which we had already passed hours since her illness. Mr. Hardinge hovered over us like a ministering spirit, uttering in a suppressed and yet distinct voice some of the sublimest of those passages from Scripture that are the most replete with consolation to the parting spirit. As for Lucy, to me she seemed to be precisely in that spot where she was most wanted, and often did Grace's eyes turn toward her with gleamings of gratitude and love.

"The hour is near, brother," Grace whispered, as she lay on my bosom. "Remember, I die asking forgiveness as much for those who may have done me wrong, as for myself. Forget nothing that you have promised me; *do* nothing to cause Lucy and her father sorrow."

"I understand you, sister," was my low answer. "Depend on all I have *said* —all you can *wish*."

A gentle pressure of the hand was the token of contentment with which this assurance was received.

From that moment it seemed to me that Grace was less than usual attached to the things of the world. Nevertheless, her interest in those she loved, and who loved her, continued to the last.

"Let all the slaves that wish to see me, enter," Grace said, rousing herself to perform a trying but necessary duty. "I never can repay them for all they have done for me; but I trust them to you, Miles, with confidence."

Lucy glided from the room, and in a few minutes the long train of dark faces was seen approaching the door. The grief of these untutored beings, like their mirth, is usually loud and vociferous; but Lucy, dear, considerate, energetic Lucy—energetic even in the midst of a sorrow that nearly crushed her to the earth—had foreseen all this, and the blacks were admitted only on the condition of their preserving a command over themselves in the interview.

Grace spoke to every one of the females, taking leave of each calmly and with some useful and impressive admonition, while all the older men were also noticed personally.

"Go, and rejoice that I am so soon released from the cares of this world," she said, when the sad ceremony was over. "Pray for me, and for yourselves. My brother knows my wishes in your behalf, and will see them executed. God bless you, my friends, and have you in his holy keeping."

So great was the ascendency Lucy had obtained over these poor simple creatures during the short time they had been under her mild but consistent rule, that each and all left the room as quiet as children, awe-struck by the solemnity of the scene. Still, the oldest and most wrinkled of their cheeks were wet with tears, and it was only by the most extraordinary efforts that they were enabled to repress the customary outbreakings of sorrow. I had gone to a window to conceal my own feelings after this leave-taking, when a rustling in the bushes beneath it caught my ear. Looking out, there lay Neb, flat on his face, his Herculean frame extended at full length, his hands actually griping the earth under the mental agony he endured, and yet the faithful fellow would not even utter a groan, lest it might reach his young mistress's ears, and disquiet her last moments. I afterward ascertained he had taken that post in order that he might learn from time to time, by means of signs from Chloe, how things proceeded in the chamber above. Lucy soon recalled me to my old post, Grace having expressed a wish to that effect.

"It will be but an hour, and we shall all be together again," Grace said, startling us all by the clearness and distinctness of her enunciation. "The near approach of death places us on a height whence we can see the entire world and its vanities at a single view."

I pressed the dying girl closer to my heart, a species of involuntary declaration of the difficulty I experienced in regarding her loss with the religious philosophy she was inculcating.

"Mourn not for me, Miles"—she continued—"yet I know you will mourn. But God will temper the blow, and in his mercy may cause it to profit you forever."

I did not, could not answer. I saw Grace endeavoring to get a look at my countenance, as if to observe the effect of the scene. By my assistance she was so placed as to obtain her wish. The sight, I believe, aroused feelings that had begun to yield to the influence of the last great change; for, when my sister spoke next, it was with a tenderness of accent that proved how hard it is for those who are deeply affectionate to lose their instincts.

"Poor Miles! I almost wish we could go together! You have been a dear, good brother to me." (What a sweet consolation I afterward found in these words.) "It grieves me to leave you so nearly alone in the world. But you will have Mr. Hardinge, and our Lucy—"

The pause, and the look that succeeded, caused a slight tremor to pass over my frame. Grace's eyes turned anxiously from me to the form of the kneeling and weeping Lucy. I fancied that she was about to express a wish, or some regret, in connection with us two, that even at

such a moment I could not have heard without betraying the concern it would give me. She did not speak, however, though her look was too eloquent to be mistaken. I ascribed the forbearance to the conviction that it would be too late, Lucy's affections belonging to Andrew Drewett. At that instant I had a bitter remembrance of Neb's words of "I sometime wish, Masser Mile, you and I nebber had see salt-water." But that was not the moment to permit such feelings to get the mastery; and Grace herself felt too clearly that her minutes were numbered, to allow her mind to dwell on the subject.

"An Almighty Providence will direct everything for the best, in this as in other things," she murmured; though it was still some little time, I thought, before her mind reverted to her own situation. The welfare of two as much beloved as Lucy and myself could not be a matter of indifference to one of Grace's disposition, even in the hour of death.

Mr. Hardinge now knelt, and the next quarter of an hour passed in prayer. When the divine rose from his knees, Grace, her countenance beaming with an angelic serenity, gave him her hand, and in a clear, distinct voice, she uttered a prayer for blessings, connecting her petitions with the gratitude due him, for his care of us orphans. I never saw the old man so much touched before. This unexpected benediction, for it had that character, coming from youth to age, quite unmanned him. The old man sank into a chair, weeping uncontrollably. This aroused Lucy, who regarded the gray hairs of her father with awe, as she witnessed the strength of his emotions. But feelings of this nature could not long absorb a man like Mr. Hardinge, who soon regained as much of the appearance of composure as it was possible to maintain by such a death-bed.

"Many may think me young to die,' Grace observed; "but I am weary of the world. It is my wish to submit myself to the will of God; but, blessed be his holy name, that he sees fit to call me to him this day. Lucy, beloved one—go into the next room, and draw the curtain asunder; I shall then be enabled to gaze on the fields of dear Clawbonny once more; that will be my last look at the outer world."

This leave-taking of inanimate things, objects long known and loved, is of frequent occurrence with the dying. It is not in our natures to quit forever this beautiful world, without casting "one longing, lingering look behind." The hand of its divine Creator was gloriously impressed on the rural loveliness of my native fields that day, and a holy tranquillity seemed to reign over the grain, the orchards, the meadows, and the wooded heights. The couch of Grace was purposely placed at a point in her own chamber that commanded a wide view of the farm, through the vista formed by the door and windows of the adjoining room. Here she had often sat, during her confinement to her rooms, contemplating scenes so familiar and so much loved. I saw her lips quiver as she now gazed on them for the last time, and was convinced some unusual sentiment, connected with the past, pressed on her feelings at that instant. I could see the same view myself, and perceived that her eyes were riveted on the little wood where Rupert and I had met the girls on our return from sea; a favorite place of resort, and one that, I doubted not, had often been the witness of the early confidence between Grace and her recreant lover. Death was actually hovering over that sainted being at the moment; but her woman's heart was not, *could* not be insensible to the impressions produced by such a sight. In vain the warm light from the heavens bathed the whole landscape in a flood of glory; in vain the meadows put forth their flowers, the woods their variegated, bright American verdure, and the birds their innocent gayety and brilliant plumage; the fancy of Grace was portraying scenes that had once been connected with the engrossing sentiment of her life. I felt her tremble, as she lay in my arms; and bending my head toward her in tender concern I could just distinguish the murmuring of a prayer that it was easy to understand was a petition of-

fered up in behalf of Rupert. This done, she asked, herself, to have the curtain drawn again, to shut out the obtrusive thought forever.

I have often thought, since the events of that sad day, that Grace's dissolution was hastened by this accidental recurrence of her mind to Rupert and his forgotten love. I call it love, though I question if a being so thoroughly selfish ever truly loved any one but himself; perhaps not himself, indeed, in a way to entitle the feeling to so respectable an epithet. Grace certainly drooped the faster from that unfortunate moment. It is true we all expected her death, thought it would occur that day even, though surprised at the suddenness with which it came at last; but we did not expect it within an hour.

And what an hour was that which succeeded! Both Mr. Hardinge and Lucy passed quite half of it on their knees, engaged in silent prayer; for it was thought petitions uttered aloud might disturb the sick. There were minutes in which the stillness of the tomb already reigned among us. I am not enough of a physician to say whether the change that now came over my sister's mind was the consequence of any shock received in that long, intense look at the wood, or whether it proceeded from the sinking of the system, and was connected with that mysterious link which binds the immortal part of our being so closely to the material, until the tie is loosened forever. It is certain, however, that Grace's thoughts wandered; and, while they never lost entirely their leaning toward faith and a bright Christian hope, they became tinctured with something allied to childish simplicity, if not absolutely to mental weakness. Nevertheless, there was a moral beauty about Grace that no failing of the faculties could ever totally eradicate.

It was fully half an hour that the breathing quiet of prayer lasted. In all that time my sister scarcely stirred, her own hands being clasped together, and her eyes occasionally lifted to heaven. At length she seemed to revive a little, and to observe external objects. In the end, she spoke.

"Lucy, dearest," she said, "what has become of Rupert? Does he know I am dying? If so, why does he not come and see me, for the last time?"

It is scarcely necessary for me to say how much Lucy and myself were startled at this question. The former buried her face in her hands without making any reply; but good Mr. Hardinge, altogether unconscious of anything's being wrong, was eager to exculpate his son.

"Rupert has been sent for, my dear child," he said, "and, though he is engrossed with love and Miss Merton, he will not fail to hasten hither the instant he receives my letter."

"Miss Merton!" repeated Grace, pressing both her hands on her temples—"who is she? I do not remember anybody of that name?"

We now understood that the mind of the dear patient was losing its powers; of course no efforts were made to give a truer direction to her thoughts. We could only listen, and weep. Presently, Grace passed an arm round the neck of Lucy, and drew her toward her, with a childish earnestness.

"Lucy, love," she continued, "we will persuade these foolish boys from this notion of going to sea. What if Miles's father, and Rupert's great-grandfather *were* sailors; it is no reason *they* should be sailors too!"

She paused, appeared to meditate, and turned toward me. Her head was still inclining on my bosom, and she gazed upward at my face; as fondly as she did in that tender meeting we held just after my return home, in the family room. There was sufficient strength to enable her to raise her pallid but not emaciated hand to my face, even while she passed it over my cheeks, once more parting the curls on my temples, and playing with my hair, with infantile fondness.

"Miles," the dear angel whispered, utterance beginning to fail her, "do you remember what mother told us about always speaking the truth? You are a manly boy, brother, and have too much pride to

say anything but the truth; I wish Rupert were as frank."

This was the first, the last, the only intimation I had ever heard from Grace, of her being conscious of any defect in Rupert's character. Would to God she had seen this important deficiency earlier! though this is wishing a child to possess the discernment and intelligence of a woman. The hand was still on my cheek, and I would not have had it removed at that bitter moment to have been well assured of Lucy's love.

"See," my sister resumed, though she now spoke merely in a whisper, "how brown his cheek is, though his forehead is white. I doubt if mother would know him, Lucy. Is Rupert's cheek as brown as this, dear?"

"Rupert has not been as much exposed of late as Miles," Lucy answered huskily, Grace's arm still clinging to her neck.

The well-known voice appeared to awaken a new train of thought.

"Lucy," my sister asked, "are you as fond of Miles as we both used to be, when children?"

"I have always had, and shall ever retain, a deep affection for Miles Wallingford," Lucy answered steadily.

Grace now turned toward me, releasing her hold of Lucy's neck, from pure inability to sustain it; and she fastened her serene blue eyes on my countenance, whence they never deviated while she breathed. My tears were uncontrollable, and they seemed to perplex rather than distress her. Of a sudden, we heard her voice aloud, speaking gently, but with a fervor that rendered it distinct. The words she uttered were full of the undying affection of a heart that never turned away from me for a single instant; no, not even in the petulance of childhood. "Almighty Father," she said, "look down from thy mercy-seat on this dear brother—keep him for thyself; and, in thy good time, call him, through the Saviour's love, to thy mansions of bliss."

These were the last words that Grace Wallingford ever spoke. She lived ten minutes longer; and she died on my bosom like the infant that breathes its last in the arms of its mother. Her lips moved several times; once I fancied I caught the name of "Lucy," though I have reason to think she prayed for us all, Rupert included, down to the moment she ceased to exist.

CHAPTER VIII.

> "There have been sweet singing voices
> In your walks that now are still;
> There are seats left void, in your earthly homes,
> Which none again may fill."—MRS. HEMANS.

I NEVER saw the body of my sister, after I handed it, resembling a sleeping infant, to the arms of Lucy. There is a sort of mania in some, a morbid curiosity, to gaze on the features of the dead; but, with me, it has ever been the reverse. I had been taken to the family room to contemplate and weep over the faces of both my parents, but this was at an age when it became me to be passive. I was now at a time of life when I might be permitted to judge for myself; and, as soon as I began to think at all on the subject, which was not for some hours, however, I resolved that the last look of love, the sweet countenance, sinking in death it is true, but still animate and beaming with the sentiments of her pure heart, should be the abiding impression of my sister's form. I have cherished it ever since, and often have I rejoiced that I did not permit any subsequent images of a corpse to supplant it. As respects both my parents, the images left on my mind, for years and years, were painful rather than pleasing.

Grace's body was no sooner out of my arms, I had scarcely imprinted the last long kiss on the ivory-like but still warm forehead, than I left the house. Clawbonny had no impertinent eyes to drive a mourner to his closet, and I felt as if it were impossible to breathe unless I could obtain the freedom of the open air. As I crossed the little lawn, the wails from the kitchen reached me. Now that the invalid could no longer be disturbed by their lamentations, the unsophisticated negroes gave vent to their feelings without re-

serve. I heard their outcries long after every other sound from the house was lost on my ear.

I held my way along the road, with no other view but to escape from the scene I had just quitted, and entered the very little wood which might be said to have been the last object of the external world that had attracted my sister's attention. Here everything reminded me of the past; of the days of childhood and youth; of the manner in which the four Clawbonny children had lived together, and roamed these very thickets in confidence and love. I sat in that wood an hour; a strange, unearthly hour it seemed to me! I saw Grace's angel countenance imprinted on the leaves, heard a low, but gay laugh, as she was wont to let it be heard in the hours of happiness, and the tones of her gentle voice sounded in my ears almost as familiarly as in life. Rupert and Lucy were there, too. I saw them, heard them, and tried to enter into their innocent merriment, as I had done of old; but the fearful glimpses of the sad truth would interpose in time to break the charm.

When I left that little wood, it was to seek a larger cover, and fields further removed from the house. It was dark before I thought of returning; all that time was passed in a species of mystic hallucination, in which the mind was lost in scenes foreign to those actually present. I saw Grace's sweet image everywhere; I heard her voice at every turn. Now she was the infant I was permitted to drag in her little wagon, the earliest of all my impressions of that beloved sister; then she was following me as I trundled my hoop; next came her little lessons in morals, and warnings against doing wrong, or some grave, but gentle reproof for errors actually committed; after which I saw her in the pride of young womanhood, lovely and fitted to be loved, the sharer of my confidence, and one capable of entering into all my plans of life. How often that day did the murmuring of a brook, or the humming of a bee become blended in my imagination with the song, the laugh, the call, or the prayers of that beloved sister whose spirit had ascended to heaven, and who was no more to mingle in my concerns or those of life!

At one time I had determined to pass the night abroad, and commune with the stars, each of which I fancied, in turn, as they began slowly to show themselves in the vault above, might be the abiding-place of the departed spirit. If I thought so much and so intensely of Grace, I thought also of Lucy. Nor was good Mr. Hardinge entirely forgotten. I felt for their uneasiness, and saw it was my duty to return. Neb and two or three others of the blacks had been looking for me in all directions but that in which I was; and I felt a melancholy pleasure as I occasionally saw these simple-minded creatures meet and converse. Their gestures, their earnestness, their tears, for I could see that they were often weeping, indicated alike that they were speaking of their "young mistress;" *how* they spoke, I wanted no other communications to understand.

Ours had ever been a family of love. My father, manly, affectionate, and strongly attached to my mother, was admirably suited to sustain that dominion of the heart which the last had established from her earliest days at Clawbonny. This power of the feelings had insensibly extended itself to the slaves, who seldom failed to manifest how keenly alive they all were to the interests and happiness of their owners. Among the negroes there was but one who was considered as fallen below his proper level, or who was regarded as an outcast. This was an old fellow who bore the name of Vulcan, and who worked as a blacksmith on the skirts of the farm, having been named by my grandfather with the express intention of placing him at the anvil. This fellow's trade caused him to pass most of his youth in an adjacent village, or hamlet, where unfortunately he had acquired habits that unsuited him to live as those around him were accustomed to live. He became, in a measure, alienated from us, drinking, and otherwise living a life that brought great scandal on his sable connections, who were gathered more closely around the homestead.

Nevertheless, a death, or a return home, or any important event in the family, was sure to bring even Vulcan back to his allegiance; and, for a month afterward, he would be a reformed man. On this occasion he was one of those who were out in the fields and woods in quest of me, and he happened to be the very individual by whom I was discovered.

The awe-struck, solemn manner in which the reckless Vulcan approached, were all other proofs wanting, would have proclaimed the weight of the blow that had fallen on Clawbonny. The eyes of this fellow were always red, but it was easy to see that even he had been shedding tears. He knew he was no favorite; seldom came near me, unless it were to excuse some of his neglects or faults, and lived under a sort of ban for his constantly recurring misdeeds. Nevertheless, a common cause of grief now gave him confidence, and Neb himself could hardly have approached me with a manner of more easy, but respectful familiarity.

"Ah! Masser Mile! Masser Mile!" Vulcan exclaimed, certain that we felt alike on this topic, if on no other; "poor young misses! when we ebber get 'noder like *she?*"

"My sister is in heaven, Vulcan, where I hope all at Clawbonny, blacks as well as whites, will endeavor to meet her, by living in a manner that will improve the mercy of God."

"You t'ink dat *posserbul,* Masser Mile?" demanded the old man, fixing his dull eyes on me, with an earnest intentness that proved he had not entirely lost all sensibility to his moral condition.

"All things are possible with God, Vulcan. Keeping him and his commandments constantly in mind, you may still hope to see your young mistress, and to share in her happiness."

"Wonnerful!" exclaimed the old man; "dat would be a great conserlation. Ah! Masser Mile, how often she come when a little lady to my shop door and ask to see 'e spark fly! Miss Grace hab a great taste for blacksmit'in', and a great knowledge, too. I do t'ink, dat next to some oder t'ing, she lub to see iron red-hot, and 'e horse shod!"

"You have come to look for me, Vulcan, and I thank you for this care. I shall return to the house presently; you need give yourself no further trouble. Remember, old man, that the only hope that remains of either of us ever seeing Miss Grace again, is in living as Mr. Hardinge so often tells us all we ought to live."

"Wonnerful!" repeated old Vulcan, whose mind and feelings were in a happy condition to receive such a lesson. "Yes, *sah,* Masser Mile; she come to my shop to see e' spark fly;—I shall miss her like a darter."

This was a specimen of the feelings that prevailed among the negroes, though the impression on most of the others was more lasting than that made on the blacksmith, whom I now dismissed, taking the path myself that led to the house. It was quite dark when I crossed the lawn. A figure was just visible in the shadows of the piazza, and I was on the point of turning in the direction of a side door, in order to avoid the meeting, when Lucy advanced eagerly to the edge of the steps to receive me.

"Oh! Miles—*dear* Miles, how happy I am to see you again!" the precious girl said, taking my hand with the warmth and frankness of a sister. "My father and myself have been very uneasy about you; my father, indeed, has walked toward the rectory, thinking you may have gone thither."

"I have been with you, and Grace, and your father, my good Lucy, ever since we parted. I am more myself now, however, and you need feel no further concern on my account. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for that which you have already felt, and will give you no further concern."

The manner in which Lucy now burst into tears betrayed the intensity of the feelings that had been pent up in her bosom, and the relief she found in my assurances. She did not scruple, even, about leaning on my shoulder, so long as the paroxysm lasted. As soon as able to

command herself, however, she wiped her eyes, again took my hand with confiding affection, looked anxiously toward me as she said, soothingly—

"We have met with a great loss, Miles; one that even time cannot repair. Neither of us can ever find another to fill the place that Grace has occupied. Our lives cannot be lived over again; we cannot return to childhood; feel as children; love as children; live as children; and grow up together, as it might be, with one heart, with the same views, the same wishes, the same opinion; I hope it is not presuming on too great a resemblance to the departed angel, if I add, the same principle."

"No, Lucy; the past, for us, is gone forever. Clawbonny will never again be the Clawbonny it was."

There was a pause, during which I fancied Lucy was struggling to repress some fresh burst of emotion.

"Yet, Miles," she presently resumed, "we could not ask to have her recalled from that bliss which we have so much reason to believe she is even now enjoying. In a short time Grace will be to you and me a lovely and grateful image of goodness, and virtue, and affection; and we shall have a saddened, perhaps, but a deep-felt pleasure in remembering how much we enjoyed of her affection, and how closely she was united to us both in life."

"That will be indeed a link between us two, Lucy, that I trust may withstand *all* the changes and withering selfishness of the world!"

"I hope it may be, Miles," Lucy answered in a low voice, and, as I fancied at the moment, with an embarrassment that I did not fail to attribute to the consciousness she felt of Andrew Drewett's claims on all such intimate association of feeling. "We, who have known each other from children, can scarcely want causes for continuing to esteem and to regard each other with affection."

Lucy now appeared to think she might leave me to myself, and she led the way into the house. I did not see her again until Mr. Hardinge caused the whole household to assemble at evening prayers. The meeting of the family that night was solemn and mournful. For myself, I fancied that the spirit of Grace was hovering around us; more than once did I fancy that I heard her sweet voice mingling in the petitions, or leading the service, as was her practice on those occasions when our good guardian could not attend. I observed all the negroes looking at me with solicitude, like those who recognized my right to feel the blow the deepest. It was a touching evidence of respectful interest that each man bowed to me reverently, and each woman courtesied, as he or she left the room. As for Chloe, sobs nearly choked her, the poor girl having refused to quit the body of her mistress, except for that short moment. I thought Lucy would have remained with her father and myself for a few minutes, but for the necessity of removing this poor heart-stricked creature, who really felt as if the death of her young mistress was a loss of part of her own existence.

I have already dwelt on the circumstances attending the death of Grace longer than I intended, and shall now cease to harass my own feelings, or to distress those of my readers by unnecessarily enlarging on more of the details. The next three or four days produced the usual calm; and though it was literally years ere Lucy or myself ceased altogether to weep for her loss, we both obtained the self-command that was necessary for the discharge of our ordinary duties. Grace, it will be remembered, died of a Sunday, about the usual hour for dinner. Agreeably to the custom of the country, in which there is usually a little too much of an indecent haste in disposing of the dead, owing in some degree to the climate, however, the funeral would have taken place on Wednesday, and that would have been delaying twenty-four hours longer than might have been granted in most cases; but Mr. Hardinge, who gave all the directions, had named Thursday noon as the hour for the interment. We had few relatives to expect; most of those who would have been likely to attend, had circumstances admitted of it, living in distant

places that rendered it inconvenient, and indeed scarcely possible.

I passed most of the intervening time in my study, reading and indulging in such contemplations as naturally suggest themselves to the mourner. Lucy, dear girl, had written me two or three short notes, asking my wishes on various points, among other things, when I wished to pay a last visit to the body. My answer to this question brought her to my room, with some little surprise of manner; for she had been so much with Grace, living and dead, as to think it strange one who had loved her so well while living should not desire to take a final look at the beautiful remains. I explained my feelings on this head, and Lucy seemed struck with them.

"I am not sure you will not have decided wisely, Miles," she said, "the picture being one too precious to destroy. You will be gratified in knowing, however, that Grace resembles an angel quite as much in death as she did in life; all who have seen her being struck with the air of peaceful tranquillity her features now present."

"Bless you, bless you, Lucy, this is all-sufficient. I did wish for some such assurance, and am now content."

"Several of your family are in the house, Miles, in readiness to attend the funeral. A stranger has just arrived who seems to have some such desire, too, though his face is unknown to all at the place; he has asked to see you with an earnestness that my father scarce knows how to refuse."

"Let him come here, then, Lucy. I can only suppose it to be some one of the many persons Grace has served; her short life was all activity in that particular."

Lucy's face did not corroborate that notion; but she withdrew to let my decision be known. In a few minutes a large, hard-featured, but not ill-looking man approaching fifty, entered my room, walked up to me with tears in his eyes, squeezed my hand warmly, and then seated himself without ceremony. He was attired like a thriving countryman, though his language, accent, and manner denoted one superior to the ordinary run of those with whom he was otherwise associated in externals. I had to look at him a second time ere I could recognize Jack Wallingford, my father's bachelor cousin, the western land-holder.

"I see by your look, cousin Miles, that you only half remember me," my visitor remarked; "I deeply regret that I am obliged to renew our acquaintance on so melancholy an occasion."

"There are so few of us left, Mr. Wallingford, that this kindness will be doubly appreciated," I answered. "If I did not give orders to have you apprised of the loss we have all sustained, it is because your residence is so far from Clawbonny as to render it improbable you could have received the intelligence in time to attend the solemn ceremony that remains to be performed. I did intend to write to you, when a little better fitted to perform such a duty."

"I thank you, cousin. The blood and name of Wallingford are very near and dear to me, and Clawbonny has always seemed a sort of home."

"The dear creature who now lies dead under its roof, cousin John, so considered you; and you may be pleased to know that she wished me to leave you this property in my will the last time I went to sea, as of the direct line, a Wallingford being the proper owner of Clawbonny. In that particular, she preferred your claims to her own."

"Ay, this agrees with all I ever heard of the angel," answered John Wallingford, dashing a tear from his eyes, a circumstance that gave one a favorable opinion of his heart. "Of course you refused, and left the property to herself, who had a better right to it."

"I did, sir; though she threatened to transfer it to you, the moment it became hers."

"A threat she would have found it difficult to execute, as I certainly would have refused to receive it. We are half savages, no doubt, out west of the bridge; but our lands are beginning to tell in the markets, and we count already some rich men among us."

This was said with a self-satisfied man-

ner that my cousin was a little too apt to assume when property became the subject of conversation. I had occasion several times that day, even, to remark that he attached a high value to money; though, at the same time, it struck me that most of his notions were just and honorable. He quite worked his way into my favor, however, by the respect he manifested for Clawbonny, and all that belonged to it. So deep was this veneration, that I began to think of the necessity of making a new will, in order to bequeath him the place in the event of my dying without heirs, as I fancied would sooner or later occur. As Lucy was not likely to be my wife, no one else, I fancied, ever should be. I had nearer relations than Jack Wallingford, some of whom were then in the house; cousins-german, by both father and mother; but they were not of the direct line; and I knew that Miles the First would have made this disposition of the place, could he have foreseen events, and had the law allowed it. Then Grace had wished such an arrangement, and I had a sad happiness in executing all the known wishes of my sister.

The funeral did not occur until the day after the arrival of John Wallingford, who accidentally heard of the death that had occurred in the family, and came uninvited to attend the obsequies, as has been mentioned. I passed most of the evening in the company of this relative, with whom I became so much pleased as to request he would walk with me next day as second nearest of kin. This arrangement, as I had reason to know in the end, gave great offense to several who stood one degree nearer in blood to the deceased, though not of her name. Thus are we constituted! we will quarrel over a grave error, a moment that should lay open eternity to our view, with all its immense consequences and accompaniments, in order to vindicate feelings and passions that can only interest us, as it might be, for a day. Fortunately I knew nothing of the offense that was taken at the time, nor did I see any of my kinsmen but John Wallingford that evening; his presence in my room being owing altogether to a certain self-possession and an *à plomb* that caused him to do very much as he pleased in such matters.

I rose on the following morning at a late hour, and with a heaviness at the heart that was natural to the occasion. It was a lovely summer's day, but all in and around Clawbonny wore the air of a Sunday. The procession was to form at ten o'clock, and as I cast my eyes from my window, I could see the negroes moving about on the lawns, and in the lanes, attired in their best, but wearing no holiday faces. It seemed to me to be a species of unnatural Sabbath, possessing all its solemnity, its holy stillness, its breathing calm, but wanting in that solacing spirit of peace which is so apt to be imparted to the day of rest in the country, most particularly at that season of the year. Several of the neighbors who did not belong to Clawbonny were beginning to appear; and I felt the necessity of dressing in order to be in readiness for what was to follow.

I had eaten alone in my little study or library from the time my sister died, and had seen no one since my return to the house, the servants excepted, besides my guardian, Lucy, and John Wallingford. The last had taken a light supper with me the previous night, but he was then breakfasting with the rest of the guests in the family eating-room, Mr. Hardinge doing the honors of the house.

As for myself I found my own little table prepared with its coffee and light meal, as I had ordered before retiring. I had *two* cups, however, and a second plate had been laid in addition to my own. I pointed to this arrangement, and demanded of the old white-headed house-servant, who was in waiting, what it meant.

"Miss Lucy, sah; she say she mean to breakfast wid Masser Mile, dis mornin', sah."

Even the accents of this negro were solemn and sad as he made this familiar explanation, like those of a man who was conscious of having reached an hour and an occasion that called for peculiar awe.

I bade him let Miss Lucy know that I was in the study.

"Ah, Masser Mile," added the old man, with tears in his eyes, as he left the room, "Miss Lucy 'e only young missus now, sah!"

In a few minutes Lucy joined me. She was in deep black, of course, and that may have added to the appearance of paleness, but no one could be deceived in the manner in which the dear girl had mourned and wept since we parted. The subdued expression of her face gave it a peculiar sweetness, and in spite of the absence of color, I thought, as Lucy advanced toward me, both hands extended, and a smile of anxious inquiry on her lips, that she had never appeared more lovely. I did not hesitate about pressing those hands with fervor, and kissing the warm though colorless cheek. All this passed as it might have done between an affectionate brother and sister, neither of us thinking, I am persuaded, of aught but the confidence and friendship of childhood.

"This is kind of you, dear Lucy," I said, as we took our seats at the little table; "my cousin, John Wallingford, though a good man in the main, is scarcely near enough or *dear* enough to be admitted at a time like this."

"I have seen him," Lucy replied, the tremor in her voice showing how hard she found it to avoid melting in tears, "and rather like him. I believe he was a favorite of mamma Wallingford," so Lucy was accustomed to call my mother, "and that ought to be a high recommendation with us, Miles."

"I am disposed to like him, and shall endeavor to keep up more intercourse with him than I have hitherto done. It is as we begin to find ourselves alone in the world, Lucy, that we first feel the necessity of counting blood and kin and of looking around us for support."

"Alone you are not, Miles, and never can be while I and my dear father live. We are certainly nearer to you than any that now remain among our blood relatives! You can neither suffer nor be happy without our partaking in the feelings."

This was not said without an effort—that much I could detect; yet it was said firmly, and in a way that left no doubt of its entire sincerity. I even wished there had been less of nature and more of hesitation in the dear girl's manner while she was endeavoring to assure me of the sympathy she felt in my happiness or unhappiness. But the waywardness of a passion as tormenting, and yet as delightful as love, seldom leaves us just or reasonable.

Lucy and I then talked of the approaching ceremony. Each of us was grave and sorrowful, but neither indulged in any outward signs of grief. We knew the last sad offices were to be performed, and had braced ourselves to the discharge of this melancholy duty. It was not customary with the females of purely New York families of the class of the Hardinges to be present at the performance of the funeral rites; but Lucy told me she intended to be in the little church, and to share in as much of the religious offices as were performed within the building. In a population as mixed as ours has become, it is not easy to say what is and what is not now a national or state usage on such an occasion; but I knew this was going further than was usual for one of Lucy's habits and opinions, and I expressed a little surprise at her determination.

"Were it any other funeral, I would not be present, Miles," she said, the tremor of her voice sensibly increasing; "but I cannot divest myself of the idea that the spirit of Grace will be hovering near; that the presence of her more than sister will be acceptable. Whatever the providence of God may have ordered for the dear departed, I know it will be grateful for myself to join in the prayers of the church—besides, I am not altogether without the womanly feeling of wishing to watch over the form of Grace while it remains above ground. And now, Miles, brother, friend, *Grace's* brother, or by whatever endearing term I may address you," added Lucy, rising, coming to my side of the table, and taking my hand, "I have one thing to say that I alone can say, for it would never suggest itself as necessary to my dear father."

I looked earnestly at Lucy's sweet countenance, and saw it was full of concern—I had almost said of alarm.

"I believe I understand you, Lucy," I answered, though a sensation at the throat nearly choked me; "Rupert is here?"

"He is, Miles; I implore you to remember what would be the wishes of her who is now a saint in heaven—what her entreaties, her tears would implore of you, had not God placed a barrier between us."

"I understand you, Lucy," was the husky reply; "I do remember all you wish, though that recollection is unnecessary. I would rather not see him; but never can I forget that he is your brother!"

"You will see as little of him as possible, Miles—bless you, bless you, for this forbearance!"

I felt Lucy's hasty but warm kiss on my forehead as she quitted the room. It seemed to me a seal of a compact between us that was far too sacred ever to allow me to dream of violating it.

I pass over the details of the funeral procession. This last was ordered as is usual in the country, the friends following the body in vehicles or on horseback, according to circumstances. John Wallingford went with me agreeably to my own arrangement, and the rest took their places in the order of consanguinity and age. I did not see Rupert in the procession at all, though I saw little besides the hearse that bore the body of my only sister. When we reached the churchyard, the blacks of the family pressed forward to bear the coffin into the building. Mr. Hardinge met us there, and then commenced those beautiful and solemn rites which seldom fail to touch the hardest heart. The rector of St. Michael's had the great excellence of reading all the offices of the Church as if he felt them; and, on this occasion, the deepest feelings of the heart seemed to be thrown into his accents. I wondered how he could get on; but Mr. Hardinge felt himself a servant of the altar, standing in his master's house, and ready to submit to his will. Under such circumstances it was not a trifle that could unman him. The spirit of the divine communicated itself to me. I did not shed a tear during the whole of the ceremony, but felt myself sustained by the thoughts and holy hopes that ceremony was adapted to inspire. I believe Lucy, who sat in a far corner of the church, was sustained in a similar manner; for I heard her low sweet voice mingling in the responses. Lip service! Let those who would substitute their own crude impulses for the sublime rites of our liturgy, making ill-digested forms the supplanter of a ritual carefully and devoutly prepared, listen to one of their own semi-conversational addresses to the Almighty over a grave, and then hearken to these venerable rites, and learn humility. Such men never approach sublimity, or the sacred character that should be impressed on a funeral ceremony, except when they borrow a fragment here and there from the very ritual they affect to condemn. In their eagerness to dissent, they have been guilty of the weakness of dissenting, so far as forms are concerned, from some of the loftiest, most comprehensive, most consolatory, and most instructive passages of the inspired book!

It was a terrible moment when the first clod of the valley fell on my sister's coffin. God sustained me under the shock! I neither groaned nor wept. When Mr. Hardinge returned the customary thanks to those who had assembled to assist me "in burying my dead out of sight," I had even sufficient fortitude to bow to the little crowd, and to walk steadily away. It is true that John Wallingford very kindly took my arm to sustain me, but I was not conscious of wanting any support. I heard the sobs of the blacks as they crowded around the grave, which the men among them insisted on filling with their own hands, as if "Miss Grace" could only rest with their administration to her wants; and I was told not one of them left the spot until the place had resumed all the appearance of freshness and verdure which it possessed before the spade had been applied. The same roses, re-

moved with care, were restored to their former beds; and it would not have been easy for a stranger to discover that a new-made grave lay by the side of those of the late Captain Miles Wallingford and his much respected widow. Still it was known to all in that vicinity, and many a pilgrimage was made to the spot within the next fortnight, the young maidens of the adjoining farms in particular coming to visit the grave of Grace Wallingford, the "Lily of Clawbonny," as she had once been styled.

CHAPTER IX.

"I knew that we must part—no power could save
Thy quiet goodness from an early grave:
Those eyes so dull, though kind each glance they cast,
Looking a sister's fondness to the last;
Thy lips so pale, that gently press'd my cheek;
Thy voice—alas! thou couldst but try to speak;—
All told thy doom; I felt it at my heart;
The shaft had struck—I knew that we must part."
—SPRAGUE.

It is not easy to describe the sensation of loss that came over me after the interment of my sister. It is then we completely feel the privation with which we have met. The body is removed from out of our sight; the places that knew them shall know them no more; there is an end to all communion, even by the agency of sight, the last of the senses to lose its hold on the departed, and a void exists in the place once occupied. I felt all this very keenly for more than a month, but most keenly during the short time I remained at Clawbonny. The task before me, however, will not allow me to dwell on these proofs of sorrow, nor do I know that the reader could derive much advantage from their exhibition.

I did not see Rupert at the funeral. That he was there I knew, but either he, himself, or Lucy for him, had managed so well, as not to obtrude his person on my sight. John Wallingford, who well knew my external or visible relation to all the Hardinges, thinking to do me a pleasure, mentioned, as the little procession returned to the house, that young Mr. Hardinge had, by dint of great activity, succeeded in reaching Clawbonny in time for the funeral. I fancy that Lucy, under the pretense of wishing his escort, contrived to keep her brother at the rectory during the time I was abroad.

On reaching the house I saw all my connections, and thanked them in person for this proof of their respect for the deceased. This little duty performed, all but John Wallingford took their leave, and I was left in the place alone, with my bachelor cousin. What a house it was! and what a house it continued to be as long as I remained at Clawbonny! The servants moved about it stealthily; the merry laugh was no longer heard in the kitchen; even the heavy-footed seemed to tread on air, and all around me appeared to be afraid of disturbing the slumbers of the dead. Never before nor since have I had occasion to feel how completely a negative may assume an affirmative character, and become as positive as if it had a real existence. I thought I could *see* as well as feel my sister's absence from the scene in which she had once been so conspicuous an actor.

As none of the Hardinges returned to dinner, the good divine writing a note to say he would see me in the evening after my connections had withdrawn, John Wallingford and myself took that meal *tête-à-tête*. My cousin, with the apparent motive of diverting my thoughts from dwelling on the recent scene, began to converse on subjects that he was right in supposing might interest me. Instead of flying off to some topic so foreign to my feelings as constantly to recall the reason, he judiciously connected the theme with my loss.

"I suppose you will go to sea again, as soon as your ship can be got ready, cousin Miles," he commenced, after we were left with the fruit and wine. "These are stirring times in commerce, and the idle man misses golden opportunities."

"Gold has no longer any charm for me, cousin John," I answered, gloomily. "I am richer now than is necessary for my wants, and, as I shall probably never marry, I see no great use in toiling for more. Still, I shall go out in my own

ship, and that as soon as possible. *Here* I would not pass the summer for the place, and I love the sea. Yes, yes; I must make a voyage to some part of Europe without delay. It is the wisest thing I can do."

"That is hearty, and like a man! There is none of your mopes about the Wallingfords, and I believe you to be of the true stock. But why never marry, Miles? Your father was a sailor, and *he* married, and a very good time I've always understood he had of it."

"My father was happy as a husband, and did I imitate his example I should certainly marry too. Nevertheless, I feel I am to be a bachelor."

"In that case what will become of Clawbonny?" demanded Jack Wallingford, bluntly.

I could not avoid smiling at the question, as I deemed him my heir, though the law would give it to nearer relatives, who were not of the name; but it is probable that John, knowing himself to be so much my senior, had never thought of himself as one likely to outlive me.

"I shall make a new will the instant I get to town, and leave Clawbonny to you," I answered steadily and truly, for such a thought had come into my mind the instant I saw him. "You are the person best entitled to inherit it, and should you survive me, yours it shall be."

"Miles, I like that," exclaimed my cousin, with a strange sincerity, stretching out a hand to receive mine, which he pressed most warmly. "You are very right; I *ought* to be the heir of this place, should you die without children, even though you left a widow."

This was said so naturally, and was so much in conformity with my own notions on the subject, that it did not so much offend as surprise me. I knew John Wallingford loved money, and, all men having a very respectful attachment to the representative of value, such a character invariably means that the party named suffers that attachment to carry him too far. I wished, therefore, my kinsman had not made just such a speech; though it in no manner shook my intentions in his favor."

"You are more ready to advise your friends to get married than to set the example," I answered, willing to divert the discourse a little. "You, who must be turned of fifty, are still a bachelor."

"And so shall I remain through life. There was a time I might have married, had I been rich; and now I am reasonably rich, I find other things to employ my affections. Still that is no reason you should not leave me Clawbonny, though it is not probable I shall ever live to inherit it. Notwithstanding, it is family property, and ought not to go out of the name. I was afraid, if you were lost at sea, or should die of any of those outlandish fevers that sailors sometimes take, the place would get into females, and there would no longer be a Wallingford at Clawbonny. Miles, I do not grudge *you* the possession of the property the least in the world; but it would make me very unhappy to know one of those Hazens, or Morgans, or Vander-Schamps had it." Jack had mentioned the names of the children of so many Miss Wallingfords, aunts, or great-aunts of mine, and cousins of his own. "Some of them may be nearer to you by a half degree or so, but none of them are as near to Clawbonny. It is Wallingford land, and Wallingford land it ought to remain."

I was amused in spite of myself, and felt a disposition now to push the discourse further, in order better to understand my kinsman's character.

"Should neither of us two marry," I said, "and both die bachelors, what would then be the fate of Clawbonny?"

"I have thought of all that, Miles, and here is my answer. Should such a thing happen, and there be no other Wallingford left, then no Wallingford would live to have his feelings hurt by knowing that a Vander-dunder-Schamp, or whatever these Dutchmen ought to be called, is living in his father's house, and no harm would be done. But there *are* Wallingfords besides you and me."

"This is quite new; for I had supposed we two were the last."

"Not so. Miles the First left two sons; our ancestor, the eldest, and one younger, who removed into the colony of New Jersey, and whose descendants still exist. The survivor of us two might go there in quest of our heir in the long run. But do not forget I come before these Jersey Blues, let them be who or what they may."

I assured my kinsman he *should* come before them and changed the discourse, for, to own the truth, the manner in which he spoke began to displease me. Making my apologies I retired to my own room, while John Wallingford went out, professedly with the intention of riding over the place of his ancestors, with a view to give it a more critical examination than it had hitherto been in his power to do.

It was quite dark when I heard the arrival of the Hardinges, as the carriage of Lucy drove up to the door. In a few minutes Mr. Hardinge entered the study. He first inquired after my health, and manifested the kind interest he had ever taken in my feelings, after which he proceeded:

"Rupert is here," he said, "and I have brought him over to see you. Both he and Lucy appeared to think it might be well not to disturb you to-night, but I knew you better. Who should be at your side at this bitter moment, my dear Miles, if it be not Rupert, your old friend and playmate; your fellow-truant, as one might say, and almost your brother?"

Almost my brother! Still I commanded myself. Grace had received my solemn assurances, and so had Lucy, and Rupert had nothing to apprehend. I even asked to see him, desiring at the same time that it might be alone. I waited several minutes for Rupert's appearance in vain. At length the door of my room opened, and Chloe brought me a note. It was from Lucy, and contained only these words—"Miles, for *her* sake, for mine, command yourself." Dear creature! She had no reason to be alarmed. The spirit of my sister seemed to me to be present, and I could recall every expression of her angel-countenance as it had passed before my eyes in the different interviews that preceded her death.

At length Rupert appeared. He had been detained by Lucy until certain her note was received, when she permitted him to quit her side. His manner was full of the consciousness of undeserving, and its humility aided my good resolutions. Had he advanced to take my hand; had he attempted consolation; had he, in short, behaved differently in the main from what he actually did, I cannot say what might have been the consequences. But his deportment, at first, was quiet, respectful, distant rather than familiar, and he had the tact, or grace, or caution, not to make the smallest allusion to the sad occasion which had brought him to Clawbonny. When I asked him to be seated he declined the chair I offered, a sign he intended the visit to be short. I was not sorry, and determined, at once, to make the interview as much one of business as possible. I had a sacred duty confided to me, and this might be as fit an occasion as could offer in which to acquit myself of the trust.

"I am glad so early an opportunity has offered, Mr. Hardinge," I said, as soon as the opening civilities were over, "to acquaint you with an affair that has been intrusted to me by Grace, and which I am anxious to dispose of as soon as possible."

"By Grace—by Miss Wallingford!" exclaimed Rupert, actually recoiling a step in surprise, if not absolutely in alarm—"I shall feel honored—that is, shall have a melancholy gratification in endeavoring to execute any of her wishes. No person commanded more of my respect, Mr. Wallingford, and I shall always consider her one of the most amiable and admirable women with whom it was ever my happy fortune to be acquainted."

I had no difficulty now in commanding myself, for it was easy to see Rupert scarce knew what he said. With such a man I saw no great necessity for using extraordinary delicacy or much reserve.

"You are doubtless aware of two things in our family history," I continued, therefore, without circumlocution; "one that my sister would have been mistress of a small fortune, had she reached the term

of twenty-one years, and the other that she died at twenty."

Rupert's surprise was now more natural, and I could see that his interest—shame on our propensities for it!—was very natural, too.

"I am aware of both, and deeply deplore the last," he answered.

"Being a minor, she had it not in her power to make a will, but her requests are legal legacies in my eyes, and I stand pledged to see them executed. She has left rather less than $22,000 in all; with $500 of this money I am to present Lucy with some suitable memorial of her departed friend; some charitable small dispositions are also to be made, and the balance, or the round sum of $20,000, is to be given to you."

"To me, Mr. Wallingford!—Miles!—Did you really say to me?"

"To you, Mr. Hardinge—such is my sister's earnest request—and this letter will declare it, as from herself. I was to hand you this letter, when acquainting you with the bequest." I put Grace's letter into Rupert's hand, as I concluded, and I sat down to write, while he was reading it. Though employed at a desk for a minute or two, I could not avoid glancing at Rupert, in order to ascertain the effect of the last words of her he had once professed to love. I would wish not to be unjust even to Rupert Hardinge. He was dreadfully agitated, and he walked the room, for some little time, without speaking. I even fancied I overheard a half-suppressed groan. I had the compassion to affect to be engaged, in order to allow him to recover his self-possession. This was soon done, as good impressions were not lasting in Rupert; and I knew him so well as soon to read in his countenance gleamings of satisfaction at the prospect of being master of so large a sum. At the proper moment I arose and resumed the subject.

"My sister's wishes would be sacred with me," I said, "even had she not received my promise to see them executed. When a thing of this character is to be done, the sooner it is done the better. I have drawn a note at ten days, payable at the Bank of New York, and in your favor, for $20,000; it will not inconvenience me to pay it when due, and that will close the transaction."

"I am not certain, Wallingford, that I ought to receive so large a sum—I do not know that my father or Lucy, or indeed the world, would altogether approve of it."

"Neither your father, nor Lucy, nor the world will know anything about it, sir, unless you see fit to acquaint them. I shall not speak of the bequest; and I confess that, on my sister's account, I should prefer that *you* would not."

"Well, Mr. Wallingford," answered Rupert, coolly putting the note into his wallet, "I will think of this bequest of poor Grace's, and if I can possibly comply with her wishes, I will certainly do so. There is little that she could ask that I would deny, and my effort will be to honor her memory. As I see you are distressed, I will now retire; you shall know my determination in a few days."

Rupert did retire, taking my note for $20,000 with him. I made no effort to detain him, nor was I sorry to hear he had returned to the rectory to pass the night, whither his sister went with him. The next day he proceeded to New York without sending me any message, retaining the note, however; and a day or two later I heard of him on his way to the Springs to rejoin the party of the Mertons.

John Wallingford left me the morning of the day after the funeral, promising to see me again in town. "Do not forget the will, Miles," said that singular man, as he shook my hand, "and be certain to let me see that provision in it about Clawbonny, before I go west of the bridge again. Between relations *of the same name* there should be no reserves in such matters."

I scarce knew whether to smile or look grave at so strange a request, but I did not change my determination on the subject of the will itself, feeling that justice required of me such a disposition of the property. I confess there were moments when I distrusted the character of one who could urge a claim of this nature in so plain a manner, and that, too, at an

instant when the contemplated contingency seemed the more probable from the circumstance that death had so recently been among us. Notwithstanding there was so much frankness in my kinsman's manner, he appeared to sympathize so sincerely in my loss, and his opinions were so similar to my own, that these unpleasant twinges lasted but for brief intervals. On the whole, my opinion was very favorable to John Wallingford, and, as will be seen in the sequel, he soon obtained my entire confidence.

After the departure of all my kindred I felt, indeed, how completely I was left alone in the world. Lucy passed the night at the rectory, to keep her brother company, and good Mr. Hardinge, though *thinking* he remained with me to offer sympathy and consolation, found so many demands on his time that I saw but little of him. It is possible he understood me sufficiently well to know that solitude and reflection, while the appearance of the first was avoided, were better for one of my temperament than any set forms of condolence. At any rate, he was at hand, while he said but little to me on the subject of my loss.

At last I got through the day, and a long and dreary day it was to me. The evening came, bland, refreshing, bringing with it the softer light of a young moon. I was walking on the lawn, when the beauty of the night brought Grace and her tastes vividly to my mind, and, by a sudden impulse, I was soon swiftly walking toward her now silent grave. The highways around Clawbonny were never much frequented, but at this hour, and so soon after the solemn procession it had so lately seen, no one was met on the road toward the churchyard. It was months, indeed, after the funeral, that any of the slaves ventured into the latter by night; and even during the day they approached it with an awe that nothing could have inspired but the death of a Wallingford. Perhaps it was owing to my increased age and greater observation, but I fancied that these simple beings felt the death of ir young mistress more than they had that of my mother.

St. Michael's churchyard is beautifully ornamented with flourishing cedars. These trees had been cultivated with care, and formed an appropriate ornament for the place. A fine cluster of them shaded the graves of my family, and a rustic seat had been placed beneath their branches, by order of my mother, who had been in the habit of passing hours in meditation at the grave of her husband. Grace and I, and Lucy, had often repaired to the same place at night, after my mother's death, and there we used to sit many an hour in deep silence, or if utterance was given to a thought, it was in a respectful whisper. As I now approached this seat, I had a bitter satisfaction in remembering that Rupert had never accompanied us in these pious little pilgrimages. Even in the day of her greatest ascendency, Grace had been unable to enlist her admirer in an act so repugnant to his innate character. As for Lucy, her own family lay on one side of that cluster of cedars, as mine lay on the other, and often had I seen the dear young creature weeping, as her eyes were riveted on the graves of relatives she had never known. But *my* mother had been *her* mother, and for this friend she felt an attachment almost as strong as that which was entertained by ourselves. I am not certain I ought not to say an attachment *quite* as strong as our own.

I was apprehensive some visitors might be hovering near the grave of my sister at that witching hour, and I approached the cedars cautiously, intending to retire unseen should such prove to be the case. I saw no one, however, and proceeded directly to the line of graves, placing myself at the foot of the freshest and most newly made. Hardly was this done, when I heard the word "Miles!" uttered in a low, half-stifled exclamation. It was not easy for me to mistake the voice of Lucy; she was seated so near the trunk of a cedar that her dark dress had been confounded with the shadows of the tree. I went to the spot, and took a seat at her side.

"I am not surprised to find *you* here," I said, taking the dear girl's hand, by a

sort of mechanical mode of manifesting affection which had grown up between us from childhood, rather from any sudden impulse; "*you* that watched over her so faithfully during the last hours of her existence."

"Ah! Miles," returned a voice that was filled with sadness, "how little did I anticipate this when you spoke of Grace in the brief interview we had at the theater!"

I understood my companion fully. Lucy had been educated superior to cant and false morals. Her father drew accurate and manly distinctions between sin and the exactions of a puritanical presumption that would set up its own narrow notions as the law of God; and, innocent as she was, no thought of error was associated with the indulgence of her innocent pleasures. But Grace, suffering and in sorrow, while she herself had been listening to the wonderful poems of Shakespeare, did present a painful picture to her mind, which, so far from being satisfied with what she had done in my sister's behalf, was tenderly reproached on account of fancied omissions.

"It is the will of God, Lucy," I answered. "I must be our effort to be resigned."

"If *you* can think thus, Miles, how much easier ought it to be for me! and, yet——"

"Yet, what, Lucy? I believe you loved my sister as affectionately as I did myself, but I am sensitive on this point; and, tender, true, warm as I know your heart to be, I cannot allow that even you loved her more."

"It is not that, Miles—it is not that. Have I no cause of particular regret—no sense of shame—no feeling of deep humility to add to my grief for her loss?"

"I understand you, Lucy, and at once answer, no. You are not Rupert any more than Rupert is you. Let all others become what they may, you will ever remain Lucy Hardinge."

"I thank you, Miles," answered my companion, gently pressing the hand that still retained hers, "and thank you from my heart. But your generous nature will not see this matter as others might. We were aliens to your blood, dwellers under your own roof, and were bound by every sacred obligation to do you no wrong. I would not have my dear, upright father know the truth for worlds."

"He never will know it, Lucy, and it is my earnest desire that we all forget it. Henceforth Rupert and I must be strangers, though the tie that exists between me and the rest of your family will only be drawn the closer for this sad event."

"Rupert is my brother," Lucy answered, though it was in a voice so low that her words were barely audible.

"You would not leave me quite alone in the world!" I said, with something like reproachful energy.

"No, Miles, no—*that* tie, as you have said, must and should last for life. Nor do I wish you to regard Rupert as of old. It is impossible—improper even—but you can concede to us some of that same indulgence which I am so willing to concede to you."

"Certainly—Rupert is your brother, as you say, and I do not wish you ever to regard him otherwise. He will marry Emily Merton, and I trust he may be happy. Here, over my sister's grave, Lucy, I renew the pledge already made to you, never to act on what has occurred."

I got no answer to this declaration in words, but Lucy would actually have kissed my hand in gratitude had I permitted it. This I could not suffer, however, but raised her own hand to my lips, where it was held until the dear girl gently withdrew it herself.

"Miles," Lucy said, after a long and thoughtful pause, "it is not good for you to remain at Clawbonny, just at this time. Your kinsman, John Wallingford, has been here, and I think you like him. Why not pay him a visit? He resides near Niagara, 'West of the Bridge,' as he calls it,* and you might take the opportunity of seeing the 'Falls.'"

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* In the western part of the State of New York there are several small lakes that lie nearly parallel to each other, and not far asunder, with lengths that vary from fifteen to forty miles. The outlet of one of these lakes—the Cayuga—lies in the route of

"I understand you, Lucy, and am truly grateful for the interest you feel in my happiness. I do not intend to remain long at Clawbonny, which I shall leave to-morrow——"

"To-morrow!" interrupted Lucy, and I thought like one that was alarmed.

"Does that appear too early? I feel the necessity of occupation as well as of a change of scene. You will remember, I have a ship, and interests of moment to myself, to care for; I must turn my face, and move toward the east instead of toward the west."

"You intend then, Miles, to pursue this profession of yours?" Lucy said, as I thought, with a little like gentle regret in her manner and tones.

"Certainly—what better can I do? I want not wealth, I allow; am rich enough already for all my wants, but I have need of occupation. The sea is to my liking, I am still young, and can afford a few more years on the water. I shall never marry" —Lucy started—"and having now no heir nearer than John Wallingford——"

"John Wallingford! you have cousins much nearer than he!"

"That is true; but not of the old line. It was Grace's wish that I should leave our cousin John the Clawbonny property at least, whatever I do with the rest. You are so rich now as not to need it, Lucy; else would I leave every shilling to you."

"I believe you would, dear Miles," answered Lucy, with fervent warmth of manner. "You have ever been all that is good and kind to me, and I shall never forget it."

"Talk of my kindness to you, Lucy, when you parted with every cent you had on earth to give me the gold you possessed, on my going to sea. I am almost sorry you are now so much richer than myself else would I certainly make you my heir."

"We will not talk of money any longer in this sacred place," Lucy answered tremulously. "What I did as a foolish girl, you will forget; we were but children then, Miles."

So Lucy did not wish me to remember certain passages in our earlier youth? Doubtless her present relations to Andrew Drewett rendered the recollection delicate, if not unpleasant. I thought this less like herself than was her wont—Lucy, who was usually so simple-minded, so affectionate, so frank, and so true. Nevertheless, love is an engrossing sentiment, as I could feel in my own case, and it might be that its jealous sensitiveness took the alarm at even that which was so innocent and sincere. The effect of these considerations, added to that of Lucy's remark, was to change the discourse, and we conversed long, in melancholy sadness, of her we had lost, for this life, altogether.

"We may live ourselves to grow old, Miles," Lucy observed, "but never shall we cease to remember Grace as she was, and to love her memory as we loved her dear self in life. There has not been an hour since her death that I have not seen her sitting at my side and conversing in sisterly confidence, as we did from infancy to the day she ceased to live!"

As Lucy said this, she rose, drew her shawl around her, and held out her hand to take leave, for I had spoken of an intention to quit Clawbonny early in the morning. The tears the dear girl shed might have been altogether owing to our previous conversation, or I might have had a share in producing them. Lucy used to weep at parting from me, as well as Grace, and she was not a girl to change with the winds. But I could not part thus; I had a sort of feeling that when we parted this time it would virtually be a final separation, as the wife of Andrew Drewett never could be exactly that which Lucy Hardinge had now been to me for near twenty years.

"I will not say farewell now, Lucy," I observed. "Should you not come to town before I sail, I will return to Clawbonny to take leave of you. God only knows what will become of me, or whither

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the great thoroughfare to Buffalo, and a bridge of a mile in length was early thrown across it. From this circumstance has arisen the expression of saying, "West of the Bridge;" meaning the frontier counties, which include, among other districts, that which is also known as the "Genesee Country."

I shall be led, and I could wish to defer the leave-takings to the last moment. You and your excellent father must have my final adieus."

Lucy returned the pressure of my hand, uttered a hasty good-night, and glided through the little gate of the rectory which by this time we had reached. No doubt she fancied I returned immediately to my own house. So far from this, however, I passed hours alone, in the churchyard, sometimes musing on the dead, and then with all my thoughts bent on the living. I could see the light in Lucy's window, and not till that was extinguished did I retire. It was long past midnight.

I passed hours teeming with strange emotions among those cedars. Twice I knelt by Grace's grave, and prayed devoutly to God. It seemed to me that petitions offered in such a place must be blessed. I thought of my mother, of my manly, spirited father, of Grace, and of all the past. Then I lingered long beneath Lucy's window, and, in spite of this solemn visit to the graves of the dead, the brightest and most vivid image that I carried away with me was of the living.

CHAPTER X.

"*Shy.*—Three thousand ducats—well.
Bass.—Ay, sir, for three months.
Shy.—For three months—well.
Bass.—For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall become bound.
Shy.—Antonio shall become bound—well."
—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

I FOUND John Wallingford in town, awaiting my appearance. He had taken lodgings at the City Hotel, on purpose to be under the same roof with me, and we occupied adjoining rooms. I dined with him; and after dinner he went with me to take a look at the *Dawn*. The second mate told me that Marble had made a flying visit to the ship, promised to be back again in a few days, and disappeared. By comparing dates, I ascertained that he would be in time to meet the mortgage sale, and felt no further concern in that behalf.

"Miles," said John Wallingford, coolly, as we were walking up Pine Street, on our way back toward the tavern, "did you not tell me you employed Richard Harrison as a legal adviser?"

"I did. Mr. Hardinge made me acquainted with him, and I understand he is one of the oldest lawyers in the country. That is his office, on the other side of the street—here, directly opposite."

"I saw it, and that was the reason I spoke. It might be well just to step in and give some directions about your will. I wish to see Clawbonny put in the right line. If you would give me a deed of it for $1, I would not take it from you, the only son of an eldest son; but it would break my heart to hear of its going out of the name. Mr. Harrison is also an old adviser and friend of mine."

I was startled with this plain-dealing; yet, there was something about the manner of the man that prevented my being displeased.

"Mr. Harrison would not be visible at this hour, but I will cross to the office and write him a letter on the subject," I answered, doing as I said on the instant, and leaving John Wallingford to pursue his way to the house alone. The next day, however, the will was actually drawn up, executed, and placed in my cousin's hands, he being the sole executor. If the reader should ask me why I did this, especially the last, I might be at a loss to answer. A strange confidence had come over me as respects this relative, whose extraordinary frankness even a more experienced man might have believed to be either the height of honesty, or the perfection of art. Whichever was the case, I not only left my will with him, but, in the course of the next week, I let him into the secret of all my pecuniary affairs; Grace's bequest to Rupert alone excepted. John Wallingford encouraged this confidence, telling me that plunging at once, heart and hand, into the midst of business, was the most certain mode of forgetting my causes of sorrow. Plunge into anything with my whole heart, I could not, then, though I endeavored to lose my cares in business.

One of my first acts, in the way of affairs, was to look after the note I had given to Rupert. It had been made payable at the bank where I kept my deposits, and I went thither to inquire if it had been left for collection. The following conversation passed between myself and the cashier on this occasion:

"Good morning, Mr. ——," I said, saluting the gentleman; "I have come to inquire if a note for $20,000, made by me in favor of Rupert Hardinge, Esquire, at ten days, has been left for collection. If so, I am ready to pay it now."

The cashier gave me a business smile—one that spoke favorably of my standing as a moneyed man—before he answered the question. This smile was also a sign that money was plenty.

"Not absolutely for collection, Captain Wallingford, as nothing would give us more pleasure than to renew it, if you would just go through the form of obtaining a city indorser."

"Mr. Hardinge has then left it for collection," I observed, pained, in spite of all that had passed, at Rupert's giving this conclusive evidence of the inherent meanness of his character.

"Not exactly for collection, sir," was the cashier's answer, "for wishing to anticipate the money by a few days, and being under the necessity of leaving town, we discounted it for him."

"Anticipate!—you have discounted the note, sir?"

"With the greatest pleasure, knowing it to be good. Mr. Hardinge remarked that you had not found it convenient to draw for so large a sum on the spot, and had given this note at short date; and the consideration having been received in full he was desirous of being put in cash at once. We did not hesitate, of course."

"Consideration received in full!" escaped me, spite of a determination to be cool; but, luckily, the appearance of another person on business prevented the words or the manner from being noted. "Well, Mr. Cashier, I will draw a check and take up the note now."

More smiles followed. The check was given; the note was canceled and handed to me, and I left the bank with a balance in my favor of rather more than $10,000, instead of the $30,000 odd, which I had held previously to entering it. It is true, I was heir-at-law to all Grace's assets, which Mr. Hardinge had handed over to me the morning I left Clawbonny, duly assigned and transferred. These last consisted of stocks and of bonds and mortgages, drawing interest, being on good farms in our own county.

"Well, Miles, what do you mean to do with your ship?" demanded Jack Wallingford, that evening. "I understand the freight for which you bargained has been transferred to another owner, on account of your late troubles, and they tell me freights just now are not very high."

"Really, cousin Jack, I am hardly prepared to answer the question. Colonial produce commands high prices in the north of Germany, they tell me; and were I in cash I would buy a cargo on my own account. Some excellent sugars and coffees, etc., were offered me to-day quite reasonably, for ready money."

"And how much cash would be necessary to carry out that scheme, my man?"

"Some $50,000, more or less, while I have but about $10,000 on hand, though I can command $20,000 additional by selling certain securities, so I must abandon the notion."

"That does not follow necessarily. Let me think a night on it, and we will talk further in the morning. I like quick bargains, but I like a cool head. This hot town and old Madeira keep me in a fever, and I wish a night's rest before I make a bargain."

The next morning John Wallingford returned to the subject, at breakfast, which meal we took by ourselves, in order to be at liberty to converse without any auditors.

"I have thought over that sweet subject, the sugars, Miles," commenced my cousin, "and approve of the plan. Can you give me any further security if I will lend you the money?"

"I have some bonds and mortgages, to the amount of $22,000, with me, which might be assigned for such a purpose."

"But $22,000 are an insufficient security for the $30,000 or $35,000 which you may need to carry out your adventure."

"That is quite true, but I have nothing else worth mentioning—unless it be the ship, or Clawbonny."

"Tut for the ship!—she is gone if you and your cargo go; and as for insurances, I want none of them—I am a landed man, and like landed securities. Give me your note at three months or six months, if you will, with the bonds and mortgages you mention, and a mortgage on Clawbonny, and you can have $40,000 this very day, should you need them."

I was surprised at this offer, having no notion my kinsman was rich enough to lend so large a sum. On a further conversation, however, I learned he had near double the sum he had mentioned in ready money, and that his principal business in town was to invest in good city securities. He professed himself willing, however, to lend me half, in order to help along a kinsman he liked. I did not at all relish the notion of mortgaging Clawbonny, but John soon laughed and reasoned me out of that. As for Grace's securities, I parted with them with a sort of satisfaction; the idea of holding her effects being painful to me.

"Were it out of the family, or even out of the name, I should think something of it myself, Miles," he said; "but a mortgage from *you* to *me* is like one from *me* to *you*. You have made me your heir, and to be honest with you, boy, *I have made you mine*. If you lose my money you lose your own."

There was no resisting this. My kinsman's apparent frankness and warmth of disposition overcame all my scruples, and I consented to borrow the money on his own terms. John Wallingford was familiar with the conveyancing of real estate, and with his own hand he filled up the necessary papers, which I signed. The money was borrowed at five per cent, my cousin positively refusing to receive the legal rate of interest from a Wallingford. Pay-day was put at six months' distance, and all was done in due form.

"I shall not put this mortgage on record, Miles," Jack Wallingford remarked, as he folded and indorsed the paper. "I have too much confidence in your honesty to believe it necessary. You have given one mortgage on Clawbonny with too much reluctance to render it probable you will be in a hurry to execute another. As for myself, I own to a secret pleasure in having even this incomplete hold on the old place, which makes me feel twice as much of a Wallingford as I ever felt before."

For my part, I wondered at my kinsman's family pride, and I began to think I had been too humble in my own estimate of our standing in the world. It is true, it was not easy to deceive myself in this particular, and in point of fact I was certainly right; but when I found a man who was able to lend $40,000 at an hour's notice, valuing himself on coming from Miles the First, I could not avoid fancying Miles the First a more considerable personage than I had hitherto imagined. As for the money, I was gratified with the confidence John Wallingford reposed in me, had really a wish to embark in the adventure for which it supplied the means, and regarded the abstaining from recording the mortgage an act of delicacy and feeling that spoke well for the lender's heart.

My cousin did not cast me adrift as soon as he had filled my pockets. On the contrary, he went with me, and was a witness to all the purchases I made. The colonial produce was duly bought, in his presence, and many a shrewd hint did I get from this cool-headed and experienced man, who, while he was no merchant in the common sense of the term, had sagacity enough to make a first-class dealer. As I paid for everything in ready money, the cargo was obtained on good terms, and the *Dawn* was soon stowed. As soon as this was done I ordered a crew shipped, and the hatches battened on.

As a matter of course, the constant and important business with which I was now occupied had a tendency to dull the edge of my grief, though I can truly say that the image of Grace was never long absent from my mind, even in the midst of my

greatest exertions. Nor was Lucy forgotten. She was usually at my sister's side, and it never happened that I remembered the latter without seeing the beautiful semblance of her living friend watching over her faded form with sisterly solicitude. John Wallingford left me at the end of a week, after seeing me fairly under way as a merchant as well as a shipowner and shipmaster.

"Farewell, Miles," he said, as he shook my hand with a cordiality that appeared to increase the longer he knew me; "farewell, my dear boy, and may God prosper you in all your lawful and just undertakings. Never forget you are a Wallingford, and the owner of Clawbonny. Should we meet again, you will find a true friend in me; should we never meet, you will have reason to remember me."

This leave-taking occurred at the inn. A few hours after I was in the cabin of the *Dawn*, arranging some papers, when I heard a well-known voice on deck, calling out to the stevedores and riggers, in a tone of authority, "Come, bear a hand, and lay aft; off that forecastle; to this derrick—who ever saw a derrick standing before, after the hatches were battened down, in a first-class ship—a regular A No 1? Bear a hand—bear a hand; you've got an old sea-dog among you, men."

There was no mistaking the person. On reaching the deck I found Marble, his coat off, but still wearing all the rest of his "go-ashores," flourishing about among the laborers, putting into them new life and activity. He heard my footsteps behind him, but never turned to salute me, until the matter in hand was terminated. Then I received that honor, and it was easy to see the cloud that passed over his red visage, as he observed the deep mourning in which I was clad.

"Good morning to you, Captain Wallingford," he said, making a mate's bow—"good morning, sir. God's will be done! we are all sinners, and so are some of the stevedores, who've left this derrick standing as if the ship needed it for a jury-mast. Yes, sir, God's will must be submitted to; and sorry enough was I to read the obittery in the newspapers — Grace, etc., daughter, etc., and only sister, etc. You'll be glad to hear, however, sir, that Willow Cove is moored head and starn in the family, as one might say, and that the bloody mortgage is cut adrift."

"I am glad to hear this, Mr. Marble," I answered, submitting to a twinge, as I remembered that a mortgage had just been placed on my own paternal acres; "and I trust the place will long remain in your blood. How did you leave your mother and niece?"

"I've not left 'em at all, sir. I brought the old lady and Kitty to town with me, on what I call the mutual sight-seeing principle. They are both up at my boarding-house."

"I am not certain, Moses, that I understand this mutual principle, of which you speak."

"God bless you, Miles," returned the mate, who could presume to be familiar again, now we had walked so far aft as not to have any listeners; "call me Moses as often as you possibly can, for it's little I hear of that pleasant sound now. Mother will dub me Oloff, and little Kitty calls me nothing but uncle. After all, I have a bulrush feelin' about me, and Moses will always seem the most nat'ral. As for the mutual principle, it is just this: I'm to show mother the *Dawn*, one or two of the markets—for, would you believe it, the dear old soul never saw a market, and is dying to visit one, and so I shall take her to see the Bear first, and the Oswego next, and the Fly last, though she cries out agin' a market that is much visited by flies. Then I must introduce her to one of the Dutch churches; after that 'twill go hard with me, but I must get the dear soul into the theater; and they tell me there is a lion, up-town, that will roar as loud as a bull. *That* she must see, of course."

"And when your mother has seen all these sights, what will she have to show you?"

"The tombstone on which I was laid out, as a body might say, at five weeks old. She tells me they traced the stone, out of feelin' like, and followed it up until

they fairly found it, set down as the head-stone of an elderly single lady, with a most pious and edifying inscription on it. Mother says it contains a whole varse from the Bible! That stone may yet stand me in hand, for anything I know to the contrary, Miles."

I congratulated my mate on this important discovery, and inquired the particulars of the affair with the old usurer; in what manner the money was received, and by what process the place had been so securely "moored head and starn in the family."

"It was all plain sailing when a fellow got on the right course," Marble answered. "Do you know, Miles, that they call paying off one of your heavy loads on land, '*lifting* the mortgage?' and a lift it is, I can tell you, when a man has no money to do it with. The true way to get out of debt is to 'arn money; I've found that much out since I found my mother; and, the cash in hand, all you have to do is to hand it over. Old Van Tassel was civil enough when he saw the bag of dollars, and was full of fine speeches. He didn't wish to distress the 'worthy Mrs. Wetmore, not he; and she was welcome to keep the money as long as she pleased, provided the interest was punctually paid;' but I'd have none of his soft words, and laid down the Spaniards, and told him to count them. I 'lifted his encumbrance,' as they call'd it, as easily as if it had been a pillow of fresh feathers, and walked off with that bit of paper in my hands, with the names tore off it, and satisfaction give me, as my lawyer said. This law is droll business, Miles; if money is paid, they give you satisfaction, just as gentlemen call on each other, you know, when a little cross. But, whatever you do, never put your hand and seal to a mortgage; for land under such a curse is as likely to slide one way as the other. Clawbonny is an older place than Willow Cove, even; and both are too venerable and venerated to be mortgaged."

The advice came too late. Clawbonny *was* mortgaged already, and I confess to several new and violent twinges, as I recalled the fact, while Marble was telling his story. Still I could not liken my kinsman, plain-talking, warm-hearted, family-loving John Wallingford, to such a griping usurer as Mrs. Wetmore's persecutor.

I was glad to see my mate on every account. He relieved me from a great deal of irksome duty, and took charge of the ship, bringing his mother and Kitty, that very day, to live in the cabin. I could perceive that the old woman was greatly surprised at the neatness she found in all directions. According to her notions, a ship floated nearly as much in tar as in the water; and great was her pleasure in finding rooms *almost* (conscience will not allow me to say quite) as clean as her own residence. For one whole day she desired to see no more than the ship, though it was easy to discover that the good woman had set her heart on the Dutch church and the lion. In due time her son redeemed all his pledges, not forgetting the theater. With the last good Mrs. Wetmore was astounded and Kitty infinitely delighted. The pretty little thing confessed that she should like to go every night, wondered what Horace Bright would think of it, and whether he would dare to venture alone to a playhouse should he happen to come to York. In 1803 this country was still in the palmy state of unsophistication. There were few, scarcely any, strolling players, and none but those who visited the *cities*, properly so called, enjoyed opportunities of witnessing the wonders of paint, patch, and candle-light, as auxiliary to the other wonders of the stage. Poor little Kitty! There was a day or two, during which the sock and buskin wrought their usual effect on her female nature, and almost eclipsed the glories of Horace Bright in her own bright eyes.

I could not refrain from accompanying Marble's party to the museum. In that day this was a somewhat insignificant collection of curiosities, in Greenwich Street, but it was a miracle to the aunt and niece. Even the worthy Manhattanese were not altogether guiltless of esteeming a wonder, though the greater renown of the Philadelphia Museum kept this of New York a little in the shade. I have often had oc-

casion to remark that, in this republic, the people in the country are a little less country, and the people of the towns a good deal less town, than is apt to be the case in great nations. The last is easily enough accounted for: the towns having shot up so rapidly, and receiving their accessions of population from classes not accustomed to town lives from childhood. Were a thousand villages to be compressed into a single group of houses, their people would long retain the notions, tastes, and habits of villagers, though they would form a large town in the aggregate. Such, in a measure, is still the fact with our American towns; no one of them all having the air, tone, or appearance of a capital, while most of them would be paragons in the eyes of such persons as old Mrs. Wetmore and her granddaughter. Thus it was that the Greenwich Street Museum gave infinite satisfaction to these two unsophisticated visitors. Kitty was most struck with certain villainous wax-figures—works of art that were much on a level with certain similar objects, that were lately, if they are not now, exhibited for the benefit of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, above the tombs of the Plantagenets, and almost in contact with that marvel of Gothic art, Henry VII.'s chapel! It is said that "misery makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows." So, it would seem, do shillings and sixpences. To return to Kitty: after admiring divers beauties, such as the New York Beauty, the South Carolina Beauty, and the Pennsylvania Beauty, she fastened her own pretty eyes on a nun, wondering who a female in such an attire could be. In 1803 a nun and a nunnery would be almost as great curiosities in America as a rhinoceros, though the country has since undergone some changes in this respect.

"Grandmother," exclaimed Kitty, "who *can* that lady be—it isn't *Lady* Washington, is it?"

"It looks more like a clergyman's wife, Kitty," answered the worthy Mrs. Wetmore, not a little "*non-plushed*," herself, as she afterward admitted. "I should think Madam Washington went more gayly dressed, and looked happier-like. I'm sure if any woman could be happy it was she!"

"Ay," answered her son, "there is truth in that remark. This woman here is what is called a nun in the Roman Catholic quarters of the world."

"A nun!" repeated little Kitty. "Isn't that the sort of woman that shuts herself up in a house, and promises never to get married, uncle?"

"You're quite right, my dear, and it's matter of surprise to me how you should pick up so many useful idees, in an out-of-the-way place like Willow Cove."

"It was not out of *your* way, uncle," said Kitty, a little reproachfully, "or you never would have found us."

"In that partic'lar it was well enough, my dear. Yes, a nun is a sort of she-hermit, a breed that I detest altogether."

"I suppose, Kitty," I inquired, "you think it wicked in man or woman to take a vow never to get married?"

The poor girl blushed, and she turned away from the nun without making any reply. No one can say what turn the conversation might have taken, had not the grandmother's eye fell on an indifferent copy of Leonardo's celebrated picture of the Last Supper, receiving at the same time a printed explanation, one got up by some local antiquary, who had ventured to affix names to the different personages of the group at his own suggestion. I pointed out the principal figure of the painting, which is sufficiently conspicuous, by the way, and then referred the good woman to the catalogue for the rest of the names.

"Bless me, bless me!" exclaimed the worthy mother, "that I should live ever to see paintings of such people! Kitty, my dear, this bald-headed old man is St. Peter. Did you ever think that St. Peter was bald? And there is St. John, with black eyes. Wonderful, wonderful, that I should ever live to see likenesses of such blessed men!"

Kitty was as much astonished as her grandmother, and even the son was a little mystified. The latter remarked that "the world was making great headway in all such things, and, for his part, he

did not see how the painters and authors found out all they drew and recorded."

The reader may easily imagine that half a day spent in such company was not entirely thrown away. Still, half a day sufficed; and I went to the Old Coffee-house at one, to eat a sandwich and drink a glass of porter; that being the inn then most frequented for such purposes, especially by the merchants. I was in my box, with the curtain drawn, when a party of three entered that which adjoined it, ordering as many glasses of punch; which in that day was a beverage much in request of a morning, and which it was permitted even to a gentleman to drink before dining. It was the sherry cobbler of the age; although I believe everything is now pronounced to be out of fashion before dinner.

As the boxes were separated merely by curtains, it was impossible to avoid hearing any conversation that passed in the one adjoining my own, especially when the parties took no pains to speak low, as happened to be the case with my three neighbors. Consequently, I recognized the voices of Andrew Drewett and Rupert Hardinge in an instant; that of the third person being unknown to me.

"Well, Norton," said Rupert, a little affectedly as to manner, "you have got Drewett and myself down here among you traders, and I hope you will do the honors of the place in a way to confer on the latter some credit. A merchant is nothing without credit, you know."

"Have no apprehensions for your gentility, Hardinge," returned the person addressed. "Many of the first persons in town frequent this house, at this hour, and its punch is renowned. By the way, I saw in a paper, the other day, Rupert, that one of your relatives is dead—Miss Grace Wallingford, your sister's old associate."

A short pause followed, during which I scarcely breathed.

"No, not a relation," Rupert at length answered. "Only my father's ward. You know how it is in the country; the clergyman being expected to take care of all the sick, and all the orphans."

"But these Wallingfords are people altogether above standing in need of favors," Drewett hastily observed. "I have been at their place, and really it is a respectable spot. As for Miss Wallingford, she was a most charming girl, and her death will prove a severe blow to your sister, Hardinge."

This was said with so much feeling that I could almost forgive the speaker for loving Lucy, though I question if I could ever truly forgive him for being beloved by her.

"Why, yes," rejoined Rupert, affecting an indifference that I could detect he was far from feeling, "Grace *was* a good creature; though, living so much with her in childhood, she had less interest in my eyes, perhaps, than she might have had in those of one less accustomed to see her. Notwithstanding, I had a sort of regard for Grace, I will confess."

"Respect and esteem her, I should think all who knew her must," added Drewett, as if determined to win my heart; "and, in my opinion, she was both beautiful and lovely."

"This from a man who is confessedly an admirer, nay, engaged to your own sister, as the world says, Hardinge, must be taken as warm praise," said the third. "But I suppose Drewett sees the dear departed with the eyes of her friend—for Miss Hardinge was very intimate with her, I believe."

"As intimate as sisters, and loving each other as sisters," returned Drewett, with feeling. "No intimate of Miss Hardinge's can be anything but meritorious."

"Grace Wallingford had merit beyond a question," added Rupert, "as has her brother, who is a good, honest fellow enough. When a boy, *I* was rather intimate with *him*."

"The certain proof of his excellences and virtues," put in the stranger, laughing. "But if a ward, there must be a fortune. I think I have heard these Wallingfords were richish."

"Yes, that is just it—*richish*," said Drewett. "Some forty or fifty thousand dollars between them, all of which the brother must now inherit; and glad am I it falls to so good a fellow."

"This is generous praise from *you*, Drewett, for I have heard this brother might prove your rival."

"I had some such fears myself, once, I will confess," returned the other, "but they are all vanished. I no longer fear *him*, and can see and acknowledge his merits. Besides, I am indebted to him for my life."

"No *longer* fear *him*." This was plain enough, and was proof of the understanding that existed between the lovers. And why should I be feared? I, who had never dared to say a word to the object nearest my heart that might induce her to draw the ordinary distinction between passion and esteem—love and a brotherly regard?

"Ay, Drewett is pretty safe, I fancy," Rupert remarked, laughing; "though it will hardly do for me to tell tales out of school."

"This is a forbidden subject," rejoined the lover, "and we will talk of Wallingford. He must inherit his sister's fortune."

"Poor Grace! it was little she had to leave, though, I fancy," Rupert quietly observed.

"Ay, little in your eyes, Hardinge," added the third person, "but a good deal in those of her brother, the shipmaster, one might think. Ever since you have fallen heir to Mrs. Bradfort's estate a few thousands count for nothing."

"Were it a million, that brother would think it dearly purchased by the loss of his sister!" exclaimed Drewett.

"It's plain enough there is no rivalry between Andrew and Miles," added the laughing Rupert. "Certainly, money is not quite so much account with me now, as it used to be when I had nothing but a clergyman's salary to glean from. As for Mrs. Bradfort's fortune, it came from a common ancestor, and I do not see who has a better right to it than those who now enjoy it."

"Unless it might be your father," said the third man, "who stood before you, according to the laws of primogeniture. I dare say Rupert made love to his venerable cousin, if the truth were known, and induced her to overlook a generation, with his oily tongue."

"Rupert did nothing of the sort; it is his glory to love Emily Merton, and Emily Merton only. As my worthy cousin could not take her fortune with her, she left it among her natural heirs. How do you know I have got any of it? I give you my honor, my account in bank is under $20,000."

"A pretty fair account, that, by Jove!" exclaimed the other. "It must be a rapping income that will permit a fellow like you to keep up such a balance."

"Why, some persons say my sister has the whole fortune. I dare say that Drewett can satisfy you on this head. The affair concerns him quite as much as it does any other person of my acquaintance."

"I can assure you I know nothing about it," answered Drewett honestly. "Nor do I desire to know. I would marry Miss Hardinge to-morrow, though she had not a cent."

"It's just this disinterestedness, Andrew, that makes me like you," observed Rupert, magnificently. "Depend on it, you'll fare none the worse, in the long run, for this admirable trait in your character. Lucy knows it, and appreciates it as she should."

I wished to hear no more, but left the box and the house, taking care not to be seen. From that moment I was all impatience to get to sea. I forgot even the intention of visiting my sister's grave; nor did I feel that I could sustain another interview with Lucy herself. That afternoon I told Marble the ship must be ready to sail the succeeding morning.

CHAPTER XI.

"Go, tenderness of years; take this key. Give enlargement to the swain—bring him festinately hither. I must employ him in a letter to my love."
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

I WILL not attempt to analyze the feelings which now impelled me to quit America. I had discovered, or thought I had discovered, certain qualities in Andrew Drewett which rendered him, in some

measure at least, worthy of Lucy; and I experienced how painful it is to concede such an advantage to a rival. Still, I must be just enough to add, that in my cooler moments, when I came to consider that Lucy could never be mine, I was rejoiced to find such proofs of a generous disposition in her future husband. On the other hand, I could not divest myself of the idea that perfect confidence in his own position could alone enable him to be so liberal in his opinions of myself. The reader will understand how extravagant was this last supposition, when he remembers that I had never given Lucy herself, or the world, any sufficient reason to suppose that I was a suitor for the dear girl's hand.

I never saw Marble so industrious as he proved to be when he received my hurried orders for sailing, that afternoon. He shipped his mother and niece for Willow Cove, by an Albany sloop, the same evening, got the crew on board, and the *Dawn* into the stream, before sunset, and passed half the night in sending off small stores. As for the ship, she had been cleared the day the hatches were battened down. According to every rule of mercantile thrift I ought to have been at sea twenty-four hours when these orders were given; but a lingering reluctance to go further from the grave of Grace, the wish to have one more interview with Lucy, and a disposition to indulge my mate in his commendable zeal to amuse his new-found relatives, kept me in port beyond my day.

All these delays, however, were over, and I was now in a feverish hurry to be off. Neb came up to the City Hotel as I was breakfasting, and reported that the ship was riding at single anchor, with a short range, and that the fore-topsail was loose. I sent him to the post-office for letters, and ordered my bill. All my trunks had gone aboard before the ship hauled off, and — the distances in New York then being short — Neb was soon back, and ready to shoulder my carpet-bag. The bill was paid, three or four letters were taken in my hand, and I walked toward the Battery, followed by the faithful black, who had again abandoned home, Chloe, and Clawbonny, to follow my fortunes.

I delayed opening the letters until I reached the Battery. Dispatching Neb to the boat, with orders to wait, I took a turn among the trees—still reluctant to quit the native soil—while I broke the seals. Two of the letters bore the post-marks of the office nearest Clawbonny; the third was from Albany; and the fourth was a packet of some size from Washington, franked by the Secretary of State, and bearing the seal of office. Surprised at such a circumstance, I opened the last of these communications first.

The official letter proved to be an envelope containing—with a civil request to myself to deliver the inclosures—dispatches addressed to the Consul at Hamburg, for which port my ship had been advertised some time. Of course, I could only determine to comply; and that communication was disposed of. One of the Clawbonny letters was in Mr. Hardinge's hand, and I found it to contain some excellent and parental advice. He spoke of my sister, but it was calmly, and with the humble hope that became his sacred office. I was not sorry to find that he advised me not to visit Clawbonny before I sailed. Lucy, he said, was well, and a gentle sadness was gradually taking the place of the livelier grief she had endured immediately after the loss of her friend. "You were not aware, Miles, how keenly she suffered," my good old guardian continued, "for she struggled hard to seem calm in your presence; but from me my dear child had no secrets on this subject, whatever she may see fit to have on another. Hours has she passed, weeping on my bosom, and I much doubt if the image of Grace has been absent from her waking thoughts a single minute, at any one time, since we first laid your sister's head in the coffin. Of you she does not speak often, but, when she does, it is ever in the kindest and most solicitous manner; calling you 'Miles,' 'poor Miles,' or 'dear Miles,' with all that *sisterly* frankness and affection you have known in her from

childhood." The old gentleman had underscored the "*sisterly*" himself.

To my delight and surprise, there was a long, very long, letter from Lucy, too! How it happened that I did not recognize her pretty, delicate, lady-like handwriting, is more than I can say; but the direction had been overlooked in the confusion of receiving so many letters together. That direction, too, gave me pleasure. It was to "Miles Wallingford, Esquire;" whereas the three others were addressed to "Captain Miles Wallingford, ship *Dawn*, New York." Now a shipmaster is no more entitled, in strict usage, to be called a "captain," than he is to be called an "esquire." Your man-of-war officer is the only true *captain;* a "master" being nothing but a "master." Then, no American is entitled to be called an "esquire," which is the correlative of "knight," and is a title properly prohibited by the Constitution, though most people imagine that a magistrate is an "esquire," *ex-officio*. He is an "esquire" as a member of Congress is an "honorable," by assumption, and not of right; and I wish the country had sufficient self-repect to be consistent with itself. What should we think of Mark Antony, Esquire? or of 'Squire Lucius Junius Brutus? or His Excellency Julius Cæsar, Esquire? * Nevertheless, "esquire" is an appellation that is now universally given to a gentleman, who, in truth, is the only man in this country that has any right to it at all, and he only by courtesy. Lucy had felt this distinction, and I was grateful for the delicacy and tact with which she had dropped the "captain," and put in the "esquire." To me it seemed to say that *she* recognized me as one of her own class, let Rupert and his associates think of me as they might. Lucy never departed a hair's breadth from the strictly proper, in all matters of this sort, something having been obtained from education, but far more from the inscrutable gifts of nature.

As for the letter itself, it is too long to copy; yet I scarce know how to describe it. Full of heart it was, of course, for the dear girl was all heart; and it was replete with her truth and nature. The only thing in it that did not give me entire satisfaction, was a request not to come again to Clawbonny until my return from Europe. "Time," she added, "will lessen the pain of such a visit; and, by that time, you will begin to regard our beloved Grace as I already regard her, a spotless spirit, waiting for our union with it in the mansions of bliss. It is not easy, Miles, to know how to treat such a loss as this of ours. God may bless it to our lasting good, and, in this light, it is useful to bear it ever in mind; while a too great submission to sorrow may only serve to render us unhappy. Still, I think, no one who knew Grace, as *we* knew her, can ever recall her image without feeling himself drawn nearer to the Dread Being who created her, and who has called her to himself so early. *We*, alone, thoroughly understood the beloved creature! My dear, excellent father loved her as he loves me, but he could not, did not know all the rare virtues of her heart. These could be known only to those who knew her great secret, and, God be praised! even Rupert has little true knowledge of that.

"My father has spoken to me of Grace's wish, that he and I should accept some memorials of the affection she bore us. These were unnecessary, but are far too sacred to be declined. I sincerely wish that their value in gold had been less, for the hair I possess (some of which is reserved for you) is far more precious to me than any diamonds or stones could possibly become. As, however, something must be purchased or procured, I have to request that my memorial may be the pearls you gave Grace, on your return from the Pacific. Of course I do not mean the valuable necklace you have reserved for one who will one day be still dearer to you than any of us, but the dozen or two of pearls that you bestowed on your sister in my presence at Clawbonny. They are sufficiently valuable in themselves to answer all the purposes of Grace's be-

* A few years since, the writer saw a marriage announced in a *colored* paper, which read, "Married by the Rev. Julius Cæsar, —— Washington, to Miss —— ——."

quest, and I know they were very much prized by her, as *your* gift, dear Miles. I am certain you will not believe they will be the less valuable in my eyes on that account. As I know where they are, I shall go to Clawbonny and take possession of them at once, so you need give yourself no further concern on account of the memorial that was to be presented to me. I acknowledge its reception, unless you object to my proposition."

I scarce knew what to think of this. I would gladly have bestowed on Lucy pearls of equal value to those I had given Grace, but she refused to receive them, and now she asked for these very pearls, which, intrinsically, were not half the value of the sum I had informed Mr. Hardinge, Grace had requested me to expend in purchasing a memorial. This avidity to possess these pearls—for so it struck me—was difficult to account for, Grace having owned divers other ornaments that were more costly, and which she had much oftener worn. I confess I had thought of attempting to persuade Lucy to receive my own necklace as the memorial of Grace, but a little reflection satisfied me of the hopelessness of success, and nothing had been said on the subject. Of course I acquiesced in the wish of the dear girl to possess the pearls, but at the same time I determined to make the additional purchase, more thoroughly to carry out the wishes of my sister.

On the whole the letter of Lucy gave me a great and soothing pleasure. I came to a resolution to answer it, and to send that answer back by the pilot. I had no owner to feel any solicitude in the movements of the ship; had no longer a sister to care for myself, and to whom else could my last words on quitting the land be so appropriately addressed, as to this constant and true-hearted friend? That much, at least, I could presume to call Lucy, and even to that I clung as the shipwrecked mariner clings to the last plank that floats.

The fourth letter, to my astonishment, bore the signature of John Wallingford, and the date of Albany. He had got this far on his way home, and written me a line to let me know the fact. I copy his epistle in full, viz.:—

"DEAR MILES:—Here I am, and sorry am I to see, by the papers, *there* you are still. Recollect, my dear boy, that sugar will melt. It is time you were off; this is said for your own sake, and not for mine, as you well know I am amply secured. Still, the markets may fall, and he who is first in them can wait for a rise, while he who is last must take what offers.

"Above all, Miles, do not take it into your head to alter your will. Things are now arranged between us precisely as they should be, and I hate changes. I am your heir, and you are mine. Your counsel, Richard Harrison, Esquire, is a man of great respectability, and a perfectly safe repository of such a secret. I leave many of my papers in his hands, and he has now been my counsel ever since I had need of one, and treads so hard on Hamilton's heels that the last sometimes feels his toes. This is as counsel, however, and not as an advocate.

"Adieu, my dear boy: we are both Wallingfords, and the nearest of kin to each other, *of the name.* Clawbonny will be safe with either of us, and either of us will be safe with Clawbonny.

"Your affectionate cousin,
"JOHN WALLINGFORD."

I confess that all this anxiety about Clawbonny began to give me some uneasiness, and that I often wished I had been less ambitious, or less hasty would be the better word, and had been content to go to sea again, in my simple character of shipmaster, and ship-owner; leaving the merchant to those who better understood the vocation.

I now went to the boat, and to the ship. Marble was all ready for me, and in ten minutes the anchor was clear of the bottom; in ten more, it was catted and fished, and the *Dawn* was beating down the bay, on a young flood, with a light breeze at southwest. The pilot being in charge, I had nothing to do but go below and write my letters. I answered everybody, even to the Secretary of State, who, at that

time, was no less a man than James Madison. To him, however, I had nothing to say, but to acknowledge the receipt of the dispatches, and to promise to deliver them. My letter to Mr. Hardinge, was, I hope, such as a son might have written to a reverend parent. In it, I begged he would allow me to add to his library, by a purchase of theological works of value, and which, in that day, could only be procured in Europe. This was to be his memorial of my sister. I also begged of his friendship an occasional look at Clawbonny, though I did not venture to speak of the mortgage, of which I now felt a sort of conviction he would not approve.

The letter to John Wallingford was as pithy as his own to me. I told him my will was made, on a conviction of its perfect propriety, and assured him it would not be altered in a hurry; I told him the sugars were safe, and let him understand that they were already on their way to Hamburg, whence I hoped, ere long, to send him a good account of their sale.

To Lucy, I was by no means so laconic. On the subject of the pearls of Grace, I begged her to do just as she pleased; adding a request, however, that she would select such others of my sister's ornaments as might be most agreeable to herself. On this point I was a little earnest, since the pearls were not worth the sum Grace had mentioned to me; and I felt persuaded Lucy would not wish me to remain her debtor. There was a pair of bracelets, in particular, that Grace had highly prized, and which were very pretty in themselves. My father had purchased the stones—rubies of some beauty—in one of his voyages, for my mother, who had fancied them too showy for her to wear. I had caused them to be set for Grace, and they would make a very suitable ornament for Lucy; and were to be so much the more prized, from the circumstance that Grace had once worn them. It is true, they contained a little, though very little of my hair; for on this Grace had insisted; but this hair was rather a blemish, and might easily be removed. I said as much in my letter.

On the subject of my sister's death I found it impossible to write much. The little I did say, however, was in full accordance with her own feelings, I felt persuaded, and I had no difficulty in believing she would sympathize in all I did express, and in much that I had not words to express.

On the subject of the necklace, I did find language to communicate a little, though it was done in the part of the letter where a woman is said to give her real thoughts—the postscript. In answer to what Lucy had said on the subject of my own necklace, I wrote as follows, viz.:—"You speak of my reserving the more valuable pearls for one, who, at some future day, may become my wife. I confess this was my own intention, originally; and very pleasant was it to me to fancy that one so dear would wear pearls that had been brought up out of the sea by my own hands. But, dearest Lucy, all these agreeable and delusive anticipations have vanished. Depend on it, I shall never marry. I know that declarations of this sort, in young men of three-and-twenty, like those of maidens of nineteen, excite a smile oftener than they produce belief; but I do not say this without reflection, and, I may add, without feeling. She whom I once did hope to persuade to marry me, although much my friend, is not accustomed to view me with the eyes that lead to love. We were brought together under circumstances that probably induced her to regard me more as a brother than as a suitor, and while the golden moments have passed away, her affections have become the property of another. I resemble, in this particular at least, our regretted Grace, and am not likely to change. My nature may be sterner, and my constitution stronger, than those of my poor sister proved to be; but I feel I cannot love twice; not as I have and still do love, more certainly. Why should I trouble you with all this, however? I know you will not accept of the necklace—though so ready to give me your own last piece of gold, when I went to sea, you have ever been so fastidious as to refuse everything from us that had the least appearance of a pecuniary obli-

gation—and it is useless to say more about it. I have no right to trouble you with my griefs, especially at a moment when I know your affectionate heart is suffering so deeply from our recent loss."

I will confess that, while writing this, I fancied I was making a sort of half declaration to Lucy; one that might, at least, give her some faint insight into the real state of my heart; and I had a melancholy satisfaction in thinking that the dear girl might, by these means, learn how much I had prized and did still prize her. It was only a week later, while pondering over what I had written, the idea occurred to me that every syllable I had said would apply just as well to Emily Merton as to Lucy Hardinge. Peculiar circumstances had made me intimately acquainted with our young English friend, and these circumstances might well have produced the very results I had mentioned. We all believed Emily's affections to be engaged to Rupert, who must have succeeded during my absence at sea. A modest and self-distrusting nature, like that of Lucy's, would be very apt to turn to any other than herself in quest of the original of my picture.

These letters occupied me for hours. That to Lucy, in particular, was very long, and it was not written wholly without care. When all were done, and sealed, and enveloped to the address of the postmaster, I went on deck. The pilot and Marble had not been idle while I had been below, for I found the ship just weathering the southwest Spit, a position that enabled me to make a fair wind of it past the Hook and out to sea.

Certainly I was in no haste to quit home. I was leaving my native land, Clawbonny, the grave of my sister, and Lucy, dearest Lucy, all behind me; and, at such an instant, one feels the ties that are about to be separated. Still, every seaman is anxious for an offing, and glad was I to see the head of the *Dawn* pointing in the right direction, with her yards nearly square, and a fore-topmast studding-sail set. The pilot was all activity, and Marble, cool, clear-headed in his duty, and instinctively acquainted with everything belonging to a vessel, was just the man to carry out his views to his heart's content.

The ship went, rising and falling on the swells of the ocean, that now began to make themselves felt, past the light and the low point of the Hook, within a few minutes after we had squared away, and, once more, the open ocean lay before us. I could not avoid smiling at Neb, just as we opened the broad waste of waters, and got an unbroken view of the rolling ocean to the southward. The fellow was on the main-topsail yard, having just run out, and lashed the heel of a topgallant studding-sail boom, in order to set the sail. Before he lay in to the mast, he raised his Herculean frame, and took a look to windward. His eyes opened, his nostrils dilated, and I fancied he resembled a hound that scented game in the gale, as he snuffed the sea air which came fanning his glistening face, filled with the salts and peculiar flavors of the ocean. I question if Neb thought at all of Chloe for the next hour or two!

As soon as we got over the bar, I gave the pilot my package, and he got into his boat. It was not necessary to shorten sail in order to do this, for the vessel's way did not exceed five knots.

"Do you see the sail, hereaway in the southeastern board?" said the pilot, as he went over the side, pointing toward a white speck on the ocean; "take care of that fellow, and give him as wide a berth as possible, or he may give you a look at Halifax or Bermuda."

"Halifax or Bermuda! I have nothing to do with either, and shall not go there. Why should I fear that sail?"

"On account of your cargo, and on account of your men. That is his Majesty's ship *Leander;* she has been off here, now, more than a week. The inward-bound craft say she is acting under some new orders, and they name several vessels that have been seen heading northeast after she had boarded them. This new war is likely to lead to new troubles on the coast, and it is well for all outward-bound ships to be on the look-out."

"*His Majesty's* ship," was a singular

expression for an American to use, toward any sovereign, twenty years after the independence of the country was acknowledged. But it was common then, nor has it ceased entirely even among the newspapers of the present hour; so much harder is it to substitute a new language than to produce a revolution. Notwithstanding this proof of bad taste in the pilot, I did not disregard his caution. There had been certain unpleasant rumors up in town for more than a month that the two great belligerents would be apt to push each other into the old excesses, England and France at that day having such a monopoly of the ocean as to render them somewhat independent of most of the old-fashioned notions of the rights of neutrals. As for America, she was cursed with the cant of economy—an evil that is apt to produce as many bad consequences as the opposite vice, extravagance. The money paid as *interest* on the sums expended in the war of 1812 might have maintained a navy that would have caused both belligerents to respect her rights, and thereby saved the principal entirely, to say nothing of all the other immense losses dependent on an interrupted trade; but demagogues were at work with their raven throats, and it is not reasonable to expect that the masses can draw very just distinctions on the subject of remote interests, when present expenditure is the question immediately before them.

It is true, I remember a modern French logician, who laid down the dogma that the tendency of democracies being to excesses, if you give a people the power, they would tax themselves to death; but, however true this theory may be in the main, it certainly is not true *quoad* the good citizens of the great model republic. It was bad enough to be accursed with a spurious economy; but this was not the heaviest grievance that then weighed upon the national interests. The demon of faction, party spirit, was actively at work in the country; and it was almost as rare to find a citizen who was influenced purely by patriotic and just views, as it would be to find an honest man in the galleys. The nation, as a rule, was either English or French. Some swore by the First Consul, and some by Billy Pitt. As for the commercial towns, taken in connection with the upper classes, these were little more than so many reflections of English feeling, exaggerated and rendered still more factitious by distance. Those who did not swallow all that the English tories chose to pour down their throats, took the *pillules Napoleons* without gagging. If there were exceptions, they were very few, and principally among traveled men—pilgrims who, by approaching the respective idols, had discovered they were made by human hands!

Impressment at sea, and out of neutral vessels, was revived, as a matter of course, with the renewal of the war, and all American ships felt the expediency of avoiding cruisers that might deprive them of their men. Strange as it may seem, a large and leading class of Americans justified this claim of the English, as it was practiced on board their own country's vessels! What will not men defend when blinded and excited by faction? As this practice was to put the mariner on the defensive, and to assume that every man was an Englishman who could not prove, out on the ocean, a thousand miles from land perhaps, that he was an American, it followed that English navy officers exercised a jurisdiction over foreigners and under a foreign flag that would not be tolerated in the Lord High Chancellor himself, in one of the streets of London; that of throwing the burden of proving himself innocent on the accused party! There was an abundance of other principles that were just as obvious, and just as unanswerable as this, which were violated by the daily practices of impressment, but they all produced no effect on the members of Congress and public writers that sustained the right of the English, who as blindly espoused one side of the main question as their opponents espoused the other. Men acting under the guidance of factions are not *compos mentis*.

I think I may say, without boasting unreasonably of my own good sense, that I have kept myself altogether aloof from

the vortex of parties, from boyhood to the present hour. My father had been a federalist, but a federalist a good deal cooled off, from having seen foreign countries, and no attempts had ever been made to make me believe that black was white in the interest of either faction. I knew that impressment from foreign vessels, out of the waters of Great Britain at least, could be defended on no other ground but that of power; and as for colonial produce, and all the subtleties that were dependent on its transportation, fancied that a neutral had a perfect right to purchase of one belligerent and sell to another, provided he found it his interest so to do, and he violated no positive—not paper—blockade, or did not convey articles that are called contraband of war. With these views, then, it is not surprising that I easily came into the pilot's opinion, and determined to give the *Leander* a sufficient berth, as sailors express it.

The *Leander* was a fifty, on two decks, a very silly sort of a craft, though she had manfully played her part at the Nile, and on one or two other rather celebrated occasions, and was a good vessel of the build. Still I felt certain the *Dawn* could get away from her under tolerably favorable circumstances. The *Leander* afterward became notorious, on the American coast, in consequence of a man killed in a coaster by one of her shot, within twenty miles of the spot where I now saw her, an event that had its share in awakening the feeling that produced the war of 1812—a war of which the effects are just beginning to be made manifest in the policy of the republic; a fact, by the way, that is little understood at home or abroad. The *Leander* was a fast ship of her kind, but the *Dawn* was a fast ship of any kind, and I had great faith in her. It is true, the fifty had the advantage of the wind, but she was a long way off, well to the southward, and might have something in sight that could not be seen even from our topgallant yards, whither Neb was sent to take a look at the horizon.

Our plan was soon laid. The south side of Long Island tending a little to the north of east, I ordered the ship to be steered east-by-south, which, with the wind at south-southwest, gave me an opportunity to carry all our studding-sails. The soundings were as regular as the ascent on the roof of a shed, or on that of a graded lawn, and the land in sight less than two leagues distant. In this manner we ran down the coast, with about six knots' way on the ship, as soon as we got from under the Jersey shore.

In less than an hour, or when we were about four leagues from Sandy Hook light, the Englishman wore short round, and made sail to cut us off. By this time he was just forward of our weather-beam, a position that did not enable him to carry studding-sails on both sides, for had he kept off enough for this he would have fallen into our wake, while, by edging away to close with us, his after-sails becalmed the forward, and this at the moment when everything of ours pulled like a team of well-broken cart-horses. Notwithstanding all this we had a nervous afternoon's and night's work of it. These old fifties are great travelers off the wind; and more than once I fancied the *Leander* was going to lay across my bows, as she did athwart those of the Frenchman at the Nile. The *Dawn*, however, was not idle, and as the wind stood all that day, throughout the night, and was fresher, though more to the southward than it had hitherto been, next morning, I had the satisfaction of seeing Montauk a little on my lee-bow, at sunrise, while my pursuer was still out of gun-shot on my weather-boom.

Marble and I now held a consultation on the subject of the best mode of proceeding. I was half disposed to let the *Leander* come up, and send a boat on board us. What had we to fear? We were bound to Hamburg with a cargo, one half of which came from the English, while the other half came from the French islands. But what of that? Marble, however, would not listen to such a project. He affirmed that he was a good pilot in all the sounds, and that it would be better to risk everything rather than let that fifty close with us.

"Keep the ship away for Montauk, sir,"

exclaimed the mate; "keep her away for Montauk, and let that chap follow us if he dare! There's a reef or two inside that I'll engage to lead him on, should he choose to try the game, and that will cure him of his taste for chasing a Yankee."

"Will you engage, Moses, to carry the ship over the shoals, if I will do as you desire, and go inside?"

"I'll carry her into any port east of Block Island, Captain Wallingford. Though New York born, as it now turns out, I'm 'down-east' edicated, and have got a 'coasting pilot' of my own in my head."

This settled the matter, and I came to the resolution to stand on.

CHAPTER XII.

"The wind blows fair, the vessel feels
The pressure of the rising breeze,
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
She leaps to the careering seas."—WILLIS.

HALF an hour later, things drew near a crisis. We had been obliged to luff a little, in order to clear a reef that even Marble admitted lay off Montauk, while the *Leander* had kept quite as much away, with a view to close. This brought the fifty so near us, directly on our weather-boom, as to induce her commander to try the virtue of gunpowder. Her bow-gun was fired, and its shot, only a twelve-pounder, ricochetted until it fairly passed our fore-foot, distant a hundred yards, making its last leap from the water precisely in a line with the stem of the *Dawn*. This was unequivocal evidence that the game could not last much longer, unless the space between the two vessels should be sensibly widened. Fortunately, we now opened Montauk fort, and the option was offered us of doubling that point, and entering the Sound, or of standing on toward Block Island, and putting the result on our heels. After a short consultation with Marble, I decided on the first.

One of the material advantages possessed by a man-of-war in a chase with a merchant vessel is in the greater velocity with which her crew can make or take in sail. I knew that the moment we began to touch our braces, tacks and sheets, that the *Leander* would do the same, and that she would effect her objects in half the time in which we could effect ours. Nevertheless, the thing was to be done, and we set about the preparations with care and assiduity. It was a small matter to round in our weather-braces, until the yards were nearly square, but the rigging out of her studding-sail booms, and the setting of the sails, was a job to occupy the *Dawn's* people several minutes. Marble suggested that by edging gradually away we should bring the *Leander* so far on our quarter as to cause the after-sails to conceal what we were about forward, and that we might steal a march on our pursuers by adopting this precaution. I thought the suggestion a good one, and the necessary orders were given to carry it out.

Any one might be certain that the Englishman's glasses were leveled on us the whole time. Some address was used, therefore, in managing to get our yards in without showing the people at the braces. This was done by keeping off first, and then by leading the ropes as far forward as possible, and causing the men to haul on them, seated on deck. In this manner we got our yards nearly square, or as much in as our new course required, when we sent hands aloft, forward, to get out the lee booms. But we reckoned without our host. John Bull was not to be caught in that way. The hands were hardly in the lee fore-rigging, before I saw the fifty falling off to our course, her yards squared, and signs aboard her that she had larboard studding-sails as well as ourselves. The change of course had one good effect, however; it brought our pursuer so far on our quarter, that, standing at the capstan, I saw him through the mizzen-rigging. This took the *Dawn* completely from under the *Leander's* broadside, leaving us exposed to merely four or five of her forward guns, should she see fit to use them. Whether the English were reluctant to resort to such very decided

means of annoyance, so completely within the American waters, as we were clearly getting to be, or whether they had so much confidence in their speed, as to feel no necessity for firing, I never knew; but they did not have any further recourse to shot.

As might have been foreseen, the fifty had her extra canvas spread some time before we could open ours, and I fancied she showed the advantage thus obtained in her rate of sailing. She certainly closed with us, though we closed much faster with the land; still, there was imminent danger of her overhauling us before we could round the point, unless some decided steps were promptly taken to avoid it.

"On the whole, Mr. Marble," I said, after my mates and myself had taken a long and thoughtful look at the actual state of things—"on the whole, Mr. Marble, it may be well to take in our light sails, haul our wind, and let the man-of-war come up with us. We are honest folks, and there is little risk in his seeing all that we have to show him."

"Never think of it!" cried the mate. "After this long pull, the fellow will be as savage as a bear with a sore head. He'd not leave a hand on board us, that can take his trick at the wheel; and it's ten chances to one that he would send the ship to Halifax, under some pretext or other, that the sugars are not sweet enough, or that the coffee was grown in a French island, and tastes French. No—no—Captain Wallingford—here's the wind at sou'-sou'-west, and we're heading nothe-east and by nothe-half-nothe already, with that fellow abaft the mizzen-riggin'; as soon as we get a p'int more to the nor'ard, we'll have him fairly in our wake."

"Ay, that will do very well as a theory, but what can we make of it in practice? We are coming up toward Montauk at the rate of eight knots, and you have told me yourself there is a reef off that point, directly toward which we must this moment be standing. At this rate, fifteen minutes might break us up into splinters."

I could see that Marble was troubled, by the manner in which he rolled his tobacco about, and the riveted gaze he kept on the water ahead. I had the utmost confidence in his seamanlike prudence and discretion, while I knew he was capable of suggesting anything a ship could possibly perform, in an emergency that called for such an exercise of decision. At that moment, he forgot our present relations, and went back, as he often did when excited, to the days of our greater equality, and more trying scenes.

"Harkee, Miles," he said, "the reef is dead ahead of us, but there is a passage between it and the point. I went through that passage in the revvylution war, in chase of an English West Injyman, and stood by the lead the whole way, myself. Keep her away, Neb—keep her away, another p'int; so—steady—very well, dyce (anglice, thus)—keep her so, and let John Bull follow us, if he dare."

"You should be very sure of your channel, Mr. Marble," I said, gravely, "to take so much responsibility on yourself. Remember my all is embarked in this ship, and the insurance will not be worth a sixpence, if we are lost running through such a place as this in broad daylight. Reflect a moment, I beg of you, if not certain of what you do."

"And what will the insurance be worth, ag'in Halifax, or Bermuda? I'll put my life on the channel, and would care more for *your* ship, Miles, than my own. If you love me, stand on, and let us see if that lubberly make believe two-decker dare follow."

I was fain to comply, though I ran a risk that I find it impossible now to justify to myself. I had my cousin John Wallingford's property in charge, as well as my own, or what was quite as bad, I placed Clawbonny in imminent jeopardy. Still, my feelings were aroused, and to the excitement of a race was added the serious but vague apprehensions all American seamen felt, in that day, of the great belligerents. It is a singular proof of human justice that the very consequences of these apprehensions are made matter of reproach against them.

It is not my intention to dwell further on the policy of England and France, during their great contest for superiority, than is necessary to the narrative of events connected with my own adventures; but a word in behalf of American seamen in passing, may not be entirely cut of place or season. Men are seldom wronged without being calumniated, and the body of men of which I was then one did not escape that sort of reparation for all the grievances they endured, which is dependent on demonstrating that the injured deserved their sufferings. We have been accused of misleading English cruisers by false information, of being liars, to an unusual degree, and of manifesting a grasping love of gold, beyond the ordinary cupidity of man. Now I will ask our accusers if it were at all extraordinary that they who felt themselves daily aggrieved, should resort to the means within their power to avenge themselves? As for veracity, no one who has reached my present time of life can be ignorant that truth is the rarest thing in the world, nor are those who have been the subjects of mystifications got up in the payment for wrongs, supposed or real, the most impartial judges of character or facts. As for the charge of an undue love of money, it is unmerited. Money will do less in America than in any other country of my acquaintance, and infinitely less than in either France or England.

There is truth in this accusation, as applied either to a particular class or to the body of the American people, only in one respect. It is undeniable that, as a new nation, with a civilization that is wanting in so many of its higher qualities, while it is already so far advanced in those which form the basis of national greatness, money does not meet with the usual competition among us. The institutions, too, by dispensing with hereditary consideration, do away with a leading and prominent source of distinction that is known to other systems, thus giving to riches an exclusive importance, that is rather apparent, however, than real. I acknowledge that little or no consideration is yet given among us to any of the more intellectual pursuits, the great bulk of the nation regarding literary men, artists, even professional men, as so many public servants, that are to be used like any other servants, respecting them and their labors only as they can contribute to the great stock of national wealth and renown. This is owing, in part, to the youth of a country in which most of the material foundation was so recently to be laid, and in part to the circumstance that men being under none of the factitious restraints of other systems, coarse and vulgar-minded declaimers make themselves heard and felt to a degree that would not be tolerated elsewhere.

Notwithstanding all these defects, which no intelligent, and least of all, no traveled American should or can justly deny, I will maintain that gold is not one tittle more the goal of the American than it is of the native of other active and energetic communities. It is true, there is little *besides* gold, just now, to aim at in this country, but the great number of young men who devote themselves to letters and the arts, under such unfavorable circumstances, a number greatly beyond the knowledge of foreign nations, proves it is circumstances, and not the groveling propensities of the people themselves, that give gold a so nearly undisputed ascendency. The great numbers who devote themselves to politics among us, certainly anything but a money-making pursuit, prove that it is principally the want of other avenues to distinction that renders gold apparently the sole aim of American existence. To return from this touch of philosophy to our ships.

The progress of the *Dawn* soon left us no choice in the course to be steered. We could see by the charts that the reef was already outside of us, and there was now no alternative between going ashore, or going through Marble's channel. We succeeded in the last, gaining materially on the *Leander* by so doing, the Englishman hauling his wind when he thought himself as near to the danger as was prudent, and giving up the chase. I ran on to the northward an hour longer, when, finding our pursuer was hull down to the

southward and westward, I took in our larboard studding-sails, and brought the ship by the wind, passing out to sea again, to the eastward of Block Island.

Great was the exultation on board the *Dawn* at this escape, for escape it proved to be. Next morning, at sunrise, we saw a sail a long distance to the westward, which we supposed to be the *Leander*, but she did not give chase. Marble and the people were delighted at having given John Bull the slip, while I learned caution from the occurrence, determining not to let another vessel-of-war get near enough to trouble me again, could I possibly prevent it.

From this time, for twenty days, the passage of the *Dawn* had nothing unusual. We crossed the banks in forty-six, and made as straight a course for the western extremity of England as the winds would allow. For several days I was uncertain whether to go north-about or not, believing that I should fall in with fewer cruisers by doubling Scotland than by running up Channel. The latter was much the nearest route, though so much depends on the winds that I determined to let these last govern. Until we had made two-thirds of our distance across the ocean, the winds had stopped very much at southwest, and though we had no heavy weather, our progress was good; but in 20° east from Greenwich we got northeasters, and our best tack being the larboard, I stood for ten days to the southward and eastward. This brought us into the track of everything going to or coming from the Mediterranean, and, had we stood on far enough, we should have made the land somewhere in the Bay of Biscay. I knew we should find the ocean dotted with English cruisers, however, as soon as we got into European waters, and we tacked to the northwest, when about a hundred leagues from the land.

The thirty-third day out proved one of great importance to me. The wind had shifted to southwest, and it was blowing fresh, with very thick weather — rain mingled with a fine mist, that often prevented one's seeing a quarter of a mile from the ship. The change occurred at midnight, and there was every prospect of the wind's standing until it shoved us into the chops of the Channel, from which we were then distant about four hundred miles, according to my own calculation. Marble had the watch at four o'clock, and he sent for me, that I might decide on the course to be steered and the sail to be carried. The course was north-northeast; but, as for the sail, I determined to stand on under our topsails and fore-course, spanker and jib, until I could get a look by daylight. When the sun was fairly up, there was no change, and I gave orders to get along some of the larger studding-sails, and to set the main-topgallant-sail, having my doubts whether the spars would bear any more canvas, under the stiff breeze that was blowing.

"This is no great distance from the spot where we surprised the *Lady of Nantes*, Captain Wallingford," Marble observed to me, as I stood overlooking the process of bending a fore-topmast studding-sail, in which he was engaged with his own hands; "nor was the weather any thicker then than it is now, though that was a haze, and this is a mist."

"You are out of your longitude a few hundred miles, Master Moses, but the comparison is well enough otherwise. We have twice the wind and sea we had then, moreover, and that was dry weather, while this is, to speak more gingerly, a little moist."

"Ay, ay, sir; there is just that difference. Them were pleasant days, Captain Wallingford. I say nothing ag'in these; but them 'ere *were* pleasant times, as all in the *Crisis* must allow."

"Perhaps we shall think the same of these some five or six years hence."

"Well, that's natur', I must confess. It's amazing how the last v'yage hangs in a man's memory, and how little we think of the present! I suppose the Lord made us all of this disposition, for it's sartain we all manifest it. Come bear a hand, Neb, on that fore-yard, and let us see the length of the stun-sail boom."

But Neb, contrary to his habits, stood upright on the yard, holding on by the

lift, and looking over the weather leach of the topsail, apparently at some object that either was just then visible or which had just before been visible.

"What is it?" cried Marble, struck with the black's attitude and manner. "What d'ye see?"

"I don't see him now, sir; nuttin' now; but dere *was* a ship."

"Where-away?" I demanded.

"Off, here, Masser Mile—larboard bow, well forrard; look sharp, and soon see him, yourself, sir."

Sharp enough we did look, all hands of us on deck, and, in less than a minute, we caught a pretty good view of the stranger from the forecastle. He might have been visible to us half a minute, in one of those momentary openings in the mist, that were constantly occurring, and which enabled the eye to command a range around the ship of half a mile, losing it again, however, almost as soon as it was obtained. Notwithstanding the distance of time, I can perfectly recall the appearance of that vessel, seen as she was for a moment only, and seen, too, so unexpectedly. It was a frigate, as frigates then were; or a ship of that medium size between a heavy sloop-of-war and a two-decker, which, perhaps, offers the greatest proportions for activity and force. We plainly saw her cream-colored, or, as it is more usual to term it, her *yellow* streak, dotted with fourteen ports, including the bridle, and gleaming brightly in contrast to the dark and glistening hull, over which the mist and the spray of the ocean cast a species of somber luster. The stranger was under his three topsails, spanker, and jib, each of the former sails being double reefed. His courses were in the brails.

As the wind did not blow hard enough to bring a vessel of any size to more than one reef, even on a bowline, this short canvas proved that the frigate was on her cruising-ground, and was roaming about in quest of anything that might offer. This was just the canvas to give a cruiser a wicked look, since it denoted a lazy preparation, which might, in an instant, be improved into mischief. As all cruising vessels, when on their stations doing nothing, reef at night, and the hour was still early, it was possible we had made this ship before her captain, or first lieutenant, had made his appearance on deck. There she was, at all events, dark, lustrous, fair in her proportions, her yards looming square and symmetrical, her canvas damp, but stout and new, the copper bright as a tea-kettle, resembling a new cent, her hammock-cloths with the undress appearance this part of a vessel-of-war usually offers at night, and her quarter-deck and forecastle guns frowning through the lanyards of her lower rigging, like so many slumbering bull-dogs muzzled in their kennels.

The frigate was on an easy bowline, or, to speak more correctly, was standing directly across our fore-foot, with her yards nearly square. In a very few minutes, each keeping her present course, the two ships would have passed within pistol-shot of each other. I scarce knew the nature of the sudden impulse which induced me to call out to the man at the wheel to starboard his helm. It was probably from instinctive apprehension that it were better for a neutral to have as little to do with a belligerent as possible, mingled with a presentiment that I might lose some of my people by impressment. Call out I certainly did, and the *Dawn's* bows came up to the wind, looking to the westward, or in a direction contrary to that in which the frigate was running, as her yards were square, or nearly so. As soon as the weather-leaches touched, the helm was righted, and away we went with the wind abeam, with about as much breeze as we wanted for the sail we carried.

The *Dawn* might have been half a mile to windward of the frigate when this maneuver was put into execution. We were altogether ignorant whether our own ship had been seen, but the view we got of the stranger satisfied us that he was an Englishman. Throughout the whole of the long wars that succeeded the French Revolution, the part of the ocean which lay off the chops of the Channel was vigilantly watched by the British, and it was seldom, indeed, a vessel could

go over it, without meeting more or less of their cruisers.

I was not without a hope that the two ships would pass each other without our being seen. The mist became very thick just as we hauled up, and had this change of course taken place after we were shut in, the chances were greatly in favor of its being effected. Once distant a mile from the frigate, there was little danger of her getting a glimpse of us, since, throughout all that morning, I was satisfied we had not got a horizon with that much of diameter.

As a matter of course the preparations with the studding-sails were suspended. Neb was ordered to lay aloft, as high as the cross-trees, and to keep a vigilant lookout, while all eyes on deck were watching as anxiously in the mist, as we had formerly watched for the shadowy outline of *la Dame de Nantes*. Marble's long experience told him best where to look, and he caught the next view of the frigate. She was directly under our lee, gliding easily along under the same canvas; the reefs still in, the courses in the brails, and the spanker rolled up, as it had been for the night.

"By George," cried the mate, "all them Johnny Bulls are still asleep, and they haven't seen us! If we can give this fellow the slip, as we did the old *Leander*, Captain Wallingford, the *Dawn* will become as famous as the *Flying Dutchman!* See, there he jogs as if going to mill or to church, and no more stir aboard him than there is in a Quaker meetin'! How my good old soul of a mother would enjoy this!"

There the frigate went, sure enough, without the smallest sign of any alarm having been given on board her. The vessels had actually passed each other, and the mist was thickening again. Presently the veil was drawn, and the form of that beautiful ship was entirely hidden from sight. Marble rubbed his hands with delight, and all our people began to joke at the expense of the Englishman. "If a merchantman could see a man-of-war," it was justly enough said, "a man-of-war ought certainly to see a merchantman." Her lookouts must have all been asleep, or it would not have been possible for us to pass so near, under the canvas we carried, and escape undiscovered. Most of the *Dawn's* crew were native Americans, though there were four or five Europeans among them. Of these last, one was certainly an Englishman, and, as I suspected, a deserter from a public ship; and the other, beyond all controversy, was a plant of the Emerald Isle. These two men were particularly delighted, though well provided with those veracious documents called protections—which, like beggars' certificates, never told anything but truth, though, like beggars' certificates, they not unfrequently fitted one man as well as another. It was the well-established laxity in the character of this testimony that gave the English officers something like a plausible pretext for disregarding all evidence in the premises. Their mistake was in supposing they had a right to make a man prove anything on board a foreign ship; while that of America was, in permitting her citizens to be arraigned before foreign judges, under any conceivable circumstances. If England wanted her own men, let her keep them within her own jurisdiction, not attempt to follow them into the jurisdiction of neutral States.

Well, the ship had passed; and I began myself to fancy that we were quit of a troublesome neighbor, when Neb came down the rigging, in obedience to an order from the mate.

"Relieve the wheel, Master Clawbonny," said Marble, who often gave the negro his patronymic; "we may want some of your touches, before we reach the foot of the dance. Which way was John Bull traveling when you last saw him?"

"He goin' eastward, sir." Neb was never half as much "nigger" at sea as when he was on shore—there being something in his manly calling that raised him nearer to the dignity of white men. "But, sir, he was getting his people ready to make sail."

"How do you know that? No such

thing, sir; all hands were asleep, taking their second naps."

"Well, you see, Misser Marble; den you *know*, sir."

Neb grinned as he said this; and I felt persuaded he had seen something that he understood, but which very possibly he could not explain; though it clearly indicated that John Bull was not asleep. We were not left long in doubt on this head. The mist opened again, and, distant from us about three-quarters of a mile, bearing on our lee-quarter, we got another look at the frigate, and a look that satisfied everybody what she was about. The Englishman was in stays, in the very act of hauling his head-yards—a certain sign he was a quick and sure-working fellow, since this maneuver had been performed against a smart sea, and under double-reefed topsails. He must have made us, just as we lost sight of him, and was about to shake out his reefs.

On this occasion, the frigate may have been visible from our decks three minutes. I watched all her movements, as the cat watches the mouse. In the first place, her reefs were shaken out, as the ship's bows fell off far enough to get the sea on the right side of them, and her topsails appeared to me to be mast-headed by instinct, or as the bird extends its wings. The fore and main-topgallant-sails were fluttering in the breeze at this very moment—it blew rather too fresh for the mizzen—and then their bosoms were distended, and their bowlines hauled. How the fore and main-tacks got aboard I could not tell, though it was done while my eyes were on the upper sails. I caught a glimpse of the fore-sheet, however, as the clew was first flapping violently, and then was brought under the restraint of its own proper, powerful purchase. The spanker had been hauled out previously, to help the ship in tacking.

There was no mistaking all this. We were seen, and chased; everything on board the frigate being instantly and accurately trimmed, "full and by." She looked up into our wake, and I knew must soon overtake a heavily laden ship like the *Dawn*, in the style in which she was worked and handled. Under the circumstances, therefore, I motioned Marble to follow me aft, where we consulted together touching our future proceedings. I confess I was disposed to shorten sail, and let the cruiser come alongside; but Marble, as usual, was for holding on.

"We are bound to Hamburg," said the mate, "which lies, hereaway, on our lee-beam, and no man has a right to complain of our steering our course. The mist has shut the frigate in again, and, it being very certain he will overhaul us on a bowline, I advise you, Miles, to lay the yards perfectly square, edge away two points more, and set the weather stun'-sails. If we do not open John very soon again, we may be off three or four miles to leeward before he learns where we are, and then, you know, a 'starn chase' is always a 'long chase.'"

This was good advice, and I determined to follow it. It blew rather fresh at the instant, and the *Dawn* began to plunge through the seas at a famous rate as soon as she felt the drag of the studding-sails. We were now running on a course that made an obtuse angle with that of the frigate and there was the possibility of so far increasing our distance as to get beyond the range of the openings of the mist ere our experiment was discovered. So long did the density of the atmosphere continue, indeed, that my hopes were beginning to be strong, just as one of our people called out "the frigate!" This time she was seen directly astern of us, and nearly two miles distant! Such had been our gain, that ten minutes longer would have carried us clear. As we now saw her, I felt certain she would soon see us, eyes being on the lookout on board her, beyond a question. Nevertheless, the cruiser was still on a bowline, standing on the course on which we had been last seen.

This lasted but a moment, however. Presently the Englishman's bow fell off, and by the time he was dead before the wind, we could see his studding-sails flapping in the air, as they were in the act of being distended by means of halyards, tacks and sheets all going at once. The

mist shut in the ship again before all this could be executed. What was to be done next? Marble said, as we were not on our precise course, it might serve a good turn to bring the wind on our starboard quarter, set all the studding-sails we could carry on the same side, and run off east-northeast; I inclined to this opinion, and the necessary changes were made forthwith. The wind and mist increased, and away we went, on a diverging line from the course of the Englishman, at the rate of quite ten knots in the hour. This lasted fully forty minutes, and all hands of us fancied we had at last given the cruiser the slip. Jokes and chuckling flew about among the men as usual, and everybody began to feel as happy as success could make us, when the dark veil lifted at the southwest; the sun was seen struggling through the clouds, the vapor dispersed, and gradually the whole curtain which had concealed the ocean throughout that morning arose, extending the view around the ship, little by little, until nothing limited it but the natural horizon.

The anxiety with which we watched this slow rising of the curtain need scarcely be described. Every eye was turned eagerly in the direction in which its owner expected to find the frigate, and great was our satisfaction as mile after mile opened in the circle around us, without bringing her beautiful proportions within its range. But this could not last forever, there not being sufficient time to carry so large a vessel over the curvature of the ocean's surface. As usual, Marble saw her first. She had fairly passed to leeward of us, and was quite two leagues distant, driving ahead with the speed of a race-horse. With a clear horizon, an open ocean, a stiff breeze, and hours of daylight, it was hopeless to attempt escape from as fast a vessel as the stranger, and now I determined to put the *Dawn* on her true course, and trust altogether to the goodness of my cause; heels being out of the question. The reader who will do me the favor to peruse the succeeding chapter, will learn the result of this resolution.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble."
—KING HENRY VI.

AT first, the frigate took single reefs in her topsails, set topgallant-sails over them, and hauled up on taut bowlines. But seeing no signs of our studding-sails coming down, she shook out her reefs, squared her yards, set topmast studding-sails, and kept off to a course that would be certain to intercept us. She was up on our line of sailing some little time before we got down to her, and she kept standing off and on, hauling up her courses, and furling her topgallant-sails, and hauling down all of her light sails, the jib excepted. As for the *Dawn*, she kept steadily on, carrying everything she could bear. We had topmast and lower studding-sails, and not a tack or sheet had been touched when we got within a quarter of a mile of the frigate. The Englishman now showed his colors, when we let him see the stars and stripes. Still no sail was touched on board us. As if surprised at our obstinacy, John Bull let fly a chase-gun, taking good care not to send the shot very near us. I thought it time, now, to shorten sail and to pretend to see him. We began to haul down our studding-sails, merchant-fashion, and were fairly alongside of the frigate before even this preliminary step to heaving-to was effected. As we approached, the frigate bore up, and ran off in company with us, keeping a hundred fathoms distance from us, and watching us closely. At this instant, I ordered the topgallant-sails settled on the caps, as a sign we intended to let him board us.

At length, having reduced the sails to the three topsails, reefed, I hove-to the *Dawn*, and waited for a visit from the Englishman's boat. As soon as the frigate saw us fairly motionless, she shot up on our weather-quarter, half a cable's length distant, swung her long, saucy-looking yards, and lay-to herself. At the same instant her lee-quarter boat dropped into the water, with the crew in it, a boy of a midshipman scrambled down the ship's side and entered it also, a lieutenant fol-

lowed, when away the cockle of a thing swept on the crest of a sea, and was soon pulling round under our stern. I stood on the lee-quarter, examining my visitors, as they struggled against the swell, in order to get a boat-hook into our main-chains. The men were like any other man-of-war's men, neat, sturdy, and submissive in air. The reefer was a well-dressed boy, evidently a gentleman's son; but the lieutenant was one of those old weather-beaten sea-dogs who are seldom employed in boats unless something more than common is to be done. He was a man of forty, hard-featured, pock-marked, red-faced, and scowling. I afterward ascertained he was the son of some underling about the Portsmouth dock-yard, who had worked his way up to a lieutenancy, and owed his advancement principally to his readiness in impressing seamen. His name was Sennit.

We threw Mr. Sennit a rope, as a matter of course, and Marble met him at the gangway with the usual civilities. I was amused with the meeting between these men, who had strictly that analogy to each other which is well described as "diamond cut diamond." Each was dogmatical, positive, and full of nautical conceit, in his own fashion; and each hated the other's country as heartily as man could hate, while both despised Frenchmen. But Sennit knew a mate from a master at a glance; and, without noticing Marble's sea-bow, a slight for which Marble did not soon forgive him, he walked directly aft to me, not well pleased, as I thought, that a shipmaster had neglected to be at the gangway to meet a sea-lieutenant.

"Your servant, sir," commenced Mr. Sennit, condescending to notice my bow; "your servant, sir; I suppose we owe the pleasure of your company, just now, to the circumstance of the weather's clearing?"

This sounded hostile from the go off; and I was determined to give as good as I received.

"Quite likely, sir," was my answer, uttered as coolly as I could speak—"I do not think you got much the advantage, as long as there was thick weather."

"Ay, you're a famous fellow at hide-and-go-seek, and I do not doubt you would make a long chase in a dark night. But His Majesty's ship, *Speedy*, is not to be dodged by a Yankee."

"So it would seem, sir, by your present success."

"Men seldom run away without there is a cause for it. It's my business to find out the reason why you have attempted it; so, sir, I will thank you for the name of your ship, to begin with."

"The *Dawn*, of New York."

"Ay, full-blooded Yankee—I knew you were New England, by your tricks."

"New York is not in New England; nor do *we* call a New York ship a Yankee," put in Marble.

"Ay, ay—if one were to believe all you mates from t'other side, say, he would soon fancy that King George held his throne by virtue of a commission from President Washington."

"President Washington is dead, Heaven bless him!" retorted Marble, "and if one were to believe half of what you English say, he would soon fancy that President Jefferson held his office as one of King George's waiting-men."

I made a sign for Marble to be silent, and intimated to the lieutenant I was ready to answer any further inquiries he wished to make. Sennit did not proceed, however, without giving a significant look at the mate, which to me, seemed to say, "I have pressed a mate in my time."

"Well, sir, the *Dawn*, of New York," he continued, noting the name in his pocket-book. "How are you called yourself?"

"The *Dawn*, of New York, Miles Wallingford, master."

"Miles Wallingford, master. Where from, whither bound, and with what laden?"

"From New York; bound to Hamburg; cargo, sugars, coffee, and cochineal."

"A very valuable cargo, sir," observed Mr. Sennit, a little dryly. "I wish for your sake it had been going to any other

part of the world, as this last war has sent the French into that part of Germany, and Hamburg is suspected of being rather too much under Bonny's influence."

"And were we bound to Bordeaux, sir, what power have you to stop a neutral at this distance at sea?"

"If you put on *power*, Mr. Wallingford, you depend on a crutch that will betray you. We have power enough to eat you, should that be necessary. I suppose you mean *right*."

"I shall not dispute with you, sir, about words."

"Well, to prove to you that I am as amicably disposed as yourself, I will say no more on the subject. With your permission, I will now examine your papers; and to show you that I feel myself among friends, I will first send my own boat back to the *Speedy*."

I was infinitely disgusted with this man's manner. It had the vulgar sort of witticism about even his air, that he so much affected in his speech — the whole being deformed by a species of sly malignancy, that rendered him as offensive as he seemed to me to be dangerous. I could not refuse to let a belligerent look at my papers, however, and went below to get them, while Sennit gave some private orders to his reefer, and sent him away to his frigate.

While on this subject, the reader must excuse an old man's propensity to gossip, if I say a word on the general question of the right of search. As for the pretense that was set up by some of the advocates of impressment out of neutral ships, which laid down the position that the belligerent being on board in the exercise of an undoubted right to inquire into the character of the ship and cargo, he took with him the right to lay hands on all the subjects of his own sovereign he might happen to find there, it is not worthy of a serious reply. Because a man has a right to take the step preliminary to the discharge of an admitted power, as an incident of that power, it does not follow that he can make the incident a principle, and convert it into a justification of acts unlawful in themselves. On this head, therefore, I shall say nothing, holding it to be beyond dispute among those who are competent to speak on the subject at all. But the abuse of that admitted power to board and ascertain the character of a ship has created so lively a feeling in us Americans as to induce us to forego some of the wholesome principles that are necessary to the well-being of all civilized nations. It is thus, in my judgment, that we have quite recently and erroneously laid down the doctrine that foreign vessels-of-war shall not board American ships on the coast of Africa, in a time of peace, in order to ascertain their character.

On this subject I intend to speak plainly. In the first place, I lay no claim to that spurious patriotism which says, "our country, right or wrong." This may do for the rabble, but it will not do for God, to whom our first and highest obligations are due. Neither country nor man can justify that which is wrong, and I conceive it to be wrong in a political if not in a moral sense, to deny a vessel-of-war the privilege which England here claims. I can see but one plausible argument against it, and that is founded on the abuses which may arise from the practice. But it will not do to anticipate abuses in this instance more than in any other. Every right, whether national or international, may be abused in its exercise, and the argument, if good for anything, is as good against every other right of international law as it is against this. Abuse, after it has occurred, might be a justifiable reason for suspending the exercise of an admitted right, until some remedies were applied to prevent their recurrence, but it can never be urged as a proper argument against the right itself. If abuses occur we can get them remedied by proper representations, and if these last fail, we have the usual appeal of nations. As well might it be said, the law of the land shall not be administered, because the sheriff's officers are guilty of abuses, as to say the law of nations shall cease because we apprehend that certain commercial rivalries may induce others to transcend them. When the wrong is done it will be time enough to seek the remedy.

That it is the right of a vessel-of-war to ascertain the character of a ship at sea is dependent on her right to arrest a pirate, for instance. In what manner can this be done, if a pirate can obtain impunity by simply hoisting the flag of some other country, which the cruiser is obliged to respect? All that the latter asks is the power to ascertain if that flag is not an imposition; and this much every regularly-commissioned public ship should be permitted to do, in the interests of civilization and in maintenance of the police of the seas.

The argument on the other side goes the length of saying, that a public cruiser is in the situation of a sheriff's officer on shore, who is compelled to arrest his prisoner on his own responsibility. In the first place, it may be questioned if the dogma of the common law, which asserts the privilege of the citizen to conceal his name, is worthy of a truly enlightened political freedom. It must not be forgotten that liberty first took the aspect of franchises, in which men sought protection from the abuses of power in any manner they could, and often without regarding the justness of the general principles with which they were connected; confusion in these principles arising as a consequence. But, admitting the dogma of the common law to be as inherently wise as it is confessedly a practice, there is no parallel in the necessity of the case of an arrest on shore and of an arrest at sea. In the former instance, the officer may apply to witnesses; he has the man before him, and compares him with the description of the criminal; and, should he make an erroneous arrest, under misleading circumstances, his punishment would be merely nominal—in many cases, nothing. But the common law, while it gives the subject this protection, does not deny the right of the officer to arrest. It only punishes the abuse of this power, and that is precisely what nations ought to do, in a case of the abuse of the right to examine a merchantman.

The vessel-of-war cannot apply to witnesses, and cannot judge of national character by mere external appearances, since an American-built ship can be sailed by Portuguese. The actual necessities of the case are in favor of the present English claim, as well as that great governing principle which says that no great or principal right can exist, in international law, without carrying with it all the subordinate privileges which are necessary to its discreet exercise.

Thus much I could not refrain from saying, not that I think John Bull is very often right in his controversies with ourselves, but because I think, in this case, he is; and because I believe it far safer, in the long run, for a nation, or an individual, to have justice on his side, than always to carry his point.

I was soon on deck, carrying my writing-desk under my arm, Mr. Sennit preferring to make his examination in the open air, to making it below. He read the clearance and manifest with great attention. Afterward he asked for the shipping articles. I could see that he examined the names of the crew with eagerness, for the man was in his element when adding a new hand to his frigate's crew.

"Let me see this Nebuchadnezzer Clawbonny, Mr. Wallingford," he said, chuckling. "The name has an alias in its very absurdity, and I doubt not that I shall see a countryman — perhaps a townsman."

"By turning your head, sir, you can easily see the man. He is at the wheel."

"A black!—umph—yes; those fellows do sometimes sail under droll titles. I do not think the lad was born at Gosport."

"He was born in my father's house, sir, and is my slave."

"Slave! A pretty word in the mouth of a free and independent son of liberty, Mr. Wallingford. It is lucky you are not bound to that land of depotism, old England, or you might see the fetters fall from about the chap's limbs."

I was nettled, for I felt there was some justice in this sarcasm, and this, too, at the very moment I felt it was only half merited; and not at all, perhaps, from an Englishman. But Sennit knew as much of the history of my country as he did of his own, having obtained all he had

learned of either out of newspapers. Nevertheless, I succeeded in keeping silent.

"Nathan Hitchcock; this chap has a suspiciously Yankee name; will you let me see *him*, sir," observed the lieutenant.

"The chap's name, then, does him no more than justice, for I believe he is strictly what *we* call a Yankee."

Nathan came aft at the call of the second mate, and Sennit no sooner saw him than he told him to go forward again. It was easy to see that the man was perfectly able to distinguish, by means of the eye alone, between the people of the two countries, though the eye would sometimes deceive even the most practiced judges. As the *Speedy* was not much in want of men, he was disposed not to lay his hands on any but his own countrymen.

"I shall have to ask you, sir, to muster all your people in the gangways," said Sennit, rising, as he passed me the ship's papers. "I am only a supernumerary of the *Speedy*, and I expect we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing her first on board, the Honorable Mr. Powlett. We are a nob ship, having Lord Harry Dermond for our captain, and lots of younger sons in the cockpit."

I cared little who commanded or officered the *Speedy*, but I felt all the degradation of submitting to have my crew mustered by a foreign officer, and this, too, with the avowed object of carrying away such portions of them as he might see fit to decide were British subjects. In my judgment it would have been much more creditable and much wiser for the young Hercules to have made an effort to use his club, in resisting such an offensive and unjustifiable assumption of power, than to be setting up doubtful claims to establish principles of public law that will render the exercise of some of the most useful of all international rights perfectly nugatory. I felt a disposition to refuse compliance with Sennit's request, and did the result only affect myself I think I should have done so; but conscious that my men would be the sufferers, I thought it more prudent to comply. Accordingly, all the *Dawn's* people were ordered to muster near the quarter-deck.

While I endeavor to do justice to principles, I wish to do no injustice to Sennit. To own the truth, this man picked out the Englishman and Irishman as soon as each had answered his first questions. They were ordered to get their things ready to go on board the *Speedy*, and I was coolly directed to pay them any wages that might be due. Marble was standing near when this command was given; and seeing disgust, most likely, in my countenance, he took on himself the office of replying.

"You think accounts should be balanced, then, before these men quit the ship?" he asked, significantly.

"I do, sir; and it's my duty to see it done. I will thank you to attend to it at once," returned the lieutenant.

"Well, sir, that being the case, we shall be receivers, instead of payers. By looking at the shipping articles you see that each of these men received fifty dollars, or two months' advance" (seamen's wages were as high, frequently, in that day, as twenty or thirty dollars); "and quite half of the 'dead-horse' remains to be worked out. We will, therefore, thank his Majesty to pay us the odd twenty-five dollars for each of the men."

"What countryman are *you?*" demanded the lieutenant, with a menacing look. "Cornish by your impudence: have a care, sir; I have carried off mates before now, in my day."

"I came from the land of tombstones, which is an advantage; as I know the road we all must travel, sooner or later. My name is Marble, at your service; and there's a hard natur' under it, as you'll find on trial."

Just at this moment, the frigate's boat came round her stern, carrying the Honorable Mr. Powlett, or the gentleman whom Sennit had announced as her first lieutenant. I thought the rising anger of the last was a little subdued by the appearance of his senior officer; social position and private rank making even a greater difference between the two than mere date of commission. Sennit sup-

pressed his wrath, therefore; though I make no doubt the resentment he felt at the contumelious manner of my mate had no little influence on what subsequently occurred. As things were, he waited, before he proceeded any further, for the *Speedy's* boat to come alongside.

Mr. Powlett turned out to be a very different sort of person from his brother lieutenant. There was no mistaking him for anything but a gentleman, or for a sailor. Beyond a question, he owed his rank in his ship to family influence, and he was one of those scions of aristocracy (by no means the rule, however, among the high-born of England) who never was fit for anything but a carpet-knight, though trained to the seas. As I afterward learned, his father held high ministerial rank; a circumstance that accounted for his being the first lieutenant of a six-and-thirty, at twenty, with a supernumerary lieutenant under him who had been a sailor some years before he was born. But the captain of the *Speedy*, himself, Lord Harry Dermond, was only four-and-twenty; though he had commanded his ship two years, and fought one very creditable action in her.

After making my best bow to Mr. Powlett, and receiving a very gentleman-like salutation in return, Sennit led his brother officer aside, and they had a private conference of some little length together.

"I shall not meddle with the crew, Sennit," I overheard Powlett say, in a sort of complaining tone, as he walked away from his companion. "Really, I cannot become the master of a press-gang, though the *Speedy* had to be worked by her officers. You are used to this business, and I leave it all to you."

I understood this to be a *carte blanche* to Sennit to carry off as many of my people as he saw fit; there being nothing novel or surprising in men's tolerating, in others, acts they would disdain to perform in person. As soon as he left his junior in rank, the youthful first lieutenant approached me. I call him youthful, for he appeared even younger than he was, though I myself had commanded a ship when only of his own age. It was easy to see that this young man felt he was employed on an affair of some importance.

"It is reported to us, on board the *Speedy*, sir," the Hon. Mr. Powlett commenced, "that you are bound to Hamburg."

"To Hamburg, sir, as my papers will show."

"Our government regards all trade with that part of the continent with great distrust, particularly since the late movements of the French. I really wish, sir, you had not been bound to Hamburg."

"I believe Hamburg is still a neutral port, sir; and, if it were not, I do not see why an American should not enter it, until actually blockaded."

"Ah! these are some of your very peculiar American ideas on such subjects! I cannot agree with you, however, it being my duty to obey my orders. Lord Harry has desired us to be very rigorous in our examination, and I trust you will understand we must comply, however unpleasant it may be, sir. I understand, now, sugar and coffee are exceedingly suspicious!"

"They are very innocent things rightly used, as I hope mine will be."

"Have you any particular interest in the cargo, Captain Wallingford?"

"Only that of owner, sir. Both ship and cargo are my own private property."

"And you seem to be English, or American—for, I confess myself unable to tell the difference between the people of the two countries, though I dare say there is a very great difference."

"I am an American by birth, as have been my ancestors for generations."

"I declare that is remarkable! Well, I can see no difference. But, if *you* are American, I do not see why the sugar and coffee are not American, too. Lord Harry, however, desired us to be very particular about these things, for some reason or other. Do you happen to know, now, where this sugar grew?"

"The canes of which it was made grew, I believe, in St. Domingo."

"St. Domingo! Is not that a French island?"

"Certainly, in part, sir; though the

Spaniards and the negroes dispute the possession with the French."

"I declare I must send Lord Harry word of this! I am exceedingly sorry, Captain Wallingford, to detain your ship, but my duty requires me to send a young gentleman on board the *Speedy* for orders."

As I could urge no plausible objection, the young gentleman was again sent back to the frigate. In the meantime, Sennit had not been idle. Among my crew were a Swede and a Prussian, and both these men having acquired their English in London or Liverpool, he affected to believe they were natives of the old island, ordering them to get their dunnage ready to go under the pennant. Neither of the men, however, was disposed to obey him, and when I joined the group, leaving the Hon. Mr. Powlett waiting the return of his boat, on the quarter-deck, I found the three in a warm discussion on the subject.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Wallingford," Sennit cried, as I approached, "we will compromise matters. Here are two fellows who are Lancashire men, if the truth were known, that pretend to be Norwegians, or Fins, or to come from some other outlandish country or other, and I wish to place them under his Majesty's pennant, where they properly belong; as they are so reluctant to receive this honor, I will consent to take that fine-looking Kentish man, who is worth them both put together."

As this was said, Sennit pointed to Tom Voorhees, an athletic, handsome young North River man, of Dutch extraction, a fellow who had not a drop of English blood in his veins, and the ablest-bodied and the best seaman in the *Dawn;* a fact that the lieutenant's nautical tact had not been slow to detect.

"You are asking me to let you have a man who was born within ten miles of myself," I answered, "and whose family I know to be American, for near two centuries."

"Ay, ay; you're all of *old* families in America, as everybody knows. The chap is English born for a hundred guineas; and I could name a spot in Kent, not ten miles distant from that where he first saw the light. I do not say, however, you were not his neighbor—for you have a Dover look, yourself."

"You might be less disposed to pleasantry, sir, were this a thirty-six, or were you and I on shore."

Sennit gave me a disdainful look, and terminated the affair by ordering Voorhees to get his chest ready, and to join the two other men he had pressed. Taking example, however, from the Swede and the Prussian, Voorhees walked away, using no measures to obey. As for myself, thoroughly disgusted with this man, a vulgar rogue, I walked aft to the other lieutenant, who was only a gentlemanlike dunce.

Mr. Powlett now began to converse of London; and he told me how often he had been at the opera when last in town —and remarked what an exceedingly delightful *fete champetre* was lady somebody's entertainment of that sort. This occupied us until the boat returned, with a very civil request from the captain of the *Speedy*, that I would do him the favor to pay him a visit, bringing with me the ship's papers. As this was what no belligerent had a right to demand, though privateersmen constantly did it, I could comply or not. Fancying it might expedite matters, regarding the civility of the request as a good omen, and feeling a desire to deal with principals in an affair that was very needlessly getting to be serious, I consented to go. Marble was called, and formally told to take charge of the ship. I could see a smile of contempt on Sennit's face at this little ceremony, though he made no objection in terms. I had expected that the first lieutenant would go to the frigate with me, but, after a short consultation with his junior, the last was deputed to do me this honor.

Sennit now appeared disposed to show me every slight and indignity it was in his power to manifest. Like all vulgar-minded men, he could not refrain from maltreating those whom he designed to injure. He made me precede him into the boat, and went up the *Speedy's* side first himself on reaching that vessel. His

captain's conduct was very different. Lord Harry was not a very noble *looking* personage, as your worshipers of rank imagine nobility to appear, but he was decidedly well-mannered; and it was easy enough to see he commanded his own ship, and was admirably fitted so to do. I have had occasion to learn that there is a vast deal of aristocratic and democratic cant on the subject of the appearance, abilities, qualities and conduct of Europeans of birth and station.

In the first place, nature has made them very much as she makes other people; and the only physical difference there is proceeds from habit and education. Then, as to the enervating effects of aristocracy, and noble effeminacy, I have seen ten times as much of it among your counter-jumpers and dealers in bobbinet as I have seen in the sons of dukes and princes; and in my later days circumstances have brought me much in contact with many of these last. Manliness of character is far more likely to be the concomitant of aristocratic birth, than of democratic, I am afraid; for, while those who enjoy the first feel themselves above popular opinion, those who possess the last bow to it, as the Asiatic slave bows to his master. I wish I could think otherwise; but experience has convinced me of these facts, and I have learned to feel the truth of an axiom that is getting to be somewhat familiar among ourselves, viz., "that it takes an aristocrat to make a true democrat." Certain I am, that all the real, manly, independent democrats I have ever known in America have been accused of aristocracy, and this simply because they were disposed to carry out their principles, and not to let that imperious sovereign, "the neighborhood," play the tyrant over them. As for personal merit, quite as fair a proportion of talent is found among the well-born as among the low; and he is but an *ad captandum vulgus* sort of a philosopher who holds the contrary doctrine. Talleyrand was of one of the most ancient and illustrious houses of Europe, as was Turenne; while Mansfield, Erskine, Grey, Wellington, and a host of Englishmen of mark of our time, came of noble blood. No, no, the cause of free institutions has much higher and much juster distinctions to boast of than this imaginary superiority to the humbly-born over those who come of ancient stock.

Lord Harry Dermond received me just as one of his station ought to receive one of mine, politely, without in the least compromising his own dignity. There was a good-natured smile on his face, of which, at first, I did not know what to make. He had a private conversation with Sennit, too, but the smile underwent no change. In the end I came to the conclusion that it was habitual with him, and meant nothing. But, though so much disposed to smile, Lord Harry Dermond was equally disposed to listen to every suggestion of Sennit that was likely to favor the main chance. Prize money is certainly a great stain on the chivalry of all navies, but it is a stain with which the noble wishes to be as deeply dyed as the plebeian. Human nature is singularly homogeneous on the subject of money; and younger-son nature, in the hands of *majorats* and entails, enjoys a liveliness of longing on the subject that is quite as conspicuous as the rapacity of the veriest plebeian who ever picked a pocket.

"I am very sorry, Captain Wallingford," Captain Lord Harry Dermond observed to me, when his private conference with Sennit was ended, and altogether superior to the weakness of Powlett, who would have discussed the point, "that it is my duty to send your ship into Plymouth. The French have got such an ascendency on the continent that we are obliged to use every act of vigilance to counteract them. Then your cargo is of enemy's growth."

"As for the ascendency, my lord, you will see we Americans have nothing to do with it; and my cargo, being necessarily of last year's crops, must have been grown and manufactured in a time of general peace. If it were not, I do not conceive it would legalize my capture."

"We must leave Sir William Scott to decide that, my good sir," answered the captain, with his customary smile; "and

there is no use in our discussing the matter. An unpleasant duty"—as if he thought the chance of putting two or three thousand pounds in his pocket unpleasant!—"an unpleasant duty, however, need not be performed in a disagreeable manner. If you will point out what portion of your people you could wish to keep in your ship, it shall be attended to. Of course, you remain by your property yourself: and I confess, whatever may be done with the cargo, I think the ship will be liberated. As the day is advancing, and it will require some little time to exchange the people, I should be exceedingly happy if you would do me the favor to lunch in my cabin."

This was gentlemanly conduct, if it were not lawful. I could foresee a plenty of evil consequences to myself in the delay, though I own I had no great apprehensions of a condemnation. There was my note to John Wallingford to meet, and two months' detention might keep me so long from home as to put the payment at maturity quite out of the question. Then came the mortgage on Clawbonny, with its disquieting pictures; and I was in anything but a good humor to enjoy Lord Harry Dermond's hospitality. Still I knew the uselessness of remonstrances, and the want of dignity there would be in repining, and succeeded in putting a good face on the matter. I simply requested that my chief mate, the cook, and Neb, might be left in the *Dawn*, submitting it to the discretion of my captors to take out of her as many of the remainder of her people as they saw fit. Lord Harry remarked it was not usual to leave a mate, but to oblige me he would comply. The frigate would go in for water in the course of a fortnight, when I might depend on having the entire crew, his Majesty's subjects excepted, restored to my command.

CHAPTER XIV.

"*1st Gent.* What is my ransom, master? Let me know.
Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours." —KING HENRY VI.

I NEVER saw a man more astounded, or better disposed to fly into a passion, than was the case with Mr. Moses Oloff Van Duzer Marble, when he was told that the *Dawn* was to be sent into England for adjudication. Nothing kept his tongue within the bounds of moderation, and I am far from certain I might not add his fists, but my assurances he would be sent on board the *Speedy* unless he behaved with prudence. As our people were sent out of the ship, I thought, several times, he would break out in open hostilities; and he did actually propose to me to knock Sennit down, and throw him overboard. With a significant look, I told him it was not time for this. The mate now laid a finger on his nose, winked, and from that moment he not only seemed cheerful, but he assisted in hoisting in and out the different articles that were exchanged in shifting the crews.

When all was ready, it appeared that Sennit was to be our prize master. Although a lieutenant in commission, he had only been lent to Lord Harry Dermond by the admiral, in order to fill up the crew of that favored officer; the *Speedy* having her regular complement of lieutenants without him. As the cruise was so nearly up, and the ship had experienced great success in impressing since she sailed, Sennit could be spared; and, if the truth were said, I make no doubt his messmates in the frigate were glad to be rid of him, now they had no further occasion for his peculiar skill and services.

Mr. Sennit brought on board with him, as a prize crew, ten foremast-men, besides a master's mate, of the name of Diggins. Under ordinary circumstances, this last dignitary would have been of sufficient skill to take the ship in; but this was the first prize Lord Harry had taken; she promised to be valuable if condemned; and I suppose he and his young gentle-

man-like luffs were desirous of getting rid of their vulgar associate. At any rate, Messrs. Sennit and Diggins both came on board us, bag and baggage.

The various changes, the lunch, and the chase of the morning, had so far worn away the day, that the two vessels did not make sail until four o'clock, P.M., when both ships filled at the same time; the *Speedy* on a wind, with two reefs in her top-sails, as when first seen, to play about for more prizes, and the *Dawn* under studding sails, with the wind nearly over the taffrail. When all was ready, each ship started away from the vacant point on the ocean, where they had been lying for hours, moving on diverging lines, at a rate that soon put a wide expanse of water between them.

I felt the circumstance of being left under the command of such a man as Sennit almost as sensibly as I felt the loss of my ship. He and the mate established themselves in my cabin, within the first hour, in a way that would have brought about an explosion, had not policy forbade it, on my part. Sennit even took possession of my state-room, in which he ordered his own cot to be swung, and from which he coolly directed my mattress to be removed. As the lockers were under locks and keys, I permitted him to take possession without a remonstrance. Diggins stowed his bedding in Marble's berth, leaving my mate and myself to shift for ourselves. At a suggestion from Marble, I affected great indignation at this treatment, directing Neb to clear away a place in the steerage, in which to live, and to swing hammocks there for Marble and myself. This movement had some effect on Sennit, who was anxious to get at the small stores, all of which were under good locks, and locks that he did not dare violate, under an order from the admiralty. It was, therefore, of much importance to him to belong to my mess; and the necessity of doing something to appease my resentment became immediately apparent to him. He made some apologies for his cavalier conduct, justifying what he had done on the score of his rank and the usages of navies, and I thought it prudent to receive his excuses in a way to avoid an open rupture. Sennit was left in possession of the stateroom, but I remained in the steerage; consenting, however, to mess in the cabin. This arrangement, which was altogether premeditated on my part, gave me many opportunities of consulting privately with Marble; and of making sundry preparations for profiting by the first occasion that should offer to retake the ship. In that day, recaptures were of pretty frequent occurrence; and I no sooner understood the *Dawn* was to be sent in, than I began to reflect on the means of effecting my purpose. Marble had been kept in the ship by me, expressly with this object.

I suppose the reader to have a general idea of the position of the vessel, as well as of the circumstances in which she was placed. We were just three hundred and fifty-two miles to the southward and westward of Scilly, when I observed at meridian, and the wind blowing fresh from the south-southwest, there was no time to lose, did I meditate anything serious against the prize crew. The first occasion that presented to speak to my mate offered while we were busy together in the steerage stowing away our effects, and making such dispositions as we could to be comfortable.

"What think you, Moses, of this Mr. Sennit and his people?" I asked, in a low voice, leaning forward on a water-cask, in order to get my head nearer to that of the mate. "They do not look like first-rate man-of-war's-men; by activity and surprise, could we not handle them?"

Marble laid a finger on his nose, winked, looked as sagacious as he knew how, and then went to the steerage door, which communicated with the companion-way, to listen if all was safe in that quarter. Assured that there was no one near, he communicated his thoughts as follows:

"The same idee has been at work here," he said, tapping his forehead with a forefinger, "and good may come of it. This Mr. Sennit is a cunning chap, and will want good looking after, but his mate drinks like a coal-heaver; I can see that in his whole face; a top-lantern is not

lighter. *He* must be handled by brandy. Then, a more awkward set of long-shore fellows were never sent to manage a square-rigged craft than these which have been sent from the *Speedy*. They must have given us the very sweepings of the hold."

"You know how it is with these dashing young man-of-war captains; they keep all their best materials for a fight. French frigates are tolerably plenty, they tell me, and this Lord Harry Dermond, much as he loves sugar and coffee, would like to fall in with a *la Vigilante* or a *la Diane*, of equal force, far better. This is the secret of his giving Sennit such a set of raw ones. Besides, he supposes the *Dawn* will be at Plymouth in eight-and-forty hours, as will certainly be the case should this wind stand."

"The fellows are just so many London loafers. (I have always thought Marble had the merit of bringing this word into fashion.) There are but three seamen among them, and *they* are more fit for a hospital than for a lower yard or a jib-boom."

There was a good deal of truth, blended with some exaggeration, mixed up with this statement of the mate. As a matter of course, the captain of the *Speedy* had not sent away his best men, though they were not quite as bad as Marble, in his desire to overcome them, was disposed to fancy. It is true there were but three of their number whom the quick nautical instinct of the mate had recognized as real seamen, though all had been on board ship long enough to render them more or less useful.

"Whatever we do must be done at once," I rejoined. "We are four athletic men, to act against twelve. The odds are heavy, but we shall have the advantage of being picked men, and of attacking by surprise."

"I wish you had thought of asking to keep Voorhees in the ship, Miles; that fellow would be worth three ordinary men to us."

"I did think of it, but the request would never have been granted. One could ask for a cook, or a mate, or a servant like Neb, but to ask for an able seaman or two would have been to declare our object."

"I believe you're right, and we must be thankful for the good stuff we have, as it is. How far will the law bear us out in knocking men on the head in such an undertaking? It's peace for America, and we must steer clear of piracy!"

"I've thought of all that, Moses, and see no great cause of apprehension. A man has certainly a right to recover that by the strong hand which he lost by the strong hand. Should blood be spilled, which I hope to avert, the English courts may judge us harshly, while the American would acquit us. The law would be the same in both cases, though its administration would be very different. I am ready to cast my own fortunes on the issue, and I wish no man to join me who will not do so, heart and hand. I see no reason to suppose it will be necessary to take life, to which I have as strong reluctance as you can have yourself."

"There's my hand!" exclaimed Marble, "and as for its owner's heart, you well know where that is to be found, Miles. Enough has been said for a beginning. We will look about us this afternoon, and talk further after supper."

"Good. Do you say a word to Billings, the cook, and I will open the matter to Neb. Of the last we are certain, but it may be well to make some promises to your man."

"Leave that to me, Miles. I know my chap, and will deal with him as I would with an owner."

Marble and myself now separated, and I went on deck to observe how things promised in that quarter. By this time, the *Speedy's* topsails were beginning to dip, and the *Dawn* was driving forward on her course, with everything drawing that she could carry. All the English were on deck, Sennit included. The last gave me a sufficiently civil salute as I put my foot on the quarter-deck, but I avoided falling into any discourse with him. My cue was to note the men, and to ascertain all I could concerning their distribution during the approaching night.

Diggins, I could see, was a red-faced fellow, who probably had lost his promotion through love of the bottle, though, as often happens with such persons, a prime seaman and a thorough man-of-war's man. Of him, I thought I could make sure by means of brandy. Sennit struck me as being a much more difficult subject to get along with. There were signs of cognac about his face, too, but he had more rank, more at stake, and brighter hopes than the master's mate. Then he was evidently better practiced in the ways of the world than his companion, and had constantly a sort of uneasy vigilance about his eye and manner that gave me no little concern.

It was my wish to strike a blow, if possible, that very night, every minute carrying us fast toward the chops of the Channel, where the English had so many cruisers in general as to render ultimate escape next to impossible, should we even be so lucky as to regain command of our own ship: I was afraid, moreover, Sennit might take it into his head to have all hands all night, under the pretext of drawing in with the land. Should he actually adopt this course, our case was nearly hopeless.

"Your mate seems to love the cupboard, Mr. Wallingford," Sennit remarked to me, in a good-natured manner, with an evident wish to establish still more amicable relations between us than had yet existed; "he has been in and about that galley these ten minutes, fidgeting with his tin-pot, like a raw hand who misses his mother's tea!"

Sennit laughed at his own humor, and I could hardly answer with a smile, for I knew my mate had adopted this experiment to open communications with the cook.

"Mr. Marble is famous for his love of slops," I answered, evasively.

"Well, he does not *look* it. I have seldom seen a more thorough-looking sea-dog than your mate, Captain Wallingford"—this was the first time that Sennit had dignified me with this title—"and I took a fancy to him on that account as soon as I saw him. You will do me the favor to sup with us in the cabin, I hope, for I see signs at the galley that it will soon be ready?"

"I shall expect to join your mess, sir, now explanations have passed between us. I suppose *my* mate is to be one of my party, as well as yours?"

"Certainly. I shall ask the favor of you to let Mr. Marble relieve Diggins for half an hour or so, while the poor fellow gets a bite. We'll do as much for you another time."

This was said in a dry, laughing sort of a way, which showed that Mr. Sennit was fully aware he was making a request a little out of rule, to ask a man to aid in carrying his own ship into port as a prize; but I took it, as it was meant, for a rough joke that had convenience at the bottom.

It was not long ere Neb came to announce that supper was ready. Sennit had made but an indifferent dinner, it would seem, and he appeared every way disposed to take his revenge on the present occasion. Calling out to me to follow, he led the way cheerfully into the cabin, professing great satisfaction at finding we were to make but one mess of it. Strictly speaking, a prize crew, under circumstances like those in which the *Dawn* was now placed, had no right to consume any portion of the vessel's own stores, condemnation being indispensable to legalize Lord Harry Dermond's course, even according to the laws of his own country. But I had ordered Neb to be liberal with my means, and a very respectable entertainment was spread before our eyes, when we reached the cabin. Sennit was soon hard at work: but under pretense of looking for some better sugar than had been placed on the table, I got three bottles of brandy privately into Neb's hands, whispering him to give one to the master's mate on deck, and the other two to the crew. I knew there were too many motives for such a bribe, connected with our treatment, the care of our private property, and other things of that nature, to feel any apprehension that the true object of this liberality would be suspected by those who were to reap its advantages.

Sennit, Marble and myself sat quite an hour at table. The former drank freely of wine; though he declined having anything to do with the brandy. As he had taken two or three glasses of the rejected liquor in my presence before the two ships parted, I was convinced his present forbearance proceeded from a consciousness of the delicate circumstances in which he was placed, and I became rather more wary in my own movements. At length the lieutenant said something about the "poor devil on deck," and Marble was sent up to look out for the ship, while Diggins came below to eat. The instant the master's mate appeared, I could see the brandy had been doing its work on him, and I was fearful his superior might notice it. He did not, however, being too well pleased with the madeira I had set before him to trouble himself about a few drams, more or less, that might have fallen to the share of his subordinate.

At length this memorable supper, like everything else of earth, came to an end, and all of us went on deck in a body; leaving Neb and the cook to clear away the fragments. It was now night, though a soft starlight was diffused over the surface of the rolling water. The wind had moderated a little, and the darkness promised to pass without any extra labor to the people, several of the studding-sails having been taken in by Diggins's orders when he first went below.

When seamen first come on deck at sea there is usually a pause in the discourse, while each notes the weather, the situation of the ship, and the signs of the hour. Sennit and myself did this, almost as a matter of course, separating, in order that each might make his observation at leisure. As for Marble, he gave up the command of the deck to Diggins, walking forward by himself. Neb and the cook were keeping up the customary clattering with plates, knives, and forks.

"Have the people had their suppers yet, Mr. Diggins?" demanded the lieutenant.

"Not yet, sir. We have no cook of our own, you know, sir, and so have been obliged to wait, sir."

"The king's men wait for nobody. Order that black fellow to let them have their suppers at once; while that is doing, we'll tell off the watches for the night."

Diggins was evidently getting more and more under the influence of brandy, keeping the bottle hid somewhere near him, by which means he took frequent draughts unperceived. He gave the necessary orders, notwithstanding; and presently the men were mustered aft to be told off into the two watches that were required for the service of the ship. This was soon done, Sennit choosing five, and Diggins his five.

"It's past eight o'clock," said Sennit, when the selections were made. "Go below, the watch, and all but the man at the wheel of the watch on deck can go below to the lights to eat. Bear a hand with your suppers, my lads; this is too big a craft to be left without lookouts forward, though I dare say the Yankees will lend us a hand while you are swallowing a mouthful?"

"To be sure we will, sir," cried Marble, who had come to the gangway to witness the proceedings. "Here, you, Neb, come out of that galley and play forecastle-man, while John Bull gets his supper. He's always cross when he's hungry, and we'll feed him well to make a good neighborhood."

This caused some who heard it to laugh, and others to swear and mutter. Every one, nevertheless, appeared willing to profit by the arrangement, the Englishmen being soon below, hard at work around the kids. It now struck me that Marble intended to clap the forecastle-hatch down suddenly, and make a rush upon the prize officers and the man at the wheel. Leaving one hand to secure the scuttle, we should have been just a man apiece for those on deck; and I made no doubt the project would have succeeded had it been attempted in that mode. I was, by nature, a stronger man than Sennit, besides being younger and in my prime, while Diggins would not have been more than a child in Marble's hands. As for the man at the wheel, Neb could have thrown him half

way up to the mizzen-top, on an emergency. But it seemed that my mate had a deeper project in view; nor was the other absolutely certain, as I afterward learned, one of the Englishmen soon coming out of the forecastle to eat on deck, quite likely aware that there might be some risk in letting all hands remain below.

It was now sufficiently dark for our purposes, and I began to reflect seriously on the best mode of proceeding, when, all at once, a heavy splash in the water was heard, and Marble was heard shouting, "Man overboard!"

Sennit and I ran to the lee main-rigging, where we just got a glimpse of the hat of the poor fellow, who seemed to be swimming manfully, as the ship foamed past him.

"Starboard your helm!" shouted Marble. "Starboard your helm! Come to these fore-braces, Neb; bear a hand this a-way, you cook. Captain Wallingford, please lend us a pull. Look out for the boat, Mr. Sennit; we'll take care of the head-yards."

Now, all this had been regularly concocted in the mate's mind in advance. By these means, he not only managed to get all our people together, but he got them away from the boat. The whole was done so naturally as to prevent the smallest suspicion of any design. To do Sennit justice, I must acknowledge that he behaved himself particularly well on this sudden appeal to his activity and decision. The loss of a *man* was to him a matter of deep moment; all his habits and propensities inclining him to be solicitous about the manning of ships. A man saved was as good as a man impressed; and he was the first person in the boat. By the time the ship had lost her way, the boat was ready, and I heard Sennit call out the order to lower. As for us, Americans, we had our hands full to get the head-yards braced up in time, and to settle away the top-gallant-halyards, aft, in order to save the spars. In two minutes, however, the *Dawn* resembled a steed that had suddenly thrown his rider, diverging from his course, and shooting athwart the field at ·gles to his former track, scenting and snuffing the air. Forward all was full, but the after-yards having been square from their first, their sails lay aback, and the ship was slowly forging ahead, with the seas slapping against her bows, as if the last were admonishing her to stop.

I now walked aft to the taffrail, in order to make certain of the state of things. Just as I reached the stern Sennit was encouraging the men to "give away" with the oar. I saw that he had six of his people with him, and, no doubt, six of his best men—the boldest and most active being always the most forward on such occasions. There was no time to be lost, and I turned to look for Marble. He was at my elbow, having sought me with the same object. We walked away from the man at the wheel together, to get out of ear-shot.

"Now's your time, Miles," the mate muttered, slipping one of my own pistols into my hands as he spoke. "That master's mate is as muzzy as a tapster at midnight, and I can make him do what I please. Neb has his orders, and the cook is ready and willing. You have only to say the word, to begin."

"There seems little necessity for bloodshed," I answered. "If you have the other pistol, do not use it unnecessarily; we may want it for the boat——'

"Boat!" interrupted Marble. "What more have we to do with the boat? No, no, Miles; let this Mr. Sennit go to England where he belongs. Now, see how I'll manage Diggins," he added. "I want to get a luff purchase up out of the forecastle; will you just order two or three of your fellows forward, to go down and pass it up for me."

"D'ye hear there, forward," called out Diggins, in a very thick voice. "Tumble down into that forecastle, three or four of you, and pass up the tackle for Mr. Marble."

Now, there were but three of the Englishmen left in the ship, exclusively of the master's mate himself, and the man at the wheel. This order, consequently, sent all three immediately into the forecastle. Marble coolly drew over the hatch, secured it, ordered the cook to

keep a general lookout forward, and walking aft as if nothing had occurred, said in his quiet way:

"The ship's yours, again, Captain Wallingford."

"Mr. Diggins," I said, approaching the master's mate, "as I have a necessity for this vessel, which is my property, if you please, sir, I'll now take charge of her in person. You had better go below and make yourself comfortable; there is good brandy to be had for the asking, and you may pass an agreeable evening, and turn in whenever it suits you."

Diggins was a sot and a fool, but he did not want for pluck. His first disposition was to give battle, beginning to call out for his men to come to his assistance, but I put an end to this, by seizing him by the collar, and dropping him, a little unceremoniously, down the companion-way. Half an hour later he was dead drunk, and snoring on the cabin floor.

There remained only the man at the wheel to overcome. He was a seaman, of course, and one of those quiet, orderly men, who usually submit to the powers that be. Approaching him, I said:

"You see how it is, my lad; the ship has again changed owners. As for you, you shall be treated as you behave. Stand to the wheel and you'll get good treatment and plenty of grog, but, by becoming fractious, you'll find yourself in irons before you know where you are."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the man, touching his hat, and contenting himself with this brief and customary reply.

"Now, Mr. Marble," I continued, "it is time to have an eye on the boat, which will soon find the man or give him up. I own that I wish we had recovered the ship without tossing the poor fellow overboard."

"Fellow overboard!" cried Marble, laughing; "I'd ha' thrown all England into the sea had it been necessary and in my power, but it wasn't necessary to throw overboard so much as a child. The chap they're arter is nothing but one of the fenders, with the deep-sea lashed to its smaller end, and a tarpaulin stopped on the larger! Mr. Sennit need be in no great hurry, for I'll engage his 'man overboard' will float as long as his yawl!"

The whole of Marble's expedient was thus explained, and I confess I was much relieved by a knowledge of the truth. Apart from the general relief that accompanied the consciousness of not having taken human life, should we again fall into English hands, a thing by no means improbable, in the situation in which we were placed this circumstance might be of the last importance to us. In the meantime, however, I had to look to the boat and to the ship.

The first thing we did was to clew up the three top-gallant sails. This gave us a much easier command of the vessel, short-handed as we were, and it rendered it less hazardous to the spars to keep the *Dawn* on a wind. When this was done I ordered the after-braces manned, and the leaches brought as near as possible to touching. It was time; for the oars were heard, and then I got a view of the boat as it came glancing down on our weather quarter. I instantly gave the order to fill the after-sails and to keep the ship full and by. The braces were manned as well as they could be by Marble, Neb, and the cook, while I kept an eye on the boat, with an occasional glance at the man at the wheel.

"Boat ahoy!" I hailed, as soon as the lieutenant got near enough for conversation.

"Ay, boat ahoy! sure enough," growled Sennit; "some gentleman's back will pay for this trick. The 'man overboard' is nothing but a d——d paddy made out of a fender with a tarpaulin truck! I suspect your mate of this, Mr. Wallingford."

"My mate owns the offense, sir; it was committed to get you out of the ship, while we took charge of her again. The *Dawn* is under my orders once more, Mr. Sennit, and before I permit you to come on board her again we must have an understanding on the subject."

A long, meaning whistle, with a muttered oath or two, satisfied me that the lieutenant had not the slightest suspicion of the truth until it was thus abruptly

announced to him. By this time the boat was under our stern, where she was brought in order to be hooked on, the men intending to come up by the tackles. For this I cared not, however, it being an easy matter for me, standing on the taff-rail, to knock any one on the head who should attempt to board us in that fashion. By way of additional security, however, Neb was called to the wheel, Marble taking the English sailor forward to help haul the bowlines and trim the yards. The ship beginning to gather way, too, I threw Sennit the end of a lower studding-sail halyards that were brought aft for the purpose, ordered his bowman to let go his hold of the tackle, and dropped the boat a safe towing distance astern. Neb being ordered to keep the weather-leaches touching, just way enough was got on the ship to carry out the whole of this plan without risk to anybody.

"You'll not think of leaving us out here on the Atlantic, Mr. Wallingford, five hundred miles from the Land's End," Sennit at length called out, time having been taken to chew the cud of reflection.

"That's as you behave, sir. I wish you no harm personally, Mr. Sennit, though I much wish my own ship. The night promises to be good, and the wind is moderating, so that the boat will be perfectly safe. I will have you hauled up, and we will throw you a spare sail for a covering, and you will have the consolation of knowing that *we* shall have to keep watch while you are sleeping."

"Ay, sir, I understand it all; Job's comfort that will be. As I do not suppose you are to be coaxed out of the advantage you have obtained, we have no choice but compliance. Give us some food and water in addition, and for God's sake! don't cast us adrift in this boat, so far from land."

I gave Sennit an assurance that we would take care of him, and orders were issued to comply with his wishes. We passed the sail into the boat, and lowered a bread-bag, a kid full of beef and pork, and a breaker of fresh water. I took all these precautions the more readily, as I did not know but we might be compelled to cast the boat adrift, and one would not wish to resort to such a step, without desiring to leave his crew the best possible chance for their lives. I will do Marble the justice to say, he was active in making these arrangements, though had the question of destroying the entire prize crew presented itself on one side, and that of losing the ship on the other, he would not have hesitated about sinking Great Britain itself, were it possible to achieve the last. I was more human, and felt exceedingly relieved when I again found myself in command of the *Dawn*, after an interregnum of less than ten hours, without a drop of blood having been spilled.

As soon as everything required was passed into the boat, she was dropped astern, nearly to the whole length of the studding-sail halyards. This would make her tow more safely to both parties: To those in her, because there was less risk of the ship's dragging her under, and to ourselves, because it removed all danger of the Englishmen's returning our favor by effecting a surprise in their turn. At such a distance from the ship there would always be time for us to rally and defeat any attempt to get alongside.

CHAPTER XV.

"*Capt.*—And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure, one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go."
—KING HENRY VI.

BY such simple means, and without resistance, as it might be, did I recover the possession of my ship, the *Dawn*. But now that the good vessel was in my power, it was by no means an easy thing to say what was to be done with her. We were just on the verge of the ground occupied by the Channel cruisers, and it was preposterous to think of running the gauntlet among so many craft with the expectation of escaping. It is true, we might fall in with twenty English man-of-war vessels before we met with another *Speedy* to seize and order us into Plymouth, had everything been in order and

in the usual state, but no cruiser would or could board us, and not demand the reasons why so large a ship should be navigated by so small a crew. It was over matters like these that Marble and I now consulted, no one being on the quarter-deck but the mate, who stood at the wheel, and myself. The cook was keeping a look-out on the forecastle. The Englishman had lain down, in full view, by my orders, at the foot of the mainmast; while Neb, ever ready to sleep when not on duty, was catching a nap on the booms.

"We have got the ship, Moses," I commenced, "and the question next arises, what we are to do with her."

"Carry her to her port of destination, Captain Wallingford, to be sure. What else *can* we do with her, sir?"

"Ay, that is well enough, if it can be done. But, in addition to the difficulty of four men's taking care of a craft of five hundred tons, we have a sea before us that is covered with English cruisers."

"As for the four men, you may safely set us down as eight. I'll engage we do as much in a blow as eight such fellows as are picked up nowadays 'long shore. The men of the present time are mere children to those one met with in my youth, Miles!"

"Neither Neb, nor the cook, nor I, am a man of other times, but are all men of to-day; so you must call us but three, after all. I know we can do much; but a gale may come that would teach us our insignificance. As it is, we are barely able to furl the main-top-gallant-sail in a squall, leaving one hand at the wheel, and another to let go rigging. No, no, Moses; we must admit we are rather short-handed, putting the best face on the matter."

"If you generalize in that mode, Miles, my dear boy, I must allow that we are. We can go up Channel, and ten chances to one but we fall in with some Yankee, who will lend us a hand or two."

"We shall be twice as likely to meet with King George's ships, who will overhaul our articles, and want to know what has become of the rest of our people."

"Then we'll tell 'em that the rest of the crew has been pressed; they know their own tricks too well not to see the reasonableness of such an idee."

"No officer would leave a vessel of this size with only her master, mate, cook, and one man to take care of her, even had he found a crew of deserters from his own ship in her. In such a case, and admitting a right to impress from a foreigner at all, it would be his duty to send a party to carry the craft into port. No, no, Moses; we must give all the English a wide berth, now, or they will walk us into Plymouth yet."

"Blast the hole! I was in it a prisoner, during the revvylushun, and never want to see its face ag'in. They've got what they call the Mill Prison there, and it's a mill that does grinding less to my taste than the thing of you'rn at Clawbonny. Why not go north about, Miles? There must be few cruisers up that-a-way."

"The road is too long, the weather is apt to be too thick, and the coast is too dangerous for us, Moses. We have but two expedients to choose between—to turn our heads to the westward, and try to get home, trusting to luck to bring us up with some American who will help us, or steer due east and run for a French port—Bordeaux, for instance—where we might either dispose of the cargo, or ship a new crew, and sail for our port of destination."

"Then try the last by all means. With this wind we might shove the ship in with the land in the course of two or three days, and go clear of everything! I like the idee, and think it can be carried out. Bordeaux is always full of Americans, and there must be men enough, to be had for the asking, knocking about the quays."

After a little further conversation, we determined on this plan, and set about carrying it into execution on the spot. In rounding-to the ship had been brought by the wind on the larboard tack, and was standing to the northward and westward, instead of to the eastward, the course we now wished to steer. It was necessary, therefore, to wear-round and get the ship's

head in the right direction. This was not a difficult maneuver at all, and the Englishman helping us with seeming goodwill, it was soon successfuly executed. When this was accomplished, I sent the English sailor into the cabin to keep Diggins company, and we set a watch on deck of two and two, Marble and myself taking charge four hours and four hours, in the old mode.

I acknowledge that I slept little that night. Two or three times we detected Sennit attempting to haul close up under the ship's stern, out of all question with a view to surprise us, but as often would he drop to the length of his towrope, as he saw Marble's head or mine watching him above the taffrail. When the day dawned I was called, and was up and on the lookout as our horizon enlarged and brightened round the ship. The great object was to ascertain, as early as possible, what vessels might be in our neighborhood.

But a solitary sail was visible. She appeared to be a ship of size, close-hauled, heading to the southward and eastward; by steering on our proper course, or certainly by diverging a little to the northward, it would be an easy matter to speak to her. As I could plainly see she was not a ship-of-war, my plan was formed in a moment. On communicating it to Marble it met with his entire approbation. Measures were taken, accordingly, to carry it into immediate execution.

In the first place, I ordered Sennit, who was awake, and had been, I believe, the whole night, to haul the boat up and to lay hold of one of the boat-tackles. This he did willingly enough, no doubt expecting that he was to be received into the ship under a treaty. I stood on the lookout to prevent an attack, one man being abundantly able to keep at bay a dozen who could approach only by ascending a rope hand over hand, while Marble went below to look after the two worthies who had been snoring all night in the cabin. In a minute my mate reappeared, leading up the seaman, who was still more asleep than awake. This man was directed to lay hold of the tackle and slide down into the boat. There being no remedy, and descending being far easier than ascending, this exploit was soon performed, and we were well rid of one of our enemies. Sennit now began to remonstrate, and to point out the danger there was of being towed under, the ship going through the water the whole time at the rate of five or six knots. I knew, however, that the English were too skillful to run the risk of being drowned, unnecessarily, and that they would let go of the tackle before they would suffer the boat to be swamped. It was ticklish work, I allow; but they succeeded surprisingly well in taking care of themselves.

We had more difficulty with Diggins. This fellow had been so beastly drunk that he scarce knew what he was about when he awoke; and Marble rather dragged him on deck, and aft to the taffrail, than assisted him to walk. There we got him at last; and he was soon dangling by the tackle. So stupid and enervated was the master's mate, however, that he let go his hold and went into the ocean. The souse did him good, I make no doubt; and his life was saved by his friends, one of the sailors catching him by the collar, and raising him into the boat.

Sennit availed himself of this accident to make further remonstrances on the subject of having any more men put in the boat. It was easy to see it was as much his policy to get everybody out of that little conveyance as it was mine to get all the English into her.

"For God's sake, Captain Wallingford, knock off with this, if you please," cried the lieutenant, with a most imploring sort of civility of manner. "You see how it is; we can barely keep the boat from swamping with the number we have in her; and a dozen times during the night I thought the ship would drag her under. Nothing can be easier than for you to secure us all, if you will let us come on board, one at a time."

"I do not wish to see you in irons, Mr. Sennit; and this will remove any necessity for resorting to an expedient so unpleasant. Hold on upon the tackle, there-

fore, as I shall feel obliged to cast you off entirely, unless you obey orders."

This threat had the desired effect. One by one, the men were let up out of the forecastle, and sent into the boat. Cooked meat, bread, rum, and water were supplied to the English; and, to be ready to meet any accident, we lowered them a compass and Sennit's quadrant. We did the last at his own earnest request, for he seemed to suspect we intended sending him adrift, as indeed was my plan, at the proper moment.

Although the boat had now twelve men in her, she was in no danger, being a stout, buoyant, six-oared yawl, that might have held twenty on an emergency. The weather looked promising, too—the wind being just a good topgallant breeze for a ship steering full and by. The only thing about which I had any qualms was the circumstance that southwest winds were apt to bring mists, and that the boat might thus be lost. The emergency, nevertheless, was one that justified some risks, and I pursued my plan steadily.

As soon as all the English were in the boat, and well provided with necessaries, we felt at more liberty to move about the ship, and exert ourselves in taking care of her. The man at the wheel could keep an eye on the enemy—the *Dawn* steering like a pilot-boat. Neb was sent aloft to do certain necessary duty, and the topgallant-sails being loose, the clew-lines were overhauled and the sails set. I did this more to prevent the English ship from suspecting something wrong at seeing a vessel running off, before the wind, under such short canvas, than from any desire to get ahead, since we were already going so fast as to render it probable we should pass the other vessel, unless we altered our course to meet her.

Diogenes Billings, the cook, had now a little leisure to serve us a warm breakfast. If Mr. Sennit were living, I think he would do us the justice to say he was not forgotten. We sent the people in the boat some good hot coffee, well sweetened, and they had a fair share of the other comfortable eatables of which we partook ourselves. We also got out and sent them the masts and regular sails of the boat, which was fitted to carry two sprits.

By this time the stranger ship was within two leagues of us, and it became necessary to act. I sent Marble aloft to examine the horizon, and he came down to report nothing else was in sight. This boded well. I proceeded at once to the taffrail, where I hailed the boat, desiring Sennit to haul her up within comfortable conversing distance. This was done immediately.

"Mr. Sennit," I commenced, "it is necessary for us to part here. The ship in sight is English, and will take you up. I intend to speak her, and will take care that she knows where you are. By standing due east you will easily cut her off, and there cannot be a doubt of her picking you up."

"For Heaven's sake, consider a moment, Captain Wallingford," Sennit exclaimed, "before you abandon us out here, a thousand miles from land."

"You are just three hundred and twenty-six miles from Scilly, and not much more from the Land's End, Mr. Sennit, with a wind blowing dead for both. Then your own countrymen will pick you up, of a certainty, and carry you safe into port."

"Ay—into one of the West India Islands; if an Englishman at all, yonder vessel is a running West Indiaman; she may take us all the way to Jamaica."

"Well, then, you will have an opportunity of returning at your leisure. You wished to take me almost as much out of my course; or, if not absolutely out of my course, quite as much out of my time. I have as little relish for Plymouth as you seem to have for Jamaica."

"But the stranger may be a Frenchman—now I look at him, he has a French look."

"If he should be French, he will treat you well. It will be exchanging beef for soup-maigre for a week or two. These Frenchmen eat and drink as well as you English."

"But, Captain Wallingford, their prisons! This fellow Bonaparte exchanges

nobody this war, and if I get into France I am a ruined man."

"And if I had gone into Plymouth, I fear I should have been a ruined man, too."

"Remember, we are of the same blood, after all—people of the same stock—just as much countrymen as the natives of Kent and Suffolk. Old Saxon blood, both of us."

"Thank you, sir; I shall not deny the relationship, since it is your pleasure to claim it. I marvel, however, you did not let your cousin's ship pass without detaining her."

"How could I help it, my dear Wallingford? Lord Harry is a nobleman and a captain, and what could a poor devil of a lieutenant, whose commission is not a year old, do against such odds? No, no, there should be more feeling and good-fellowship between chaps like you and me, who have their way to make in the world."

"You remind me of the necessity of being in motion. Adieu, Mr. Sennit. Cut, Moses!"

Marble struck a blow with the ax on the studding-sail halyards, and away the *Dawn* glided, leaving the boat tossing on the waves twenty fathoms further astern, on the very first send of the sea. What Mr. Sennit *said*, I could not hear, now, but I very plainly saw him shake his fist at me, and his head, too; and I make no manner of doubt, if he called me anything that he did not call me a gentleman. In ten minutes the boat was fully a mile astern. At first Sennit did not appear disposed to do anything, lying motionless on the water in sullen stillness; but wiser thoughts succeeded, and stepping his two masts, in less than twenty minutes I saw his sails spread, and the boat making the best of its way to get into the track of the stranger.

It had been my intention, originally, to speak the strange ship, as I had told Sennit; but seeing there was no probability of her altering her course so as to pass the boat, I changed my purpose, and stood directly athwart her forefoot, at about half a mile's distance. I set the Yankee bunting, and she showed the English ensign in return. Had she been French, however, it would have made no odds to me, for what did I care about my late captors becoming prisoners of war? They had endeavored to benefit themselves at my cost, and I was willing enough to benefit myself at theirs.

We made our preparations for setting studding-sails now, though I thought there were signs of a desire in the Englishman to speak me. I knew he must be armed, and felt no wish to gratify him, inasmuch as he might take it into his head to make some inquiries concerning the boat, which, if not already visible from his decks, soon must be. I was certain the *Dawn*, deep as she was, would go four feet to the Indiaman's three, and, once past him, I had no apprehensions in the event of a chase.

The English ship caught sight of the boat when we were about a mile on his lee-quarter, with lower and topmast studding-sails set, going quite eight knots, on a due east course. We became aware of the fact by her hoisting a jack at the fore. From that moment I gave myself no concern on the subject of Sennit and his prize crew. Twenty minutes later, we saw the ship back her main-topsail, and, by means of the glasses, we plainly perceived the boat alongside of her. After some delay, the yawl was hoisted on the deck of the ship, and the latter filled her topsail. I had some curiosity to ascertain what would come next. It would seem that Sennit actually induced the master of the West Indiaman to give chase, for no sooner did the vessel gather way than she bore up after us, packing on everything that would draw. We were greatly rejoiced at having improved the leisure time in making sail ourselves, for having a lower studding-sail and two topmast studding-sails on the ship, when this race began, I did not feel much apprehension of being overtaken. By way of making more sure of an escape, however, we set the royals.

When the West Indiaman bore up in chase, we were about two leagues ahead of our pursuer. So far from lessening this

distance, though she carried royal studding-sails, we gradually increased it to three, until, satisfied he could do nothing, the master of the strange ship took in his light sails and hauled by the wind again, carrying the late prize crew in a direct line from England. I afterward learned that Sennit and his companions were actually landed in the island of Barbadoes, after a pleasant passage of only twenty-six days. I make no doubt it took them much longer to get back again, for it was certain that not one of them had reappeared in England six months from that day.

We now had the ship to ourselves, though with a very diminished crew. The day was the time to sleep; and relieving each other at the wheel, those who were off duty slept most of the time when they were not eating. At six in the evening, however, all hands were up, making our preparations for the night.

At that hour the wind was steady and favorable, the horizon clear of vessels of every sort, and the prospects of a pleasant night were sufficiently good. The run in the course of the day was equal to one hundred miles, and I computed the distance to Brest at something less than four hundred miles. By getting in nearer with the land I should have the option of standing in for any French port I pleased that lay between Cherbourg and Bayonne.

"Well, Moses," I observed to my old friend and shipmate, when we had finished our survey, "this looks promising! As long as the wind remains in this quarter we shall do well enough; should we actually get in safely, I shall not regret the delay, the credit of having done so good a thing, and of having done it so well, being worth as much to me as any interest on capital, or wear and tear of gear, can possibly be. As for Mr. Sennit, I fancy he is some sixty miles off here at the southward and westward, and we've done with him for the voyage."

"Suppose he should fall in with the *Speedy*, and report what has happened, Miles?" returned the mate. "I have been calculating that chance. The stranger was standing directly for the frigate's We will not halloo, till we're out of the woods."

"That risk is so remote I shall not let it give me any trouble. It is my intention to run in for the land at our fastest rate of sailing, and then profit by the best wind that offers, to get into the nearest haven. If you can suggest a better scheme, Moses, I invite you to speak."

Marble assented, though I perceived he was not entirely free from the apprehension he had named until the next morning arrived, bringing with it no change, and still leaving us a clear sea. That day and the succeeding night, too, we made a capital run, and at meridian of the third day after the recapture of the *Dawn*, I calculated our position to be just one hundred and four miles to the southward and eastward of Ushant. The wind had shifted, however, and it had just come out light at northeast. We went to work, all hands of us, to get in the studding-sails and to brace up and haul aft; an operation that consumed nearly two hours. We were so busily employed, indeed, as to have little or no time to look about us, and my surprise was the less, therefore, when the cook called out "Sail, ho!" I was busy trimming the main-yard, when the announcement was made, and looking up I saw a lugger standing toward us, and already within long gun-shot. I afterward ascertained that perceiving us to be approaching her, this craft had lain like a snake in the grass, under bare poles, until she thought us sufficiently near, when she made sail in chase. I saw at a glance several important facts: in the first place, the lugger was French beyond all dispute; in the second, she was a cruiser, public or private; in the third, escape from her, under any circumstances, was highly improbable. But why should we endeavor to escape from this vessel? The countries were at peace; we had just bought Louisiana from France, and paid fifteen millions of dollars for it, thereby not only getting the country ourselves, but keeping it out of the hands of John Bull, and we were said to be excellent friends again. Then the *Dawn* had extricated herself

before; no doubt the lugger would give us all the aid we could require.

"She is French, for a thousand dollars, Moses!" I cried, lowering my glass from the first good look of the stranger; "and by keeping away two points, we shall speak her in fifteen minutes."

"Ay, French," rejoined the mate, "but blast 'em all round, I'd much rather have nothing to do with any of the rogues. I'll tell you how it is, Miles, these are onmoralizing times, and the sea is getting to be sprinkled with so many Van Tassels, that I'm afeared you and I'll be just that dear, good old soul, my mother, and little Kitty, to be frightened, or, if not exactly frightened, to be wronged out of our just rights."

"Little fear of that this time, Moses—this is a Frenchman; as we are bound to a French port, he'll not hesitate to lend us half a dozen hands, in order to help us along."

"Ay, and take half the ship and cargo for salvage! I know these piccaroons, and you ought to know 'em too, Miles, for it's only two or three years since you were a prisoner of war among 'em. That was a delightful feelin', I rather conclude."

"Times are altered, Moses, and I'll show confidence in the change. Keep the ship away, Neb—so; meet her—steer for the lugger's foremast; that will do."

Of course, these orders soon brought the two vessels alongside of each other. As the lugger approached we made her out to be a stout, but active craft, of sixteen guns, and apparently full of men. She set the "*tricolor*," when half a mile distant, sure of her prey, should we turn out to be a prize. We showed him the stars and stripes, of course, fancying he would treat them as a friend.

It was not long before both vessels had rounded-to, and preparations were made to hail.

"What sheep's zat?" demanded one in good broken English.

"The *Dawn* of New York—may I ask the name of your lugger?"

"*Le Polisson*—corsair Français—what you load, eh?"

"Sugar and coffee, with cochineal, and a few other articles."

"Peste!—Vere you boun', monsieur, *s'il vous plait?*"

"Hamburg."

"Diable!—zis is *non* ze *chemin*. How you came here, sair, viz ze vin' at sowvess?"

"We are going in to Brest, being in need of a little succor."

"You vish salvage, eh! Parbleu, we can do you zat mosh good, as vell as anodair."

I was then ordered, privateer fashion, to lower a boat, and to repair on board the lugger with my papers. When told I had no stern or quarter-boat to lower, the Frenchman manifested surprise; but he sent his own yawl for me. My reception on board the *Polisson* was a little free for Frenchmen. The captain received me in person, and I saw, at a glance, I had to deal with men who were out on the high seas, with the fear of English prison-ships constantly before their eyes, in quest of gold. I was not invited into the cabin, a crowded, dark and dirty hole, for, in that day, the French were notoriously foul in their vessels, but was directed to show my papers seated on a hencoop.

As everything was regular about the register, manifest and clearance, I could see that Monsieur Gallois was not in a particularly good humor. He had one, whom I took to be a renegade Englishman, with him, to aid in the examination, though, as this man never spoke in my presence, I was unable precisely to ascertain who he was. The two had a long consultation in private, after the closest scrutiny could detect no flaw in the papers. Then Monsieur Gallois approached and renewed the discourse.

"Vy you have no boat, sair?" he asked.

"I lost my boat, three days since, about a hundred leagues to the southward and westward."

"It is not have bad veddair! Why you got no more *marins* in your sheep?—eh!"

I saw it would be best to tell the whole

truth at once, for were I to get any aid from this lugger, the facts, sooner or later, must be made known. Accordingly I gave the Frenchman, and his English-looking companion, a full account of what had occurred between us and the *Speedy*. After this narrative there was another long conference between Monsieur Gallois and his friend. Then the boat was again manned, and the captain of the lugger, accompanied by his privy counselor and myself, went on board the *Dawn*. Here, a very cursory examination satisfied my visitors of the truth of my story.

I confess I expected some commendation from a Frenchman, when he heard the ready manner in which we had got our vessel out of the hands of the Philistines. No such thing; an expressive "*bon*" had escaped Monsieur Gallois, once or twice, it is true; but it was apparent he was looking much sharper for some pretext to make us a prize himself, than for reasons to commend our conduct. Each new aspect of the affair was closely scanned, and a new conference with the adviser was held apart.

"Sair," said Monsieur Gallois, "I have mosh regret, but your sheep is *bon* prize. You have been *prisonnier* to ze English, ze enemy of la France, and you shall not capture yourself. L'Amérique is not at war—is neutral, as you shall say, and ze Américans cannot make ze prize. I considair your ship, monsieur, as in ze hand of ze English, and shall capture him. *Mes regrets sont vifs, mais, bue voulezvous?* Ze corsair most do his devoir, ze same as ze sheep *national*. I shall send you to Brest, vere, if you be not sold *par un décrat*, I shall be too happy to restore *votre batiment? Allons!*"

Here was a *dénouement* to the affair, with a vengeance! I *was* to be captured, because I *had* been captured. "Once a corporal, always a corporal." As the English had taken me, the French would take me. A prize to-day, you must be a prize to-morrow. I have always thought the case of the *Dawn* was the first of the long series of wrongs that were subsequently committed on American commerce, in virtue of this same principle, a little expanded and more effectually carried out, perhaps, and which, in the end, terminated by blockading all Europe, and interdicting the high seas on paper.

I knew the uselessness of remonstrating with a rapacious privateersman. "Let him send me in," I thought to myself, at first; "it is just where I wish to go; once in, the minister must get me clear. The fellow will only be the dupe of his own covetousness, and I shall profit by it in the degree that he will be a loser!"

I presume Monsieur Gallois entertained a very different view of the matter, for he manifested great alacrity in throwing a crew of no less than seventeen souls, big and little, on board us. I watched these operations in silence, as did Neb and Diogenes. As for Marble, he lighted a cigar, took his seat on the windlass, and sat in dignified anger, ready to explode on the slightest occasion, yet apprehensive he might be sent out of the ship should he betray one-half of what he felt. Out of the ship neither of us was sent, however, the French probably feeling indisposed to be troubled with passengers in the narrow quarters they had for themselves.

CHAPTER XVI.

"You are safe;
Nay, more—almost triumphant. Listen, then.
And hear my words of truth."—MARINO FALERIO.

IT was just four o'clock, P.M., when the *Dawn* and the *Polisson* parted company, the former steering on her old course for Brest, while the latter continued her cruise. The lugger sailed like a witch, and away she went toward the chops of the Channel on a bowline, leaving us to stand toward the French coast, close-hauled, also, but on the opposite tack.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the feelings with which we four, who were eye-witnesses of all that passed, witnessed the proceedings. Even Diogenes was indignant. As for Marble, I have already alluded to his state of mind, and if I had not, the following dialogue, which took place at sunset (the first that occurred between us in private since the second cap-

ture—while the French were eating their suppers), would serve to explain it.

"Well, Miles," the mate dryly observed, "whatever we have to do must be done at once. When shall we begin?—in the middle, or in the morning watch?"

"Begin *what*, Moses?" I asked, a little surprised at the settled manner in which he put his question.

"To throw these Frenchmen overboard. Of course, you don't mean to let them carry your ship into Brest?"

"Why not? We were bound to Brest when we fell in with them, and if they *will* take us there it will only save us the trouble of doing it ourselves."

"Don't be deceived by any such hope, Miles. I've been in the hands of Frenchmen before I knew you, and there is little hope of getting out of them, so long as the ship and cargo will pay for detention. No, no, my dear boy, you know I love you better than anything on 'arth, my dear old soul of a mother and little Kitty excepted, for it wouldn't be religious to like you better than my own flesh and blood; but, after these two, I like you better than any one on 'arth; and I can't be quiet and see you run your property into the fire. Never let the ship go into France, after which has happened, if you can help it."

"Can we possibly help it? Or do you propose that four men shall retake this vessel from seventeen?"

"Well, the odds are not so great, Miles," Marble rejoined, looking coolly round at the noisy set of little Frenchmen, who were all talking together over their soup; certainly not a very formidable band in a hand-to-hand encounter, though full of fire and animation. "There are four of us, and only seventeen of them, such as they are. I rather think we could handle 'em all in a regular set-to, with fists. There's Neb, he's as strong as a jackass; Diogenes is another Hercules; and neither you nor I am a kitten. I consider you as a match, in a serious scuffle, for the best four among them chaps."

This was not said in the least boastingly, though certainly the estimate of comparative force made by my mate was enormously out of the way. It was true that we four were unusually powerful and athletic men; but it was also true that six of the French might very well be placed in the same category. I was not subject to the vulgar prejudice of national superiority, I hope; one of the strongest of all the weaknesses of our very weak nature. I have never yet been in a country, of which the people did not fancy themselves, in all particulars, the salt of the earth; though there are very different degrees in the modes of bragging on such subjects. In the present instance, Marble had not the least idea of bragging, however; for he really believed we four, in an open onslaught, fire-arms out of the question, might have managed those seventeen Frenchmen. I think, myself, we might have got along with twice our number, taking a fair average of the privateer's men, and reducing the struggle to the arms of nature; but I should have hesitated a long time in making an open attack on even them.

Still, I began to regard my chances of escaping, should we be sent into a French port by the privateer, as far less certain than they had appeared at first. Marble had so much to say of the anarchists of France, as he had known them in the worst period of the Revolution, and so many stories to tell of ships seized and of merchants ruined, that my confidence in the right was shaken. Bonaparte was then in the height of his consular power—on the point of becoming emperor, indeed—and he had commenced his new war with a virulence and disregard of acknowledged rights, in the detention of all the English then resident in France, that served to excite additional distrust. Whatever may be said of the comprehensiveness and vastness of the genius of Napoleon, as a soldier and statesman, I presume few upright and enlightened men can now be found to eulogize his respect for public law. At any rate, I began to have lively misgivings on the subject; and the consultation between my mate and myself terminated in our coming to a resolution to serve the French prize crew substantially as we had served the En-

glish prize crew, if possible varying the mode only to suit the new condition of things. This last precaution was necessary, as, in the fullness of my confidence, I had made Monsieur Gallois acquainted with all the circumstances of throwing the fender overboard, and the manner in which we had got possession of the ship. It was not to be expected, therefore, that that particular artifice could be made to succeed with him.

It must have been the result of prejudice, and of constant reading of articles extracted from the English journals, that influenced me; but I confess it seemed a much easier matter to retake my ship from seventeen Frenchmen, than from twelve Englishmen. I was not so besotted as to suppose surprise, or artifice, would not be necessary in either case; but, had the issue been made up on brute force, I should have begun the fray with greater confidence in the first than in the last case. All this would have been very wrong in our particular situation, though, as a rule and as applied to sea-faring men, it might be more questionable. How often, and how much, have I seen reason to regret the influence that is thus silently obtained amongst us, by our consenting to becoming the retailers of other people's prejudices? One of the reasons why we have so long been mere serviles on this point is owing to the incompleteness of the establishments of the different leading presses of the country. We multiply, instead of enlarging these enterprises. The want of concentration of talent compels those who manage them to resort to the scissors instead of the pen; and it is almost as necessary for an American editor to be expert with the shears as it is for a tailor. Thus the public is compelled to receive hashes instead of fresh dishes, and things that come from a distance notoriously possessing a charm, it gets the original cookery of London, instead of that of their own country.

Prejudice or not, confidence is not a bad thing when a conflict is unavailable. It may be well to respect your enemy down to the very moment of making the charge; but, that commenced, the more he is despised, the better. When Diogenes and Neb were told it would be necessary to go over again the work so lately thought to be completed, neither of the negroes manifested the least concern. Diogenes had been in the *Crisis* as well as Neb, and he had got to entertain a very Anglican sort of notion of French prowess on the water; and, as for my own black, he would have followed without the slightest remonstrance wherever "Masser Mile please to lead."

"They's only French," said Diogenes, in a philosophical sort of way; "we can handle 'em like children."

I would not discourage this notion, though I saw its folly. Telling our two supporters to hold themselves ready for an attack, Marble and I left them, to cogitate and commence the manner of proceeding. Whatever was done, must be done that night; there being reason to think the ship would get in somewhere next day.

The name of our prize master was Le Gros. He was not aptly designated, however, being a little, shriveled, yellow-faced fellow, who did not seem to be a Hercules at all. Nevertheless, unlike Sennit, he was all vigilance and activity. He never left the deck, and, being so near in with the coast, I felt pretty certain we should have his company above board all night. Whatever was attempted, therefore, must be attempted in defiance of his watchfulness. Nor was this all; additional prudence was necessary, since we were so near the coast as greatly to increase the chance of our being picked up by some other French cruiser, should we even escape from this. Extreme caution was our cue, therefore, and Marble and I separated, seemingly each to take his repose, with a perfect understanding on all these points.

Monsieur Le Gros paid no attention to the staterooms or to the accommodations below. His whole care was bestowed on the ship. Apprehension of falling in with some British cruiser kept his eyes wide open, and his gaze constantly sweeping the horizon, so far as the obscurity would allow. I was incessantly on the alert myself, stealing up from the cabin, as far

as the companion-way, at least a dozen times in the course of the night, in the hope of finding him asleep; but, on each occasion I saw him moving up and down the quarter-deck, in rapid motion, armed to the teeth, and seemingly insensible to fatigue, and all the other weaknesses of nature. It was useless to attempt to find him off his guard, and worn out, Marble and myself fell into deep sleep, about three in the morning, out of pure exhaustion. As for the two negroes, they slept the entire night waiting our summons for their rallying to the work. Neb, in particular, had all the absence of responsibility that distinguishes the existence of a slave, feeling very much the same unconcern as to the movements of the vessel, as any other human being feels in connection with those of the earth in which he is a passenger.

It was ten o'clock when I awoke, refreshed, but disappointed. Marble was still snoring in his berth, and I was compelled to give him a call. I could perceive there was a breeze, and that the ship was going through the water fast; by her lurching, she was close-hauled. It takes a seaman but a minute or two to throw on his loose attire, and no time was lost on the present occasion. While my mate and I were thus engaged, the former happened to cast a look out of the cabin windows, which were open on account of the warmth of the weather, and offered no obstruction to a long view of the ocean directly in our wake.

"Halloo, Miles!" Marble exclaimed; "by Jove, we are chased! Such is the secret of Mr. Frog's being so much alive this fine morning. Yonder comes a frigate, or my name is not Oloff Marble."

A frigate there was, sure enough. She was about two leagues astern of us, and resembled a pyramidal cloud moving along the water, so completely were her spars covered with canvas. That she was an Englishman was more than probable, from the cruising ground as well as from the fact of the prize crew running from her. In that day, no French ship-of-war loitered long at any particular point, her enemies being so numerous as to render pursuit certain, ere many hours could elapse. After determining these facts in our minds, Marble and I went on deck.

My first look was ahead. To my deep regret there lay the land actually within three leagues of us. The wind was fresh at northeast, and Monsieur Le Gros appeared to be steering for a group of islands that lay a little, and ever so little, on our lee bow. Brest was out of the question; if we could get in with the land among these islands it was as much as we could do, before the racer astern would be up to us. The Frenchmen were evidently alarmed; an English prison-ship, with all its known horrors, being very vividly placed before their eyes. Monsieur Le Gros screamed, and gave twenty orders in a minute, while the other sixteen men made more noise than would be heard among a thousand Americans. Heavens! what a clamor these chaps kept up, and all about nothing, too, the ship having every stitch of canvas on her that would draw. I felt like the Arab who owned the rarest mare in the desert, but who was coming up with the thief who had stolen her, himself riding an inferior beast, and all because the rogue did not understand the secret of making the mare do her best. "Pinch her right ear, or I shall overtake you," called out the Arab; and more than twenty times was I disposed to trim the *Dawn's* sails, and send Neb to the wheel in order to escape the disgrace of being overhauled by the frigate. There *was* a chance for me, however, in this second recapture, and I thought it preferable to let things take their course. My new conquerors might be mystified, whereas, there was little hope for us, should Monsieur Le Gros get in after such an uproar.

In little more than an hour's time, the *Dawn* began to shorten sail, hauling up her courses and topgallant-sails, rocks showing themselves within half a mile of her. A large boat met us here, coming alongside as soon as certain who we were. The people in this boat were fishermen, and were so much accustomed to all the movements of the coast, that they understood the nature of the affair as soon as

they were apprised of our character. Of course they were eagerly questioned touching the possibility of the *Dawn's* being carried in through any of the rocky-looking passages that lay before us. Monsieur Le Gros looked very blank when he was told that all his hopes lay in there being sufficient water in one channel, and of that the fishermen confessed their own ignorance. If the noise and confusion were annoying before these men came alongside, it was astounding afterward. All this time the frigate was drawing near fast, and half an hour would certainly bring her within gun-shot. There is something intoxicating in a race. I felt a strong desire to get away from the Englishman at the very moment I believed my chances for justice would be worst in the hands of the French. Feeling the necessity of losing no time, I now made a lively appeal to Monsieur Le Gros, myself, proposing that we should both go in with the fishing-boat and examine the passage ourselves. By using proper activity the whole might be done in a quarter of an hour; we should then know whether to carry the ship in, or to run on the rocks and save what we could of the cargo, by means of lighters.

Order on board ship is out of the question without coolness, silence and submission. A fussy sailor is always a bad sailor; calmness and quiet being the great requisites for the profession, after the general knowledge is obtained. No really good officer ever makes a noise except when the roar of the elements renders it indispensable, in order to be heard. In that day, French ships-of-war did not understand this important secret, much less French privateers. I can only liken the clamor that was now going on in the *Dawn's* lee-gangway to that which is raised by Dutch fishwomen on the arrival of the boats from sea with their cargoes. The talk of Billingsgate in comparison with these women is to do the Holland and Flemish ladies gross injustice, English phlegm being far more silent than Dutch phlegm. No sooner was my proposition made than it was accepted by acclamation, and the privateersmen began to pour into the boat heels overhead, without order, and I may say without orders. Monsieur Le Gros was carried off in the current, and, when the fishermen cast off, but three Frenchmen were left in the ship; all the others had been swept away by a zeal to be useful, and that was a little quickened, perhaps, by the horrors of an English prison-ship.

Even Diogenes laughed at the random manner in which we were thus left in possession of our own. There is no question that the French intended to return, while there is no question it was also their intention to go. In short, they were in a tumult, and acted under an impulse instead of under the government of their reasons.

"You will have the complaisance, Monsieur Wallingford," cried Le Gros, as the boat started away from the ship's side, "to fill the topsail, and run for the passage, when we wave our hats."

"Ay, ay," I answered; "leave it to me to fill the topsails and to give the John Bulls the slip."

This was said in French, and it drew cries of "Bon!" and of "Vive la France!" from all in the boat. What the fellows thought, I will not pretend to say; but if they thought they were to get on board the *Dawn* again, they did not know the men they left behind them. As for the Frenchmen who remained, Marble and I could have managed them alone; and I was glad they were with us, since they could be made to pull and haul.

The ship was under her three topsails, spanker, and jib, when Monsieur Le Gros thus singularly gave her up to my control; the mainyard lying square. My first step was to fill the topsail and gather way on the vessel. This was soon done; and keeping away I stood on toward the rocks, which soon bore on our weather-bow, determined to run as near them as I dared, thinking to frighten the Englishman so much as to induce him to keep at arm's length. I might cast away the ship, it is true; but even this would be preferable to falling again into English hands, with all the occurrences still so recent. A year or two later, the affair of

the *Speedy's* men might be forgotten; but while a thing is fresh there is always some danger of its creating feeling. At least, thus I reasoned, and thus I acted.

Once more I had the *Dawn* under my own orders; and could I keep the frigate out of gun-shot, I cared very little for Monsieur Le Gros. At first, the privateersmen supposed that, in filling away, I merely intended to further their views; but no sooner did they perceive the ship standing on to leeward of the passage, than the truth seemed to flash on their befogged faculties. This was not until the depth of water was ascertained to be sufficient for their purposes; and such a flourishing of tarpaulins and greasy caps as succeeded, I had not witnessed for many a day. All these signals and calls, however, were disregarded; but away went the *Dawn*, with her yards just rounded in a point, with the wind fairly abeam, coasting along as near the islands as I thought it at all prudent to venture. As for the frigate, she was still keeping her luff, in order to get far enough to windward to make sure of her prey. At this moment, the two ships might have been a league asunder.

Monsieur Le Gros was no sooner aware of the trick I had played him, than out he dashed with his fishing-boat, making sail in chase, and helping his dull craft along with half a dozen oars. Seeing this, I let the foresail drop, and sheeted home and hoisted the main-topgallant-sail; not that I felt at all afraid of the boat, but because it was my wish to avoid bloodshed, if possible. Among the other absurdities the French had committed in their haste to get away from the frigate, was that of leaving six or eight muskets, with several cartridge-boxes behind them. With these weapons, it would have been easy for us to have given the privateersmen such a hint as would not fail to keep them at bay. Then I always had my pistols, which were not only valuable implements, but were double-barreled and well loaded. Our only ground of alarm, therefore, came from the Englishman.

Possibly Monsieur Le Gros thought differently, for his chase was animated and apparently in earnest. But, notwithstanding all his zeal, the *Dawn* left him astern, going through the water at the rate of about six knots. But the frigate was coming up at the rate of eight knots, making it certain that she would get us under her guns in an hour or two at most, unless some great advantage was obtained over her by means of the complicated navigation and shallow water.

When at Bordeaux, the previous year, I had purchased a chart of the French coast, with a book containing directions similar to those which are to be found in our own "Coasting Pilot." As a matter of course, I had them both with me, and I found them of great service on this occasion. The text described the islands we were near as being separated by narrow channels of deep water, in which the danger was principally owing to sunken rocks. It was these rocks that had induced the fishermen to pronounce the passage impracticable; and my coasting directions cautioned all navigators to be wary in approaching them. The *Dawn*, however, was in precisely the situation which might render these rocks of the last service to her; and preferring shipwreck to seeing my vessel in either English or French hands again, I determined to trust to the very dangers of the navigation as my safeguard.

I might go clear of the bottom, but it was certain, if I kept outside, I could not escape from the frigate. An accidental occurrence, in connection with the boat, favored us, and I was not slow to profit by the advantage it offered. Finding it impossible to come up with the ship by keeping in her wake, Monsieur Le Gros had taken a short cut, in the boat, between some islets that we were obliged to round, and he actually came out ahead of us. Instead of endeavoring to close with the ship, however, he led into an excessively narrow passage, making furious gestures for us to follow. This was at the instant when the frigate fired her first gun at us, the shot of which just fell a very little short. Did we pass the channel in which Monsieur Le Gros had carried the boat, we should fall to leeward of the whole group of islands—

or *islets* would be the better word—when all would literally depend on our heels. There was but a moment in which to decide; in another minute, the ship would be past the opening, which could only be regained by tacking, if it could be regained at all. I gave the order to luff.

Our three Frenchmen, fancying themselves now certainly bound to *la belle* France, were as active as cats. Neb and Diogenes throwing their powerful force on the braces with a good will, too, we soon had the *Dawn* braced sharp up, heading well to windward of the passage. Monsieur Le Gros was delighted. Apparently he thought all was right again; and he led the way, flourishing both hands, while all in the boat, fishermen inclusive, were bawling, and shouting, and gesticulating in a way that would certainly have confused us had I cared a straw about them. I thought it well enough to follow the boat; but as for their cries they were disregarded. Had Monsieur Le Gros seen fit to wait for the ship in the narrowest part of the inlet he might have embarrassed us; but, so far from this, he appeared to be entirely carried away by the excitement of the chase, and was as eager to push ahead as a boy who was struggling to be first in at the goal.

It was a nervous instant when the *Dawn's* bow first entered the narrow passage. The width from rock to rock, speaking only of visible things, might have been thirty fathoms; and this strait narrowed, rather than widened, for several hundred feet, until it was reduced fully one-third. The tide ran like a mill-tail, and it was, perhaps, lucky for us that there was no time for reflection or irresolution; the aspect of things being so serious as might well have thrown the most decided man into uncertainty and doubt. The current sucked the vessel in, like the Maelstrom, and we were whirling ahead at a rate that would have split the ship from her keel to her top-timbers had we come upon a sunken rock. The chances were about even; for I regarded the pilotage as a very random sort of an affair. We glanced on in breathless expectation, therefore, not knowing but each instant would involve us in ruin.

This jeopardy endured about five minutes. At the end of that brief space, the ship had run the gauntlet for the distance of a mile, driven onward by the current rather than by the wind. So tremendous was our velocity in the narrowest part, that I actually caught myself grasping the rail of the ship, as we glanced past the rocks, as if to keep myself from a fall. The French gave a loud and general shout just as the boat issued out of this raceway into a wide capacious bay, within the group of islands, which had the appearance of forming a roadstead of some note. There was a battery on the end of the last island, a lighthouse, and a cluster of fishermen's huts; all indicating that the place was one of considerable resort.

Monsieur Le Gros was waiting for us about two cables' lengths from the place where we issued into the bay, having considerately chosen an anchorage for us, at a point commanded by the four six-and-thirty pounders of the battery. The distance enabled me to look about. Within the range of islands was a sort of sound, quite a league in width, and on this sound the main coast presented several bays in which coasters were at anchor. Most of the prominent points had small batteries, of no great force as against a fleet, or even against a single heavy ship, but which were sufficiently formidable to keep a sloop-of-war or a frigate at a respectable distance. As all the guns were heavy, a vessel passing through the middle of this sound would hardly be safe, more especially did the gunners do their duty. By anchoring at the spot where the boat waited for us, we at once gave up the ship to the privateersmen, the battery first mentioned commanding that point completely. As good luck would have it, however, an expedient offered, in the direction of the wind and tide, which were opposed to each other, and I availed myself of the circumstance as promptly as possible.

Do our best, the *Dawn* could not fetch the spot where the boat had dropped her kedge. We passed within hail of it, not-

withstanding, and loud were the calls to us to shorten sail and anchor, as we came within hearing. Affecting to be anxious to get up to the precise point where the boat lay, I mystified Monsiur Le Gros in my answers, telling him I would stand on a short distance, or until I could fetch him, when I would tack. As this was intelligible it satisfied my captors, though a hundred "*n'importes*" were yelled after us, and "*n'importe*" it was in fact, one spot being just as good to anchor in as another, for half a league all round us.

The *Dawn* did her duty that day, and there was occasion for it, the frigate still continuing the chase. The circuit she had to make, and the berth she thought it prudent to give the first battery, enabled us to gain on her materially. When we passed the boat, the Englishman's upper sails were visible on the outside of the island, flying along the rocks at a rate that spoke well of his heels. He rounded the point when we were mid-sound, but here the battery served us a good turn, for, instead of hauling up close by the wind, the English were obliged to run off with the wind free, to keep out of harm's way. Their presence, notwithstanding, was probably of great service to the *Dawn*, for there had been a communication between Monsieur Le Gros and the batteries, by means of a small boat sent from the latter, and we should have been very likely to have a messenger, in the shape of a shot, sent after us, when it was seen we continued to stand across for the main instead of tacking for the designated anchorage, had not the men in the battery had the higher game of the frigate in view. As soon as John Bull got within range, the gunners began to play on him, but it was at a distance that rendered their fire next to useless.

Any one in the least acquainted with the movements of ships will understand the advantage we now possessed. The *Dawn* was beating through a good wide passage, with a young flood breasting her to windward, and a steady six-knot breeze blowing. The passage between these islands and the main was about four leagues long, while that which the fishermen had wished us first to enter was near the middle of the group. We were already a mile from the boat, and considerably to windward of her, the tide having done that much for us, when Monsieur Le Gros saw fit to lift his kedge and commence a new pursuit. He had the sagacity to see that we should soon be obliged to tack, on account of the main coast, and to stand over toward the island again; accordingly, instead of following in our wake, he profited by the set of the current, and pulled directly to windward, with a view to cut us off. All this we very plainly saw, but we cared very little for Monsieur Le Gros and his boat. The ship could out-sail the last very easily, in such a breeze, and it was always in our power to tack in mid-channel, instead of crossing her, or coming near her at all. The frigate gave me much more trouble.

The Englishman, as I afterward learned, was a French-built ship, called the *Fortunée*, or as Jack termed her, now she had got to be designated in the Anglo-Saxon dialect, the "Fortun*ee*," which was liberally rendered into the vernacular as the "Happy-Go-Lucky." She was an old ship, but an exceedingly fast one, and her commander had rendered himself famous by the manner in which he ventured about on the French coast. This was the third time he had gone through this very sound in spite of the batteries, and having some experience in the windings and turnings, he was now much better able to get along scathless than on the two former occasions. As soon as he thought himself at a safe distance from the six-and-thirties, he hauled up, and made five short stretches near the main, where he had much the best of the tide and the whole strength of the breeze, and where there was nothing to molest him, the usual roadstead being under the island, of course.

The first hour sufficed to let me understand there was no chance of escaping the frigate; if we continued to beat up through the passage, we might reach its western end a little in advance of her, it is true, but no hope at all of getting away would remain when we again reached the open ocean, and she in-shore of us. In this

dilemma, Marble made one of his happy suggestions, my merit amounting to no more than seizing the right moment, and carrying out his idea with promptitude. The passage first named lay in a line with us, and we had every reason to believe the ship could go through it. When we were invited to enter, the tide was not as high by six feet, as it had now risen to be, and my mate suggested the expedient of trying it, in going out.

"The Englishman will never dare follow, on account of the battery which lies on the side of it," he added, "whereas the French will not fire at us, believing us to be escaping from a common enemy."

The whole force of what had been said flashed upon me in an instant. I set the tri-color over a British ensign, to cause the people of the second battery to think us an English prize, and stood straight for the pass, just without which lay a small brig at anchor. In order to make the deception more complete we hauled up our courses, and let run the topgallant halyards, as if ready to bring up. Seeing this, Monsieur Le Gros fancied we were about to anchor under the battery, and that we had hoisted our flags to taunt the English, for caps and hats were waved in exultation in the boat, then distant from us a quarter of a mile. We passed close to the brig, which greeted us with acclamations and "*vives la France,*" as we swept by her. My eye was on the battery the whole time. It was built to command the roadstead, and without any reference to the pass, which no enemy would be apt to attempt. It is true, two heavy guns bore on this entrance, but they were in a detached work, that was never manned except in emergencies.

I drew a long breath, and felt a mountain removed from my very soul, as the ship passed out of the range of the last gun in the little semi-circle. The soldiers were making gestures to us to indicate we were getting too far west for a good berth, but we heeded them not. Instead of shortening sail, the fore and main-tacks were boarded, and the topgallant-sails set. This revealed our intention, and the clamor on the shore even reached the ship. Preparations were making to get a piece of light artillery to bear on us, and some twenty gunners began to scamper toward the detached battery. The whole thing was now reduced to a sheer race. We passed the last battery ten minutes before the French could reach it, the latter having to go round a considerable bay; and six minutes later we went out to sea, with the American ensign, and jacks and pennants flying at each masthead, and wherever else such an emblem of triumph could be shown!

CHAPTER XVII.

"O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace."
—SHAKESPEARE.

MARBLE and I looked each other in the face, and then burst into a laugh, as the French fired a single shot from the two-gun battery, which flew beyond us, but which could scarcely hit us on account of some intervening rocks. I altered the course of the ship in order to get a little more out of the range; after this we had nothing to fear from the French. The boat did not attempt to follow us, and thus ended our communication with *le Polisson* and her people at that time. As for *La Fortunée,* it would require at least four hours for her to beat round the end of the cluster of islands, and seeing the hopelessness of doing this in time to overtake such a ship as the *Dawn,* her commander made a dash in at the unfortunate brig, which he actually succeeded in cutting from the roadstead, in spite of all the defenses of the place. The last I *heard* of these gentlemen was the reports of the guns that were exchanged between the battery and the frigate, while the last I *saw* of them was the smoke that floated over the spot long after the islands had sunk beneath the horizon. The *Dawn* stood directly out to sea, with the wind still at the northward, though it had drawn more through the pass inshore.

"Well, Miles," cried Marble, as he and I sat eating our dinner on deck, where Neb had been ordered to serve it, "you

know what I've always said of your luck. It's proof agin everything but Providence! Die you must and will, some of these times; but not until you've done something remarkable. Sail with you, my boy! I consider your company a standing policy of insurance, and have no sort of consarn about fortin, while I'm under your orders. With any other man, I should be nothing but a bloody hermit, instead of the dutiful son and affectionate uncle I am. But, what do you mean to perform next?"

"I have been thinking, Moses, our best step will be to shape our course for Hamburg, whither we are bound. This northerly wind can't last long at this season, and another southwester would just serve our turn. In ten days or a fortnight we might make our haven."

"And then those French chaps that are attacking yonder kid of pork, as if it were a wild beast; the fellows never saw good solid food before!"

"Feed them well—treat them well—and make them work. They would never think of troubling us; nor do I suppose they know anything of navigation. I see they smoke and chew; we will give 'em as much tobacco as their hearts can wish, or their mouths hold; and this will keep them in good humor."

"And John Bull?"

"Why, John is another sort of a person to deal with, certainly. I am not sure that a third English cruiser would molest us. We can keep our own secret concerning Sennit and his party, and we may not meet with another, after all. My plan is to run close in with the English coast, and show our colors boldly; now nine in ten of the British men-of-war will let us pass unquestioned, believing we are bound to London, unless they happen to have one of those pressing gentry, like Sennit, on board. I have often been told that ships which pass close in with the English coast generally pass unquestioned; by the large craft, uniformly; though they may have something to apprehend from the brigs and cutters. Your small fry always give the most trouble, Moses."

"We have not found it so this v'y'ge, However, you're not only captain, but you're owner; and I leave you to paddle your own canoe. We must go somewhere; and I will not say your plan is not as good as any I can start, with thirty years more of experience."

We talked the matter over, canvassing it in all its bearings, until it was settled to adopt it.

The ship was steered large, until the French coast was entirely sunk; and then we trimmed her by the wind, heading up as near to our course as the breeze would permit. Nothing occurred in the course of the remainder of the day to produce either trouble or uneasiness, though my three Frenchmen came to certain explanations with me, that at first menaced a little difficulty. They refused to work; and I was compelled to tell them I should put them on board the first English vessel-of-war we met. This had the desired effect; and after an amicable discussion, I agreed to pay them high wages on our arrival in a friendly port; and they agreed to serve me as well as they knew how. Seven men were rather less than half a crew for a vessel of the *Dawn's* size, but it was possible to get along with that number. The steering was the hardest part of the duty—neither of the Frenchmen being able to take his trick at the helm. We got along with the necessary work, however; and so glad were we all to be rid of both English and French, that I hazard little in saying, we would have endured twice as much cheerfully, could we be certain of meeting no more of their cruisers. Providence had ordered matters very differently.

That night the wind shifted again to the southward and westward. We braced in the yards, and brought the ship to her course; but I thought it best not to carry sail hard in the dark. Accordingly, I left orders to be called at sunrise, Marble having the watch at that hour. When I came on deck, in consequence of this summons, I found my mate examining the horizon with some earnestness, as if he were looking for strangers.

"We are a merry party this morning, Captain Wallingford," Marble cried out, as soon as he saw me. "I have found no

less than six sail in sight, since the day dawned."

"I hope that neither is a lugger. I feel more afraid of this *Polisson*, just now, than of all the names in Christendom. That fellow must be cruising in the chops of the Channel, and we are working our way well in toward that part of the world."

"I hope so too, sir; but this chap out here at northwest has a suspicious, lugger-like look. It may be that I see only the head of his topsails, but they are amazingly like luggs!"

I now took a survey of the ocean for myself. The vessel Marble distrusted, I unhesitatingly pronounced to be a lugger: quite as likely the *Polisson* as any other craft. The other four vessels were all ships, the five forming a complete circle, of which the *Dawn* was in the center. The lugger, however, was some miles the nearest to us, while as to the strangers, if they saw each other across the diameter of the circle at all, it was as much as was possible. Under the circumstances, it struck me our wisest way was to keep steadily on our course, like honest people. Marble was of the same opinion, and to say the truth, there was little choice in the matter, the ship being so completely surrounded. The worse feature of the case was our position, which would be certain to draw all the cruisers to the center, and consequently to ourselves.

Two hours produced a material change. All five of the strangers had closed in upon us, and we were now able to form tolerably accurate notions of their characters. The two astern, one on our larboard, and one on our starboard quarter, were clearly heavy vessels and consorts, though of what nation it was not yet so easy to decide. That they were consorts was apparent by their signaling one another, and by the manner in which they were closing; as they carried studding-sails, alow and aloft, they were coming up with us fast, and in all probability would be alongside in two or three hours more.

Two of the ships ahead struck me as frigates, having their broadsides exposed to us; we had raised one line of ports, but it was possible they might turn out to be two-deckers; ships-of-war they were beyond all question, and I fancied them English from the squareness of their upper sails. They, too, were consorts, making signals to each other, and closing fast on opposite tacks. The lugger was no longer equivocal; it was the *Polisson*, and she was standing directly for us, though it was ticklish business, since the remaining ship, a corvette, as I fancied, was already in her wake, carrying sail hard, going like a witch, and only about two leagues astern.

Monsieur Gallois had so much confidence in his heels that he stood on regardless of his pursuers. I thought it best to put a bold face on the matter, knowing that sufficient time might be wasted to enable the sloop-of-war to get near enough to prevent the privateer from again manning us. My principal apprehension was that he might carry us all off, in revenge for what had happened, and set fire to the ship. Against either of these steps, however, I should offer all the resistance in my power.

It was just ten o'clock when the *Polisson* ranged up abeam of us the second time, and we hove-to. It was evident the French recognized us, and the clamor that succeeded must have resembled that of Babel when the people began first to converse without making themselves understood. Knowing we had no small boat, Monsieur Gallois lost no time, but lowering a yawl of his own he came alongside of us in person. As I had commanded the three Frenchmen to remain below, he found no one on deck but Marble, Diogenes, Neb and myself.

"Parbleu, Monsieur Vallingfort!" exclaimed the privateersman, saluting me very civilly, notwithstanding appearances, "*c'est bien extraordinaire!* Vad you do vid me men?—eh! Put em in ze zea, *comme avec le Anglais?*"

I was spared the necessity of any explanation by the sudden appearance of my own three prisoners, who disregarded my orders, and came rushing up to their proper commander, open-mouthed and filled with zeal to relate all that had

passed. The whole three broke out at once, and a scene that was sufficiently ludicrous followed. It was a continued volley of words, exclamations, oaths and compliments to the American character, so blended as to render it out of the question that Monsieur Gallois could understand them. The latter found himself obliged to appeal to me, and I gave a very frank account of the whole affair in English; a language that my captor understood much better than he spoke.

Monsieur Gallois had the rapacity of a highwayman, but it was singularly blended with French politeness. He had not always been a privateersman—a calling that implies an undue love of gold; and he was quite capable of distinguishing between right and wrong in matters in which his own pocket had no direct concern. As soon as he comprehended the affair, he began to laugh, and to cry "Bon!" I saw he was in a good humor and not likely to resent what had happened; and I finished my history in somewhat sarcastic language, portraying Monsieur Le Gros's complaisance in quitting the ship, and piloting her about the bay, a little dryly, perhaps. There were sundry "*sacr-r-r-es*" and "*bêtes*" uttered the while; but all came out freely and without anger, as if Monsieur Gallois thought a good joke the next thing to a good prize.

"*Tenez, mon ami!*" he cried, squeezing my hand, as he looked round at the corvette, now less than a league distant. "You are vat you Anglais call 'good fellow.' *J'admire votre esprit!* You have escape *admirablement*, and I shall have *vifs regrets* not to 'ave *opportunité* to *cultiver votre connaissance. Mais*, I most laafs—*mille pardons*—you have *non* too much peep's, *mais c'est impossible d'abandonner mes compatriots. Allons, mes enfants; au cânot.*"

This was the signal for the French to quit us; the three men I had shipped taking their departure without ceremony. Monsieur Gallois was the last in the boat, of course; and he found time to squeeze my hand once more, and to renew his "*vifs regrets*" at not having more leisure to cultivate my acquaintance. The corvette was already so near as to render it necessary for the *Polisson* to be in motion; another time, perhaps, we might be more fortunate.

In this manner did I part from a man who had not scrupled to seize me in distress, as he would a waif on a beach. By manning me, the prize crew would have fallen into the hands of the enemy; and making a merit of necessity, Monsieur Gallois was disposed to be civil to those whom he could not rob. Odd as it may seem, I felt the influence of this manner to a degree that almost reconciled me to the act before committed, although the last was just as profligate and illegal as any that could well be committed. Of so much more importance, with the majority of men, is manner than matter; a very limited few alone knowing how to give to the last its just ascendency.

The *Polisson* was not long in gathering way, after her boat was hoisted in. She passed, on the crest of a wave, so near, that it was easy to distinguish the expressions of her people's faces, few of which discovered the equanimity of that of their commander's; and to hear the incessant gabbling that was kept up on board her day and night, from "morn till dewy eve." M. Gallois bowed complaisantly, and he smiled as amiably as if he never had put a hand in another man's pocket; but his glass was immediately turned toward the corvette, which now began to give him some little uneasiness. Manning us, indeed, with that fellow surging ahead at the rate he was, would have been quite out of the question.

Being reduced to our old number of four, I saw no use in working ourselves to death, by filling the topsail, with the certainty the sloop-of-war would make us round-to again. The *Dawn*, therefore, remained stationary, waiting the issue with philosophical patience.

"There is no use, Moses, in endeavoring to escape," I remarked; "we are not strong-handed enough to get sail on the ship before the fellow will be up with us."

"Ay, and there goes his bunting, and a gun," answered the mate. "The white

English ensign, a sign the chap is under some admiral, or vice, or rear of the white, while, if I mistake not, the two frigates show blue flags—if so, 'tis a sign they're not consorts."

The glass confirmed this, and we were left to suppose that all three Englishmen did not belong to the same squadron. At this moment the state of the game was as follows: The *Dawn* was lying-to, with her fore-course up, mainsail furled, main-topsail aback, and topgallant-yards on the caps, jib and spanker both set. The *Polisson* was flying away on the crests of the seas, close-hauled, evidently disposed to make a lee behind the two frigates to windward, which we took for, and which it is probable she *knew* to be, French. The ships to leeward were passing each other within hail; the one to the eastward tacking immediately after, and coming up in her consort's wake; both vessels carrying everything that would draw. The ships to the southward, or the supposed Frenchmen, might then have been two leagues from us, while those to leeward were three. As for the corvette, her course seemed to lie directly between our masts. On she came with everything beautifully trimmed, the water spouting from her hawse-holes, as she rose from a plunge, and foaming under her bows, as if made of a cloud. Her distance from us was less than a mile.

It was now that the corvette made signals to the ships to windward. They were answered, but in a way to show the parties did not understand each other. She then tried her hand with the vessels to leeward, and, notwithstanding the distance, she succeeded better. I could see these two frigates, or rather the one that led, sending questions and answers to the corvette, although my best glass would hardly enable me to distinguish their ensigns. I presumed that the corvette asked the names of the English vessels, communicated her own, and let the fact be known that the ships to windward were enemies.

A few minutes later our affairs, as they were connected with the sloop-of-war, came to a crisis. This ship now came on close under our lee, losing a little of her way in passing, an expedient probably thought of to give her a little more time to put her questions, and to receive the desired answers. I observed, also, that she let go all her bowlines, which seemed much to deaden her way, of which there still remained sufficient, notwithstanding, to carry her well clear of us. The following dialogue then passed, the Englishman asking the questions, of course, that being a privilege expressly appropriated to the public vessel on occasions of this sort:

"What ship's that — and whither bound?"

"*Dawn*, of New York, Miles Wallingford, from home to Hamburg."

"Did not the lugger board you?"

"Ay, ay—for the second time in three days."

"What is she called?—and what is her force?"

"*Le Polisson*, of Brest—sixteen light guns, and about a hundred men."

"Do you know anything of the ships to windward?"

"Nothing at all; but I suppose them to be French."

"Pray, sir, why do you sup—um—um—ook—ook——"

The distance prevented my hearing more. Away went the sloop, steadying her bowlines; the call piping belay, as each sail was trimmed to the officer of the deck's fancy. In a few more minutes we could not distinguish even the shrill notes of that instrument. The corvette continued on in chase of the lugger, regardless of the four other vessels, though the two to windward now showed the *tricolor*, and fired guns of defiance.

Monsieur Gallois soon after tacked, evidently disposed to stand for the frigates of his country; when the sloop-of-war immediately went round, also, heading up toward these very vessels, determined to cut off the lugger, even if it were to be done by venturing within range of the shot of her protectors. It was a bold maneuver, and deserved success, if it were only for its spirit and daring.

I thought, however, that the frigates

of the tricolor paid very little attention to the lugger. By altering their course a trifle, it would have been in their power to cover her completely from the attempts of the corvette; but, instead of doing this, they rather deviated a little the other way, as if desirous of approaching the two ships to leeward, on the side that would prevent their being cut off from the land. As neither party seemed disposed to take any notice of us, we filled our topsail and stood out of the circle under easy canvas, believing it bad policy to have an appearance of haste. Haste, however, was a thing out of our power, it requiring time for four men to make sail.

About eleven, or half past eleven, the four frigates were distant from each other rather more than a league, the *Dawn* being just then half a league from the two Frenchmen and rather more distant from the English. Had an action then commenced, we might have been a mile out of the line of fire. Curious to know the result, I stood on a short distance further, and backed my topsail, to await the issue. I was influenced to take this course from an expectation that either party, after a conflict with an equal, would be less disposed to molest a neutral, and that I might possibly obtain assistance from the conqueror—few cruisers being found at that day without having foreigners on board, that they would be willing to give to a vessel in distress. As for the account I meant to give to the party to whom I intended to apply, it would depend on circumstances. If the French remained on the spot, I could relate the affair with the prize crew of the *Speedy*; if the English, that of the *Polisson*. In neither case would an untruth be told, though certain collateral facts might be, and probably would have been suppressed.

The Frenchmen began to haul down their light sails, just as we hove-to. This was done in a lubberly and irregular manner, as if little concert or order prevailed on board them. Marble growled out his remarks, deeming the whole proceeding a bad omen for the *tricolor*. It is certain that the French marine, in 1803, was not a service to boast of. The English used to say that they seldom got a French ship without working for her; and this was probably true, as the nation is warlike, and little disposed to submit without an effort. Still, France, at that day, could hardly be said to be maritime; and the revolutions and changes she had undergone were not likely to favor the creation of a good corps of naval officers. Brave men were far more plenty than skillful seamen; and then came the gabbling propensity, one of the worst of all human failings, to assist in producing a disorderly ship.

It was a pretty sight to see those four ships strip for the fight; although the French canvas did not come down exactly according to rule. The English, however, were in no hurry; the two tricolor men being under their three topsails, spankers, and jibs, with the topgallant sails clewed up, before John Bull reduced even a royal. The latter, it will be remembered, were to leeward, and had to close with their adversaries. In doing this, they made one stretch so far in our direction, in the hope of tacking in their enemies' wakes, that I saw they would probably speak us. I confess this was more than I had bargained for; but it was now too late to run, which would probably have led to our seizure. I determined, therefore, to await the result with dignity.

Just as the English ships were coming within musket-shot of the *Dawn*, the French—then distant about a mile and a half to the eastward, and half a mile south of us—wore ship, and came round with their heads to the westward—or, in our direction. As this was coming nearer, instead of moving from them, the Englishmen began to start their tacks and sheets, in order to be ready. Their six royals were all flying at the same instant, as were their flying-jibs; at the next, the canvas was rolled up, and out of sight. Then, the yards, themselves, came down, and all the light sails about the ships vanished as a bird shuts its wings. After this the courses were hauled up snug, but the sails were not handed. By this time the leading ship of these two frigates was

within a cable's length of us, just luffing up sufficiently to give our weather-quarter the necessary berth.

"By George, Miles," Marble said, as he stood at my side, watching the movements of the stranger, "that second frigate is the *Speedy!* I know her by the billet, and the distance of her bridle-port from her head. You never saw such a space for anchors before! Then you may see she is a six-and-thirty, with white hammock-cloths. Who ever saw that twice at sea?"

Marble was right! There came the *Speedy*, sure enough; and doubtless the eyes of Lord Harry Dermond and his officers would be on us, in a very few more minutes—the distance between the two frigates being less than two cables' lengths. In the meantime I had to attend to the headmost vessel.

"Can you tell me anything of the two ships to the southward of us?" demanded the stranger, through his trumpet, without any preamble.

"Nothing but what you see, sir. I *suppose* them to be French, and *see* that they are coming after you."

"*After* us!" exclaimed the English captain, in a voice loud enough, and now near enough, to be heard without the aid of the trumpet. "*After* us, indeed! Ready about — helms a-lee — maintopsail haul, there! Haul, all of—"

These orders came out at brief intervals, and in a voice of thunder, producing prompt obedience. The consequence was that this ship tacked directly on our weather-beam, and so near us that one might have thrown a biscuit aboard her. But she went round beautifully, scarce losing her way at all, and away she started again, looking her enemies directly in the face.

"Now's our time to fill, Miles, and draw ahead. The *Speedy* will think we've been spoken, and all's right. She must come here to tack into her consort's wake, and a blind man could not avoid reading our name, she would be so close. Man the lee-braces, and right the helm, Neb."

Fill we did, and what is more, we put our helm up so much as to leave quite a cable's length between us and the *Speedy*, when that ship got far enough ahead to tack, or at the point which we had just left. I believe we were recognized! Indeed, it is not easy to imagine otherwise, as the commonest glass would enable the dullest eyes to read our name, were other means of recognition wanting. But a sailor knows a ship by too many signs to be easily deceived.

The *Speedy* was in stays when we saw the proofs of our being known. Her head-yards were not swung, but there she lay, like one who lingers, uncertain whether to go or to remain. An officer was in her gangway examining us with a glass, and when the ship fell off so much as to bring us out of the range of sight, he ran off and reappeared on the taffrail. This was the junior lieutenant; I could plainly recognize him with my own glass. Others soon joined him, and among them was Lord Harry Dermond himself. I fancied they even knew me, and that all their glasses were leveled directly at my face. What a moment of intense uncertainty was that! The ships were not a quarter of a mile apart, though the *Dawn* was increasing that distance fast, and by paying broad off the *Speedy* would have me under her broadside. Where was her prize crew? Not in the *Dawn*, or certainly Sennit would have communicated with his commander, and if not in the ship they must be in the ocean! Or, were they prisoners below, and kept purposely out of sight? All these thoughts must have passed through the minds of the English officers.

I thought we were lost again, but Providence once more saved us. All this time the leading English frigate and the two Frenchmen were fast approaching each other. In a few minutes they must engage, while the *Speedy* was left further and further astern of her consort. At this critical instant one of the Frenchmen fired a gun of defiance. That report seemed to arouse the *Speedy* as from a trance. Her head-yards came furiously round, all the officers vanished from her taffrail, and down went both fore and maintacks, and to the mast-head rose all

three of her topgallant-sails. Thus additionally impelled, the lively craft dashed ahead, and was soon in her allotted berth, half a cable's length astern of the *Black Prince*, as I afterward heard was the name of the commanding English ship, on this occasion. I may as well add here, that the French commodore's ship was named *La Desirée*, and *her* consort, *Le Cerf*. Monsieur Menneval was senior officer of the French, and Sir Hotham Ward of the English. I never knew the name of the other French captain, or, if I did, I have forgotten it.

My object had been, in bearing up, to get as far as possible from the *Speedy*, in order that she might not recognize us, and especially that she might not read the name on our stern. But this running off so much to leeward was not precisely the berth that one would wish to occupy when a sea-fight is going on directly to windward, and within half gun-shot. No sooner was my Lord Harry Dermond in motion again, therefore, than we hauled the *Dawn* up with her head to the westward, with a view to get as soon as possible out of the probable range of the fire. It was true, the combatants might vary their maneuvers, so as to render all parts of the periphery of a certain circle around them anything but agreeable, but the chances were greatly in favor of the battle's beginning with one party to windward of the other.

Our ship behaved well on this occasion, getting out of the way with sufficient rapidity. While this was in the course of execution I had an opportunity to look after the corvette and the lugger. The last was still leading, having managed by means of short tacks to work up considerably to windward of the two French frigates. Here she had made a last tack to the eastward, intending to run for the coast. The sloop-of-war was still in her wake, and was following on her heels at a rapid rate.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"You and I have known, sir."
"At sea, I think."
"We have, sir."
"You have done well by water."
"And you by land."
—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

THE reader will understand that I offer to his view a shifting panorama. As soon as the *Dawn* had got about a mile and a half from the English frigates, a distance that was a little increased by the advance of the last toward their enemies, we again backed our topsails, for I had an ungovernable desire to be a spectator of what was to follow. This feeling was common to all four of us, it being next to impossible to get either Neb or Diogenes to pull a rope for gazing at the frigates. As for steering, it would have been out of the question, I really believe, as no one among us could keep his eyes long enough from the combatants to look after our own ship.

Some persons may think it was foolish not to make the most of our time in endeavoring to get as far as possible from the *Speedy*. Perhaps it was; but, two miles distant, there was really less to apprehend than might at first appear. It was not probable the English would abandon the French vessels as long as they could stick by them, or until they were captured; and I was not so completely ignorant of my trade as to imagine that vessels like those of la Grand Nation, which were in sight, were to be taken without doing their adversaries a good deal of harm. Then, the prizes themselves would require looking after, and there were many other chances of our now going scot-free, while there was really very small ground of danger. But, putting aside all these considerations, curiosity and interest were so active in us all as to render it almost morally impossible we should quit the place until the battle was decided. I am not absolutely certain the *Dawn would* have moved, had we been disposed to make her. With these brief explanations, then, we will turn our attention exclusively to the frigates.

By the time we had got the *Dawn* just where we wished her to be, the combat-

ants were drawing quite near to each other. The *Speedy* had carried sail so long as to be a little to windward of her consort's wake, though half a cable's length astern of her. The French were in still closer order, and they would soon be far enough advanced to bring the leading ship on each side under fire. I suppose the opposing vessels would pass about a cable's length apart. All four were under their topsails, jibs, and spankers, with the courses in the brails. The *Black Prince* and the *Speedy* had their topgallant sails clewed up, while *La Désirée* and *Le Cerf* had theirs still sheeted home, with the yards on the caps. All four vessels had sent down royal-yards. This was fighting sail, and everything indicated that Monsieur Menneval intended to make a day of it.

The first gun was fired on this occasion from the *Desirée*, the leading French ship. It was directed at the *Black Prince*, and the shot probably told, as Sir Hotham Ward immediately kept away, evidently with a desire to escape being raked. The French did the same to keep square with their adversaries, and the four vessels now ran on parallel lines, though going different ways, and a short cable's length asunder. *La Desirée* followed up her single gun with each division as it would bear, until her whole broadside was delivered. The *Black Prince* stood it all without answering, though I could see that she was suffering considerably, more especially aloft. At length Sir Hotham Ward was heard in the affair. He let fly his whole broadside almost simultaneously; and a spiteful, threatening roar it was. The smoke now began to hide his ship, though *La Desirée*, by moving toward us, kept ahead of her own sulphurous canopy.

The *Speedy* soon opened on the French commodore; then by the roar astern I knew *Le Cerf* was at work in the smoke. All four ships shivered their topsails, to pass more slowly, and there was a minute during which, as it appeared to me, all four actually stopped under the fiery cloud they had raised, in order to do each other all the harm they could. The Frenchmen, however, soon issued from behind the curtain, and the cessation in the firing announced that the ships had parted. I could not see much of the English, at first, on account of the smoke; but their antagonists came out of the fray, short as it had been, with torn sails, crippled yards, and *Le Cerf* had her mizzen-topmast actually hanging over to leeward. Just as I got a view of this calamity, I caught a glimpse of the *Black Prince*, close-hauled, luffing up, athwart the wake of her enemies, and manifestly menacing to get the wind. The *Speedy* followed with the accuracy of clock-work, having rather closed with her leader, instead of falling further behind. Presently the *Black Prince* tacked; but, in so doing, down came her main-topgallant-mast, bringing with it the yard and the sail, as a matter of course. This was a sign that M. Menneval had not been firing a salute.

The French stood on, after this first rude essay with their enemies, for several minutes, during which time we could see their people actively, but irregularly, employed in clearing away the wrecks, stoppering, rigging, and otherwise repairing damages. *Le Cerf*, in particular, was much troubled with the topmast that was dangling over her lee-quarter; and her people made desperate and tolerably well-directed efforts to get rid of it. This they effected; and about ten minutes after the firing had ceased the French ships put their helms up, and went off to the northward, dead before the wind, as if inviting their enemies to come on and fight it out fairly in that manner, if they felt disposed to pursue the affair any further.

It was time something of this sort was done, for the delay had brought all four vessels so far to the westward as to leave them within a mile of the *Dawn;* and I saw the necessity of again getting out of the way. We filled and stood off as fast as possible. It was time something of the sort was done, in another sense, also. When Monsieur Menneval bore up his antagonists were closing fast on his weather-quarter, and, unless he meant to fight to leeward, it was incumbent on him to get out of the way, in his turn.

Sir Hotham Ward, however, was too

skillful a seaman to neglect the advantage Monsieur Menneval had given him. The instant the French kept away he did the same; but, instead of falling broad off before the wind, he luffed again in time, not having touched a brace, and crossed the wakes of his enemies, giving a most effective broadside into the cabin windows of *Le Cerf*. To my surprise, *La Desirée* held on her course until the *Speedy* had repeated the dose. The English then wore short round, and were seemingly on the point of going over the same thing, when Monsieur Menneval, finding this a losing game, hauled up, firing as his guns bore, and *Le Cerf* did the same, with her head the other way, destroying everything like concert in their movements. The English closed, and in a minute all four of the ships were enveloped in a common cloud of white smoke. All we could now see were the masts, from the trucks down, sometimes as low as the tops, but oftener not lower than the topsail-yards. The reports of the guns were quite rapid for a quarter of an hour, after which they became much less frequent, though a hundred pieces of ordnance were still at work behind that cloudy screen.

Several shot flew in our direction; and two actually passed between our masts. Notwithstanding, so keen was the interest we continued to feel that the topsail was again backed, and there we lay, lookers-on, as indifferent to the risks we ran as if we had been ashore. Minute passed after minute, until a considerable period had been consumed; yet neither of the combatants became fairly visible to us. Occasionally a part of a hull pushed itself out of the smoke, or the wind blew the latter aside; but at no time was the curtain sufficiently drawn to enable us to tell to which nation the vessel thus seen belonged. The masts had disappeared—not one remaining above the smoke, which had greatly enlarged its circle, however.

In this manner passed an hour. It was one of the most intensely interesting of my whole life; and to me it seemed a day, so eager was I to ascertain some result. I had been several times in action, as the reader knows; but then the minutes flew: whereas now this combat appeared drawn out to an interminable length. I have said an hour thus passed before we could even guess at the probable result. At the end of that time the firing entirely ceased. It had been growing slacker and slacker for the last half hour, but it now stopped altogether. The smoke, which appeared to be packed on the ocean, began to rise and disperse; and, little by little, the veil rose from before that scene of strife.

The vessel first seen by us was our old acquaintance, the *Speedy*. All three of her topmasts were gone; the fore, just below the cross-trees; and the two others near the lower caps. Her main-yard had lost one yardarm, and her lower rigging and sides were covered with wreck. She had her foresail, mizzen, and fore-staysail, and spanker set, which was nearly all the canvas she could show.

Our eyes had barely time to examine the *Speedy*, ere the dark hull of *Le Cerf* made its appearance. The ship had been very roughly treated, nothing standing on board her, twenty feet from the deck, but her foremast; and the head of that was gone, nearly down to the top. The sea all round her was covered with wreck; and no less than three of her boats were out, picking up men who were drifting on the spars. She lay about a cable's length from the *Speedy*, and appeared to be desirous of being still further off, as she had no sooner got her boats up, than she dropped her foresail, and stood off dead before it.

It was in watching the movements of *Le Cerf* that we first got a glimpse of *La Desirée*. This ship reappeared almost in a line with her consort; and, like her, steering off before the wind. Their common object seemed to be to get within close supporting distance of each other, and to increase the space between them and their enemies. Both these vessels had the tricolored flag flying at the stumps of their masts. As respects the last, however, *La Desirée* was a little better off than her consort—having her foremast and mainmast standing entire, though

her mizzen mast was gone, close to the deck. What was a very bad affair for her, her fore-yard had been shot away in the slings, the two inner ends lying on the forecastle, while the yard-arms were loosely sustained by the lifts. This ship kept off under her mainsail and forestay-sail.

The *Black Prince* was the last to get clear of the smoke. She had everything in its place, from her topmast cross-trees down. The three topgallant-masts were gone, and the wrecks were already cleared; but all the topsail-yards were on the caps, and her rigging, spars, and tops were alive with men; as indeed were those of the *Speedy*. This was the secret of the cessation in the action; the two English frigates having turned their hands up to secure their spars, while the Frenchmen, by running off dead before the wind, were in positions not to bring a broadside gun to bear; and the cabin chasers of a frigate were seldom of much use in that day, on account of the rake of the stern. It always appeared to me that the Spaniards built the best ships in this respect, the English and Americans in particular seeming never to calculate the chances of running away. I do not say this, in reference to the Spanish ships, however, under any idea that the Spanish nation wants courage—for a falser notion cannot exist—but merely to state their superiority in one point of naval architecture at the very moment, when, having built a fine ship, they did not know how to make use of her.

The first ten minutes after the four combatants were clear of the smoke were actively employed in repairing damages; on the part of the French confusedly, and I make no doubt, clamorously; on that of the English with great readiness, and a perfect understanding of their business. Notwithstanding this was the general character of the exertions of the respective parties there were exceptions to the rule. On board the *Cerf*, for instance, I observed a gang of men at work clearing the ship from the wreck of the mainmast, who proceeded with a degree of coolness, vigor, and method, which showed what materials were thrown away in that service for want of a good system; and chiefly, as I shall always think, because the officers did not understand the immense importance of preserving silence on board a crowded vessel. The native taciturnity of the English, increased by the social discipline of that well-ordered—perhaps over-ordered—nation, has won them as many battles on the ocean, as the native loquacity of their enemies—increased possibly during the reign of *les citoyens* by political exaggeration—has lost. It is lucky for us that the American character inclines to silence and thoughtfulness in grave emergencies; we are noisy, garrulous, and sputtering, only in our politics.

Perceiving that the storm was likely to pass to leeward, we remained stationary a little time to watch the closing scene. I was surprised at the manner in which the *Black Prince* held aloof after the *Speedy* had bore up and was running down in the track of her enemies, sheering first upon one quarter of *Le Cerf* and then on the other, pouring in a close and evidently a destructive fire. At length Sir Hotham Ward bore up, and went off before the wind also, moving three feet to the *Speedy's* two, in consequence of being able to carry all three of her topsails. It would seem that Monsieur Menneval was not satisfied with the manner in which his consort was treated; for, instead of waiting to be assailed in the same way, he put his helm to port and came by the wind, delivering a broadside as his ship luffed, that soon explained the reason of the *Black Prince's* delay. That ship had been getting up preventers to save her masts, and something important must have been cut by this discharge from *La Desiree*, as her mainmast went immediately after she received the fire, dragging down with it her mizzen-topmast. The English ship showed stuff, however, under circumstances so critical. Everything on the foremast still drew, and she continued on, heading direct for her enemy, nor did she attempt to luff until within two hundred yards of her, when she came by the wind slowly and heavily, a maneuver that was materially aided by the fore-topmast's following the

spars aft, just as her helm must have been put to port. *Le Cerf*, finding the battle was again to be stationary, also came by the wind, and then all four of the ships went at it again, as ardently as if the affair had just commenced.

It would not be easy to relate all the incidents of this second combat. For two hours the four ships lay within a cable's length of each other, keeping up as animated a contest as circumstances would allow. I was particularly struck with the noble behavior of the *Black Prince*, which ship was compelled to fire through the wreck of her masts, notwithstanding which she manifestly got the best of the cannonading, as against her particular antagonist, *La Desirée*. I cannot say that either of the four vessels failed of her duty, though I think, as a whole, Sir Hotham Ward showed the most game, probably from the fact that he had the most need of it. Encumbered by so much wreck, of which it was impossible to get rid while exposed to so heavy a fire, the *Black Prince*, however, was finally dropped by her adversary, *La Desirée*, drawing gradually ahead, until neither of those two vessels could bring a gun to bear. The English now turned to, to clear away the wreck again, while the Frenchman bent a new fore-course and a new spanker, those that had been standing being reduced to rags.

The *Speedy* and the *Cerf* had not been idle the while. The French vessel played her part manfully, nor was there much to choose between them when the latter wore round and followed her consort, exchanging a fire with the *Black Prince* in passing her.

Had not the real superiority of the English over the French on the ocean now come in play, this combat would have been a drawn battle, though accompanied by the usual characteristics of such struggles, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century; or the latter considering an escape a sort of victory. But both parties were reduced to the necessity of repairing damages, and this was the work to prove true nautical skill. Any man may load and fire a gun, but it needs a trained seaman to meet the professional emergencies of warfare. A clodhopper might knock a mast out of a vessel, but a sailor must replace it. From the beginning of this affair all of us in the *Dawn* had been struck with the order, regularity, and dispatch with which the *Black Prince* and *Speedy* had made and shortened sail, and the quickness and resource with which they had done all that seamanship required in securing wounded spars and torn sails, while there had been no end to Marble's sneers and comments on the bungling confusion of the French. This difference now became doubly apparent, when there was no smoke nor any cannonading to divert the attention of the respective crews.

In half an hour the *Black Prince* was clear of the wreck, and she had bent several new sails, while the difficulties on board her antagonist appeared just then to be at their height. This same difference existed between the two other vessels, though, on the whole, *Le Cerf* got out of her distress sooner and more skillfully than her consort. As to the *Speedy*, I must do my old acquaintance, Lord Harry Dermond, the justice to say, that he both fought his ship and repaired his damages in a highly seamanlike manner. I'll answer for it, the Hon. Lieutenant Powlett had not much to do with either. He had much better been in his mother's drawing-room that day, and permitted a more fitting man to fill his place. Sennit was then on his way to Barbadoes, however, nor do I believe your master of a press-gang ever does much before an enemy.

Fully two hours passed, during which the combatants were busy in repairing damages. At the end of this time, *La Desirée* and *Le Cerf* had drawn more than a mile to the eastward of the English ships, the latter following them, as soon as clear of their wrecks, but under diminished sail. The *Black Prince* had actually got up three spare top-masts, in the interval, and was now ready to set their sails. The *Speedy* was less active, or less skillful, though she, too, had not been idle. Then the English drove fast

toward their enemies. Monsieur Menneval bore up in good season, this time, edging away, and opening the fire of both ships on his adversaries, when they were about half a mile distant. The effect of this early movement was soon apparent, it being a great mistake to reserve a ship's fire, as against an enemy that approaches nearly bows on. M'Donough owed his victory in Plattsburg Bay to having improved so favorable a chance; and the French were beaten at the Nile because they did not; though Nelson probably would have overcome them under any circumstances; the energy imparted by one of his character more than counterbalancing any little advantage in tactics.

On the present occasion, we could see the fire of the French taking effect on the *Black Prince's* spars as soon as they opened her batteries. As the matter was subsequently explained in the official account, that ship's lower masts were badly wounded before she sent up the new topmasts, and, receiving some further injuries, stick began to come down after stick, until nothing was left of all her hamper but three stumps of lower masts, the highest less than twenty feet above the deck. Sir Hotham Ward was now in the worst plight he had been in that day, his ship being unable to advance a foot, her drift excepted, until everything was cut away. To the landsman it may appear a small job to cut ropes with axes, and thus liberate a vessel from the encumbrance and danger of falling spars; but the seaman knows it is often a most delicate and laborious piece of duty. The ocean is never quiet; and a vessel that is not steadied by the pressure of her sails frequently rolls in a way to render it no slight task even to maintain one's footing on her decks; frigates and ships of the line frequently proving more inconvenient than smaller vessels under such circumstances.

There was one fortunate occurrence to the British connected with this disaster. The French had been so thoroughly bent on dismasting the *Black Prince* that they paid little attention to the *Speedy;* that ship actually passing a short distance to windward of her consort, unnoticed and unharmed. As the French were going to leeward the whole time, it enabled the *Speedy* to get out of the range of their guns before she bore up. As soon as this was effected, she followed her enemies, under twice as much canvas as they carried themselves. Of course, in less than half an hour, she was enabled to close with *Le Cerf,* coming up on one of her quarters, and opening a heavy fire close aboard her. All this time the *Black Prince* remained like a log upon the water, trying to get clear of her wreck, the combat driving slowly away from her to leeward. Her men worked like ants, and we actually heard the cheers they raised as the hull of their ship forged itself clear of the maze of masts, yards, sails, and rigging, in which it had so long been enveloped. This was no sooner done than she let fall a sail from her spritsail-yard, one bent for the occasion, and a topgallant-sail was set to a light spar that had been rigged against the stump of the mainmast—the stick that rose highest from her deck.

As the battle, like a gust in the heavens, was passing to leeward, Marble and I determined to fill, and follow the combatants down, the course being precisely that we wished to steer. With a view, however, to keep out of the range of shot, we hauled the *Dawn* up to the eastward, first intending to keep her in the wake of the *Black Prince.* Of course we were in no hurry, it now being in our power to go six feet to that ship's one.

In executing our purpose we passed close to the wreck of the English frigate's spars. There they were rolling about on the troubled waters, and we actually saw the body of a man caught in some of the rigging, as the sea occasionally tossed it to the surface. The poor fellow had probably gone over with the mast, and been drowned before assistance could be rendered. With an enemy escaping, man-of-war's-men are not very particular about picking up the bodies of their dead.

I did not venture to run the *Dawn* directly down in the Englishman's wake,

but we kept her off and on, rather, taking good care not to go within a mile of her. All this time the *Speedy* was playing upon the *Cerf's* quarter, the latter ship becoming too crippled to luff, while Monsieur Menneval was traveling off to leeward unmolested, having obtained an advantage in the way of speed that he was unwilling to put in any jeopardy by coming again under fire. This officer did not want for spirit, but the French had got to be so accustomed to defeat, in their naval encounters with the English, that, like several other nations on the land, they had begun to look upon victory as hopeless. The *Cerf* was very nobly fought. Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which she labored, that ship held out until the *Black Prince* had actually given her a close broadside on her larboard quarter; the *Speedy* being kept the whole time on her starboard with great skill, pouring in a nearly unresisted fire. The *Cerf* struck only as she found that the battle was to be two to one, and under so many other disadvantages in the bargain.

This closed the affair, so far as the fighting was concerned, *La Désirée* standing on unmolested, though, as I afterward learned, she was picked up next morning by a homeward bound English two-decker, hauling down her colors without any resistance.

The reader may feel some curiosity to know how we felt on board the *Dawn*, during the five hours that elapsed between the firing of the first and the last guns, on this occasion; what was said among us, and how we proceeded as soon as the victory was decided. The last he will learn in the regular course of the narrative; as for the first, it is soon told. It was not easy to find four men who were more impartial, as between the combatants, than those in the *Dawn*. My early preferences had certainly been in favor of England, as was very generally the case among all the better-educated Americans of my period, at least as low down as the war of 1812. But going beyond the scene of internal political discussion, and substituting observation for the eulogies and sophisms of the newspapers, had wrought divers changes in my opinion. England was then no more to me than any other nation; I was not of the French school of politics, however, and kept myself as much aloof from one of these foreign schools of political logicians as from the other. I may be said to have been born a Federalist; but this change of sentiment prevented my ever giving a Federal vote since attaining my majority.

Marble had entertained a strong dislike for England ever since the Revolution. But at the same time he had inherited the vulgar contempt of his class for Frenchmen; and I must own that he had a fierce pleasure in seeing the combatants destroy each other. Had we been near enough to witness the personal suffering inflicted by the terrible wounds of naval combat, I make no doubt his feelings would have been different; but, as things were, he only saw French and English ships tearing each other to pieces. During the height of the affair he observed to me:

"If this Monsieur Gallois and his bloody lugger could only be brought into the scrape, Miles, my mind would be contented. I should glory in seeing the corvette and the *Polisson* scratching out each other's eyes, like two fishwomen whose dictionaries have given out."

Neb and Diogenes regarded the whole thing very much as I suppose the Cæsars used to look upon the arena when the gladiators were the most bloodthirsty. The negroes would laugh, cry "golly!" or shake their heads with delight, when half a dozen guns went off together; receiving the reports as a sort of evidence that crashing work was going on on board the vessels. But I overheard a dialogue between these two children of Africa that may best explain their feelings:

"Which you t'ink whip, Neb?" Diogenes asked, with a grin that showed every ivory tooth in his head.

"I t'ink 'em bot' get it smartly," answered my fellow. "You see how a *Speedy* make quick work, eh?"

"I wish 'em go a *leetle* nearer, Neb. Some shot nebber hit at all."

"Dat always so, cook, in battle. Dere! dat a smasher for John Bull!"

"He won't want to press more men just now. Eh! Neb?"

"Now you see Johnny Crepaud catch it! Woss! Dat cracks 'e cabin winders!"

"What dat to us, Neb? 'Spose he eat one anoder, don't hurt us!"

Here the two spectators broke out into a loud fit of laughter, clapping their hands and swinging their bodies about as if the whole thing were capital fun. Diogenes was so much delighted when all the *Black Prince's* spars went that he actually began to dance, Neb regarding his antics with a sort of good-natured sympathy. There is no question that man, at the bottom, has a good deal of the wild beast in him, and that he can be brought to look upon any spectacle, however fierce and sanguinary, as a source of interest and entertainment. If a criminal is to be executed, we always find thousands of both sexes and all ages assembling to witness a fellow-creature's agony, and although these curious personages often have sentimental qualms during the revolting spectacle itself, they never turn away their eyes until satisfied with all that there is to be seen of the terrible or the revolting.

A word must be added concerning an acquaintance, Monsieur Gallois. Just as the *Black Prince's* masts went, I saw him, a long way to windward, stretching in toward the coast, and carrying sail as hard as his lugger would bear. The corvette was still close at his heels, and Marble soon after drew my attention toward him to observe the smoke that was rising above the sloop-of-war. The distance was so great and the guns so light that we heard no reports, but the smoke continued to rise until both vessels went out of sight, in the southwestern board. I subsequently learned that the lugger escaped after all. She was very hard pressed, and would have been captured, had not the English ship carried away her main-topgallantmast, in her eagerness to get alongside. To that accident alone did Monsieur Gallois owe his escape. I trust he and Monsieur Le Gros had a happy meeting.

CHAPTER XIX.

> "The sea wax'd calm, and we discovered
> Two ships from far making amain to us,
> Of Cornith that, of Epidaurus this:
> But on they came—O, let me say no more!
> Gather the sequel by that went before.".
>
> —COMEDY OF ERRORS.

IT was high time for the *Dawn* to be doing. Of all the ships to leeward, the *Speedy*, the vessel we had most reason to apprehend, was in the best condition to do us harm. It was true that just then we might out-sail her, but a man-of-war's crew would soon restore the balance of power, if it did not make it preponderate against us. I called to my mate, and we went aft to consult.

"It will not do for us to remain any longer here, Moses," I began; "the English are masters of the day, and the *Speedy's* officers having recognized us, beyond all doubt, she will be on our heels the moment she can."

"I rather think, Miles, her traveling, for some hours to come, is over. There she is, however, and has our crew on board her, and it will be a good thing to get some of them, if possible. If a body had a boat now, I might go down with a flag of truce, and see what tarms could be made."

I laughed at this conceit, telling Marble he would be wise to remain where he was. I would give the *Speedy* four hours to get herself in tolerable sailing trim again, supposing her bent on pursuit. If in no immediate hurry, it might occupy her four-and-twenty hours.

"I think she may be disposed to follow the other French frigate, which is clearly making her way toward Brest," I added, "in which case we have nothing to fear. By George! there goes a gun, and here comes a shot in our direction—you can see it, Moses, skipping along the water, almost in a line between us and the frigate. Ay, here it comes!"

All this was literally true. The *Speedy* lay with her bows toward us, and she had suddenly fired the shot to which I alluded,

and which now came bounding from wave to wave until it struck precisely in a line with the ship, about a hundred yards distant.

"Halloo!" cried Marble, who had leveled his glass toward the frigates. "There's the deuce to pay down there, Miles—one boat pulling this-a-way, for life or death, and another a'ter it. The shot was intended for the leading boat, and not for us."

This brought my glass down too. Sure enough, there was a small boat pulling straight for us, and of course directly to windward of the frigate; the men in it exerting every nerve. There were seven seaman in this boat; six at the oars, and one steering. The truth flashed on me in a moment. These were some of our own people, headed by the second mate, who had availed themselves of the circumstance of one of the *Speedy's* boats being in the water without a crew, to run away with it in the confusion of the moment. The *Black Prince* had taken possession of the prize as we had previously noted, and that with a single boat and the cutter in pursuit appeared to me to be coming from the Frenchman. I immediately acquainted Marble with my views of the matter, and he seized on the idea eagerly as one probable and natural.

"Them's our fellows, Miles!" he exclaimed; "we must fill, and meet 'em half way!"

It was certainly in our power to lessen the distance the fugitives had to run by standing down to meet the leading boat. This could not be done, however, without going within reach of the English guns; the late experiment showing unanswerably that we lay just without the drop of their shot, as it was. I never saw men in a greater excitement than that which now came over us all in the *Dawn*. Fill, we did, immediately; that at least could do no harm; whereas it might do much good. I never supposed for a moment the English were sending boats after us, since with the wind that was blowing it would have been easy for the *Dawn* to leave them miles behind her, in the first hour. Each instant rendered my first conjecture the most likely to be true. There could be no mistaking the exertions of the crews of the two boats; the pursuers seemingly doing their best, as well as the pursued. The frigate could no longer fire, however, the boats being already in a line, and there being equal danger to both from her shot.

The reader will understand that large ships seldom engage, when the ocean will permit it, without dropping one or more of their boats into the water; and that warm actions at sea rarely occur without most of the boats being more or less injured. It often happens that a frigate can muster only one or two boats that will swim, after a combat; and frequently only the one she had taken the precaution to lower into the water, previously to engaging. It was owing to some such circumstance that only one boat followed the fugitives in the present instance. The race must necessarily be short; and it would have been useless to send a second boat in pursuit, could one be found, after the first two or three all-important minutes were lost.

The *Dawn* showed her ensign, as a sign we saw our poor fellows struggling to regain us, and then we filled our main topsail, squaring away and standing down directly for the fugitives. Heaven! how that main-yard went round, though there were but three men at the braces. Each of us hauled and worked like a giant. There was every inducement of feeling, interest, and security to do so. With our present force, the ship could scarcely be said to be safe; whereas, the seven additional hands, and they our own people, who were straining every nerve to join us, would at once enable us to carry the ship direct to Hamburg.

Our old craft behaved beautifully. Neb was at the wheel, the cook on the forecastle, while Marble and I got ropes cleared away to throw to the runaways, as soon as they should be near enough to receive them. Down we drove toward the boat and it was time we did, for the cutter in pursuit, which pulled ten oars, and was full manned, was gaining fast on the fugitives. As we afterward learned, in the

eagerness of starting, our men had shipped the crest of a sea, and they were now laboring under the great disadvantage of carrying more than a barrel of water, which was washing about in the bottom of their cutter, rendering her both heavy and unsteady.

So intense was the interest we all felt in the result of this struggle, that our feelings during the battle could not be compared to it. I could see Marble move his body, as a sitter in a boat is apt to do, at each jerk of the oars, under the notion it helps the party along. Diogenes actually called out, and this a dozen times at least, to encourage the men to pull for their lives, though they were not yet within a mile of us. The constant rising and setting of the boats prevented my making very minute observations with the glass; but I distinguished the face of my second mate, who was sitting aft, and I could see he was steering with one hand and baling with the other. We now waved our hats in hopes of being seen, but got no answering signal, the distance being still too great.

At that moment I cared nothing for the guns of the English ship, though we were running directly for them. The boat—the boat was our object! For that we steered as unerringly as the motion of the rolling water would allow. It blew a good working breeze; and, what was of the last importance to us, it blew steadily. I fancied the ship did not move, notwithstanding, though the rate at which we drew nearer to the boat ought to have told us better. But anxiety had taken the place of reason, and we were all disposed to see things as we felt, rather than as we truly found them.

There was abundant reason for uneasiness, the cutter astern certainly going through the water four feet to the other's three. Manned with her regular crew, with everything in order, and with men accustomed to pull together, the largest boat, and rowing ten oars to the six of my mate's, I make no doubt that the cutter of the *Black Prince* would have beaten materially in an ordinary race, more especially in the rough water over which this contest occurred. But, nearly a tenth full of water, the boat of the fugitives had a greatly lessened chance of escape.

Of course, we then knew no more than we could see, and we were not slow to perceive how fast the pursuers were gaining on the pursued. I really began to tremble for the result; and this is so much the more as the larger cutter was near enough by this time to permit me to discover, by means of the glass, the ends of several muskets rising out of her stern sheets. Could she get near enough for her officers to use these weapons, the chance of our people was gone, since it was not to be even hoped they had any arms.

The end approached. The *Dawn* had got good way on her, Marble and Diogenes having dragged down the main topgallant sheets and hoisted the sail. The water foamed under our bows, and the boat was soon so near it became indispensable to haul our wind. This we did with the ship's head to the westward, without touching a brace, though we luffed sufficiently to throw the wind out of all the square sails. The last was done to deaden the vessel's way, in order that the fugitives might reach her.

The struggle became frightful for its intenseness. Our men were so near we could recognize them without the aid of a glass; with it, I could read the glowing anxiety that was in my second mate's countenance. Each instant the pursuers closed, until they were actually much nearer to the pursued than the latter were to the *Dawn*. For the first time, now, I suspected the truth, by the heavy movement of the flying cutter, and water that the second mate was constantly bailing out of her, using his hat. Marble brought up the muskets left by the privateersmen, and began to renew their primings. He wished to fire at once on the pursuing boat—she being within range of a bullet, but this I knew would not be legal. I promised to use them should the English attempt to board the ship, but did not dare to anticipate that movement.

Nearer and nearer came the boats, the

chasing gaining always on the chased; and now the *Black Prince* and the *Speedy* each threw a shot quite over us. We were about a mile from the three frigates, rather increasing than lessening that distance, however, as they drifted to leeward, while we were slightly luffing, with our yards a little braced up, the leaches lifting. Neb steered the ship as one would have guided a pilot-boat. He had an eye for the boats as well as for the sails—knew all that was wanted, and all that was to be done. I never saw him touch a wheel with so delicate a hand, or one that better did its duty. The *Dawn's* way was so much deadened as to give the fugitives every opportunity to close, while she was steadily coming up abreast of their course in readiness to meet them.

At this instant the officer in the *Black Prince's* cutter fired into that of the *Speedy*; and one of our men suddenly dropped his oar. He was hit. I thought the poor fellow's arm was broken, for I could see him lay a hand on the injured part, like a man who suffered pain. He instantly changed places with the second mate, who, however, seized his oar, and began to use it with great power. Three more muskets were fired, seemingly without doing any harm. But the leading boat lost by this delay, while its pursuers held steadily on. Our own people were within a hundred and fifty yards of us—the English less than twenty behind them. Why the latter did not now fire, I do not actually know; but I suppose it to be because their muskets were all discharged, and the race was now too sharp to allow their officer to reload. Possibly he did not wish to take life unnecessarily, the chances fast turning to his side.

I called out to Marble to stand by with a rope. The ship was slowly drawing ahead, and there was no time to be lost. I then shouted to my second mate to be of good heart, and he answered with a cheer. The English hurrahed, and we sent back the cry from the ship.

"Stand by in the boat, for the rope!" I cried. "Heave, Moses—heave!"

Marble hove from the mizzen-chains, the rope was caught, and a motion of my hand told Neb to keep the ship off, until everything drew. This was done, and the rattling of the clewgarnet blocks announced that Diogenes was hauling down the main-tack with the strength of a giant. The sail opened, and Moses and I hauled in the sheet, until the ship felt the enormous additional pressure of this broad breadth of canvas. At this instant there was a cheer from the boat. Leaping upon the taffrail, I saw the men erect, waving their hats, and looking toward the pursuing cutter, then within a hundred feet of them, vainly attempting to come up with a boat that was now dragging nearly bows under, and feeling all the strength of our tow. The officer cheered his men to renewed exertion, and he began to load a musket. At this moment the tow-line slipped from the thwart of the boat, and we shot away, as it seemed to me, a hundred feet, on the send of the very next sea. There was not time for the Americans to get seated at their oars again, before the other cutter grappled. All that had been gained was lost, and, after so near and close a chance of recovering the most valuable portion of my crew, was I again left on the ocean with the old four to manage the *Dawn!*

The English lieutenant knew his business too well to abandon the ship while there was a chance of recovering her. The wind lulled a little, and he thought the hope of success worth an effort. Merely taking all the oars out of the *Speedy's* cutter, he dashed on in our wake. At first he gained, nor was I unwilling he should, for I wished to speak him. The main and foresheets were eased off, and Neb was told to keep the topsails lifting. Thus favored, he soon got within fifty yards of us, straining every nerve to get nearer. The officer pointed a musket at me, and ordered me to heave-to. I jumped off the taffrail, and, with my body covered to the shoulders, pointed one of the French muskets at him, and warned him to keep off.

"What have you done with the prize crew put on board you from the *Speedy*, the other day?" called out the lieutenant.

"Sent them adrift," I answered.

"We've had enough of prize crews in this ship, and want no more."

"Heave-to, sir, on the pain of being treated as a pirate, also."

"Ay, ay," shouted Marble, who could keep silent no longer, "first catch a pirate. Fire, if you are tired of your cruise. I wish them bloody Frenchmen had stopped all your grog!"

This was neither dignified nor politic, and I ordered my mate to be silent. In a good-natured tone I inquired for the names of the late combatants, and the losses of the different ships, but this was too cool for our pursuer's humor, and I got no answer. He did not dare fire, however, finding we were armed, and, as I supposed, seeing there was no prospect of his getting easily on board us, even should he get alongside, he gave up the chase, returning to the captured boat. We again filled and trimmed everything, and went dashing through the water at the rate of seven knots.

The frigates did not fire at us, after the guns already mentioned. Why, I cannot positively say; but I thought, at the time, that they had too many other things to attend to, besides seeing the little chance there was of overtaking us, should they even happen to cripple a spar or two.

Great was the disappointment on board the *Dawn*, at the result of the final incidents of this eventful day. Marble swore outright; for no remonstrance of mine could cure him of indulging in this habit, especially when a little excited. Diogenes grinned defiance, and fairly shook his fists at the boat; while Neb laughed and half cried in a breath—the sure sign the fellow's feelings were keenly aroused.

As for myself, I felt as much as any of the party, but preserved more self-command. I saw it was now necessary to quit that vicinity, and to take some definite steps for the preservation of my own ship and property. There was little to apprehend, however, from the frigates, unless, indeed, it should fall calm. In the latter case, they might board us with their boats, which an hour or two's work would probably enable them to use again. But I had no intention of remaining in their neighborhood, being desirous of profiting by the present wind.

The sails were trimmed accordingly, and the ship was steered northwesterly, on a course that took us past the three vessels-of-war, giving them so wide a berth as to avoid all danger from their batteries. As soon as this was done, and the *Dawn* was traveling her road at a good rate, I beckoned to Marble to come near the wheel, for I had taken the helmsman's duty on myself for an hour or two; in other words, I was doing that which, from my boyish experience on the Hudson, I had once fancied it was not only the duty, but the *pleasure*, of every shipmaster to do, viz., steering! Little did I understand, before practice taught me the lesson, that of all the work on board ship, which Jack is required to do, his trick at the wheel is that which he least covets, unless indeed it may be the office of stowing the jib in heavy weather.

"Well, Moses," I began, "this affair is over, and we've the Atlantic before us again, with all the ports of Europe to select from, and a captain, one mate, the cook, and one man to carry the ship where we please to take her."

"Ay, ay—'t has been a bad job, this last. I was as sure of them lads, until the lieutenant fired his musket, as ever I was of a good landfall with a fair wind. I can't describe to you, Miles, the natur' of the disapp'intment I felt, when I saw 'em give up. I can best compare it to that which came over me when I discovered I was nothing but a bloody hermit, after all my generalizing about being a governor and a lord high admiral of an island, all to myself, as it might be."

"It can't be helped, and we must take things as we find them. The question is, what is to be done with the ship? Should we venture into the Channel, yonder chaps will be after us with the news of a Yankee, on board of whom they put a prize crew, being adrift without the men; and there are fifty cruisers ready to pick us up. The news will spread all over the Channel in a week, and our chances of getting through the Straits of Dover will be so small as not to be worth naming; nay, these fel-

lows will soon repair damages, and might possibly overtake us themselves. The *Speedy* is only half crippled."

"I see—I see. You've a trick with you, Miles, that makes a few words go a great way. I see, and I agree. But an idee has come to my mind that you're welcome to, and after turning it over, do what you please with it. Instead of going to the eastward of Scilly, what say you to passing to the westward, and shaping our course for the Irish Channel? The news will not follow us that-a-way, for some time; and we may meet with some American, or other, bound to Liverpool. Should the worst come to the worst, we can pass through between Ireland and Scotland, and work our way round Cape Wrath, and go into our port of destination. It is a long road, I know, and a hard one in certain seasons of the year, but it may be traveled in midsummer comfortably enough."

"I like your notion well enough, Marble, and am ready to carry it out, as far as we are able. It must be a hard fortune, indeed, that will not throw us in the way of some fisherman, or coaster, who will be willing to let us have a hand or two, for double wages."

"Why, on that p'int, Miles, the difficulty is in the war, and the hot press that must now be going. The English will be shy in visiting the opposite coast; and good men are hard to find, just now, I'm thinking, floating about the coast of England, unless they are under a pennant."

"A hand, or two, that can steer, will be an immense relief to us, Moses, even though unable to go aloft. Call Neb to the wheel, then, and we'll go look at the chart, so as to lay our course."

All was done, accordingly. In half an hour, the *Dawn* was steering for the western coast of England, with everything set we thought it prudent to carry. Two hours after we began to move away from the spot where they lay, the frigates had sunk behind the curvature of the earth, and we lost sight of them altogether. The weather continued good, the breeze steady and fresh, and the *Dawn* did her duty admirably. We began to get accustomed to our situations, and found them less arduous than had been apprehended. The direction of the wind was so favorable that it kept hope alive; though we trebled our distance by going round the British islands, instead of passing directly up the Channel. Twenty-four hours were necessary to carry us as far north as the Land's End, however; and I determined to be then governed by circumstances. Should the wind shift, we always had the direct route before us; and I had my doubts whether putting a bold face on the matter, running close in with the English shore, and appearing to be bound for London, were not the wisest course. There certainly was the danger of the *Speedy's* telling our story, in which case there would be a sharp lookout for us; while there was the equal chance that she might speak nothing for a week. Eight-and-forty hours ahead of her, I should not have feared much from her account of us.

It is unnecessary to dwell minutely on the events of the next few days. The weather continued good, the wind fair; and our progress was in proportion. We saw nothing until we got within two leagues of Scilly light, when we were boarded by a pilot-boat out from those islands. This occurred at sunrise, with the wind light at northeast, and one sail in sight to windward that had the appearance of a brig-of-war, though she was still hull down, and not heading for us.

I saw that the smallness of our crew, and the course we were steering, struck these pilots the moment they had time to ascertain the first fact. It was not usual in that day, nor do I suppose it is now, for deep-laden Americans to pass so near England, coming from the southeast and steering to the northwest. A remark to this effect fell from the mouth of the principal pilot as soon as I told him I did not wish to go into any of the neighboring ports.

"I am short of hands, and am desirous of obtaining three or four good men," I said, "who shall be well paid for their services, and sent back, without cost, to the place whence they came."

"Ay, I see you've a small crew for so stout a craft, master," the pilot answered. "May I ask what has happened to bring you down so low?"

"Why, you know how it is among your cruisers in war times—an English frigate carried away all hands, with the exception of these you see."

Now this was true to the ear, at least, though I saw, plainly enough, that I was not believed.

"It's not often his majesty's officers shave so close," the pilot answered, with a sort of sneer I did not like. "They commonly send in hands with a ship when they find it necessary to take her own men."

"Ay, I suppose the laws require this with English vessels; with Americans they are less particular; at all events, you see the whole of us, and I should be very glad to get a hand or two, if possible, out of your cutter."

"Where are you bound, master? Before we ship, we'd like to know the port we sail for."

"Hamburg."

"Hamburg! Why, master, you're not heading for Hamburg, at all, which lies up the *English*, not up the *Irish* Channel."

"I am well aware of that. But I am afraid to go into the English Channel so short-handed. Those narrow waters give a man trouble, unless he has a full crew."

"The Channel is a good place to find men, master. However, none of us can go with you, and no words be necessary. As you've no occasion for a pilot, we must be off a'ter something else."

The fellow now left me, without more words, and I saw there was no use in attempting to detain him. He had got a league from us, and we were jogging on our course, before we discovered he was making signals to the brig, which had kept dead away, and had set studding-sails on both sides. As this was carrying much more sail than we could venture to show, I thought our chance of escape small, indeed. There was the whole day before us, with a light, and, doubtless, fast-sailing cruiser in chase of a heavily-loaded merchantman. As a stern chase is, proverbially, a long chase, however, I determined to do all we could to avoid the gentleman. Sail was made, accordingly, so far as we dared, and the ship was steered a little off, as her best mode of sailing in her present trim. We saw the brig speak the pilot-boat, and from that moment were certain her commander had all the conjectures of the Scilly men added to his own. The effect was soon to be noted, for when the two separated, the cutter stood in for her own rocks, while the brig renewed her chase.

That was an uneasy day. The man-of-war gained, but it was quite slowly. She might beat us by a knot in the hour, and, being ten miles astern' there was still the hope of its falling dark before she could close. The wind, too, was unsteady, and toward night it grew so light as to reduce both vessels to only two or three knots' way. Of course, this greatly lessened the difference in our rate of sailing, and I had now strong hopes that night might come before our pursuers could close.

Nor was I disappointed, The wind continued light until sunset, when it came out a fine breeze at northwest, bringing us dead to windward of the brig, which was then distant some six miles. We got the proper sail on the ship as fast as we could, though the cruiser was dashing ahead under everything she could carry long before we could get through with the necessary work. When we did get at it, notwithstanding, I found she had not much the advantage of us, and now began to entertain some hopes of shaking her off in the course of the night. Marble was confident of it, and his confidence, on points of seamanship, was always entitled to respect.

About ten, both vessels were on the starboard tack, standing to the southward and westward, or out toward the broad Atlantic, with the brig about a league under the *Dawn's* lee, and a little forward of her beam. This was the most favorable position for us to be in, in order to effect our purpose, since the cruiser had already passed her nearest point to

us, on that tack. The horizon to windward, and all along the margin of the sea at the northward, was covered with clouds, which threatened, by the way, a capful of wind. This dark background would be likely to prevent our being seen; and the instant the night shut in the outline of the brig's canvas, I ordered our helm put down.

It was lively business, tacking such a ship as the *Dawn*, under so much canvas, and in such a breeze, with four men! The helm was lashed hard down, and at it we went, like so many tigers. The after-yards swung themselves, though the maintack and sheet gave us a good deal of trouble. We braced everything aft sharp up before we left it, having first managed to get the fore-yard square. When this was done, we filled all forward, and dragged the yard and bowlines to their places with a will that seemed irresistible.

There was no means of knowing whether the brig came round about this time or not. Agreeably to the rule of chasing, she should have tacked when directly abeam, unless she fancied she could eat us out of the wind by standing on. We knew she did not tack when directly abeam, but we could not see whether she came round after us, or not. At all events, tack or not, she must still be near a league under our lee, and we drove on toward the English coast until the day reappeared, not a man of us sleeping a wink that night. How anxiously we watched the ocean astern, and to leeward, as the returning light slowly raised the veil of obscurity from before us! Nothing was in sight, even when the sun appeared to bathe the entire ocean in a flood of glory. Not even a white speak in-shore; and as for the brig, we never saw or heard more of her. Doubtless she stood on, on the old course, hoping gradually to close with us, or to draw so far ahead and to windward as to make certain of her prey in the morning.

According to our reckoning, the ship was now heading well up toward the coast of Wales, which we might expect to make in the course of the next four-and-twenty hours, should the wind stand. I determined, therefore, to make the best of the matter, and to go directly up the Irish Channel, hoping to fall in with some boat from the north shore that might not have as apt intellects on board it as those of our Scilly pilot had proved to be. We stood on, consequently, all that day, and another sun set without our making the land. We saw several vessels at a distance in the afternoon, but we were now in a part of the ocean where an American ship would be as little likely to be disturbed as in any I know. It was the regular track of vessels bound to Liverpool, and these last were as little molested as the want of men would at all permit. Could we get past that port, we should then be in the way of picking up half a dozen Irishmen.

CHAPTER XX.

"Och! botheration—'tis a beautiful coost
All made up of rocks and deep bays:
Ye may sail up and down, a marvelous host,
And admire all its beautiful ways."
—IRISH SONG.

LITTLE did we, or could we, anticipate all that lay before us. The wind held at northwest until the ship had got within twenty miles of the Welsh coast; then it came out light again at the southward. We were now so near Liverpool that I expected every hour to make some American bound in. None were seen, notwithstanding, and we stood up channel, edging over toward the Irish coast at the same time, determined to work our way to the northward as well as we could. This sort of weather continued for two days and nights, during which we managed to get up as high as Whitehaven, when the wind came dead ahead, blowing a stiff breeze. I foresaw from the commencement of this new wind that it would probably drive us down channel, and out into the Atlantic once more, unless we could anchor. I thought I would attempt the last somewhere under the Irish coast, in the hope of getting some assistance from among the children of St. Patrick. We all knew that Irish sailors, half the time, were not very well trained, but anything that could pull and haul would be invaluable to us in

heavy weather. We had now been more than a week, four of us in all, working the ship, and instead of being in the least fagged, we had rather got settled into our places, as it might be, getting along without much trouble; still there were moments when a little extra force would be of great moment to us, and I could see by the angry look of the skies that these moments were likely to increase in frequency and in the magnitude of their importance to us.

The waters we were in were so narrow that it was not long before we drew close in with the Irish coast. Here, to my great joy, we saw a large fishing boat, well out in the offing, and under circumstances that rendered it easy for those in it to run close under our lee. We made a signal, therefore, and soon had the strangers lying-to, in the smooth water we made for them, with our own main-yard aback. It is scarcely necessary to say that we had gradually diminished our own canvas, as it became necessary, until the ship was under double-reefed topsails, the fore-course, jib, and spanker. We had brought the topsails down lower than was necessary, in order to anticipate the time when it might be indispensable.

The first of the men who came on board us was named Terence O' something. His countenance was the droll medley of fun, shrewdness, and blundering, that is so often found in the Irish peasant, and which appears to be characteristic of entire races in the island.

"A fine marnin', yer honor," he began, with a self-possession that nothing could disturb, though it was some time past noon, and the day was anything but such a one as a seaman likes. "A fine marnin', yer honor, and *as* fine a ship. Is it fish that your honor will be asking for?"

"I will take some of your fish, my friend, and pay you well for them."

"Long life to yees."

"I was about to say, I will pay you much better if you can show me any lee hereabouts, which has good holding-ground, where a ship might ride out the gale that is coming."

"Shure, yer honor!—will I *not?* Shure there's niver the lad on the coost that knows betther what it is yer honor wants, or who'll supply yees, with half the good-will."

"Of course, you know the coast; probably were born hereabouts?"

"Of course, is it? Whereabouts should Terence O' something be born, if it's not hereabouts? Is it know the coost too? Ah! we're ould acquaintances."

"And where do you intend to take the ship, Terence?"

"It's houlding-ground your honor asked for?"

"Certainly. A bottom on which an anchor will not drag."

"Och! is it *that?* Well, *all* the bottom in this counthry is of that same natur'. None of it will drag, without pulling mighty hard. I'll swear to any part of it."

"You surely would not think of anchoring a ship out here, a league from the land, with nothing to break either wind or sea, and a gale commencing?"

"I anchor? Divil a bit did I ever anchor a ship, or a brig, or even a cutther. I've not got so high up as that, yer honor; but yon's ould Michael Sweeney, now; many's the anchor he's cast out, miles at a time, sayin' he's been a sayman, and knows the says from top to bottom. It's Michael ye'll want, and Michael ye shall have."

Michael was spoken to, and he clambered up out of the boat as well as he could; the task not being very easy, since the fishermen with difficulty kept their dull, heavy boat out of our mizzen-chains. In the meantime Marble and I found time to compare notes. We agreed that Mr. Terence McScale, or O' something—for I forget the fellow's surname—would probably turn out a more useful man in hauling in mackerel and John Dorys than in helping us to take care of the *Dawn*. Nor did Michael, at the first glance, promise anything much better. He was very old—eighty, I should think—and appeared to have nullified all the brains he ever had by the constant use of whiskey; the scent of which accompanied him with a sort of parasitical odor, as that of tannin

attends the leather dresser. He was not drunk just then, however, but seemed cool and collected. I explained my wishes to this man, and was glad to find he had a tolerable notion of nautical terms, and that he would not be likely to get us into difficulty, like Terence, through any ignorance on this score.

"Is it anchor ye would, yer honor?" answered Michael, when I had concluded. "Sure, that's aisy enough, and the saison is good for that same; for the wind is getting up like a giant. As for the guineas yer honor mintions, it's of no avail atween fri'nds. I'll take 'em to obleege ye, if yer honor so wills; but the ship should be anchored if there nivver was a grain of goold in the wur-r-r-ld. Would ye like a berth pratty well out, or would yer honor choose to go in among the rocks, and lie like a babby in its cradhle?"

"I should prefer a safe roadstead, to venturing too far in, without a professed pilot. By the look of the land in-shore, I should think it would be easy to find a lee against this wind, provided we can get good holding-ground. That is the difficulty I most apprehend."

"Trust ould Ireland for that, yer honor; yes, put faith in us, for that same. Ye've only to fill your topsail, and stand in; ould Michael and ould Ireland together will take care of yees."

I confess I greatly disliked the aspect of things in-shore, with such a pilot; but the aspect of things outside was still worse. Short-handed as we were, it would be impossible to keep the ship in the channel, should the gale come on as heavily as it threatened; and a single experiment satisfied me the four men in the boat would be of very little use in working her, for I never saw persons who knew anything of the water more awkward than they turned out to be on our decks. Michael knew something, it is true; but he was too old to turn his knowledge to much practical account, for when I sent him to the wheel, Neb had to remain there to assist him in steering. There was no choice, therefore, and I determined to stand close in, when, should no suitable berth offer, it would always be in our power to wear off-shore. The fishing-boat was dropped astern, accordingly, the men were all kept in the ship, and we stood in nearer to the coast; the *Dawn* bending to the blasts, under the sail we carried, in a way to render it difficult to stand erect on her decks.

The coast promised well as to formation, though there was much to apprehend on the subject of the bottom. Among rocks an anchor is a ticklish thing to confide in, and I feared it might be a difficult matter to find a proper bottom as far out as I deemed it prudent to remain. But Michael, and Terence, and Pat, and Murphy, or whatever were the names of our protesting confident friends, insisted that "ould Ireland" would never fail us. Marble and I stood on the forecastle, watching the formation of the coast, and making our comments, as the ship drove through the short seas, buried to her figure-head. At length we thought a headland that was discernible a little under our lee-bow, looked promising, and Michael was called from the wheel and questioned concerning it. The fellow affirmed he knew the place well, and that the holding ground on each side of it was excellent, consenting at once to a proposition of mine to bring up under its lee. We edged off, therefore, for this point, making the necessary preparations for bringing up.

I was too busy in getting in canvas to note the progress of the ship for the next twenty minutes. It took all four of us to stow the jib, leaving Michael at the wheel the while. And a tremendous job it was, though (I say it in humility) four better men never lay out on a spar than those who set about the task on this occasion. We got it in, however, but, I need scarcely tell the seaman, it was not "stowed in the skin." Marble insisted on leading the party, and never before had I seen the old fellow work as he did on that day. He had a faculty of incorporating his body and limbs with the wood and ropes, standing, as it might be, on air, working and dragging with his arms and broad shoulders, in a way that appeared to give him just as much command of his entire

strength, as another man would possess on the ground.

At length we reduced the canvas to the foretopmast-staysail, and main-topsail, the latter double-reefed. It was getting to be time that the last should be close-reefed (and we carried four reefs in the *Dawn*), but we hoped the cloth would hold out until we wanted to roll it up altogether. The puffs, however, began to come gale-fashion, and I foresaw we should get it presently in a style that would require good looking to.

The ship soon drove within the extremity of the head-land, the lead giving us forty fathoms of water. I had previously asked Michael what water we might expect, but this he frankly owned he could not tell. He was certain that ships sometimes anchored there, but what water they found was more than he knew. He was no conjurer, and guessing might be dangerous, so he choose to say nothing about it. It was nervous work for a shipmaster to carry his vessel on a coast, under such pilotage as this. I certainly would have wore round as it was, were it not for the fact that there was a clear sea to leeward, and that it would always be as easy to run out into the open water, as the wind was at that moment.

Marble and I now began to question our fisherman as to the precise point where he intended to fetch up. Michael was bothered, and it was plain enough his knowledge was of the most general character. As for the particulars of his calling, he treated them with the coolest indifference. He had been much at sea in his younger days, it is true; but it was in ships-of-war, where the ropes were put into his hands by captains of the mast, and where his superiors did all the thinking. He could tell whether ships did or did not anchor near a particular spot, but he knew no reason for the one, or for the other. In a word, he had just that sort of knowledge of seamanship as one gets of the world by living in a province, where we all learn the leading principles of humanity, and trust to magazines and works of fiction for the finesse of life.

The lead proved a better guide than Michael, and seeing some breakers inshore of us, I gave the order to clew up the main-topsail, and to luff to the wind, before the ship should lose her way. Our Irishmen pulled and hauled well enough, as soon as they were directed what to do; which enabled Marble and myself each to stand by a stopper. We had previously got the two bowers a-cock-bill (the cables were bent as soon as we made the land); and nothing remained but to let run. Neb was at the wheel, with orders to spring to the cables as soon as he heard them running out, and everything was in readiness. I shouted the order to "let run," and down both our anchors went, at the same instant, in twenty-two fathoms' water. The ship took cable at a fearful rate; but Marble and Diogenes being at one bower, and Neb and I at the other, we succeeded in snubbing her with something like twenty fathoms within the hawse-holes. There was a minute when I thought the old bark would get away from us; and when, by desperate efforts, we did succeed in checking the mass, it seemed as if she would shake the windlass out of her. No time was lost in stoppering the cables, and in rolling up the main-topsail.

Michael and his companions now came to wish us good luck, get the guineas, and to take their leave. The sea was already so rough that the only mode that remained of getting into their boat was by dropping from the end of the spanker-boom. I endeavored to persuade two or three of these fellows to stick by the ship, but in vain. They were all married, and they had a certain protection against impressment in their present manner of life; whereas, should they be found at large, some man-of-war would probably pick them up, and Michael's tales of the past had not given them any great zest for the sort of life he described.

When these Irish fishermen left us and ran in-shore, we were thrown again altogether on our own resources. I had explained to Michael our want of hands, however, attributing it to accidents and impressments, and he thought he could persuade four or five young fellows to

come off, as soon as the gale abated, on condition we would take them to America, after discharging at Hamburg. These were to be mere peasants, it is true, for seamen were scarce in that part of the world, but they would be better than nothing. Half a dozen athletic young Irishmen would relieve us seamen from a vast deal of the heavy, lugging work of the ship, and leave us strength and spirits to do that which unavoidably fell to our share. With the understanding that he was to receive, himself, a guinea a head for each sound man thus brought us, we parted from old Michael, who probably has never piloted a ship since, as I strongly suspect he had never done before.

CHAPTER XXI.

"The power of God is everywhere,
Pervades all space and time;
The power of God can still the air,
And rules in every clime;—
Then bow the heart, and bend the knee.
And worship o'er both land and sea."—DUO.

I NEVER knew precisely the point on the coast of Ireland where we anchored. It was somewhere between Strangford and Dundrum Bay, though the name of the headland which gave us a sort of protection I did not learn. In this part of the island the coast trends north and south generally, though at the place where we anchored its direction was nearly from north-northeast to south-southwest, which, in the early part of the gale, was as close as might be the course in which the wind blew. At the moment we brought up, the wind had hauled a little further to the northward, giving us a better lee; but, to my great regret, Michael had scarcely left us when it shifted to due northeast, making a fair rake of the Channel. This left us very little of a lee—the point ahead of us being no great matter, and we barely within it. I consulted such maps as I had, and came to the conclusion that we were off the county Down, a part of the kingdom that was at least civilized, and where we should be apt to receive good treatment in the event of being wrecked. Our fishermen told us that they belonged to a Ballysomething, but what the something was I have forgotten, if I ever understood them. "*Told* us," I say out of complaisance, but "*tould*" would be the better word, as all they uttered savored so much of the brogue, that it was not always easy to get at their meaning.

It was past noon when the *Dawn* anchored, and the wind got more to the eastward about half an hour afterward. It was out of the question to think of getting under way again, with so strong a wind and with our feeble crew. Had it been perfectly smooth water, and had there been neither tide nor air, it would have taken us half a day, at least, to get our two bowers. It was folly, therefore, to think of it, situated as we were. It only remained to ride out the gale in the best manner we could.

Nothing occurred, for several hours, except that the gale increased sensibly in violence. Like an active disease, it was fast coming to a crisis. Toward sunset, however, a little incident took place that gave me great uneasiness of itself, though I had forebodings of evil from the commencement of that tempest. Two sail appeared in sight, to windward, being quite near us, close in with the Irish coast, before either was observed on board the *Dawn*. The leading vessel of the two was a man-of-war cutter, running nearly before it, under a close-reefed square-sail—canvas so low that it might easily be confounded with the foam of the sea, at a little distance. She rounded the headland, and was edging away from the coast, apparently for sea-room, when she took a sudden sheer in our direction. As if curious to ascertain what could have taken so large a square-rigged vessel as the *Dawn* into her present berth, this cutter actually ran athwart our hawse, passing inside of us at a distance of some fifty yards. We were examined; but no attempt was made to speak to us. I felt no uneasiness at the proximity of these two cruisers, for I knew a boat could not live—our ship fairly pitching her martingale into the water at her anchors.

The frigate followed the cutter, though

she passed us outside, even nearer than her consort. I got my first accurate notion of the weight of the gale by seeing this large ship drive past us, under a reefed foresail, and a close-reefed maintopsail, running nearly dead before it. As she came down, she took a sheer, like a vessel scudding in the open ocean; and, at one moment, I feared she would plunge directly into us, though she minded her helm in time to clear everything. A dozen officers on board her were looking at us, from her gangway, her quarter-deck guns, and rigging. All were compelled to hold on with firm grasps; and wonder seemed painted in every countenance. I could see their features for half a minute only, or even a less time; but I could discern this expression in each face. Some looked at our spars, as if to ascertain whether all were right; while others looked back at the headland they had just rounded, like those who examined the roadstead. Most shook their heads, as remarks passed from one to the other. The captain, as I took him to be, spoke to us. "What are you doing here?" came to me through a trumpet, plainly enough; but answering was out of the question. Before I could even get a trumpet to my mouth, the frigate had gone foaming by, and was already beyond the reach of the voice. Heads appeared over her taffrail for some time, and we fancied these man-of-war'smen regarded us as the instructed are apt to regard the ignorant, whom they fancy to be in danger. Marble sneered a little at the curiosity betrayed by these two crafts; but, as for myself, it caused great uneasiness. I fancied they acted like those who were acquainted with the coast, manifesting surprise at seeing a stranger anchored in the berth we occupied.

I slept little that night. Marble kept me company most of the time, but Neb and Diogenes were as tranquil as if sleeping on good French mattresses—made of hair, not down—within the walls of a citadel. Little disturbed these negroes, who followed our fortunes with the implicit reliance that habit and education had bred in them, as it might be, in and in. In this particular, they were literally dyed in the wool, to use one of the shop expressions so common among us.

There was a little relaxation in the force of the gale in the middle of the night; but, with the return of day, came the winds howling upon us, in a way that announced a more than common storm. All hands of us were now up, and paying every attention to the vessel. My greatest concern had been lest some of the sails should get adrift, for they had been furled by few and fatigued men. This did not happen, however, our gaskets and lashings doing all of their duty. We got our breakfast, therefore, in the ordinary way, and Marble and myself went and stood on the forecastle, to watch the signs of the times, like faithful guardians, who were anxious to get as near as possible to the danger.

It was wonderful how the ship pitched! Frequently her Aurora was completely submerged, and tons of water would come in upon the forecastle, washing entirely aft at the next send, so that our only means to keep above water was to stand on the windlass-bitts, or to get upon the heart of the main-stay. Dry we were not, nor did we think of attempting to be so, but such expedients were necessary to enable us to remain stationary; often to enable us to breathe. I no longer wondered at the manner in which the cutter and frigate had examined our position. It was quite clear the fishermen knew very little about finding a proper berth for a ship, and that we might pretty nearly as well have brought up in the middle of St. George's Channel, could our ground-tackle reach the bottom, as to have brought up where we were.

Just about nine o'clock, Marble and I had got near each other on the fife-rail, and held a consultation on the subject of our prospects. Although we both clung to the same topsail-sheet, we were obliged to halloo to make ourselves heard, the howling of the wind through the rigging converting the hamper into a sort of tremendous Æolian harp, while the roar of the water kept up a species of bass accompaniment to this music of the

ocean. Marble was the one who had brought about this communication, and he was the first to speak.

"I say, Miles," he called out, his mouth within three feet of my ear, "she jumps about like a whale with a harpoon in it! I've been afraid she'd jerk the stem out of her."

"Not much fear of that, Moses—my great concern is that starboard bower-cable; it has a good deal more strain on it than the larboard, and you can see how the strands are stretched."

"Ay, ay, 'tis generalizing its strength, as one may say. S'pose we clap the helm a-port, and try the effects of a sheer?"

"I've thought of that; as there is a strong tide going, it may possibly answer——"

These words were scarcely out of my mouth, when three seas of enormous height came rolling down upon us, like three great roistering companions in a crowd of sullen men, the first of which raised the *Dawn's* bows so high in the air as to cause us both to watch the result in breathless silence. The plunge into the trough was in a just proportion to the toss into the air; and I felt a surge, as if something gave way under the violent strain that succeeded. The torrent of water that came on the forecastle prevented anything from being seen; but again the bows rose, again they sunk, and then the ship seemed easier.

"We're all adrift, Miles!" Marble shouted, leaning forward to be heard. "Both bowers have snapped like thread, and here we go, headforemost, in for the land!"

All this was true enough! The cables had parted, and the ship's head was falling off fast from the gale, like the steed that has slipped his bridle, before he commences his furious and headlong career! I looked round for the negroes; but Neb was already at the wheel. That noble fellow, true as steel, had perceived the accident as soon as any of us, and he sprung to the very part of the vessel where he was most needed. He had a seaman's faculties in perfection, though ratiocination was certainly not his forte. A motion of my hand ordered him to put the helm hard up, and the answering sign let me know that I was obeyed. We could do no more just then, but the result was awaited in awful expectation.

The *Dawn's* bows fell off until the ship lay broadside to the gale, which made her reel until her lee lower yard-arms nearly dipped. Then she overcame the caldron of water that was boiling round her, and began to draw heavily ahead. Three seas swept athwart her decks before she minded her helm in the least, carrying with them everything that was not most firmly lashed, or which had not animal life to direct its movements, away to leeward. They swept off the hen-coops and ripped four or five water-casks from their lashings, even as if the latter had been pack-thread. The caboose-house went also, at the last of these terrific seas; and nothing saved the caboose itself, but its great weight, added to the strength of its fastenings. In a word, little was left that could very well go, but the launch, the gripes of which fortunately held on.

By the time this desolation was completed the ship began to fall off, and her movement through the water became very perceptible. At first she dashed in toward the land, running, I make no doubt, quite half a mile obliquely in that direction ere she got fairly before the wind—a course which carried her nearly in a line with the coast. Marble and myself now got aft without much trouble, and put the helm a little to starboard, with a view to edge off to the passage as far as possible. The wind blew so nearly down channel that there would have been no immediate danger, had we an offing; but the ship had not driven before the gale more than three or four hours when we made land ahead; the coast trending in this part of the island nearly north and south. Marble suggested the prudence of taking time by the forelock, and of getting the maintopsail on the ship, to force her off the land, the coast in the neighborhood of Dublin lying under our lee-bow. We had taken the precaution to close reef everything before it was furled, and I went aloft myself to lower this sail. If I

had formed a very respectful opinion of the power of the gale, while on deck, that opinion was materially heightened when I came to feel its gusts on the main-topsail-yard. It was not an easy matter to hold on at all; and to work, required great readiness and strength. Nevertheless, I got the sail loose, and then I went down and aided Marble and the cook to drag home the sheets. Home, they could not be dragged by us, notwithstanding we got up a luff; but we made the sail stand reasonably well.

The ship immediately felt the effect of even this rag of canvas. She drove ahead at a prodigious rate, running, I make no question, some eleven or twelve knots, under the united power collected by her hamper and this one fragment of a sail. Her drift was unavoidably great, and I thought the current sucked her in toward the land; but, on the whole, she kept at about the same distance from the shore, foaming along it, much as we had seen the frigate do, the day before. At the rate we were going, twelve or fifteen hours would carry us down to the passage between Holyhead and Ireland, when we should get more sea-room, on account of the land's trending again to the westward.

Long, long hours did Marble and I watch the progress of our ship that day and the succeeding night, each of us taking our tricks at the wheel, and doing seaman's duty, as well as that of mate and master. All this time, the vessel was dashing furiously out toward the Atlantic, which she reached ere the morning of the succeeding day. Just before the light returned we were whirled past a large ship that was lying-to, under a single storm-staysail, and which I recognized as the frigate that had taken a look at us at our anchorage. The cutter was close at hand, and the fearful manner in which these two strong-handed vessels pitched and lurched gave me some idea of what must be our situation, should we be compelled to luff to the wind. I supposed they had done so, in order to keep as long as possible on their cruising ground, near the chops of the Irish Channel.

A wild scene lay around us, at the return of light. The Atlantic resembled a chaos of waters, the portions of the rolling sheet that were not white with foam, looking green and angry. The clouds hid the sun, and the gale seemed to be fast coming to its height. At ten, we drove past an American, with nothing standing but his foremast. Like us, he was running off, though we went three feet to his two. Half an hour later, we had the awful sight before our eyes of witnessing the sudden disappearance of an English brig. She was lying-to, directly on our course, and I was looking at her from the windlass, trying to form some opinion as to the expediency of our luffing-to, in order to hold our own. Of a sudden, this brig gave a plunge, and she went down like a porpoise diving. What caused this disaster I never knew; but in five minutes we passed as near as possible over the spot, and not a trace of her was to be seen. I could not discover so much as a hand-spike floating, though I looked with intense anxiety, in the hope of picking up some fellow-creature clinging to a spar. As for stopping to examine, one who did not understand the language might as well hope to read the German character on a milestone, while flying past it in a railroad car.

At noon, precisely, away went our foretopsail out of the gaskets. One fastening snapped after another, until the whole sail was adrift. The tugs that this large sheet of canvas gave upon the spars, as it shook in the wind, threatened to jerk the foremast out of the ship. They lasted about three minutes, when, after a report almost as loud as that of a small piece of ordnance, the sail split in ribbons. Ten minutes later our main-topsail went. This sail left us as it might be bodily, and I actually thought that a gun of distress was fired near us by some vessel that was unseen. The bolt-rope was left set; the sheets, earrings, and reef points all holding on, the cloth tearing at a single rent around the four sides of the sail. The scene that followed I scarcely know how to describe. The torn part of the main-topsail flew forward, and caught in the

after part of the fore-top, where it stood spread, as one might say, held by the top, cat-harpins, rigging, and other obstacles. This was the feather to break the camel's back. Bolt after bolt of the fore-rigging drew or broke, each parting with a loud report, and away went everything belonging to the foremast over the bows, from the deck up. The main-topmast was dragged down by this fearful pull, and that brought the mizzen-top-gallant-mast after it. The pitching of so much hamper under the bows of the ship, while her after-masts stood, threw the stern round, in spite of the manner in which Marble steered; and the ship broached-to. In doing this, the sea made a fair breach over her, sweeping the deck of even the launch and caboose, and carrying all the lee bulwarks, in the waist, with them. Neb was in the launch at the time, hunting for some article kept there; and the last I saw of the poor fellow he was standing erect in the bows of the boat, as the latter drove over the vessel's side, on the summit of a wave, like a bubble floating in a furious current. Diogenes, it seems, had that moment gone to his caboose, to look after the plain dinner he was trying to boil, when probably seizing the iron as the most solid object near him, he was carried overboard with it, and never reappeared. Marble was in a tolerably safe part of the vessel, at the wheel, and he kept his feet, though the water rose above his waist; as high, indeed, as his arms. As for myself, I was saved only by the main-rigging, into which I was driven, and where I lodged.

I could not but admire the coolness and conduct of Marble even at that terrific moment! In the first place, he put the helm hard down, and lashed the wheel, the wisest thing that could be done by men in our situation. This he did by means of that nautical instinct which enables a seaman to act, in the direst emergencies, almost without reflection, or as one closes his eyes to avoid danger to the pupils. Then he gave one glance at the state of things in-board, running forward with the end of a rope to throw to Diogenes, should the cook rise near the ship. By the time he was satisfied the hope of doing anything in that way was vain, I was on deck, and we two stood facing each other, in the midst of the scene of desolation and ruin that was around us. Marble caught my hand with a look that spoke as plainly as words. It told me the joy he felt at seeing I was spared, his determination to stick by me to the last; yet, how low were his hopes of ultimate preservation! It was such a look as any man would be glad to receive from a comrade in the heat of battle; nevertheless, it was not a look that promised victory.

The situation of the ship would now have been much better than it had been, in many respects, were it not for the wreck. All the masts forward had gone over the lee-bow, and would have lain in a sufficiently favorable situation for a strong crew to get rid of them; but in our case we were compelled to let things take their course. It is true, we could cut away, and this we began to do pretty freely. But the lower end of the foremast lay on the forecastle, where it was grinding everything near it to pieces, with the heaving and setting of the waves. All the bulwarks in that part of the ship threatened soon to be beaten down, and I felt afraid the cathead would be torn violently out of the ship, leaving a bad leak. Leaks enough there were, as it was; the launch, caboose, water-casks, and spare spars, in driving overboard, having forced out timber-heads, and other supports, in a way to split the plank sheer, which let in the water fast, every time the lee gunwale went under. I gave up my sugars and coffees from the first, bringing my hopes down as low as the saving of the ship, the instant I saw the state of the upper works.

Marble and I had not been educated in a school that is apt to despair. As for my mate, had he found himself on a plank in the middle of the Atlantic, I do believe he would have set about rigging a jury-mast, by splitting off a piece of the hull of his craft and spreading his shirt by way of a sail. I never knew a more in-and-in bred seaman, who, when one resource failed, invariably set about the next best visible

expedient. We were at a loss, however, whether to make an effort to get rid of the foremast, or not. With the exception of the damage it did on the forecastle, it was of use to us, keeping the ship's bow up to the wind, and making better weather for us, on deck. The after-masts standing, while those forward were gone, had the effect to press the stern of the vessel to leeward, while this support in the water prevented her bows from falling off, and we rode much nearer to the wind than is usual with a ship that is lying-to. It is true, the outer end of the fallen spars began to drive to leeward; and, acting as a long lever, they were gradually working the broken end of the fore-mast athwart the forecastle, ripping and tearing away everything on the gunwale, and threatening the foot of the main-stay. This made it desirable to be rid of the wreck, while, on the other hand, there was the danger of the ship's bottom beating against the end of the mast, did the latter get overboard. Under all these circumstances, however, we determined to cut as much of the gear as possible, and let the fallen spars work themselves clear of us, if they could.

Our job was by no means easy. It was difficult to stand even on the deck of the *Dawn* in a time like that, and this difficulty was greatly increased forward by having so little to hold on by. But work we did, and in a way that cleared most of the rigging from the ship in the course of the next half hour. We were encouraged by the appearances of the weather, too, the gale having broken, and promising to abate. The ship grew a little easier, I thought, and we moved about with more confidence of not being washed away by the seas that came on board us. After a time, we took some refreshments, eating the remains of a former meal, and cheered our hearts a little with a glass or two of good sherry. Temperance may be very useful, but so is a glass of good wine, when properly used. Then we went at it again, working with a will and with spirit. The wreck aft wanted very little to carry it over the side, and going aloft with an ax, I watched my opportunity, cut one or two of the shrouds and stays, just as the ship lurched heavily to leeward, and got rid of the whole in the sea, handsomely, without further injury to the ship. This was a good deliverance, the manner in which the spars had threshed about having menaced our lives before. We now attacked the wreck forward, for the last time, feeling certain we should get it adrift, could we sever the connection formed by one or two of the larger ropes. The lee-shrouds, in particular, gave us trouble, it being impossible to get at them inboard, the fore-channels being half the time under water, and the bulwarks in their wake being all gone. It was, in fact, impossible to stand there to work long enough to clear or cut all the lanyards.

Marble was an adventurous fellow aloft, on all occasions, and seeing good footing about the top, without saying a word to me, he seized an ax, and literally ran out on the mast, where he began to cut the collars of the rigging at the mast-head. This was soon done, but the spars were no sooner clear than, impelled by a wave that nearly drowned the mate, the end of the foremast slid off the forecastle into the sea, leaving the ship virtually clear of the wreck, but my mate adrift on the last; I say virtually clear, for the lee fore-topsail-brace still remained fast to the ship, by some oversight in clearing away the smaller ropes. The effect of this restraint was to cause the whole body of the wreck to swing slowly round, until it rode by this rope alone.

Here was a new and most serious state of things! I knew that my mate would do all that man could perform, situated as he was, but what man could swim against such a sea, even the short distance that interposed between the spars and the ship? The point of the wreck nearest the vessel was the end of the topsail-yard to which the brace led, and this was raised from the water by the strain (the other end of the brace leading aloft) fathoms at a time, rendering it extremely difficult for Marble to reach the rope, by means of which I could now see, notwithstanding all the difficulties, he hoped to regain the

vessel. The voice could be heard by one directly to leeward, the howling of the winds and the roar of the waters having materially lessened within the last few hours. I shouted to Marble, therefore, my intentions.

"Stand by to get the brace as I ease it off, inboard," I cried; "then you will be safe!"

The mate understood me, giving a gesture of assent with his arm. When both were ready, I eased off the rope suddenly, and Marble, partly by crawling and partly by floating and dragging himself by the hands, actually got to the yard-arm, which was immediately raised from the water, however, by the drift made by the spars, while he was achieving his object. I trembled as I saw this stout seaman, the water dripping from his clothes, thus elevated in the air, with the angry billows rolling beneath him, like lions leaping upward to catch the adventurer in their grasp. Marble's hand was actually extended to reach the brace, when its block gave way with the strain. The eye of the strap slipping from the yard, down went the spar into the water. Next the trough of the sea hid everything from my sight, and I was left in the most painful doubt of the result, when I perceived the mate lashing himself to the top, as the portion of the wreck that floated the most buoyantly. He had managed to get in again, and coolly went to work to secure himself in the best berth he could find, the instant he regained the main mass of the wreck. As he rose on the crest of the sea, the poor fellow made a gesture of adieu to me, the leave-taking of the mariner!

In this manner did it please divine Providence to separate us four, who had already gone through so much in company! With what moody melancholy did I watch the wreck as it slowly drifted from the ship. I no longer thought of making further efforts to save the *Dawn*, and I can truly say that scarce a thought in connection with my own life crossed my mind. There I stood for quite an hour, leaning against the foot of the mizzen-mast, with folded arms and riveted eyes, regardless of the pitches, and lurches, and rolling of the ship, with all my faculties and thoughts fastened on the form of Marble, expecting each time that the top rose to view to find it empty. He was too securely lashed, however, to strike adrift, though he was nearly half the time under water. It was impossible to do anything to save him. No boat was left; had there been one, it could not have lived, nor could I have managed it alone. Spars he had already, but what must become of him without food or water? I threw two breakers of the last into the sea, and a box of bread, in a sort of idle hope they might drift down near the wreck, and help to prolong the sufferer's life. They were all tossed about in the caldron of the ocean, and disappeared to leeward, I knew not whither. When Marble was no longer visible from deck, I went into the maintop and watched the mass of spars and rigging, so long as any portion of it could be seen. Then I set it by compass in order to know its bearing, and an hour before the sun went down, or as soon as the diminished power of the wind would permit, I showed an ensign aloft, as a signal that I bore my mate in mind.

"He knows I will not desert him as long as there is hope—so long as I have life!" I muttered to myself; and this thought was a relief to my mind, in that bitter moment.

Bitter moment, truly! Time has scarcely lessened the keenness of the sensations I endured, as memory traces the feelings and incidents of that day. From the hour when I sailed from home Lucy's image was seldom absent from my imagination ten minutes at a time; I thought of her, sleeping and waking; in all my troubles; the interest of the sea-fight I had seen could not prevent this recurrence of my ideas to their polar star, their powerful magnet; but I do not remember to have thought of Lucy even once after Marble was thus carried away from my side. Neb, too, with his patient servitude, his virtues, his faults, his dauntless courage, his unbounded devotion to myself, had taken a strong hold on my heart, and his loss had greatly troubled me, since the

time it occurred. But I remember to have thought much of Lucy, even after Neb was swept away, though her image became temporarily lost to my mind, during the first few hours I was thus separated from Marble.

By the time the sun set, the wind had so far abated, and the sea had gone down so much, as to remove all further apprehensions from the gale. The ship lay-to easily, and I had no occasion to give myself any trouble on her account. Had there been light, I should now have put the helm up and run to leeward, in the hope of finding the spars, and at least of keeping near Marble; but fearful of passing him in the darkness, I deferred that duty until the morning. All I could do was to watch the weather, in order to make this effort before the wind should shift.

What a night I passed! As soon as it was dark I sounded the pumps, and found six feet of water in the hold. It was idle for one man to attempt clearing a vessel of the *Dawn's* size; and I gave myself no further thought in the matter. So much injury had been done the upper works of the ship, that I had a sort of conviction she must go down, unless fallen in with by some other craft. I cannot say apprehension for my own fate troubled me any, or that I thought of the ruin to my fortunes that was involved in the loss of the ship. My mind reverted constantly to my companions; could I have recovered them, I should have been happy, for a time, at least.

I slept two or three hours toward morning, overcome with fatigue. When I awoke, it was in consequence of receiving the sun's rays in my face. Springing to my feet, I cast a confused and hurried glance around me. The wind was still at northeast, but it barely blew a good whole-sail breeze. The sea had gone down, to the regular roll of the ocean; and a finer day never shone upon the Atlantic. I hurried eagerly on deck, and gazed on the ocean to leeward, with longing eyes, to ascertain if anything could be seen of the wreck of our spars. Nothing was visible. From the main-top I could command a pretty wide horizon; but the ocean lay a bright, glittering blank, the crests of its own waves excepted. I felt certain the *Dawn* was so weatherly, that the spars were to leeward; but the ship must have forged miles ahead, during the last twelve hours, and there was almost the equal certainty of her being a long distance to the southward of the floating hamper, her head having lain in that direction since the time she broached-to. To get her off before the wind, then, was my first concern, after which I could endeavor to force her to the northward, running the chance of falling in with the spars. Could I find my mate, we might still die together, which would have been a melancholy consolation just then.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Father of all! In every age,
In every clime adored;
By saint, by savage, or by sage—
Jehovah! Jove! or Lord!"—POPE.

FEELING the necessity of possessing all my strength, I ate a breakfast before I commenced work. It was with a heavy heart and but little appetite that I took this solitary meal; but I felt that its effects were good. When finished, I knelt on the deck and prayed to God, fervently, asking his divine assistance in my extremity. Why should an old man, whose race is nearly run, hesitate to own that, in the pride of his youth and strength, he was made to feel how insufficient we all are for our wants? Yes, I prayed; and I hope in a fitting spirit, for I felt that this spiritual sustenance did me even more good than the material of which I had just before partaken. When I rose from my knees, it was with a sense of hope, that I endeavored to suppress a little, as both unreasonable and dangerous. Perhaps the spirit of my sainted sister was permitted to look down on me, in that awful strait, and to offer up its own pure petitions in behalf of a brother she had so warmly loved. I began to feel myself less alone, and the work advanced the better from this mys-

terious sort of consciousness of the presence of the souls of those who had felt an interest in me while in the body.

My first measure was to lead the jib-stay, which had parted near the head of its own mast, to the head of the main-mast. This I did by bending on a piece of another rope. I then got up the halyards, and loosened and set the jib; a job that consumed quite two hours. Of course, this sail did not set very well, but it was the only mode I had of getting forward canvas on the ship at all. As soon as the jib was set, in this imperfect manner, I put the helm up, and got the ship before the wind. I then hauled out the spanker, and gave it sheet. By these means, aided by the action of the breeze on the hull and spars, I succeeded in getting something like three knots' way on the ship, keeping off a little northerly, in which direction I felt sensible it was necessary to proceed in quest of the spars. I estimated the drift of the wreck at a knot an hour, including the good and moderate weather; and, allowing for that of the ship itself, I supposed it must be by that time some twelve miles to leeward of me. These twelve miles I managed to run by noon, when I hauled up sufficiently to bring the wind abeam, heading northwardly. As the ship would now steer herself, that is as small as it was necessary for me to go, I collected some food, took a glass, and went up into the main-top to dine, and to examine the ocean.

The anxious, anxious hours I passed in that top! Not an object of any sort appeared on the surface of the wide ocean. It seemed as if the birds and the fishes had abandoned me to my loneliness. I watched and examined the surrounding sea, until my hands were tired with holding the glass, and my eyes became weary with their office. Fortunately, the breeze stood, though the sea went down fast, giving me every opportunity I could desire of effecting my object. The ship yawed about a good deal, it is true, but on the whole she made a very tolerable course. I could see by the water that she had a motion of about two knots for most of the time, though, as the day advanced, the wind began to fall, and her rate of going diminished quite one-half.

At length, after passing hours aloft, I went below to look after things there. On sounding the pumps I found ten feet water in the hold, though the upper works were now not at all submerged, and the motion of the vessel was very easy. That the *Dawn* was gradually sinking under me was a fact too evident to be denied; and all the concerns of this life began to narrow into a circle of some four-and-twenty hours. That time the ship would probably float, possibly a little longer should the weather continue moderate. The wind was decreasing still, and, thinking I might have a tranquil night, I determined to pass that time in preparing for the last great change. I had no will to make—little to leave, indeed, after my vessel was gone; for the debt due to John Wallingford would go far toward absorbing all my property. When his $40,000 were paid under a forced sale, little, indeed, would be the residue.

The state of things would have been somewhat different under a fair sale, perhaps, but a forced sale would probably sweep away everything. It is true my creditor was my heir; for, a legacy to Lucy and a few bequests to my slaves excepted, I had fairly bequeathed all I owned to my cousin. As for the blacks themselves, under the new policy of New York, they would soon be free; and I had no other interest in their fate than that of habit and affection.

But why speak of property in the situation in which I was placed? Had I owned the whole of Ulster County, my wishes, or any new will I might make, must die with me. The ocean would soon engulf the whole. Had I no desire to make an effort to save myself, or at least to prolong my existence, by means of a raft?—of boat there was none in the ship. The English had the yawl, and the launch had been driven away. The spare spars were swept overboard, as well as all the water-casks that had been lashed on deck. I might have done something with the hatches and mizzen-topmast, possibly, could I have gotten the last into the

water, but the expedient was so desperate it did not hold out any hopes to be encouraged. Even the hand-spikes had gone in the launch, and two of the buoys had been left with the anchors on the Irish coast. Under all the circumstances, it appeared to me that it would be more manly and resigned to meet my fate at once, than to attempt any such feeble projects to prolong existence for a few hours. I came to the resolution, therefore, to go down in my ship.

What was there to make life particularly dear to me? My home, my much-beloved Clawbonny, must go at all events; and I will own that a feeling of bitter distrust crossed my mind as I thought of these things, and that I began to fancy John Wallingford might have urged me to borrow his money, expressly to obtain a chance of seizing an estate that was so much prized by every Wallingford. I suppressed this feeling, however, and in a clear voice, I asked my cousin's pardon, the same as if he had been within hearing. Of Lucy I had no longer any hope: Grace was already in heaven; and the world contained few that cared for me. After Mr. Hardinge, Lucy always excepted, I now loved Marble and Neb the most, and these two were probably both dead, or doomed, like myself. We must all yield up our lives once; and though my hour came rather early, it should be met as a man meets everything, even to death itself.

Some time before the sun set I went aloft to take a last look at the ocean. I do not think any desire to prolong my existence carried me up the mast, but there was a lingering wish to look after my mate. The ocean beamed gloriously that eventide, and I fancied that it was faintly reflecting the gracious countenance of its divine Creator, in a smile of beneficent love. I felt my heart soften, as I gazed around me, and I fancied heavenly music was singing the praises of God on the face of the great deep. Then I knelt in the top and prayed.

Rising, I looked at the ocean, as I supposed, for the last time. Not a sail was anywhere to be seen. I cannot say that I felt disappointed—I did not expect relief from that quarter. My object was to find my mate, that we might die together. Slowly I raised the glass, and the horizon was swept with deliberation. Nothing appeared. I had shut the glass, and was about to sling it, when my eye caught the appearance of something floating on the surface of the ocean, within a mile of the ship, well to leeward, and ahead. I had overlooked it, in consequence of ranging above it with the glass, in the desire to sweep the horizon. I could not be mistaken: it was the wreck. In a moment the glass was leveled, and I assured myself of the fact. The top was plainly visible, floating quite high above the surface, and portions of the yards and masts were occasionally seen, as the undulations of the ocean left them bare. I saw an object, lying motionless across the top-rim, which I supposed to be Marble. He was either dead or asleep.

What a revulsion of feeling came over me at this sight! A minute before, and I was completely isolated; cut off from the rest of my species, and resigned to a fate that seemed to command my quitting this state of being without further communion with mankind. Everything was changed. Here was the companion of so many former dangers, the man who had taught me my profession, one that I can truly say I loved, quite near me, and possibly dying for the want of that aid which I might render! I was on deck in the twinkling of an eye; the sheets were eased off, and the helm put up. Obedient to my wishes, the ship fell off, and I soon got a glimpse, from the spot where I stood, at the wheel, of the wreck a little clear of the weather cathead. By this time the wind was so light, and the ship had got to be so deep in the water, that the motion of the last was very slow. Even with the helm up, it scarce equaled half a knot; I began to fear I should not be able to reach my goal after all!

There were now intervals of dead calm; then the air would return in little puffs, urging the great mass heavily onward. I whistled, I prayed, I called aloud for wind; in short, I adopted all the expedi-

ents known, from that of the most vulgar nautical superstition, up to profound petitions to the Father of Mercies. I presume all this brought no change, though the passage of time did. About half an hour before the sun dipped into the ocean the ship was within a hundred yards of the wreck. This I could ascertain by stolen glances, for the direction I was now compelled to steer placed the forward part of the ship between me and my object, and I did not dare to quit the wheel to go forward, lest I should miss it altogether. I had prepared a grapnel, by placing a small kedge in the lee waist, with a hawser bent, and, could I come within a few feet of the floating hamper, I felt confident of being able to hook into something. It appeared to me, now, as if the ship absolutely refused to move. Go ahead she did, notwithstanding, though it was only her own length in five or six minutes. My hasty glances told me that two more of these lengths would effect my purpose. I scarce breathed, lest the vessel should not be steered with sufficient accuracy. It was strange to me that Marble did not hail, and, fancying him asleep, I shouted with all my energy, in order to arouse him. "What a joyful sound that will be in his ears," I thought to myself, though to me my own voice seemed unearthly and alarming. No answer came. Then I felt a slight shock, as if the cutwater had hit something, and a low scraping sound against the copper announced that the ship had hit the wreck.

Quitting the wheel, I sprung into the waist, raising the kedge in my arms. Then came the upper spars wheeling strongly round, under the pressure of the vessel's bottom against the extremity of the lower mast. I saw nothing but the great maze of hamper and wreck, and could scarcely breathe in the anxiety not to miss my aim. There was much reason to fear the whole mass would float aft, leaving me no chance of throwing the kedge, for the smaller masts no longer inclined in, and I could see that the ship and wreck were slowly separating. A low thump on the bottom, directly beneath me, drew my head over the side, and I found the fore-yard, as it might be, a-cock-bill, with one end actually scraping along the ship's bottom. It was the only chance I had, or was likely to have, and I threw the kedge athwart it. Luckily, the hawser, as it tautened, brought a fluke directly under the yard, within the Flemish horse, the brace-block, and all the other ropes that are fitted to a lower yard-arm. So slow was the motion of the ship, that my grapnel held, and the entire body of the wreck began to yield to the pressure. I now jumped to the jib halyards and down-haul, getting that sail reduced; then I half-brailed the spanker; this was done lest my hold on the yard should give way.

I can say, that up to this instant, I had not even looked for Marble. So intense had been my apprehensions of missing the wreck, that I thought of nothing else, could see nothing else. Satisfied, however, that my fast would hold, I ran forward to look down on the top, that the strain of the hawser had brought directly under the very bow, over which it had fallen. It was empty! The object I had mistaken for Marble, dead or asleep, was a part of the bunt of the main-topsail, that had been hauled down over the top-rim and secured there, either to form a sort of shelter against the breaking seas, or a bed. Whatever may have been the intention of this nest, it no longer had an occupant. Marble had probably been washed away, in one of his adventurous efforts to make himself more secure or more comfortable.

The disappointment that came over me, as I ascertained this fact, was scarcely less painful than the anguish I had felt when I first saw my mate carried off into the ocean. There would have been a melancholy satisfaction in finding his body, that we might have gone to the bottom together, at least, and thus have slept in a common grave, in the depths of that ocean over which we had sailed so many thousands of leagues in company. I went and threw myself on the deck, regardless of my own fate, and wept in very bitterness of heart. I had arranged a mattress on the quarter-deck, and it was on that I now threw myself. Fatigue overcame me,

in the end, and I fell into a deep sleep. As my recollection left me, my last thought was that I should go down with the ship, as I lay there. So complete was the triumph of nature, that I did not even dream. I do not remember ever to have enjoyed more profound and refreshing slumbers; slumbers that continued until returning light awoke me. To that night's rest I am probably indebted, under God, for having the means of relating these adventures.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the night had been tranquil; otherwise a seaman's ears would have given him the alarm. When I arose I found the ocean glittering like a mirror, with no other motion than that which has so often been likened to the slumbering respiration of some huge animal. The wreck was thumping against the ship's bottom, announcing its presence, before I left the mattress. Of wind there was literally not a breath. Once in a while, the ship would seem to come up to breathe, as a heavy ground-swell rolled along her sides, and the wash of the element told the circumstance of such a visit; else, all was as still as the ocean in its infancy. I knelt again, and prayed to that dread Being, with whom, it now appeared to me, I stood alone in the center of the universe.

Down to the moment when I arose from my knees, the thought of making an effort to save myself, or to try to prolong existence a few hours, by means of the wreck, did not occur to me. But when I came to look about me, to note the tranquil condition of the ocean, and to heed the chances, small as they were, that offered, the love of life was renewed within me, and I seriously set about the measures necessary to such an end.

The first step was to sound the pumps anew. The water had not gained in the night as rapidly as it had gained throughout the preceding day. But still it had gained; there being three feet more of it than when I last sounded—the infallible evidence of the existence of a leak that no means of mine could stop. It was, then, hopeless to think of saving the ship. She had settled in the water, already, so as to bring the lower bolts of both fore and main-channels awash; and I supposed she might float for four-and-twenty hours longer, unless an injury that I had discovered under her larboard cathead, and which had been received from the wreck, should sooner get under water. It appeared to me that a butt had been started there; such a leak would certainly hasten the fate of the vessel by some hours, should it come fairly into the account.

Having made this calculation as to the time I had to do it in, I set seriously about the job of making provisions with my raft. In one or two particulars, I could not much improve the latter; for, the yards lying underneath the masts, it rendered the last as buoyant as was desirable in moderate weather. It struck me, however, that by getting the top-gallant and royal-masts, with their yards, in, around the top, I might rig a staging, with the aid of the hatches, that would not only keep me entirely out of the water, in mild weather, but which would contain all one man could consume, in the way of victuals and drink, for a month to come. To this object, then, I next gave my attention.

I had no great difficulty in getting the spars I have mentioned loose, and in hauling them alongside of the top. It was a job that required time rather than strength; for my movements were greatly facilitated by the presence of the topmast rigging, which remained in its place, almost as taut as when upright. The other rigging I cut, and having got out the fids of the two masts, one at a time, I pushed the spars through their respective caps with a foot. Of course, I was obliged to get into the water to work; but I had thrown aside most of my clothes for the occasion, and, the weather being warm, I felt greatly refreshed by my bath. In two hours' time I had my topgallant-mast and yard well secured to the top-rim and the caps, having sawed them in pieces for the purpose. The fastenings were both spikes and lashings, the carpenter's stores furnishing plenty of the former, as well as all sorts of tools.

This part of the arrangement completed, I ate a hearty breakfast, when

I began to secure the hatches, as a sort of floor, on my primitive joists. This was not difficult, the hatches being long, and the rings enabling me to lash them, as well as to spike them. Long before the sun had reached the meridian, I had a stout little platform, that was quite eighteen inches above the water, and which was surrounded by a species of low ridge-ropes, so placed as to keep articles from readily falling off it. The next measure was to cut all the sails from the yards, and to cut loose all the rigging and iron that did not serve to keep the wreck together. The reader can easily imagine how much more buoyancy I obtained by these expedients. The foresail alone weighed much more than I did myself, with all the stores I might have occasion to put on my platform. As for the fore-topsail, there was little of it left, the canvas having mostly blown from the yard before the mast went.

My raft was completed by the time I felt the want of dinner; and a very good raft it was. The platform was about ten feet square, and it now floated quite two feet clear of the water. This was not much for a sea; but, after the late violent gale, I had some reason to expect a continuation of comparatively good weather. I should not have been a true seaman not to have bethought me of a mast and a sail. I saved the fore-royal-mast, and the yard, with its canvas, for such a purpose; determining to rig them when I had nothing else to do. I then ate my dinner, which consisted of the remnants of the old cold meat and fowls I could find among the cabin eatables.

This meal taken, the duty that came next was to provision my raft. It took but little time or labor. The cabin stores were quite accessible; and a bag of pilot-bread, another of that peculiarly American invention called crackers, some smoked beef, a case of liquors, and two breakers of water, formed my principal stock. To this I added a pot of butter, with some capital smoked herrings, and some anchovies. We lived well in the cabin of the *Dawn*, and there was no difficulty in making all the provisions that six or eight men would have needed for a month. Perceiving that the raft, now it was relieved from the weight of the sails and rigging, was not much affected by the stores, I began to look about me in quest of anything valuable I might wish to save. The preparations I had been making created a sort of confidence in their success; a confidence (hope might be the better word) that was as natural, perhaps, as it was unreasonable. I examined the different objects that offered, with a critical comparison of their value and future usefulness, that would have been absurd, had it not afforded a melancholy proof of the tenacity of our desires in matters of this nature. It is certainly a sad thing to abandon a ship at sea, with all her appliances, and with the knowledge of the gold that she cost. The *Dawn*, with her cargo, must have stood me in eighty thousand dollars, or even more; and here was I about to quit her, out on the ocean, with an almost moral certainty that not a cent of the money could be, or would be, recovered from the insurers.

These last only took risks against the accidents of the ocean, fire included; and there was a legal obligation on the insured to see that the vessel was properly found and manned. It was my own opinion that no accident would have occured to the ship in the late gale had the full crew been on board; and that the ship was not sufficiently manned was, in a legal sense, my own fault. I was bound to let the English carry her into port, and to await judgment—the law supposing that justice would have been done in the premises. The law might have been greatly mistaken in this respect; but potentates never acknowledge their blunders. If I was wronged in the detention, the law presumed suitable damages. It is true, I might be ruined by the delay, through the debts left behind me; but the law, with all its purity, cared nothing for that. Could I have shown a loss by means of a falling market, I might have obtained redress, provided the court chose to award it, and provided the party did not appeal; or, if he did, that the subsequent decisions supported the first; and provided—all the

decrees being in my favor—my Lord Harry Dermond could have paid a few thousands in damages; a problem to be solved in itself.

I always carried to sea with me a handsome chest, that I had bought in one of my earlier voyages, and which usually contained my money, clothes, and other valuables. This chest I managed to get on deck, by the aid of a purchase, and over the ship's side, on the raft. It was much the most troublesome task I had undertaken. To this I added my writing-desk, a mattress, two or three counterpanes, and a few other light articles, which it struck me might be of use—but which I could cast into the sea at any moment, should it become necessary. When all this was done, I conceived that my useful preparations were closed.

It was near night, and I felt sufficiently fatigued to lie down and sleep. The water had gained very slowly during the last few hours, but the ship was now swimming so low that I thought it unsafe to remain in the vessel while asleep. I determined, therefore, to take my leave of her, and go on the raft for that purpose. It struck me, too, it might be unsafe to be too near the vessel when she went down, and I had barely time to get the spars a short distance from the ship before darkness would come. Still, I was unwilling to abandon the *Dawn* altogether, since the spars that stood on board her would always be a more available signal to any passing vessel than the low sail I could set on the raft. Should she float during the succeeding day they would increase the chances of a rescue, and they offered an advantage not to be lightly thrown away.

To force the spars away from the ship was not an easy task of itself. There is an attraction in matter that is known to bring vessels nearer together in calms, and I had this principle of nature first to overcome; then to neutralize it, without the adequate means for doing either. Still I was very strong and possessed all the resources of a seaman. The raft, too, now its length was reduced, was much more manageable than it had been originally, and in rummaging about the 'twixt-decks I had found a set of oars belonging to the launch, which had been stowed in the steerage, and which of course were preserved. These I had taken to the raft, to strengthen my staging, or deck, and two of them had been reserved for the very purpose to which they were now applied.

Cutting away the kedge, then, and casting off the other ropes I had used, with which to breast-to the raft, I began to shove off, just as the sun was dipping. So long as I could pull by the ship I did very well, for I adopted the expedient of hauling astern, instead of pushing broad-off, under the notion that I might get a better drift, if quite from under the lee of the vessel, than if lying on her broadside. I say the "lee," though there wasn't a breath of air, nor scarcely any motion of the water. I had a line fast to a stern-davit, and, placing myself with my feet braced against the chest, I soon overcame the *vis inertiæ* of the spars, and, exerting all my force, when it was once in motion, I succeeded in giving the raft an impetus that carried it completely past the ship. I confess I felt no personal apprehension from the suction, supposing the ship to sink while the raft was in absolute contact with it, but the agitation of the water might weaken its parts, or it might wash most of my stores away. This last consideration induced me, now, to go to work with the oars, and try to do all I could by that mode of propelling my dull craft. I worked hard just one hour, by my watch; at the expiration of that time the nearest end of the raft, or the lower part of the foremast, was about a hundred yards from the *Dawn's* taffrail. This was a slow movement, and did not fail to satisfy me, that, if I were to be saved at all, it would be by means of some passing vessel, and not by my own progress.

Overcome by fatigue, I now lay down and slept. I took no precautions against the wind's rising in the night; first, because I thought it impossible from the tranquil aspects of the heavens and the ocean; and, secondly, because I felt no doubt that the wash of the water and the

sound of the winds would arouse me should it occur differently. As on the previous night, I slept sweetly, and obtained renewed strength for any future trials. As on the preceding morning, too, I was awaked by the warm rays of the rising sun falling on my face. On first awaking I did not know exactly where I was. A moment's reflection, however, sufficed to recall the past to my mind, and I turned to examine my actual situation.

I looked for the ship toward the end of the mast, or in the direction where I had last seen her, but she was not visible. The raft had swung round in the night, I thought, and I bent my eyes slowly round the entire circle of the horizon, but no ship was to be seen. The *Dawn* had sunk in the night, and so quietly as to give no alarm! I shuddered, for I could not but imagine what would have been my fate had I been aroused from the sleep of the living only to experience the last agony as I passed away into the sleep of the dead. I cannot describe the sensation that came over me as I gazed around, and found myself on the broad ocean, floating on a little deck that was only ten feet square, and which was raised less than two feet above the surface of the waters. It was now that I felt the true frailty of my position, and comprehended all its dangers. Before, it had been shaded by the ship, as it might be, and I had found a species of protection in her presence. But the whole truth now stood before me. Even a moderate breeze would raise a sea that could not fail to break over the staging, and which must sweep everything away. The spars had a specific lightness, it is true, and they would never sink, or if they did sink, it would only be at the end of ages, when saturated with water and covered with barnacles; but, on the other hand, they possessed none of the buoyancy of a vessel, and could not rise above the rolling waters sufficiently to clear their breakers.

These were not comfortable reflections; they pressed on my mind even while engaged at my morning devotions. After performing, in the best manner I could, this never-ceasing duty, I ate a litte, though I must admit it was with a small appetite. Then I made the best stowage I could of my effects, and rigged and stepped the mast, hoisting the sail as a signal to any vessel that might appear. I expected wind ere long, nor was I disappointed—a moderate breeze springing up from the northwest about nine o'clock. This air was an immense relief to me in more ways than one. It cooled my person, which was suffering from the intense heat of a summer's sun beating directly on a boundless expanse of water, and it varied a scene that otherwise possessed an oppressively wearisome sameness. Unfortunately, this breeze met me in the bows; for I had stepped my mast in the foremast, lashed it against the bottom of the top, which, it will be remembered, was now perpendicular, and stayed it to the mastheads and dead-eyes of the topmast rigging, all of which remained as when erect, though now floating on the water. I intended the fractured part of the foremast for my cut-water, and, of course, had to wear ship before I could gather any way. This singular maneuver occupied a quarter of an hour, my braces, tacks, and sheets not working particularly well. At the end of that time, however, I got round, and laid my yard square.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be."

—WINTER'S TALE.

As soon as the raft got fairly before the wind, and the breeze had freshened, I had an opportunity of ascertaining what it would do. The royal was a large one, and it stood well. I had brought a log-line and the slow-glass with me, as well as my quadrant, slate, etc., and began to think of keeping a reckoning. I had supposed the ship to be, when it fell calm, about two hundred miles from the land, and I knew her to be in latitude 48° 37″. The log-line told me the raft moved

through the water, all that forenoon, at a rate of about half a knot in the hour; and could I keep on for fifteen or sixteen days, in a straight course, I might yet hope to get ashore. I was not so weak, however, as to expect any such miracle to be wrought in my favor, though, had I been in the trades, the thing might have occurred. By cutting adrift the two yards, or by getting them fore and aft, in a line with the water, my rate of sailing might be doubled; and I began seriously to think of effecting this great change. Cut the yards adrift I did not like to do, their support in keeping me out of water being very important. By hauling on the lift I did get them in a more oblique position, and in a measure thus lessened their resistance to the element. I thought that even this improvement made a difference of half a knot in my movement. Nevertheless, it was tedious work to be a whole hour in going less than a single mile, when two hundred remained to be traveled, and the risks of the ocean were thus constantly impending over one!

What a day was that! It blew pretty fresh at one time, and I began to tremble for my staging, or deck, which got washed several times, though the topsail-yard made for it a sort of lee, and helped to protect it. Toward the decline of the day the wind went down, and at sunset everything was as tranquil as it had been the previous evening. I thought I might have been eight or nine miles from the spot where the *Dawn* went down, without computing the influence of the currents, which may have set me all that distance back again, or so much further ahead, for anything I knew of the matter. At sunset I took an anxious survey of the horizon, to see if any sail were in sight; but nothing was visible.

Another tranquil night gave me another tranquil night's rest. I call the last tranquil, as it proved to be in one sense, though I was sorely troubled with dreams. Had I been suffering for nourishment, I certainly should have dreamed of food; but such not being the case, my thoughts took the direction of home and friends. Much of the time I lay half asleep and half awake; then my mind would revert to my sister, to Lucy, to Mr. Hardinge, and to Clawbonny—which I fancied already in the possession of John Wallingford, who was triumphing in his ownership and the success of his arts. Then I thought Lucy had purchased the place, and was living there with Andrew Drewett, in a handsome new house, built in the modern taste. By modern taste I do not mean one of the Grecian-temple school, as I do not think that even all the vagaries of a diseased imagination, that was suffering under the calamities of shipwreck, could induce me to imagine Lucy Hardinge silly enough to desire to live in such a structure.

Toward morning I fell into a doze, the fourth or fifth renewal of my slumbers that night; and I remember that I had that sort of curious sensation which apprises us itself that it is a dream. In the course of the events that passed through my mind, I fancied I overheard Marble and Neb conversing. Their voices were low and solemn, as I thought; and the words so distinct that I still remember every syllable.

"No, Neb," said Marble, or seemed to say, in a most sorrowful tone, one I had never heard him use even in speaking of his hermitage. "There is little hope for Miles, now. I felt as if the poor boy was lost when I saw him swept away from me by them bloody spars striking adrift, and set him down as one gone from that moment. You've lost an A No. 1 master, Mister Neb, I can tell you, and you may sarve a hundred before you fall in with his like ag'in."

"I nebber sarve anoder gentleum, Misser Marble," returned the black; "*dat* as sartain as gospel. I born in 'e Wallingford family, and I lib an' die in 'e same family, or I don't want to lib and die at all. My real name be Wallingford, dough folk do call me Clawbonny."

"Ay, and a slim family it's got to be," rejoined the mate. "The nicest, and the handsomest, and the most virtuous young woman in all York State is gone out of it first; I knew but little of her; but how often did poor Miles tell me all about her;

and how he loved her, and how she loved him, and the like of all that, as is becoming; and something in the way that I love little Kitty, my niece, you know, Neb, only a thousand times more; and hearing so much of a person is all the same, or even better, than to know them up and down, if a body wants to feel respect with all his heart. Secondly, as a person would say, now there's Miles lost, too, for the ship is sartainly gone down, Neb; otherwise, she would have been seen floating hereabouts, and we may log him as a man lost overboard."

"P'rhaps not, Misser Marble," said the negro. "Masser Mile swim like a fish, and he isn't the gentleum to give up as soon as trouble come. P'rhaps he swimming about all dis time."

"Miles could do all that man could do, Neb, but he can't swim two hundred miles —a South Sea man might do something like that, I do suppose, but they're onaccountably web-footed. No, no, Neb; I fear we shall have to give him up. Providence swept him away from us, like, and we've lost him. Ah's me—well, I loved that boy better, even, than a Yankee loves cucumbers."

This may be thought an odd comparison to cross a drowsy imagination, but it was one Marble often made; and if eating the fruit, morning, noon and night, will vindicate its justice, the mate stood exonerated from everything like exaggeration.

"Ebbrybody lub Masser Mile," said the warm-hearted Neb, or I thought he so said. "I nebber see that we *can* go home to good old Masser Hardinge, and tell him how we lose Masser Mile!"

"It will be a hard job, Neb, but I greatly fear it must be done. However, we will now turn in and try to catch a nap, for the wind will be rising one of these times, and then we shall have need of keeping our eyes wide open."

After this I heard no more; but every word of that which I have related sounded as plainly in my ears as if the speakers were within fifty feet of me. I lay in the same state, some time longer, endeavoring, as I was curious myself, of catching, or fancying, more words from those I loved so well; but no more came. Then I believe I fell into a deeper sleep, for I remember no more for hours.

At dawn I awoke, the care on my mind answering for a call. This time I did not wait for the sun to shine in my eyes, but, of the two, I rather preceded than awaited the return of the light. On standing erect I found the sea as tranquil as it had been the previous night, and there was an entire calm. It was still so dusky that a little examination was necessary to be certain nothing was near. The horizon was scarcely clear, though, making my first look toward the east, objects were plainest in that quarter of the ocean. I then turned slowly round, examining the vast expanse of water as I did so, until my back was toward the approaching light, and I faced the west. I thought I saw a boat within ten yards of me! At first I took it for illusion, and rubbed my eyes to make sure that I was awake. There it was, however, and another look satisfied me it was my own launch, or that in which poor Neb had been carried overboard. What was more, it was floating in the proper manner, appeared buoyant, and had two masts rigged. It is true that it looked dusky, as objects appear just at dawn, but it was sufficiently distinct. I could not be mistaken; it was my own launch thus thrown within my reach by the mercy of divine Providence.

This boat, then, had survived the gale, and the winds and currents had brought it and the raft together. What had become of Neb? He must have rigged the masts, for none were stepped, of course, when the boat was in the chocks. Masts, and sails, and oars were always kept in the boat, it is true; but the first could not be stepped without hands. A strange, wild feeling came over me, as a man might be supposed to yield to the appearance of supernatural agencies, and almost without intending it, I shouted, "Boat ahoy!"

"Yo hoy!" answered Marble; "who hails?"

The form of the mate appeared rising in the boat; at the next instant Neb stood at his side. The conversation of the previous night had been real, and

those whom I had mourned as lost stood within thirty feet of me, hale, hearty, and unharmed. The boat and raft had approached each other in the darkness; and, as I afterward learned, the launch having fanned along for several hours of the night, stopped for want of wind nearly where I now saw her, and where the dialogue, part of which I overheard while half asleep, had taken place. Had the launch continued on its course only ten yards further, it would have hit the foretopmast. That attraction of which I have already spoken, probably kept the boat and raft near each other throughout the night, and quite likely had been slowly drawing them together while we slept.

It would not be easy to say which party was the most astonished at this recognition. There was Marble, whom I had supposed washed off the raft, safe in the launch; and here was I, whom the other two had thought to have gone down in the ship, safe on the raft! We appeared to have changed places, without concert and without expectation of ever again meeting. Though ignorant of the means through which all this had been brought about, I very well know what we did, as soon as each man was certain that he saw the other standing before him in the flesh. We sat down and wept like three children. Then Neb, too impatient to wait for Marble's movements, threw himself into the sea, and swam to the raft. When he got on the staging the honest fellow kissed my hands, again and again, blubbering the whole time like a girl of three or four years of age. This scene was interrupted only by the expostulations and proceedings of the mate.

"What's this you're doing, you bloody nigger?" cried Marble. "Desarting your station, and leaving me here, alone, to manage this heavy launch by myself. It might be the means of losing all hands of us again, should a hurricane spring up suddenly, and wreck us over again."

The truth was, Marble began to be ashamed of the weakness he had betrayed, and was ready to set upon anything in order to conceal it. Neb put an end to this sally, however, by plunging again into the water, and swimming back to the boat as readily as he had come to the raft.

"Ay, here you are, Neb, nigger-like, and not knowing whether to stay or to go," growled the mate, busy the whole time in shipping two oars. "You put me in mind of a great singer I once heard in Liverpool; a chap that would keep shaking and quavering at the end of a varse, in such a style that he sometimes did not know whether to let go or to hold on. It is onbecoming in men to forget themselves, Neb; if we have found him we thought to be lost, it is no reason for desarting our stations, or losing our wits—Miles, my dear boy," springing on the raft, and sending Neb adrift again, all alone, by the backward impetus of the leap—"Miles, my dear boy, God be praised for this!" squeezing both my hands as in a vise—"I don't know how it is—but ever since I've fallen in with my mother and little Kitty I've got to be womanish. I suppose it's what you call domestic affection."

Here Marble gave in once more, blubbering just as hard as Neb himself had done.

A few minutes later, all three began to know what we were about. The launch was hauled up alongside of the stage, and we sat on the latter, relating the manner in which each of us had been saved. First, then, as to Neb: I have already told the mode in which the launch was swept overboard, and I inferred its loss from the violence of the tempest, and the height of the seas that were raging around us. It is true, neither Marble nor I saw anything of the launch after it sunk behind the first hill of water to leeward, for we had too much to attend to on board the ship to have leisure to look about us. But it seems the black was enabled to maintain the boat the right side up, and, by baling, to keep her afloat. He drove to leeward, of course, and the poor fellow described in vivid terms his sensations, as he saw the rate at which he was driving away from the ship, and the manner in which he lost sight of her remaining spars. As soon as the wind would permit, how-

ever, he stepped the masts, and set the two lugs, close-reefed, making stretches of three or four miles in length, to windward. This timely decision was the probable means of saving all our lives. In the course of a few hours, after he had got the boat under command, he caught a glimpse of the fore-royal-masts sticking out from the cap of a sea, and watching it eagerly, he next perceived the whole of the raft, as it came up on the same swell, with Marble, half drowned, lashed to the top. It was quite an hour before Neb could get near enough to the raft, or spars, to make Marble conscious of his presence, and some time longer ere he could get the sufferer into the boat. This rescue did not occur one minute too soon, for the mate admitted to me he was half drowned, and that he did not think he could have held out much longer when Neb took him into the boat.

As for food and water they fared well enough. A breaker of fresh water was kept in each boat, by my standing orders, and it seems that the cook, who was a bit of an epicure, in his way, was in the habit of stowing a bag of bread, and certain choice pieces of beef and pork, in the bows of the launch, for his own special benefit. All these Neb had found, somewhat the worse for salt-water, it is true, but still in a condition to be eaten. There was sufficient in the launch, therefore, when we thus met, to sustain Marble and Neb in good heart for a week.

As soon as the mate was got off the raft he took direction of the launch. Unluckily, he made a long stretch to the northward, intending to tack and cross what he supposed must have been the position of the ship, and come to my relief. While the launch was thus working its way to windward, I fell in with, and took possession of, the raft, as has been described. Marble's calculation was a good one in the main, but it brought him near the *Dawn* the night she sunk, and the raft and boat were both too low to be seen at any distance, the one from the other. It is probable we were not more than ten or twelve miles asunder the most of the day I was on the raft, Marble putting up his helm to cross the supposed position of the ship about three in the afternoon. This brought him down upon the raft about midnight, when the conversation I have related took place, within a few yards of me, neither party having the least notion of the proximity of the other.

I was touched by the manner in which Marble and Neb spoke of my supposed fate. Neither seemed to remember that he was washed away from a ship, but appeared to fancy that I was abandoned alone on the high seas in a sinking vessel. While I had been regretting their misfortunes, they had both thought of me as the party to be pitied, each fancying his own fortune more happy than mine. In a word, their concern for me was so great, that they altogether forgot to dwell on the hardships and dangers of their own particular cases. I could not express all I felt on the occasion, but the events of that morning, and the feelings betrayed by my two old shipmates, made an impression on my heart that time has not, nor ever can, efface. Most men who had been washed overboard would have fancied themselves the suffering party; but during the remainder of the long intercourse that succeeded, both Marble and Neb always alluded to this occurrence as if I were the person lost and rescued.

We were an hour or more entirely occupied in these explanations before either recollected the future. Then I felt that it was time to have some thought for our situation, which was sufficiently precarious as it was, though Marble and Neb made light of any risks that remained to be run. I was saved, as it might be, by a miracle, and that was all that they could remember just then. But a breeze sprung up from the eastward, as the sun appeared, and the agitation of the raft soon satisfied me that my berth would have been most precarious had I not been so providentially relieved. It is true, Marble made light of the present state of things, which, compared to those into which he had been so suddenly launched, without food, water, or provisions of any sort, was a species of paradise. Nevertheless, no time was to be wasted, and we

had a long road to travel in the boat ere we could deem ourselves in the least safe.

My two associates had got the launch in as good order as circumstances would allow. But it wanted ballast to carry sail hard, and they had felt this disadvantage, particularly Neb, when he first got the boat on a wind. I could understand, by his account of the difficulties and dangers he experienced, though it came out incidentally, and without the smallest design to magnify his own merits, that nothing but his undying interest in me could have prevented him from running off before the wind in order to save his own life. An opportunity now offered to remedy this evil, and we went to work to transfer all the effects I had placed on the stage to the launch. They made a little cargo that gave her stability at once. As soon as this was done we entered the boat, made sail, and hauled close on a wind, under reefed lugs, it beginning to blow smartly in puffs.

I did not part from the raft without melancholy regrets. The materials of which it was composed were all that now remained of the *Dawn*. Then, the few hours of jeopardy and loneliness I had passed on it were not to be forgotten. They still recur vividly to my thoughts with deep, and, I trust, profitable reflections. The first hour after we cast off we stood to the southward. The wind continuing to increase in violence, and the sea to get up, until it blew too fresh for the boat to make any headway, or even to hold her own against it. Marble thought he might do better on the other tack—having some reason to suppose there was a current setting to the southward and eastward—and we wore round. After standing to the northward for a sufficient length of time, we again fell in with the spars—a proof that we were doing nothing toward working our way to windward. I determined, at once, to make fast to them, and use them as a sort of floating anchor, so long as the foul wind lasted. We had some difficulty in effecting this object; but we finally succeeded in getting near enough under the lee of the top to make fast to one of its eye-bolts—using a small bit of hawser that was in the boat for that purpose. The boat was then dropped a sufficient distance to leeward of the spars, where it rode head to sea like a duck. This was a fortunate expedient; as it came on to blow hard, and we had something very like a little gale of wind.

As soon as the launch was thus moored we found its advantage. It shipped no more water, or very little, and we were not compelled to be on the look-out for squalls, which occurred every ten or fifteen minutes, with a violence that it would not do to trifle with. The weather thickened at these moments; and there were intervals of half an hour at a time, when we could not see a hundred yards from the boat, on account of the drizzling, misty rain that filled the atmosphere. There we sat, conversing sometimes of the past, sometimes of the future, a bubble in the midst of the raging waters of the Atlantic, filled with the confidence of seamen. With the stout boat we possessed, the food and water we had, I do not think either now felt any great concern for his fate; it being possible, in moderate weather, to run the launch far enough to reach an English port in about a week. Favored by even a tolerably fair wind the object might be effected in even two or three days.

"I take it for granted, Miles," Marble remarked, as we pursued our discourse, "that your insurance will completely cover your whole loss. You did not forget to include freight in the risks?"

"So far from this, Moses, I believe myself to be nearly or quite a ruined man. The loss of the ship is unquestionably owing to the act of the *Speedy*, united to our own, in setting those Englishmen adrift on the ocean. No insurer will meet a policy that has thus been voided."

"Ah! the blackguards! This is worse than I had thought; but you can always make a harbor at Clawbonny."

I was on the point of explaining to Marble how I stood in relation to the paternal acres, when a sort of shadow was suddenly cast on the boat, and I fancied the rushing of the water seemed to be increased at the same instant. We all

three sat with our faces to leeward, and all turned them to windward under a common impulse. A shout burst from Marble's throat, and a sight met my eyes that caused the blood to rush in a torrent through my heart. Literally, within a hundred feet of us, was a large ship, plowing the ocean with a furrow that rose to her hawse-holes, and piling before her, in her track, a mound of foam, as she came down upon us, with topmast and lower studding-sails set — overshadowing the sea like some huge cloud. There was scarcely time for more than a glance, ere the ship was nearly upon us. As she rose on a swell, her black sides came up out of the ocean, glittering and dripping, and the line of frowning guns seemed as if just lacquered. Neb was in the bow of the launch, while I was in the stern. My arm was extended involuntarily, or instinctively would be the better word, to avert the danger, when it seemed to me that the next send of the ship would crush us beneath the bright copper of her bottom. Without Neb's strength and presence of mind we had been lost beyond a hope; for swimming up to the spars against the sea that was on would have been next to hopeless; and even if there, without food, or water, our fate would have been sealed. But Neb seized the hawser by which we were riding, and hauled the launch ahead her length or more, before the frigate's larboard bower-anchor settled down in a way that menaced crushing us. As it was, I actually laid a hand on the muzzle of the third gun, while the ship went foaming by. At the next instant she was passed; and we were safe. Then all three of us shouted together. Until that moment none in the frigate were aware of our vicinity. But the shout gave the alarm, and as the ship cleared us her taffrail was covered with officers. Among them was one gray-headed man, whom I recognized by his dress for the captain. He made a gesture, turning an arm upward, and I knew an order was given immediately after by the instantaneous manner in which the taffrail was cleared.

"By George!" exclaimed Marble, "I had a generalizing time of it for half a dozen seconds, Miles."

"There was more risk," I answered, "than time to reflect on it. However, the ship is about to round-to, and we shall be picked up at last. Let us thank God for this."

It was indeed a beautiful sight for a seaman to note the manner in which that old captain handled his vessel. Although we found the wind and sea too much for a boat that had to turn to windward, neither was of much moment to a stout frigate that carried fifty guns, and which was running off with the wind on her quarter.

She was hardly past us when I could see preparations making to take in canvas. At the instant she overshadowed us with her huge wings, this vessel had topgallant-sails set, with two topmasts and a lower studding-sail, besides carrying the lee-clew of her mainsail down, and the other customary cloth spread. Up went her mainsail almost as soon as the captain made the signal with his arm; then all three of the topgallant-sails were flying at the same moment. Presently the yards were alive with men, and the loose canvas was rolled up, and the gaskets passed. While this was doing, down came all the studding-sails together, much as a bird shuts its wings. The booms disappeared immediately after.

"Look at that, Miles!" cried the delighted Marble. "Although a bloody Englishman, that chap leaves nothing to be done over again. He puts everything in its place, like an old woman stowing away her needles and thread. I'll warrant you the old blade is a keen one!"

"The ship is well handled, certainly, and her people work like mariners who are trying to save the lives of mariners."

While this was passing between us, the frigate was stripped to her three topsails, spanker, jib, and fore-course. Down came her yards next, and then they were covered with blue-jackets, like bees clustering around a hive. We had scarcely time to note this, ere the men lay in, and the yards were up again with the sails reefed. This was no sooner done than the frigate, which had luffed the instant

A shout burst from Marble's throat, and a sight met my eyes that caused the blood to rush in a torrent through my heart.

—*Miles Wallingford.*

the steering sails were in, was trimmed close on a wind, and began to toss the water over her spritsail-yards as she met the waves like one that paid them no heed. No sooner was the old seaman who directed all this assured of the strength of the wind he had to meet, than down went his mainsail again, and the tack was hauled aboard.

The stranger was then under the smartest canvas a frigate can carry—reefs in her topsails, with the courses set. Her sail could be shortened in an instant, yet she was under a press of it, more than an ordinary vessel would presume to carry, perhaps, in so strong a breeze.

Notwithstanding the great jeopardy from which we had just escaped, and the imminent hazard so lately run, all three of us watched the movements of the frigate with as much satisfaction as a connoisseur would examine a fine painting. Even Neb let several "nigger" expressions of pleasure escape him.

By the time sail could be shortened and the ship hauled close on a wind, the frigate was nearer half than a quarter of a mile off. We had to wait, therefore, until she could beat up to the place where we lay. This she soon did, making one stretch to the southward until in a line with the boat, when she tacked and came toward us with her yards braced up, but having the wind nearly a-beam. As she got within a cable's length, both courses were hauled up, and left hanging in the brails. Then the noble craft came rolling by us in the trough, passing so near that we might be spoken. The old officer stood in the weather gangway with a trumpet, and he hailed when near enough to be heard. Instead of asking questions to satisfy his own curiosity, he merely communicated his own intentions.

"I'll heave-to, when past you," he cried out, "wearing ship to do so. You can then drop down under my stern, as clean as possible, and we'll throw you a rope."

I understood the plan, which was considerate, having a regard to the feebleness of our boat's crew, and the weight of the boat itself. Accordingly, when she had room enough, the frigate wore, hauling up close on the other tack, and laying her mainyard square. As soon as the ship was stationary, Neb cast off the hawser, and Marble and he manned two oars. We got the boat round without much risk, and, in less time than it takes to write it, were sending down toward the ship at a furious rate. I steered, and passed so near the frigate's rudder, that I thought, for an instant, I had gone too close. A rope was hove as we cleared the lee-quarter of the frigate, and the people on board hauled us alongside. We caught the man-ropes, and were soon on the quarter-deck. A respectable-looking, elderly man, of a square, compact frame, and a fine ruddy English face, in a post captain's undress, received me, with an extended hand, and a frank, generous, hearty manner.

"You are welcome on board the *Briton*," he said warmly; "and I thank God that he has put it in our power to relieve you. Your ship must have been lost quite recently, as you do not seem to have suffered. When you feel equal to it, I should like to hear the name of your vessel, and the particulars of her disaster. I suppose it was in the late blow, which was a whacker, and did lots of mischief along the coast. I see you are Americans, and that your boat is New York built; but all men in distress are countrymen."

This was a hearty reception, and one I had every reason to extol. So long as I stayed with Captain Rowley, as this officer was named, I had no reason to complain of any change in his deportment. Had I been his son, he could not have treated me more kindly, taking me into his own cabin, and giving me a seat at his own table. I gave him an outline of what had happened to us, not deeming it necessary to relate the affair with the *Speedy*, however; simply mentioning the manner in which we had escaped from a French privateer, and leaving him to infer, should he see fit, that the rest of our crew had been carried away on that occasion. My reserve on the subject of the other capture, the reader will at once see, was merely a necessary piece of prudent caution.

Captain Rowley had no sooner heard my

story, which I made as short as possible, knowing that Marble and Neb had been cautioned on the subject, than he again took my hand, and welcomed me to his ship. The mate was sent into the gun-room, and recommended to the hospitality of the lieutenants; while Neb was placed in the care of the cabin servants. A short consultation was then held about the boat, which it was decided must be sent adrift, after its effects were passed out of it; the *Briton* having no use for such a launch, nor any place to stow it. I stood at the gangway, and looked with a melancholy eye at this last remnant of the *Dawn* that I ever beheld: a large eighty thousand dollars of my property vanishing from the earth, in the loss of that ship and her cargo.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Some shout at victory's loud acclaim,
Some fall that victory to assure,
But time divulges that in name,
Alone, our triumphs are secure."—DUO.

THE *Briton* had come out of the Cove of Cork, only a few days before, and was bound on service, with orders to run off to the westward, a few hundred miles, and to cruise three months in a latitude that might cover the homeward-bound running ships, from the American provinces, of which there were many in that early period of the war. This was not agreeable news to us, who had hoped to be landed somewhere immediately, and who had thought, at first, on seeing a ship carrying a press of sail to the westward, that she might be going to Halifax. There was no remedy, however, and we were fain to make the best of circumstances. Captain Rowley promised to put us on board the first vessel that offered, and that was as much as we had a right to ask of him.

More than two months passed without the *Briton's* speaking, or even seeing, a single sail! To these vicissitudes is the seaman subject; at one time he is in the midst of craft, at another the ocean seems deserted to himself alone. Captain Rowley ascribed this want of success to the fact that the war was inducing the running ships to collect in convoys, and that his orders carried him too far north to permit his falling in with the Americans bound to and from Liverpool. Whatever may have been the reason, however, the result was the same to us. After the gale of the equinox, the *Briton* stood to the southward, as far as Madeira, such a change of ground being included in her instructions; and thence, after cruising three weeks in the neighborhood of that island, she shaped her course for Plymouth. In the whole, the frigate had, at that time, brought-to and boarded some thirty sail, all of whom were neutrals, and not one of whom was bound to a port that would do us any good. The ship's water getting low, we were now compelled to go in, and, as has been said, we made sail to the northward. The afternoon of the very day the *Briton* left her second cruising ground, a strange ship was seen directly on her course, which was pronounced to be a frigate, before the sun set.

The *Briton* maneuvered all night to close with the stranger, and with success, as he was only a league distant, and a very little to windward of her, when I went on deck early the next morning. I found the ship clear for action, and a degree of animation pervading the vessel, that I had never before witnessed. The people were piped to breakfast just as I approached the captain to salute him with a "good morning."

"Good morning to you, Wallingford," cried the old man, in a cheerful way; "you are just in time to take a look at yonder Frenchman in his glory. Two hours hence I hope he'll not appear quite as much of a beau as he is at this moment. She's a noble craft, is she not, and quite of our own force."

"As for the last, sir," I answered, "there does not seem much to choose—she is what you call a thirty-eight, and mounts fifty guns, I dare say. Is she certainly French?"

"As certainly as this ship is English. She can do nothing with our signal, and her rig is a character for her. Who ever saw an Englishman with such royal-masts and yards? So, Master Wallingford, you

must consent to take your breakfast an hour earlier than common, or go without it, altogether. Ah—here is the steward to say it waits for us."

I followed Captain Rowley to the cabin, where I found he had sent for Marble, to share our meal. The kind-hearted old gentleman seemed desirous of adding this act of civility to the hundred others that he had already shown us. I had received much generous and liberal treatment from Captain Rowley, but never before had he seemed so much disposed to act toward me as a father would act to a son, as on that morning.

"I hope you have done justice to Davis's cookery, gentlemen," he said, after the assault on the eatables began to abate a little in ardor, "for this may be the last opportunity that will offer to enjoy it. I am an Englishman, and have what I hope is an humble confidence in the superiority of an English over a French ship; but I very well know we never get even a French ship without working for it; and yonder gentleman may not leave us any crockery, for to-morrow. He evidently means to fight us, and I think will do himself credit."

"I believe you English always go into action against the French with a confidence of victory," I remarked.

"Why, we have brought our lads up to that feeling, certainly, though I would not have you fancy I am quite of that way of thinking. I am too old, and have seen too much service, Wallingford, not to know that every battle is liable to accidents and vicissitudes. There is some difference in service, I suppose, though not half as much in men as is vulgarly imagined. The result is in the hands of God, and I *do* think we are fighting his battles, in this fearful war; therefore, I trust he will take care of us."

I was surprised to find Captain Rowley, who was usually cheerful and gay, talking in this manner; but it did not become me to pursue the subject. In a minute or two, we rose from table, and I heard the order given to the steward to report to the first lieutenant, as soon as the table was cleared away, that the cabin bulkheads might be removed. Marble and I then passed below into a canvas berth that had been made for him, where we could consult together without danger of interruption. Just as we reached the place, the drum beat to quarters. This carried nearly every one else on deck, and left us virtually alone.

"Well, Miles," commenced Marble, "this v'y'ge will beat any other of the v'y'ges, and give it fifty. We have been twice captured, once wrecked, have seen a fight, and are about to *feel* another. What do you think patriotism and republican vartoo require us to do in such a crisis?"

This was the first time I had ever heard my mate mention republicanism, his habits being certainly as much opposed to liberty as those of Napoleon himself. Although the reader probably will not understand the drift of this question, it was not lost on me. I answered, therefore, like one who fully comprehended him.

"I am afraid, Moses," said I, "there is very little republicanism in France just now, nor do I know that resemblance in governments makes nations friends. Unless the resemblance be complete, I rather think they are more disposed to quarrel about the differences, than to allow the merits of the points of affinity. As between England and France, however, since we are at peace with both, we Americans have nothing to do with their quarrels."

"I thought that would be your idee, Miles, and yet it would be awkward to be in the midst of a fight and take no part in it. I'd give a hundred dollars to be on board that Frenchman this minute."

"Are you so much in love with defeat as to wish to be flogged?"

"I don't know how it is, but it goes ag'in the grain to take sides with a John Bull."

"There is no necessity for taking sides with either, though we can remember how these people have saved our lives, how kind they have been to us, and that we have literally lived three months on their bounty. Neb, I'm glad to see, makes fair weather of it on the berth-deck."

"Ay, there's more in that than you dream of, perhaps. Mr. Clements, the first lieutenant of this ship, is a sly one, and he thinks more of a good seaman than some priests do of piety. If I'm not greatly misled, he intends that Neb shan't quit this ship till the peace."

"How! they surely cannot pretend that the black is an Englishman?"

"There are all kinds of Englishmen, black and white, when seamen grow scarce. Hows'ever, there is no use in looking out for the worst; we shall know all about it when the ship gets in. How are we to behave, Miles, in this here battle? It goes ag'in my feelin's to help an Englishman, and yet an old salt don't like to keep under hatches while powder is burning on deck."

"It would be wrong for either of us to take any part in the action, since we have nothing to do with the quarrel. Still, we may appear on deck, unless ordered below, and I dare say opportunities will offer to be of use, especially in assisting the hurt. I shall go on the quarter-deck, but I would advise you not to go higher than the gun-deck. As for Neb, I shall formally offer his services in helping to carry the wounded down."

"I understand you—we shall all three sarve in the humane gang. Well, when a man has no business with any other, that may be better than none. Your standing idle in a fight must be trying work!"

Marble and I conversed a little longer on this subject, when a gun fired from the upper deck gave us notice that the game was about to begin. Each hastened to his intended post without more words. When I reached the quarter-deck, everything denoted the eve of a combat. The ship was under short canvas, the men were at quarters, the guns were cast loose and were leveled, the tompions were all out, shot was distributed about the deck, and here and there some old salt of a captain might be seen squinting along his gun, as if impatient to begin. A silence like that of a deserted church reigned throughout the ship. Had one been on board her adversary at that same instant he would have been deafened by the clamor, and confused with the hurried and disorderly manner in which preparations that were long before completed on board the British were still in progress on board the Frenchman. Four years earlier, the same want of preparation had given Nelson his great victory at the Nile. The French, in order to clear their outer batteries, had lumbered those in-shore, and when half their enemies unexpectedly passed inside, they found their ships were not prepared to fire—ships that were virtually beaten before they had discharged an effective shot.

"Wallingford," said my old friend, the captain, as soon as I approached him, "you have nothing to do here. It would not be proper for you to take a part in this action, and it would be folly to expose yourself without an object."

"I am quite aware of all this, Captain Rowley, but I have thought your kindness to me was so great as to permit me to be a looker-on. I may be of some service to the wounded, if to nothing else; and I hope you think me too much of an officer to get in the way."

"I am not certain, sir, I ought to permit anything of the sort," returned the old man, gravely. "This fighting is serious business, and no one should meddle with it whose duty does not command it of him. See here, sir," pointing at the French frigate, which was about two cable's lengths distant, with her topgallant-sails clewed up and the courses in the brails; "in ten minutes we shall be hard at it, and I leave it to yourself to say whether prudence does not require that you should go below."

I had expected this, and, instead of contesting the matter, I bowed, and walked off the quarter-deck, as if about to comply. "Out of sight, out of mind," I thought; it would be time enough to go below when I had seen the beginning of the affair. In the waist I passed the marines, drawn up in military array, with their officer as attentive to dressing them in line as if the victory depended on its accuracy. On the forecastle I found Neb, with his hands in

his pockets, watching the maneuvers of the French as the cat watches those of the mouse. The fellow's eye was alive with interest, and I saw it was useless to think of sending him below. As for the officers, they had taken their cue from the captain, and only smiled good-naturedly as I passed them. The first lieutenant, however, was an exception. He never had appeared well disposed toward us, and, I make no doubt, had I not been so hospitably taken into the cabin, we should all have got an earlier taste of his humor.

"There is too much good stuff in that fellow," he dryly remarked, in passing, pointing toward Neb at the same time, "for him to be doing nothing at a moment like this."

"We are neutrals as respects France, Mr. Clements," I answered, "and it would not be right for us to take part in your quarrels. I will not hesitate to say, however, that I have received so much kindness on board the *Briton*, that I should feel miserable in not being permitted to share your danger. Something may turn up that will enable me to be of assistance —ay, and Neb, too."

The man gave me a keen look, muttered something between his teeth, and walked aft, whither he was proceeding when we met. I looked in the direction in which he went, and could see he was speaking in a surly way to Captain Rowley. The old gentleman cast a look forward, shook a finger at me, then smiled in his benevolent way, and turned, as I thought, to look for one of the midshipmen who acted as his aids. At that moment the Frenchman went in stays, delivering his whole broadside, from aft forward, as the guns bore. The shot told on the British spars smartly, though only two hulled her. As a matter of course, this turned the thoughts of Captain Rowley to the main business in hand, and I was forgotten. As for Neb, he immediately made himself useful. A shot cut the main-spring-stay just above his head, and, before I had time to speak, the fellow seized a stopper, and caught one of the ends of the stay, applied the stopper, and was hard at work in bringing the rope into its proper place, and in preparing it again to bear the strain. The boatswain applauded his activity, sending two or three forecastle-men to help him. From that moment Neb was as busy as a bee aloft, now appearing through the openings in the smoke, on this yard-arm, now on that, his face on a broad grin whenever business of more importance than common was to be done. The *Briton* might have had older and more experienced seamen at work in her rigging that day, but not one was more active, more ready when told when to do, or more athletic. The *gaité de cœur* with which this black exerted himself in the midst of that scene of strife, clamor, and bloodshed, has always presented itself to my mind as truly wonderful.

Captain Rowley did not alter his course, or fire a gun, in answer to the salute he received, though the two ships were scarcely a cable's length asunder when the Frenchman began. The *Briton* stood steadily on, and the two ships passed each other, within pistol-shot, a minute or two later, when we let fly all our larboard guns. This was the beginning of the real war, and warm enough it was, for half an hour or more, our ship coming round as soon as she had fired, when the two frigates closed broadside and broadside, both running off nearly dead before the wind. I do not know how it happened, but when the head-yards were swung I found myself pulling at the fore-brace, like a dray horse. The master's mate, who commanded these braces, thanked me for my assistance, in a cheerful voice, saying, "We'll thrash 'em in an hour, Captain Wallingford." This was the first consciousness I had that my hands had entered into the affair at all!

I had now an opportunity of ascertaining what a very different thing it is to be a spectator in such a scene from being an actor. Ashamed of the forgetfulness that had sent me to the brace, I walked on the quarter-deck, where blood was already flowing freely. Everybody, but myself, was at work, for life or death. In 1803, that mongrel gun, the carronade, had

come into general use, and those on the quarter-deck of the *Briton* were beginning to fly round and look their owners in the face, when they vomited their contents as they grew warm with the explosion. Captain Rowley, Clements, and the master, were all here, the first and last attending to the trimming of the sails, while the first lieutenant looked a little after the battery, and a little at everything else. Scarce a minute passed that shot did not strike somewhere, though it was principally aloft; and the wails of the hurt, the revolting part of every serious combat, began to mingle in the roar of the contest. The English, I observed, fought sullenly, though they fought with all their hearts. Occasionally a cheer would arise in some part of the ship; but these, and the cries of the hurt, were almost all the sounds that were heard, except those of the conflict, with an occasional call, or word of encouragement, from some officer.

"Warm work, Wallingford!" Captain Rowley said, as I came close upon him in the smoke. "You have no business here, but I like to see the face of a friend, notwithstanding. You have been looking about you; how do you think it is going?"

"This ship will — *must* beat, Captain Rowley. Her order and regularity are most beautiful."

"Ay—I'm glad to hear you say as much, Wallingford, for I know you are a seaman. Just go down on the gun-deck and cast an eye around you; then come up, and tell me how things look there."

Here I was, fairly enlisted as an aid. Down I went, however, and such a scene I never had witnessed before, certainly. Although the season had well advanced into the autumn, the weather was so warm that half the men had stripped for the toil—and toil it is, to work heavy guns, for hours at a time, under the excitement of battle; a toil that may not be felt at the time, perhaps, but which leaves a weariness like that of disease behind it. Many of the seamen fought in their trousers alone; their long, hard cues lying on their naked backs, which resembled those of so many athletes, prepared for the arena. The gun-deck was full of smoke, the priming burned in-board producing that effect, though the powder which exploded in the guns was sent, with its flames and sulphurous wreaths, in long lines from the ports toward the enemy. The place appeared a sort of pandemonium to me. I could perceive men moving about in the smoke, rammers and sponges whirling in their hands, guns reeling inward, ay, even leaping from the deck, under the violence of the recoils, officers signing with their swords to add emphasis to their orders, boys running to and fro on their way to and from the magazines, shot tossed from hand to hand, and, to give its fiercest character to all, the dead and dying weltering in their blood amidships.

Of the maneuvers of this combat I know scarcely anything. My attention was drawn in-board; for, having nothing to do, I could not but watch the effect of the enemy's fire on the *Briton*, as well as the manner in which the English repaid all they received. While standing near the mainmast, in the battery that was not engaged, Marble made me out in the smoke, and came up to speak to me.

"Them Frenchmen are playing their parts like men," he said. "There's a shot just gone through the cook's coppers, and another through the boats. By the Lord Harry, if the boys on this deck do not bestir themselves, we shall get licked. I wouldn't be licked by a Frenchman on any account, Miles. Even little Kitty would point her finger at me."

"We are only passengers, you know, Moses; and can have little concern with victory, or defeat, so long as the striped and starred bunting has nothing to do with the credit of the thing."

"I'm not sure of that, Miles. I do not like being flogged, even as a passenger. There! just look at that, now! Two or three more such raps, and half our guns will be silenced!"

Two shot had come in together, as Marble thus interrupted himself; one of them knocking away the side of a port, while the other laid four men of its gun on the deck. This gun was on the point of being

discharged as the injury was inflicted; but the loss of its captain prevented it from being fired. The lieutenant of the division caught the match from the fallen seaman, gave it a puff with his breath, and applied it to the priming. As the gun came leaping in the lieutenant turned his head to see where he could best find men to supply the place of those who had been killed or wounded. His eyes fell on us. He asked no questions; but merely looked in our direction.

"Ay, ay, sir," said Marble, stripping off his jacket and taking the tobacco from his mouth. "In one moment. Just hold on, till I'm ready."

I scarce knew whether to remonstrate or not; but hard at it he went; and, delighted by his zeal, the officer clapped him on the back, leaving him to act as captain of the gun. Afraid the contagion might extend to myself, I turned, ascended the ladder, and was immediately on the quarter-deck again. Here I found old Captain Rowley, with his hat off, cheering his men —the Frenchman's main-topmast having just gone over his side. It was not a time to make my report, nor was any needed just then; so I walked aft as far as the taffrail, in order to get out of the way, and to make my observations as much removed from the smoke as possible. This was the only opportunity I enjoyed of noting the relative positions, as well as conditions, of the two vessels.

The *Briton* had suffered heavily aloft; but all her principal spars still stood. On the other hand, her antagonist had lost both main and mizzen-topmasts, and her fire had materially slackened within the last fifteen minutes. She was falling more under a quarter-raking fire, too, from her people's losing command of their ship; the two frigates having, some time before, come by the wind—the Englishman a little on the Frenchman's weather-quarter. As is usual, in a heavy cannonade and a moderate breeze, the wind had died away, or become neutralized, by the concussions of the guns, and neither combatant moved much from the position he occupied. Still the *Briton* had her yards knowingly braced, while those of her enemy were pretty much at sixes and sevens. Under such circumstances it was not difficult to predict the result of the engagement; more especially as the spirits of the Britons seemed to be rising with the duration of the combat.

I was still making my observations, when I heard the crack of a shot, and the ripping of plank, on the forward part of the quarter-deck. A little group collected around a falling man, and I thought I caught a glimpse of Captain Rowley's uniform and epaulets in the sufferer. In an instant I was on the spot. Sure enough, there was my old friend, grievously wounded. Clements was also there. Catching my eye, he observed:

"As you are doing nothing, sir, will you assist in carrying Captain Rowley below?"

I did not like the manner in which this was said, nor the expression of the first lieutenant's eye while saying it. They seemed to me to add, "I shall now command this ship, and we shall see if new lords don't produce new laws." I complied, however, of course, and, aided by two of his own servants, I got the poor old man into the gun-room. The instant the surgeon cast his eyes on the injuries I saw, by his countenance, there was no hope. His words soon confirmed the bad news.

"The captain cannot live half an hour," this gentleman said to me aside, "and all we can do will be to give him what he asks for. At present he is stupefied by the shock of the blow, but in a few minutes he will probably ask for water, or wine and water; I wish, sir, you would indulge him in his wishes, for you can have no duty to call you on deck. This will be a lucky hit for Clements, who will run off with more than half the credit of the battle, though I fancy the Frenchman has as much as he wants, already."

And so it turned out, literally, in the end. About twenty minutes after I went below, during which time the *Briton* did most of the fighting, we heard the cheer of victory on deck. These sounds appeared to cause the wounded man to revive.

"What means that, Wallingford?" he

asked, in a stronger voice than I could have thought it possible for him to use. "What do these cheers mean, my young friend?"

"They mean, Captain Rowley, that you have conquered—that you are master of the French frigate."

"Master!—am I master of my own life? Of what use is victory to me, now? I shall die—die soon, Wallingford, and there will be an end of it all! My poor wife will call this a melancholy victory."

Alas! what could I say? These words were only too true as respects himself, and, I dare say, as respected his wife also. Die he did, and in my presence, and that calmly, with all his senses about him; but I could see he had his doubts whether a little luster like that which had attended his end, was fulfilling all the objects of his being. The near view of death places a man on a moral eminence, whence he commands prospects before and behind, on each side and on every side, enabling him to overlook the whole scene of life from its commencement to its close, and to form an opinion of his own place in a drama that is about to close. Like many of those who exhibit themselves for our amusement, and to purchase our applause, he is only too apt to quit the stage less satisfied with his own performances than the thoughtless multitude, who, regarding merely the surfaces of things, are too often loudest in their approbation when there is the least to praise.

I shall pass over the next ten days with a very brief allusion to their events. The first proof I had of Mr. Clements being commanding officer was my being transferred from the cabin to the gun-room. It is true, there was no want of space in my new apartment, for officering and manning the prize had left several state-rooms vacant in the *Briton's* gun-room, which fell to the shares of the French prisoners and myself. Poor Captain Rowley was preserved in spirits; and then things went on pretty much as before, with the exception that our crippled condition and reduced crew rendered us longer anxious to fall in with Frenchmen. I may say, in this place, also, that now the excitement which had carried him away was gone, Marble was profoundly ashamed of the part he had taken in the late affair. He had fought under English colors once more; and, though I seldom dared to allude to the thing, it is my opinion he heartily regretted his conduct to his dying day. As for Neb, all seemed right enough in his eyes; for, though he well understood the distinctions between flags and countries, he always imagined it a duty to stick by the craft in which he happened to be.

Ten days after I had been living under the *régime* of "new lords and new laws," we fell in with a frigate in the chops of the Channel, and exchanged signals with her. The reader will judge of Marble's and my dissatisfaction when we heard it announced that the ship which was then fast approaching us was the *Speedy*. There was no help for it, however; she was already within gun-shot, and soon rounded-to within hail of the *Briton*, which ship had hove-to to wait for her. In a few minutes Lord Harry Dermond, in person, was alongside of us in a boat to show his orders to Captain Rowley, and report himself as the junior captain. I could not quit the quarter-deck, from a desire to ascertain, if possible, what had become of Sennit and his companions, though prudence dictated concealment.

Clements met the young nobleman at the gangway, and, apologizing for not going on board the *Speedy*, on account of the state of his boats, reported the late action and its results. Lord Harry then found himself the senior, instead of the junior commander, and he immediately began to ask questions. He was in the midst of these interrogatories, when his eye suddenly fell on me. He and Clements were walking on the quarter-deck together, and I had gone into the gangway to escape his notice, when this unexpected recognition took place. It occurred as the two were turning in their walk, and were so near me that I could hear what was said between them.

"Who have you there, leaning against the cutter, Mr. Clements?" demanded the

captain of the *Speedy*. "It's a face I know—some old shipmate of mine, I fancy."

"I rather think not, my lord—it's a Yankee we picked up at sea, in a boat, a Captain Wallingford, of the American ship *Dawn*. His vessel foundered in a gale, and all hands were lost but this gentleman, his mate, and a negro. We have had them on board, now, more than three months."

A long, low whistle escaped from Lord Harry Dermond, who immediately walked up to me, raised his hat, and commenced a very disagreeable sort of a dialogue, by saying:

"Your servant, Mr. Wallingford! We meet under very unusual circumstances, and somewhat often. The last time was at a rather interesting moment to me, and one in which I was so much engaged that I had not leisure properly to pay my respects to you. Mr. Clements, I have a little business to transact with this gentleman, and must ask the favor of your company and his, for a few minutes, in your cabin."

No objection could be raised to this request; and I followed the two officers into the *Briton's* cabin.

CHAPTER XXV.

> "O I hae scarce to lay me on,
> If kingly fields were ance my ain;
> Wi' the moor-cock on the mountain-breo,
> But hardship na'er can daunton me."
>
> —SCOTTISH SONG.

THERE was an air of cool deliberation about Lord Harry Dermond, which satisfied me I should have to pass through a trying ordeal; and I prepared myself for the occasion. Nothing was said until all three of us were in the after-cabin, when Clements and his visitor took seats on the sofa, and a motion was made to me to occupy a chair. Then Lord Harry Dermond commenced the discourse in a manner more serious than I could have wished.

"Mr. Wallingford," he said, "there is little need of preliminaries between you and me. I recollected your ship when the *Black Prince* and *Speedy* were in the act of closing with the Frenchmen, three months since; and I need scarcely say that the manner in which she got back to the place where I then saw her requires an explanation at your hands."

"It shall be given to you, my lord. Believing you had no right to send in the *Dawn*, and knowing that a detention of any length would prove my ruin, I regained possession of my own by the best means that offered."

"This is at least frank, sir. You mean to be understood that you rose on my people in the night, murdered them, and that you subsequently lost your vessel from a want of force to take care of her."

"This is partly true, and partly a mistake. I certainly should not have lost my ship had I been as strong-handed in the gale in which she was destroyed, as she was the day she left home; and she would have been as strong in that gale, had we never fallen in with the *Speedy*."

"Which is an indirect manner of saying that the wreck was owing to us?"

"I shall very directly say that I think it was; though by indirect means."

"Well, sir, on that point it is not probable we shall ever agree. You cannot suppose that the servants of the King of Great Britain will submit to your American mode of construing public law; but will easily understand that we leave such matters to our own admiralty judges. It is a matter of more moment to me, just now, to ascertain what has become of the officers and men that were put in charge of your ship. I saw the vessel, some time after I put Mr. Sennit and his party on board you, in your possession; that we ascertained by means of our glasses; and you now admit that you retook your vessel from these men. What has become of the prize crew?"

I briefly related the manner in which we had regained the possession of the *Dawn*. The two English officers listened attentively, and I could discern a smile of incredulity on the countenance of Clements; while the captain of the *Speedy* seemed far from satisfied—though he was not so

much disposed to let his real opinion be known.

"This is a very well-concocted and well-told tale, my lord," said the first, with a sneer; "but I doubt whether it finds many believers in the British service."

"The British service, sir," I coolly retorted, "is, like all others, liable to reverses and accidents."

"Not exactly of this nature, Mr. Wallingford, you will yourself admit on reflection. But I beg pardon, my lord; this is your affair—not mine; and I have been indiscreet in speaking."

Lord Harry Dermond looked as if he concurred in this sentiment. He had the pride of official rank, and that of private rank, to the usual degree; and did not exactly like the notion that one so much his inferior in both should take an affair so peculiarly his own out of his hands. He made a cold, acknowledging bow, therefore, in reply, and paused a moment, like a man who reflected, ere he continued the discourse.

"You must be aware, Mr. Wallingford, it is my duty to inquire closely into this matter," he at length resumed. "I am just out of port, where my ship has been lying to refit several weeks, and it is not probable that either of my officers would be in England without reporting himself, had he reached home."

"It is quite probable, my lord, that neither has reached home. I saw them picked up, with my own eyes, and by what appeared to me to be an outward-bound West Indiaman. In that case, they have, most probably, all been carried to one of the West India islands."

Here Clements handed Lord Harry Dermond a paper with something written on it, in pencil, which the latter read. After running his eyes over it the captain nodded his head, and the lieutenant quitted the cabin. While he was absent, my companion, in a polite manner, gave me the particulars of the combat I had witnessed, going so far as to direct my attention to a paper he had brought on board, to show to Captain Rowley, and which contained the English official account of the whole affair. On glancing at it, I saw that the presence of the *Dawn*, on that occasion, was mentioned in the report; the name of the ship being given, with an allusion that was not very clear to the general reader, but which was plain enough to me. It was not long, however, before Clements returned, and, without much ceremony, he informed me that the gun-room mess waited my appearance to sit down to dinner. On this hint I rose and took my leave, though I had time to see Marble enter the cabin, and Neb standing by the scuttle-butt, under the charge of the sentinel, ere I dipped my head under hatches.

The dinner lasted near an hour, and Lord Harry Dermond civilly waited all that time, before he again summoned me to the cabin. I was surprised to find Marble in the outer cabin, Neb near the door, in waiting, and the two officers with pen, ink, and paper before them, where they had been left by me.

"Mr. Wallingford," Lord Harry commenced, "I hold it to be no more than fair to let you know that your mate's account of the manner in which the *Speedy's* people got out of the *Dawn*, and your own, do not agree in a single particular. Here is his statement, taken down by myself from his own words; if you are disposed to hear it, I will read you what he says."

"I do not well see how Mr. Marble can contradict me and tell the truth, my lord—but it were better I should hear his statement."

"'I was first mate of the *Dawn*, of New York, Miles Wallingford master and owner. Captured and ordered in by *Speedy*, as known. Three days after parting company with the frigate, with Mr. Sennit as prize-master, Captain Wallingford and I commenced reasoning with that gentleman on the impropriety of sending in a neutral and breaking up a promising voyage, which so overcame the said Lieutenant Sennit, in his mind, that he consented to take the ship's yawl, with a suitable stock of provisions and water, and give us the ship. Accordingly, the boat was lowered, properly stowed, the most tender anxiety manifested for the party that was to go in

her, when the English took their leave with tears in their eyes, and hearty good wishes for our safe arrival at Hamburg.'"

"Am I to understand you seriously, Lord Harry Dermond, that my mate has actually given you this account of the affair, for fact?"

"Most seriously, sir. I believe he even offered to swear to it, though I dispensed with that ceremony. Here is the statement of the black. Perhaps you would wish to hear that also?"

"Anything, my lord, it is your pleasure to communicate."

"Nebuchadnezzar Clawbonny says, 'he belonged to the *Dawn* — was left in her, when captured by the *Speedy*, and was in her when wrecked. Captain Wallingford ordered Mr. Sennit to quit his ship, or he would make him; and Mr. Sennit obeyed Master Miles, of course.' But I will read no more of this, as a slave's statement can hardly be relied on. Perhaps we ought not to have received it, Mr. Clements?"

"Your pardon, my lord; it is your duty to protect his Majesty's subjects, in the best mode we can."

"That may be true, sir; but certain great principles ought never to be overlooked, even when doing our duty. You perceive, Mr. Wallingford, that your companions contradict your own account of this affair; and the most unpleasant suspicions are awakened. I should never justify myself to my superiors were I to neglect putting you under arrest, and carrying you all in for trial."

"If my companions have been so ill-judging as to make the statement you say, I can only regret it. I have told you the truth; and I can add no more. As for the future, I do not suppose any representation of mine will induce you to change your decision."

"You carry it off well, sir; and I hope you will maintain the same appearance of innocence to the end. The lives of the king's subjects are not to be taken with impunity, nevertheless."

"Nor is the property of American citizens, I trust, my lord. *Had* I used force to regain my ship, and *had* I thrown the prize crew into the sea, I conceive I would have been doing no more than was my duty."

"This is well, sir; and I hope, for your sake, that an English jury will view the affair in the same light. At present, prepare to go on board the *Speedy*—for you must not be separated from the important testimony we can find in that ship. As for the citizens you mention, they are bound to submit to the decision of the admiralty court, and not take the law into their own hands."

"We shall see, my lord. When this case reaches my own country, we shall probably see more of it."

I uttered this in a sufficiently magnificent manner; and, to own the truth, I felt a little magnificently at the time. I was then young, not three-and-twenty; and I thought of my country, her independence, her justice, her disposition to do right, her determination to submit to no wrongs, and her disregard of the expedient when principles were concerned—much as young people think of the immaculate qualities of their own parents. According to the decisions of judges of this latter class, there would not be a liar, a swindler, a cheat, or a mercenary scoundrel living; but the earth would be filled with so many suffering saints that are persecuted for their virtues. According to the notions of most American citizens of my age, the very name they bore ought to be a protection to them in any part of the world, under the penalty of incurring the republic's just indignation. How far my anticipations were realized will be seen in the sequel; and I beg the American reader, in particular, to restrain his natural impatience until he can learn the facts in the regular order of the narrative. I can safely promise him, that should he receive them in the proper spirit, with a desire to ascertain the truth only, and not to uphold bloated and untenable theories, he will be a wiser, and probably a more modest man, for the instruction that is to be thus gleaned from the incidents it will be my painful office to record.

As for Lord Harry Dermond, the threat-

ened indignation of the great American nation gave him very little concern. He probably cared a vast deal more for one frown from the admiral who commanded at Plymouth than for the virtuous resentment of the President and Congress of the United States of America. I am writing of the close of the year 1803, it will be remembered; a remote period in the history of the great republic; though I will not take it on myself to say things have materially altered, except it be in the newspapers, in this particular interest. The order to prepare to quit the *Briton* was repeated, and I was dismissed to the outer cabin, where was Marble, while Mr. Clements attempted to shut the door that separated us, through from some cause or other, he did not exactly effect his object. In consequence of this neglect I overheard the following dialogue:

"I hope, my lord," said Clements, "you will not think of taking away the mate and the black. They are both first-rate men, and both well affected to his Majesty's service. The negro was of great use aloft during the late action, while the mate fought at a gun, like a tiger, for the better part of an hour. We are somewhat short of hands, and I have counted on inducing both of these men to enter. There is the prize money for the Frenchman under our lee, you know, my lord, and I have little doubt of succeeding."

"I'm sorry duty compels me to take all three, Clements, but I'll bear what you say in mind; perhaps we can get them to enter on board the *Speedy*. You know it——"

Here Mr. Clements discovered the door was not shut, and he closed it tight, preventing my hearing any more. I now turned to Marble, whose countenance betrayed the self-reproach he endured, at ascertaining the injury he had done by his ill-judged artifice. I made no reproaches, however, but squeezed his hand in token of my forgiveness. The poor fellow, I plainly saw, had great difficulty in forgiving himself, though he said nothing at the moment.

The conference between Lord Harry and Mr. Clements lasted half an hour. At the end of that time both appeared in the forward cabin, and I saw by the countenance of the last that he had failed in his object. As for us, we were transferred, with the few articles we possessed, to the *Speedy*, on board which ship our arrival made as much of a sensation as the discipline of a man-of-war would permit. I was put in irons the moment we reached the quarter-deck, and placed under the charge of a sentinel near the cabin door. Some little attention was paid to my comfort, it is true, and a canvas screen was fitted for me; behind which I ate and slept, with some sort of retirement. My irons were of so large a sort, that I found means to take them off and put them on at pleasure. I was disposed to think that the officers were aware of the fact, and that the things were used as much for the sake of appearance as anything else. Apart from the confinement and the injury done my affairs, I had no especial cause of complaint, though this imprisonment lasted until the month of April, 1804, or quite five months. During this time the *Speedy* arrived as far south as the line, then she hovered about the Canaries and the Azores on her way homeward, looking in vain for another Frenchman. I was permitted to take exercise twice a day, once in the gangway, and once on the gun-deck, and my table was actually supplied from the cabin. On no head had I any other cause to complain than the fact that my ship had been wrongfully seized in the first place, and that I was now suffering imprisonment for a crime—if crime indeed it would have been—that I certainly had not been obliged to commit.

During the five months I thus remained a prisoner on the gun-deck of the *Speedy* I never exchanged a syllable with either Marble or Neb. I saw them both occasionally, employed on duty, like the crew, and we often exchanged significant looks, but never any words. Occasionally I had a visit from an officer—these gentlemen sitting down and conversing with me on general topics, evidently to relieve the tedium of my confinement, without making

any allusion to its cause. I cannot say that my health suffered, a circumstance that was probably owing to the cleanliness of the ship and the admirable manner in which she was ventilated.

At length we went into port, carrying with us a French ship from one of the islands to the eastward of the cape, as a prize. The *Speedy* captured this vessel after a smart chase to the northward of the Azores, and Marble and Neb having volunteered to do so, were sent on board her, as two of the prize crew. That day I got a visit from the purser, who was the most attentive of all my acquaintances, and I took the liberty of asking him if it were possible my two shipmates had entered into the British service.

"Why, not exactly that," he said, "though they seem to like us, and we think both will ship rather than lose the prize money they might get for their services in the *Briton*. Your old mate is a prime fellow the master tells me; but my lord fancying we might meet some French cruiser in the chops of the Channel thought it better to send these two chaps in the prize lest they should take the studs and refuse to fight at the pinch. They have done duty, they say, to keep themselves in good health; and we humor them, to be frank with you, under the notion they may get to like us so well as not to wish to quit us."

This gave me an insight into the true state of the case, and I felt much easier on the subject. That Marble ever intended to serve under the British flag I had not supposed for a moment; but I was not sure that regret for the blunder he had already made, might not lead him into some new mistake of equally serious import, under the impression that he was correcting the evil. As for Neb, I knew he would never desert me; and I had not, from the first, felt any other concern on his account, than an apprehension his ignorance might be imposed on.

The day we anchored in Plymouth Sound was thick and drizzling, with a fresh breeze at southwest. The ship came-to just at sunset, her prize bringing up a short distance in-shore of her, as I could see from the port, that formed a sort of window to my little canvas state-room. Just as the ship was secured Lord Harry Dermond passed into his cabin, accompanied by his first lieutenant, and I overheard him say to the latter—

"By the way, Mr. Powlett, this prisoner must be removed to some other place in the morning. Now we are so near the land, it is not quite safe to trust him at a port."

I was still musing on the purport of this remark when I heard the noise of a boat coming alongside. Putting my head out of the port I could just see that the prize-master of the French ship had come on board, and that Marble and Neb were two of the four men who pulled the oars. Marble saw me, and gave a sign of recognition, though it was so dark as to render it difficult to distinguish objects at a trifling distance. This sign I returned in a significant manner. It was this answering signal from me that induced my mate not to quit the boat, and to keep Neb with him. The other two men were so accustomed to do duty with the Americans that they did not scruple to run up the frigate's side, after their officer, eager to get a gossip with their old messmates on the berth-deck. Almost at the same instant the officer of the deck called out—

"Drop *la Manerve's* boat astern, out of the way of the captain's gig, which will be hauling up in a minute."

This was on the larboard side, it is true, but a smart sea slapping against the starboard, Lord Harry was willing to dispense with ceremony, in order to escape a wet jacket. I cannot tell the process of reasoning that induced me to take the step I did; it was, however, principally owing to the remark I had so lately heard, and which brought all the danger of my position vividly to my mind. Whatever may have been the moving cause, I acted as follows:

My irons were slipped, and I squeezed myself between the gun and the side of the port, where I hung by my hands against the ship's side. I might be seen, or I might not, caring little for the result. I was not seen by any but Marble and

Neb, the former of whom caught me by the legs, as he passed beneath, and, whispering to me to lie down in the bottom of the boat, he assisted me into the cutter. We actually rubbed against the captain's gig as it was hauling up to the gangway; but no one suspected what had just taken place. This gig was the only one of the *Speedy's* boats that was in the water at that hour, it having just been lowered to carry the captain ashore. In another minute we had dropped astern, Neb holding on by a boat-hook to one of the rudder-chains. Here we lay, until the gig pulled round, close to us, taking the direction toward the usual landing, with the captain of the *Speedy* in her.

In two minutes the gig was out of sight, and Marble whispered to Neb to let go his hold. This was promptly done, when the boat of the prize began to drift from the ship, swept by a powerful tide, and impelled by a stiff breeze. No one paid any heed to us, everybody's thoughts being occupied with the shore and the arrival at such a moment. The time was fortunate in another particular; Lord Harry Dermond was a vigilant and good officer; but his first lieutenant was what is called on board ship "a poor devil;" a phrase that is sufficiently significant; and the moment a vigilant captain's back is turned, there is a certain ease and neglect in a vessel that has an indifferent first lieutenant. Every one feels at liberty to do more as he pleases than has been his wont; and where there is a divided responsibility of this nature few perform more duty than they can help. When "the cats are away the mice come out to play."

At all events, our boat continued to drop astern unobserved, until the ship itself became very faintly visible to us. I arose as soon as we were fifty feet from the rudder, and I assumed the direction of affairs as soon as on my feet. There were a mast and a lug-sail in the boat, and we stepped the former and set the last as soon as far enough from the *Speedy* to be certain we could not be seen. Putting the helm up sufficiently to bring the wind on their quarter, I then stood directly out to sea. All this was accomplished in less than five minutes, by means of what the French call a sudden inspiration!

To be sure our situation was sufficiently awkward, now we had obtained something that had the semblance of freedom. Neither of us had a single shilling of money, or an article of clothing but those we wore. There was not a mouthful of food of any sort in the boat, nor a drop of water. The night was lowering and intensely dark, and the wind was blowing fresher than was at all desirable for a boat. Still we determined to persevere, and we ran boldly off the land, trusting our common fate to Providence. I hoped we might fall in with some American, bound in or out; should that fail us, France might be reached, if we had good luck, in the course of less than eight-and-forty hours.

Our situation afforded nothing to occupy the mind but anxiety. We could not see a hundred yards, possessed no compass, or any other guide on our way than the direction of the wind, and were totally without the means of refreshment or shelter. Still we managed to sleep by turns, each having entire confidence in the skill of both the others. In this manner we got through the night, feeling no apprehensions of being pursued, the darkness affording an effectual cover.

When the light returned, we discovered nothing in pursuit, though the weather was too thick to permit of our seeing any great distance around the boat. All the morning we continued running to the northward and eastward, under our single lug reefed, only keeping clear of the seas that chased us by dint of good management. As for eating or drinking, the first was out of the question; though we began to make some little provision to slake our thirst by exposing our handkerchiefs to the drizzle, in order to wring them when they should become saturated with water. The coolness of the weather, however, and the mist, contributed to prevent our suffering much, and I do not know that I felt any great desire for either food or water, until toward the middle of the day. Then we began to

converse together on the subject of dinner, in a jocular way, however, rather than with any very great longings on the subject. While thus employed, Neb suddenly exclaimed, "Dere a sail!"

Sure enough, a ship was meeting us, heading up on the larboard tack about west-northwest, as she stretched in toward the English coast. I can see that vessel in my mind's eye even at this distant day. She had two reefs in her topsails, with spanker, jib, and both courses set, like a craft that carried convenient, rather than urgent canvas. Her line of sailing would take her about two hundred yards to leeward of us, and my first impulse was to luff. A second glance showed us that she was an English frigate, and we doused our lug as soon as possible. Our hearts were in our mouths for the next five minutes. My eye never turned from that frigate as she hove by us, now rising on the summit of a sea, now falling gracefully into the trough, concealing everything but her spars from sight. Glad enough were we when she had got so far ahead as to bring us well on her weather-quarter, though we did not dare set our sail again until her dark glistening hull, with its line of frowning ports, was shut up in the cloud of mist, leaving the spot on the ocean where she had last been seen as if she were not. That was one of those hairbreadth escapes that often occur to men engaged in any hazardous undertakings, without any direct agency of their own.

Our next adventure was of a more pleasing character. A good-sized ship was made astern, coming up Channel before the wind, and carrying topmast studding-sails. She was an American! On this point we were all agreed, and placing ourselves in her track, we ran off, on her course, knowing that she must be going quite two feet to our one. In twenty minutes she passed close to us, her officers and crew manifesting the greatest curiosity to learn who and what we were. So dexterously did Marble manage the boat, that we got a rope, and hauled alongside without lessening the ship's way, though she nearly towed us under water in the attempt. The moment we could, we leaped on deck, abandoning the boat to its fate.

We had not mistaken the character of the vessel. It was a ship from James River, loaded with tobacco, and bound to Amsterdam. Her master heard our story, believed it, and felt for us. We only remained with him a week, however, quitting his vessel off the coast of Holland, to go to Hamburg, where I fancied my letters would have been sent, and whence I knew it would be equally in our power to reach home. At Hamburg, I was fated to meet with disappointment. There was not a line for me, and we found ourselves without money in a strange place. I did not deem it prudent to tell our story, but we agreed to ship together in some American, and work our way home in the best manner we could. After looking about us a little, necessity compelled us to enter in the first vessel that offered. This was a Philadelphia ship, called the *Schuylkill*, on board which I shipped as second mate, while Marble and Neb took the berths of foremast Jacks. No one questioned us as to the past, and we had decided among ourselves to do our duty and keep mum. We used our own names, and that was the extent of our communication on the subject of our true characters.

I found it a little hard to descend so much on the ladder of life, but an early and capital training enabled me to act Dicky over again, with some credit; and before the ship went to sea our chief mate was discharged for drunkenness and I got a lift. Marble was put in my place, and from that time, for the next five months, things went on smoothly enough; I say five months, for, instead of sailing for home direct, the ship went to Spain, within the straits, for a cargo of barilla, which she took up to London, where she got a freight for Philadelphia. We were all a little uneasy at finding that our story, with sundry perversions and exaggerations, was in the English papers; but, by the time we reached England, it was forgotten; having been crowded out by the occurrence of new events of interest, at a moment when every week was

teeming with incidents that passed into history.

Nevertheless, I was glad when we left England, and I once more found myself on the high seas, homeward bound. My wages had enabled me, as well as Marble and Neb, to get new outfits, suited to our present stations, and we sailed for Philadelphia with as good a stock of necessaries as usually falls to the lot of men in our respective positions. These were all that remained to me of a ship and cargo that were worth between eighty and ninety thousand dollars!

The passage proved to be very long, but we reached the capes of the Delaware at last. On the 7th September, 1804, or when I wanted a few weeks of being three-and-twenty, I landed on the wharves of what was then the largest town in America, a ruined and disappointed man. Still I kept up my spirits, leaving my companions in ignorance of the extent of my misfortunes. We remained a few days to discharge the cargo, when we were all three paid off. Neb, who had passed on board the *Schuylkill* for a free black, brought me his wages, and when we had thrown our joint stock into a common bag, it was found to amount to the sum of one hundred and thirty-two dollars. With this money, then, we prepared to turn our faces north, Marble anxious to meet his mother and little Kitty, Neb desirous of again seeing Chloe, and I to meet my principal creditor, John Wallingford, and to gain some tidings of Mr. Hardinge and Lucy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"You think I'll weep.
No, I'll not weep:——
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep."—LEAR.

I PASS over the manner and time of our being on the road between Philadelphia and New York, as things belonging to a former age, and to be forgotten. I will merely say that we traveled the South Amboy road, and went through a part of the world called Feather-bed Lane, that causes my bones to ache, even now, in recollection. At South Amboy, we got on board a sloop, or packet, and entered the Bay of New York by the passage of the Kills, landing near Whitehall. We were superintending the placing of our chests on a cart, when some one caught my hand, and exclaimed——

"God bless me!—Captain Wallingford come to life, as I live!"

It was old Jared Jones, the man who had been miller at Clawbonny from my infancy to the day I left home. I had supposed him to be at work there still; but the look he gave me—the tears that I could see were forcing themselves from his eyes—his whole manner, indeed—gave me at once to understand that all was not right. My countenance, rather than my tongue, demanded an explanation. Jared understood me, and we walked together toward the Battery; leaving Marble and Neb to proceed with the luggage to the modest lodgings in which we had proposed to hide ourselves until I had time to look about me—a house frequented by Moses for many years.

"You perceive I do not return home, Jared, in precisely the condition in which I went abroad. My ship and cargo are both lost, and I come among you, now, a poor man, I fear."

"We were afraid that something of that sort must have happened, or such bad news would never have reached Clawbonny, sir. Some of your men got back months ago, and they brought the tidings that the *Dawn* was captivated by the English. From that hour, I think, Mr. Hardinge gave the matter up. The worst news, however, for us—that of your death excepted—was that of the mortgage on Clawbonny."

"The mortgage on Clawbonny! Has anything been done in connection with that?"

"Lord bless you, my dear Mr. Miles, it has been foreclosed, under the statue I believe they call it; and it was advertised to be sold three months. Then, when it *was* sold, how much do you think the place, mill, and all, actually brought? Just give a guess, sir."

"Brought! Clawbonny is then sold, and I am no longer the owner of my father's house!"

"Sold, sir; and we have been sent adrift—niggers and all. They said the freedom-laws would soon let all the older blacks be their own masters; and, as to the young 'uns, why, your creditors might sell their times. But Mr. Hardinge put the poor critturs into houses, near the rectory, and they work about among the neighbors, until things are settled. It's to their credit, Mr. Miles, that not one of 'em all thinks of runnin' away. With the feelin' that's up in the country consarnin' blacks, and no master to look arter them, every one of 'em might be off, without risk."

"And Chloe, my sister's own girl, what has become of Chloe, Jared?"

"Why, I believe Miss Lucy has tuck her. Miss Lucy is dreadful rich, as all allow; and she has put it in her father's power to take care of all the movables. Every huff [hoof] of living thing that was on the place has been put on the Wright farm, in readiness for their owner should he ever come to claim them."

"Has Miss Hardinge had the consideration to hire that farm, with such an object?"

"They say she has bought it, out of the saving of her income. It seems she is mistress of her income, though under age. And this is the use she has made of some of her money."

"I had supposed she would have been married by this time. Mr. Drewett was thought to be engaged to her when I sailed."

"Yes; there is much talk about that, through the country, but they say Miss Lucy will never marry, until she has been of age a few weeks, in order that she may do what she pleases with her money, afore a husband can lay his hand on it. Mr. Rupert is married, I s'pose you heard, sir—and living away like a nabob with his bride, in one of the best houses in town. Some people say that he has a right in a part of old Mrs. Bradfort's estate which he will get as soon as Miss Lucy comes of age."

I did not like to pursue this part of the discourse any further, though it was balm to my wounds to hear these tidings of Lucy. The subject was too sacred, however, to be discussed with such a commentator, and I turned the discourse to Clawbonny, and the reports that might have circulated there concerning myself. Jones told me all he knew, which was briefly as follows:

It seems that the second mate of the *Dawn*, and such of her crew as had been put in the *Speedy*, and who had not been impressed either in the frigate itself, or in England after they were turned ashore, had found their way home, bringing with them an account of the capture of the ship, her extraordinary appearance near the four combatants, and their own attempt to escape. This last affair, in particular, had made some noise in the journals—a warm discussion having taken place on the subject of the right of Americans to run away with an English man-of-war's boat, under the circumstances in which these poor fellows had found themselves placed. In that day, parties in America took as lively an interest in the wars of Europe as if the country were a belligerent; and politicians, or *quasi* statesmen, were little more than retailers of the most ultra English and ultra French opinions. It was sufficient for the federalists to justify any act, if England did it; while the democrats had almost as strong a disposition to defend all the enormities which the policy of Napoleon led him to commit.

I say *almost*—for, to deal honestly with posterity, I do not think the French-American party was quite as French as the English-American party was English. These last had returned to their provincial independence of thought; and, well read in the English version of all political and moral truths, and little read in those of any other state of society, they believed, as he who worships at a distance from the shrine, is known implicitly to yield his faith. The English party had actually a foundation in deeply-rooted opinion, and colonial admiration for the

ancient seat of power, whereas the French owed its existence principally to opposition. The alliance of 1778 had some little influence among men old enough to have been active in the events of the Revolution, it is true, but they existed as exceptions even in their own party. It was the English feeling that was natural, hearty, dependent, and deep; the other having been, as has just been stated, rooted as much in opposition, as in any other soil.

The public discussions of the fate of the *Dawn*, as a matter of course, had drawn much speculation, among my acquaintances, to my own. As month passed after month, and no letters reached America, the opinion became very general that the vessel was lost. At length, a ship from Jamaica brought in a blind story of the manner in which I had retaken my vessel from Sennit; and, it now being known that we were only four left in the vessel, the conjecture was hazarded that we had been wrecked for want of force to take care of the ship; and I was set down as a drowned man,

Shortly after this opinion of my fate became general among my acquaintances, John Wallingford had appeared at Clawbonny. He made no change, however, spoke kindly to every one, told the slaves nothing should be altered, and gave them every reason to suppose that they would continue under a true Wallingford *régime*. It was generally understood he was to be my heir, and no one saw any occasion for the acts of violence that succeeded.

But, two months after John Wallingford's visit, Mr. Hardinge, and all connected with Clawbonny, had been astounded by the intelligence of the existence of the mortgage. A foreclosure under the statute, or "statue," as Jared had called it, was commenced, and a few months later the place was publicly sold at Kingston, none bidding more than five thousand dollars for it, less than a sixth of its worth. This sacrifice of real estate, however, under forced sales, was, and is, common enough, in America especially; it being generally understood that the creditor is prepared to rise in his bids, as necessity presents. In my case there was no one to protect my rights, Mr. Hardinge having attended the sale prepared to reason with my cousin on the propriety and generosity of his course, rather than prepared with good current coin to extinguish the claim. John Wallingford did not appear, however, and the sale took place without further competition than one bid of Mr. Hardinge's; a bid that he was not properly prepared to make, but which he hazarded on his knowledge of Lucy's means and disposition.

A man of the name of Daggett, a relative of John Wallingford by his mother's side, was the ostensible purchaser, and now professed to be the owner of my paternal acres. It was he who had taken possession under the purchase, had dismissed the negroes, and sent off the personal property; and he it was who had placed new servants on the farm and in the mill. To the surprise of everybody, John Wallingford had not appeared in the transaction, though it was understood he had a legal right to all my remaining effects, in the event of my real death. No will was proved or produced, however, nor was anything heard of or concerning my cousin! Mr. Daggett was a close and reserved man, and nothing could be learned on the subject from him. His right to Clawbonny could not be disputed, and, after consulting counsel in the premises, Mr. Hardinge himself had been compelled, reluctantly, to admit it. Such was the substance of what I gleaned from the miller, in a random sort of conversation that lasted an hour. Of course, much remained to be explained, but I had learned enough to know that I was virtually a beggar as to means, whatever I might be in feeling.

When I parted from Jared I gave him my address, and we were to meet again next day. The old man felt an interest in me that was soothing to my feelings, and I wished to glean all I could from him; more especially concerning Lucy and Mr. Hardinge. I now followed Marble and Neb to the boarding-house, one frequented by masters and mates of ships, the masters being of the humble class, to

condescend thus to mingle with their subordinates. We consumed the rest of the morning in establishing ourselves in our rooms, and in putting on our best roundabouts; for I was not the owner of a coat that had skirts to it, unless, indeed, there might be a few old garments of that sort among the effects that had been removed from Clawbonny to the Wright farm. Notwithstanding this defect in my wardrobe, I would not have the reader suppose I made a mean or a disagreeable appearance. On the contrary, standing as I did, six feet one in my shoes, attired in a neat blue round-about of mate's cloth, with a pair of quarter-deck trousers, a clean white shirt, a black silk handkerchief, and a vest of a pretty, but modest pattern, I was not at all ashamed to be seen. I had come from England, a country in which clothes are both good and cheap, and a trimmer-looking tar than I then was seldom showed himself in the lower part of the town.

Marble and I had dined, and were preparing to sally forth on a walk up Broadway, when I saw a meager, care-worn, bilious-looking sort of person enter the house and proceed toward the bar, evidently with an inquiry concerning some of the inmates. The bartender pointed at once to me, when the stranger approached, and with a species of confidence that seemed to proclaim that he fancied news to be the great end of life, and that all who were engaged in its dissemination were privileged beings, he announced himself as Colonel Warbler, the editor of the New York *Republican Freeman*. I asked the gentleman into the common sitting-room, when the following dialogue took place between us:

"We have just heard of your arrival, Captain Wallingford," commenced the *colonel*, all New York editors of a certain caliber seeming to be, *ex officio*, of that blood-and-thunder rank, "and are impatient to place you, as it might be, *rectus in curia* before the nation. Your case excited a good deal of feeling some months since, and the public mind may be said to be prepared to learn the whole story; or, in a happy condition to indulge in further excitement. If you will have the goodness to furnish me with the outlines, sir," coolly producing pen, ink, and paper without further ceremony, and preparing to write, "I promise you that the whole narrative shall appear in the *Freeman* of to-morrow, related in a manner of which you shall have no reason to complain. The caption is already written, and, if you please, I will read it to you, before we go any further," Then, without waiting to ascertain whether I did or did not please to hear him, the colonel incontinently commenced reading what he called his caption:

"'In the *Schuylkill*, arrived lately at Philadelphia, came passenger our esteemed fellow-citizen, Captain Miles Wallingford'"—in 1804 everybody had not got to be *esquires*, even the editors not yet assuming that title of gentility *ex officio*. "'This gentleman's wrongs have already been laid before our readers. From his own mouth we learn the following outline of the vile and illegal manner in which he has been treated by an English man-of-war, called the *Speedy*, commanded by a sprig of nobility yclept Lord '—I have left a blank for the name—'an account which will awaken in the bosom of every true-hearted American sentiments of horror and feelings of indignation at this new instance of British faith and British insolence on the high seas. It will be seen by this account, that not satisfied with impressing all his crew and in otherwise maltreating them, this scion of aristocracy has violated every article of the treaty between the two countries, as respects Captain Wallingford himself, and otherwise trodden on every principle of honor; in a word, set at naught all the commandments of God. We trust there will be found no man or set of men in the country to defend such outrageous conduct; and that even the minions of England employed around the federal presses of *our* country will be ready to join with us on this occasion in denouncing British aggression and British usurpation.' There, sir, I trust that is quite to your liking."

"It is a little *ex parte*, colonel, as I have quite as much complaint to make of

French as of English aggression, having been twice captured, once by an English frigate, and again by a French privateer. I prefer to tell the whole story, if I am to tell any of it."

"Certainly, sir; we wish to relate all the enormities of which these arrogant English were guilty."

"I believe that, in capturing my ship, the English commander did me an act of great injustice, and was the cause of my ruin——"

"Stop, sir, if you please," interrupted Colonel Warbler, writing with rapidity and zeal, "and thus caused the ruin of an industrious and honest man; ay, that ends a period beautifully—well, sir, proceed."

"But I have no personal ill-treatment to complain of; and the act of the French was of precisely the same character, perhaps worse, as I had got rid of the English prize crew, when the Frenchman captured us in his turn, and prevented our obtaining shelter and a new crew in France." Colonel Warbler listened with cold indifference. Not a line would he write against the French, belonging to a very extensive school of disseminators of news, who fancy it is a part of their high vocation to tell just as much, or just as little, of any transaction as may happen to suit their own purposes. I pressed the injuries I had received from the French on my visitor, so much the more warmly on account of the reluctance he manifested to publish it; but all to no purpose. Next morning the *Republican Freeman* contained just such an account of the affair as comported with the consistency of that independent and manly journal, not a word being said about the French privateer, while the account of the proceedings of the English frigate was embellished with sundry facts and epithets that must have been obtained from Colonel Warbler's general stock in trade, as they were certainly not derived from me.

As soon as I got rid of this gentleman, which was not long after he discovered my desire to press the delinquency of the French on his notice, Marble and I left the house on the original design of strolling up Broadway, and of looking at the changes produced by time. We had actually got a square, when I felt some one touch my elbow; turning, I found it was an utter stranger, with a very eager, wonder-mongering sort of a countenance, and who was a good deal out of breath with running.

"Your pardon, sir, the bartender of the house where you lodge tells me you are Captain Wallingford." I bowed an assent, foreseeing another application for *facts*.

"Well, sir, I hope you'll excuse the liberty I am taking, on account of its object. I represent the public, which is ever anxious to obtain the earliest information on all matters of general concernment, and I feel emboldened by duty to introduce myself—Colonel Positive, of the *Federal Truth Telier*, a journal that your honored father once did us the favor to take. We have this moment heard of the atrocities committed on you, Captain Wallingford, by 'a brigand of a French, piratical, piccarooning, plundering vagabond,'" reading from what I dare say was another caption, prepared for the other side of the question, "'a fresh instance of Gallic aggression, and republican, jacobinical insolence; atrocities that are of a character to awaken the indignation of every right-thinking American, and which can only find abettors among that portion of the community which, possessing nothing, is never slow to sympathize in the success of this robber, though it be at the expense of American rights and American prosperity.'"

As soon as Colonel Positive had read this much, he stopped to take breath, looking at me, as if expecting some exclamations of admiration and delight.

"I have suffered by means of what I conceive to be a perfectly unauthorized act of a French privateer, Colonel Positive," I replied; "but this wrong would not have been done me, had I not suffered grievously by what I conceive to be an equally unjustifiable act of the English frigate, the *Speedy*, commanded by Captain Lord Harry Dermond, a son of the Irish Marquis of Thole."

"Bless me, sir, this is very extraordinary! An English frigate, did you say? It is very unusual for the vessels of that just nation ever to be guilty of an aggression, particularly as our common language, common descent, Saxon ancestors, and Saxon English, and all that sort of thing, you know, operate against it; whereas, sorry I am to say, each new arrival brings us some fresh instance of the atrocities of the myrmidons of this upstart Emperor of the French, a man, sir, whose deeds, sir, have never been paralleled since the days of Nero, Caligula, and all the other tyrants of antiquity. If you will favor me, Captain Wallingford, with a few of the particulars of this last atrocity of Bonaparte, I promise you it shall be circulated far and near, and that in a way to defy the malignant and corrupt perversions of any man or set of men."

I had the cruelty to refuse compliance. It made no difference, however, for next day the *Federal Truth Teller* had an account of the matter that was probably as accurate as if I had related all the events myself, and which was also about as true as most of the jeremiads of the journals that are intended for brilliant effect. It was read with avidity by all the Federalists of America, while its counterpart in the *Republican Freeman* passed, *pari passu*, through all the Democratic papers, and was devoured with a similar appetite by the whole of that side of the question. This distinction, I afterward ascertained, was made by nearly the whole country. If a Federalist was my auditor, he would listen all day to that part of my story which related to the capture by the French privateer, while it was *vice versâ* with the Democrats. Most of the merchants being Federalists, and the English having so much more connection with my narrative than the French, I soon found I was making myself exceedingly unpopular by speaking on the subject at all; nor was it long before a story got in circulation that I was nothing but a runaway English deserter myself—I, the fifth Miles of my name, a Clawbonny! As for Marble, men were ready to swear he had robbed his captain, and had got off from an English two-decker only four years before. It is unnecessary to tell people of the world the manner in which stories to the prejudice of an unpopular man are fabricated, and with what industry they are circulated; so I shall leave the reader to imagine what would have been our fate had we not possessed the prudence to cease dwelling on our wrongs. Instead of thinking of appealing to the authorities of my country for redress, I felt myself fortunate in having the whole affair forgotten as soon as possible, leaving me some small portion of character.

I confess, while returning home, I had sometimes fancied I might be protected by the country of which I was a native, for which I had fought, and to which I paid taxes; but I was only three-and-twenty, and did not then understand the workings of laws, particularly in a state of society that submits to have its most important interests under foreign control. Had I received a wrong from only a Frenchman, or an Englishman, I should have fared a little better, in appearance at least, though my money was irretrievably gone; for one political party or the other, as the case might have been, would have held me up to *ex parte* sympathy, so long as it suited its purposes, or until the novelty of some new case offered an inducement to supplant me. But I had been wronged by both belligerents, and it was soon agreed, by mutual consent, to drop the whole subject. As for redress or compensation, I was never fool enough to seek it. On the contrary, finding how unpopular it made a man among the merchants to *prove* anything against Great Britain just at that moment, I was wisely silent, thus succeeding in saving my character, which would otherwise have followed my property, as the shortest method of making a troublesome declaimer hold his tongue.

Most young persons will doubtless hesitate to believe that such a state of things could ever have existed in a nation calling itself independent; but, in the first place, it must be remembered, that the passions of factions never leave their followers in-

dependent of their artifices and designs; and in the next place, all who knew the state of this country in 1804 must admit it was not independent in mind of either England or France. Facts precede thought in everything among us; and public opinion was as much in arrears of the circumstances of the country, then, as—as—to what shall I liken it?—why, as it is today. I know no better or truer parallel. I make no doubt that the same things would be acted over again were similar wrongs to be committed by the same powerful belligerents.

Marble was ludicrously enraged at these little instances of the want of true nationality in his countrymen. He was not a man to be bullied into holding his tongue; and, for years afterward, he expressed his opinions on the subject of an American's losing his ship and cargo, as I had lost mine, without even a hope of redress, with a freedom that did more credit to his sense of right than to his prudence. As for myself, as has just been said, I never even attempted to procure justice. I knew its utter hopelessness; and the *Dawn* and her cargo went with the hundreds of other ships and cargoes that were sunk in the political void created by the declaration of war in 1812.

This is an unpleasant subject to me. I could gladly have passed it over, for it proves that the political association of this country failed in one of the greatest ends of all such associations; but nothing is ever gained by suppressing truth on such a matter. Let those who read reflect on the past; it may possibly have a tendency to render the future more secure, giving to the American citizen, in reality, some of those rights which it so much accords with our habits to boast of his possessing. If concealment did any good, I would gladly be silent; but diseases in the body politic require a bold and manly treatment, even more than those in the physical system. I remember the tone of the presses of the trading towns of this country on the subject of the late French treaty—one of the most flagitious instances of contempt, added to wrong, of which history supplies an instance, and will own I do not feel much encouraged to hope for any great improvement.

After we got rid of Colonel No. 2, Marble and I continued our walk. We passed several persons of my acquaintance, but not one of them recognized me in my present attire. I was not sorry to see this, as I was wearied of my story, and could gladly remain in a species of incognito, for a few days. But New York was comparatively a small town in 1804, and everybody knew almost everybody's face who was anybody. There was little real hope, therefore, of my escaping recognition for any great length of time.

We strolled up above St. Paul's, then a high quarter of the town, and where a few houses had been erected in what was then a new and enlarged style. On the stoop of one of these patrician residences—to use a word that has since come much into use—I saw a fashionably dressed man, picking his teeth, with the air of its master. I had nearly passed this person, when an exclamation from him, and his calling my mate by name, caused me to stop. It was Rupert.

"Marble, my dear fellow, why, how fare you?" said our old shipmate, descending the steps, with an indolent, half-cordial, half-condescending manner; extending his hand at the same time, which Moses received and shook heartily. "The sight of you reminds me of old times and salt-water!"

"Mr. Hardinge," answered my mate, who knew nothing of Rupert's defects, beyond his want of appetite for the sea, "I'm heartily glad to fall in with you. Do your father and handsome sister live here?"

"Not they, old Moses," answered Rupert, still without casting his eyes on me. "This is my own house, in which I shall be very happy to see you, and to make you acquainted with my wife, who is also an old acquaintance of yours—Miss Emily Merton that was—the daughter of General Merton, of the *British* army."

"Blast the British army! and blast the British navy too!" cried Marble, with more feeling than manners. "But for the last, our old friend Miles, here, would now be a rich man."

"Miles!" Rupert repeated, with an astonishment that had more nature in it than had been usual with him of late years. "This is true, then, and you have not been lost at sea, Wallingford?"

"I am living, as you may see, Mr. Hardinge, and glad of this opportunity to inquire after your father and sister."

"Both are well, I thank you; the old gentleman, in particular, will be delighted to see you. He has felt your misfortunes keenly, and did all he could to avert the sad affair about Clawbonny. You know he could as well raise a million as raise five or ten thousand dollars; and poor Lucy is still a minor, and can only touch her income, the savings of which were insufficient, just then. We did all we could, I can assure you, Wallingford; but I was about commencing housekeeping, and was in want of cash at the moment, and you know how it is under such circumstances. Poor Clawbonny! I was exceedingly sorry when I heard of it: though they say this Mr. Daggett, your successor, is going to do wonders with it—a capitalist, they tell me, and able to carry out all his plans."

"I am glad Clawbonny has fallen into good hands, since it has passed out of mine. Good evening, Mr. Hardinge, I shall take an early opportunity to find your father, and to learn the particulars."

"Yes; he'll be exceedingly glad to see you, Wallingford; and I'm sure it will always afford me pleasure to aid you in any way I can. I fear it must be very low water with you?"

"If having nothing to meet a balance of some twenty or thirty thousand dollars of unpaid debt is what you call low water, the tide is out of my pocket, certainly. But I shall not despair; I am young, and have a noble, manly profession."

"Yes, I dare say you'll do remarkably well, Wallingford," Rupert answered, in a patronizing manner. "You were always an enterprising fellow; and one need have no great concern for *you*. It would hardly be delicate to ask you to see Mrs. Hardinge, just as you are—not but you appear uncommonly well in your roundabout, but I know precisely how it is with young men when there are ladies in the case; and Emily *is* a little over-refined, perhaps."

"Yet Mrs. Hardinge has seen me often in a roundabout, and passed hours in my company, when I have been dressed just as I am at this moment."

"Ay, at sea. One gets used to everything at sea. Good evening; I'll bear you in mind, Wallingford, and may do something for you. I am intimate with the heads of all the principal mercantile houses, and shall bear you in mind, certainly. Good evening, Wallingford. A word with you, Marble, before we part."

I smiled bitterly, and walked proudly from before Rupert's door. Little did I then know that Lucy was seated within thirty feet of me, listening to Andrew Drewett's conversation and humor. Of the mood in which she was listening, I shall have occasion to speak presently. As for Marble, when he overtook me, I was informed that Rupert had stopped him in order to ascertain our address; a piece of condescension for which I had not the grace to be thankful.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives tokens of a goodly day to-morrow."
—SHAKESPEARE.

I WAS quite as much surprised at my own manner toward Rupert as he could be himself. No doubt he ascribed it to my fallen fortune; for, at the commencement of the interview, he was a good deal confused, and his confidence rose in proportion as he fancied mine was lessened. The moderation I manifested, however, was altogether owing to Lucy, whose influence on my feelings never ceased. As for Marble, he thought all was right, and was very decided in his approval of Rupert's behavior and appearance.

"'Tisn't every man that *can* make a seaman, Miles," he said, "for it's a gift that comes nat'rally, like singing, or rope-dancing. I dare say Rupert will do very well ashore, in the gentleman

line, though he's no great catch afloat, as all will admit who ever sailed with him. The lad don't want for stuff, but its shore stuff a'ter all; and that will never pass muster in blue water. I dare say, now, this Imperor - Gineral, Bonaparte, would make a bloody poor shipmaster, if a body was to try him."

I made no answer, and we strolled on until dark. Then we returned to our lodgings, and turned in. Next morning we breakfasted with the rest, and I was about to set out in search of a lawyer, to take his opinion on the subject of my insurance, though I had little or no hope of recovering anything, when I was told two gentlemen wished to see me. At first sight, I fancied that more editors were in quest of news; but we were no sooner alone together than one of these persons let me into the secret of his errand, in a way that was well enongh as respects the *suaviter in modo*, while it could not be said to be in the least deficient in the *fortiter in re*.

"I am sorry to say, Captain Wallingford," this person commenced, "that I have a writ to arrest you, for a sum that will require very respectable bail—no less than sixty thousand dollars."

"Well done, my upright cousin," I muttered; "this is losing no time, certainly. I owe half that money, I admit, sir, if my farm only sold for five thousand dollars, as I hear, and I suppose I am arrested for the penalty of my bond. But at whose suit am I thus pursued?"

Here, the second person announced himself as the attorney of the plaintiff, excusing his presence on the pretense that he hoped to be of service in amicably arranging the affair.

"My client is Mr. Thomas Daggett, of Clawbonny, Ulster County, who holds your bonds as the administrator of the estate of the late John Wallingford, deceased, a gentleman to whom I believe you were related."

"The *late* John Wallingford! Is my cousin then dead?"

"He departed this life eight months ago, dying quite unexpectedly. Letters of administration have been granted to Mr. Daggett, who is a son of his mother's sister, and a principal heir, the party dying intestate. It is a great pity that the law excluded you from the succession, being as you are of the name."

"My kinsman gave me reason to think I *was* to be his heir, as it was understood he was to be mine. My will in his favor was left in his hands."

"We are aware of that, sir, and your death being supposed, for a considerable period, it was thought your personals would descend to us, in part, by devise, which might have prevented the necessity of taking the unpleasant step to which we are now driven. The question was, which died first, you, or your cousin, and that fact, you will easily understand, we had no means of establishing. As it is, the duty of the administrator compels him to proceed, with as little delay as possible."

"I have no alternative, then, but to go to jail. I know not the person on earth I can or could ask to become my bail for a sum as large as even that I justly owe, to say nothing of the penalty of the bond."

"I am very sorry to hear this, Captain Wallingford," Mr. Meekly, the attorney, very civilly replied. "We will walk together, leaving the officer to follow. Perhaps the matter may be arranged amicably."

"With all my heart, sir. But, before quitting this house, I will discharge my bill, and communicate my position to a couple of friends, who are waiting in the passage."

Neb was one of these friends, for I felt I was fast getting into a condition which rendered the friendship of even my slaves of importance to me. That worthy fellow and Marble joined us on a signal from me, when I simply let them into the secret of my affairs.

"Arrested!" said Moses, eying the sheriff's officer with sovereign contempt, though he was a sturdy fellow, and one who had every disposition to do his duty. "Arrested! Why, Miles, you can handle both these chaps yourself, and with Neb's and my assistance could work 'em up into spun-yarn without a winch!"

"That may be true, Moses, but I can-

not handle the law, even with your powerful aid; nor should I wish to if I could. I am bound to jail, my friends having no bail, so——"

"Bail! Why, *I*'ll be your bail; and if you want two, there's Neb."

"I fancy the gentleman don't much understand being taken on a writ," the attorney simpered.

"I not understand it! That's a bloody poor guess of your'n, my friend. When we had the scrape with the Hamburghers, in Philadelphy, it's now coming thirty years——"

"Never mind all that just now, Moses. I wish you to pay my bill here; give Neb the small bag of my clothes to bring up to the jail, and keep my other effects under your own care. Of course, you will come and see me by-and-by; but I now *order* you not to follow us."

I then left the house with a rapidity that gave the officer some uneasiness, I believe. Once in the street, however, my pace became more moderate, and dropping alongside of the attorney, we fell into discourse on the subject of the arrangement.

"To be frank with you, Captain Wallingford," said Meekly, "my client never expects to recover the full amount of his demand; it being understood your personals are now limited to certain jewelry, the stock of your late farm, a few negroes, a sloop, some furniture, etc. No, sir, we do not expect to obtain the whole of our demand. Certain securities in our hands will extinguish much of it, though a large balance will remain."

"As Mr. Daggett has already got real estate richly worth five-and-thirty thousand dollars, and which brings a clear two thousand a year, to say nothing of its advantages as a residence, besides bonds and mortgages for twenty-odd thousand more, I am fully sensible of his moderation. The forty thousand dollars I owed my cousin will be amply repaid to his heirs, though I pass my life in jail."

"You misapprehend the affair entirely. Mr. Daggett does not hold Clawbonny as administrator at all, but as a purchaser under a mortgage sale. He did not buy it himself, of course, but has received a deed from a nepnew of his, who was a *bona fide* bidder. The amount bid—five thousand two hundred and fifty dollars—is duly endorsed on your bond, and you have credit for it. If no one bid higher, the property had to go."

"Yes, sir; I very well understand how property goes, in the absence of the debtor, at forced sales. But what is the nature of the proposition you intend to make?"

"Mr. Daggett understands you possess some very valuable pearls, that are supposed to be worth one thousand dollars, with a good deal of plate, etc., etc. Now he proposes that you assign to the estate he represents all your personals at an appraisal, when he will credit you with the amount, and suspend proceedings for the balance. In a word, give you time."

"And what idea has Mr. Daggett of the sum I should thus receive?"

"He is disposed to be liberal, and thinks you might get credit for about four thousand dollars."

"My personal property, including the pearls of which you speak, quite a thousand dollars' worth of plate, even at the price of old silver, the sloop, the stock, horses, carriages, farming utensils, and without counting the slaves, all of whom I intend to set free, if the law will allow it, must nearly or quite double that sum, sir. Unless Mr. Daggett is disposed to raise his views of the value of my effects, I should prefer to remain in custody, and see what I can do by private sale. As he will receive every cent of the securities received from my sister's estate, quite $22,000, and now possesses more than $5,000 from Clawbonny, the balance I shall really owe cannot exceed $13,000."

"Were you to confess judgment, sir, and leave the property under execution—"

"I'll do nothing of the sort, Mr. Meekly—on that subject my mind is made up. One forced sale is quite enough for a novice."

"We shall soon reach the jail, sir—perhaps its sight may——"

"It will not, sir. Whenever Mr. Daggett shall be disposed to receive my property at a just valuation, I may be ready

to arrange the matter with him, for I have no disposition to deny the debt, or to avoid its payment; but, as he has adopted his own mode of proceeding I am ready to abide by it. Good morning, Mr. Meekly; I see no use in your accompanying me any further."

I was thus decided, because I saw I had to deal with an extortioner. A rogue himself, Mr. Daggett was afraid I might get rid of my personal property before he could issue an execution by the regular mode; and he anticipated frightening or constraining me into an arrangement. It would be my business to disappoint him; and I assumed an air of confidence that soon shook off my companion. A few minutes later, the key of the old stone debtor's jail was turned upon me. I had a little money, and reluctant to be shut up with the company I found in the building, I succeeded in procuring a small, ill-furnished room to myself.

These preliminaries were hardly settled when Neb was admitted with the bag. The poor fellow had been in tears; for he not only felt for me but he felt for the disgrace and misfortune which had alighted on the whole Clawbonny stock. He had yet to learn that the place itself was gone, and I shrunk from telling him the fact; for, to his simple mind, it would be like forcing body and soul asunder. All the negroes considered themselves as a part of Clawbonny, and a separation must have appeared in their eyes like some natural convulsion. Neb brought me a letter. It was sealed with wax, and bore the impression of the Hardinge arms. There was also an envelope, and the address had been written by Rupert. In short, everything about this letter denoted ease, fashion, fastidiousness, and the observance of forms. I lost no time in reading the contents, which I copy, verbatim.

"Broadway, Wednesday morning.

"DEAR WALLINGFORD—It has just occurred to me that the inclosed may be of service to you; and I reproach myself for not having bethought me of your probable necessities when I saw you. I regret it is not in my power to ask you to dine with me, *en famille*, to-day; but Mrs. Hardinge has company, and we are engaged out every other day this week. I shall fall in with you again, some day, however, when I hope to be less engaged. Lucy has just heard of your safety and arrival, and has gone to write a note to my father, who will be glad to learn that you are still in the land of the living. The general, who lives with us, desires to be mentioned, and hopes when he returns to England, it may be as your passenger. Adieu, dear Wallingford; I shall never forget our boyish pranks, which I dare say sometimes cause you to smile.

"Yours, etc., RUPERT HARDINGE."

This letter contained a bank-note for twenty dollars! Yes, the man to whom I had given twenty thousand dollars, sent me, in my distress, this generous donation, to relieve my wants. I need hardly say I sent the bank-note back to him by the hands of Neb, on the instant, with a cold note of acknowledgment. I had no occasion for *his* charity, at least.

I passed a most uncomfortable hour alone, after Neb was gone. Then a turnkey came to inform me that a gentleman and lady—a clergyman, he believed—were in the private parlor, and wished to see me. It was doubtless Mr. Hardinge—*could* his companion be Lucy! I was too anxious, too eager to lose any time, and, rushing toward the room, was at once admitted. There they were—Lucy and her father. Neb had seen Chloe in calling at Rupert's door—had heard much and told much. Mr. Hardinge was on the point of going in quest of me; but, learning where I was, he had barely given his daughter time to put on a hat and shawl, and conducting her across the Park, brought her himself to visit me in prison. I saw, at a glance, that Lucy was dreadfully agitated; that she was pale, though still handsomer than ever; and that she was Lucy herself, in character as in person.

"Miles, my dear, dear boy!" cried the good old divine, folding me in his arms, "for this mercy, may God alone receive the praise! Everybody gave you up but Lucy and myself, and we could not, *would*

not believe you, too, were lost to us forever!"

As my former guardian still clasped me to his bosom, as if I still remained a child, I could perceive that dear Lucy was weeping as if ready to break her heart. Then she looked up and tried to smile; though I could see the effort was made solely on my account. I caught her extended hand, and kissed it over and over again. The dear, dear girl trembled in every fiber of her body.

"All my misfortunes are forgotten," I cried, "in finding you thus, in finding you unchanged, in finding you still Lucy Hardinge!"

I scarce knew what I was uttering, though I saw Lucy's face was covered with blushes, and that a smile, which I found of inexplicable signification, now rose readily enough to her beautiful mouth. On the whole, I think there must have been some eight or ten minutes, during which neither of the three knew particularly well what was said or done. Lucy was both smiles and tears; though keen anxiety to know what had occurred, and how I came to be in jail, was strongly expressed in her countenance, as well as in some of her words. As for myself, I was beside myself, and acted like a fool.

After a time we were all seated, when I narrated the manner in which I had lost my ship, and the reason why Clawbonny had been sold, and why I supposed I was thus arrested.

"I am glad my cousin, John Wallingford, had no concern with these transactions; though I deeply regret the reason why my bond has passed into other hands. It would have rendered my misfortunes still harder to be borne, could I suppose that a kinsman had laid so deep a plot to ruin me, under the semblance of kindness. His death, however, sets that point at rest."

"I do not like his talking of making you his heir, and neglecting to do it," rejoined Mr. Hardinge. "Men should never promise, and forget to redeem their words. It has a suspicious look."

Lucy had not spoken the whole time I was relating my story. Her serene eye beamed on me in a way to betray the interest she felt; but not a syllable escaped her until her father had made the observation just given.

"It is of no moment now," she then said, "what may have been the motive of Mr. John Wallingford. With Miles, I thought him a rough, but an honest man; but honest men may be pardoned for not foreseeing their own sudden deaths. The question, now, my dear father, is, how Miles can be got out of this wretched place in the shortest possible time."

"Ay, Miles, my dear boy; Heaven forbid you should sleep in such a spot. How shall we go to work?"

"I am afraid, sir, I shall sleep many nights here. The debt I really owe is about thirteen thousand dollars; and the writ, I believe, is issued for the entire penalty of the bond. As the motive for arresting me is, probably, to drive me into a compromise, by confessing judgment and giving up my personal property to be sacrificed as Clawbonny has been, it is not probable that bail for a less amount than the law allows the plaintiff to claim will be received. I do not know the man who will become surety for me in that amount."

"Well, I know two—Rupert and myself."

The idea of receiving such a favor from Rupert was particularly unpleasant to me; and I saw by the expression of Lucy's face that she entered into my feelings.

"I am afraid, sir," I said, after thanking Mr. Hardinge by a warm pressure of the hand, "that *you* are not rich enough. The deputy sheriff has told me he has instructions to be rigid about the bail; and I apprehend neither you, nor Rupert, can swear he is worth fifty thousand dollars."

"Bless me! bless me! Is that really necessary, Miles?"

"If required, I believe the law insists on security to the amount of the judgment claimed. Rupert lives largely, I see, and yet I doubt if he would be willing to swear to that."

Mr. Hardinge's face became very sor-

rowful; and he paused a moment before answering.

"I am not in Rupert's secrets, neither is Lucy," he then said. "I hope all is right; though the thought that he might possibly play has sometimes crossed my anxious mind. He is married to Miss Merton; has purchased and furnished a Broadway house, and is living at a large rate. When I spoke to him on the subject, he asked me if I thought 'English ladies of condition gave empty hands in marriage?' I don't know how it is, my dear Miles, but I always fancied that the Mertons had nothing but the colonel's salary to live on."

"*Major* Merton," I answered, laying an emphasis on the brevet rank the worthy individual actually possessed, "*Major* Merton has told me as much as this himself."

Mr. Hardinge actually groaned, and I saw that Lucy turned pale as death. The former had no knowledge of the true character of his son; but he had all the apprehensions that a father would naturally feel under such circumstances. I saw the necessity—nay, the humanity of relieving both.

"You know me too well, my dear guardian—excellent Lucy—to think that I would deliberately deceive either of you. What I now tell you is to prevent Rupert from being too harshly judged. I *know* whence Rupert derived a large sum of money, previously to my sailing. It was legally obtained, and is, or was, rightfully his. I do not say it was large enough long to maintain him in the style in which he lives; but it can so maintain him a few years. You need fear neither cards nor positive dishonesty. Rupert has no disposition for either; he dislikes the first, and is too prudent for the last."

"God be thanked for this!" the divine exclaimed devoutly. "I had really frightened myself with my own folly. So, so, Master Rupert, you have been making money and holding your peace! Well, I like his modesty; Rupert *is* clever, Miles, and I trust will one day take an honorable station at the bar. His marriage has been a little too early for one of his means, perhaps; but I feel encouraged now that I find he can make money honorably and legally, and justly."

I had said nothing of the honorable, or the just; but what weakness will not parental affection encourage? As for Lucy, her countenance told me she suspected the truth. Never before had I seen on those usually placid, and always lovely features, an expression of so much humiliation. For a single instant it almost amounted to anguish. Recovering her self-possession, however, she was the first to turn the discourse to its proper channel.

"All this time we are forgetting Miles," she said. "It would seem, father, that he thinks neither you nor Rupert rich enough to be his bail—can *I* be of any use in this way?"

Lucy spoke firmly, and in the manner of one who was beginning to be accustomed to consider herself of some account in the way of money; but a bright flush suffused her face, as she thus seemed to make herself of more moment than was her wont—to pass out of her sex, as it might be.

"A thousand thanks, dearest Lucy, for the offer," I said eagerly; "but *could* you become my bail, I certainly would not permit it. It is enough that you come to visit me here, without further connecting your name with my debts. A minor, however, cannot become security. Mr. Daggett will keep me here a few weeks; when he finds I am employing agents to sell my effects, I fancy he is sufficiently a rogue himself to apprehend the money will get beyond the reach of his execution, and he will offer to compromise. Once at large, I can always go to sea; if not as master, at least as a mate."

"Had we been as proud as yourself, Miles, Clawbonny would have been less dear to us."

"It is not pride, but propriety, Lucy, to prevent you from doing a thing for which there is no necessity, and which might subject you to impertinent observations. No, I'll set about disposing of my personal property at once; that *will soon* bring Mr. Daggett to some sense of decency."

"If a minor cannot be received as bail, there is no more to be said," Lucy answered; "else would I prove to you, Miles, that I can be as obstinate as you are yourself. At all events, I can be a purchaser of jewels, if wanting a few months of my majority; fortunately I have nearly a year's income on hand. You see, Miles"—Lucy again blushed brightly, though she smiled—"what an accountant I am getting to be—but I can commence at once by purchasing your pearls. They are already in my possession for safe keeping, and many is the covetous glance they have received from me. Those precious pearls! I think you valued them at three thousand dollars, Miles," Lucy continued, "and my father will at once pay you that sum on my behalf. Then send for the lawyer of your persecutor, for I can call him nothing else, and offer to pay that much on his demand provided he will accept my father as bail. If he be the sort of being you fancy him, and so his acts I think prove him to be, he will be glad to accept the offer."

I was delighted at the readiness of resources this proved in Lucy, nor was the project in the least unlikely to succeed. Could I get four or five thousand dollars together, I had no doubt Daggett would accept Mr. Hardinge for bail, as it was only as surety for my appearance in court. That was then required, and no one could really think I would abscond and leave my old guardian in the lurch. Still, I could not think of thus robbing Lucy. Left to her own sense of propriety, I well knew she would never dream of investing so large a sum as the pearls were really worth, in ornaments for her person, and the pearls were worth but little more than half the sum she had named.

"This will not do," I answered, expressing my gratitude with my eyes, "and no more need be said about it. I cannot rob you, dearest Lucy, because you are so ready to submit to be robbed. Leave me here a few days, and Mr. Meekly will come to volunteer a plan of setting me free."

"I have it!" exclaimed Mr. Hardinge, jumping up and seizing his hat. "Lucy, I'll be back in fifteen minutes; then we'll bear Miles off in triumph to your own house. Yes, yes, the scheme cannot fail, with a lawyer of any respectability."

"May I know what it is, dear papa?" Lucy asked, glancing expressively toward me.

"Why, it's just this. I'll go and find the bishop, who'll do anything to oblige me, and he and I'll go, in company, to this Mr. Meekly's office, and pledge our words as divines that Miles shall appear in court, as the under-sheriff told me would be required, when all will be settled to our hearts' content. On my way to the bishop's, I'll just step in at Richard Harrison's office, and take his opinion in the matter."

"Well, sir, the notion of seeing Richard Harrison is a good one. He may suggest something in the way of practice that will be useful to us. If you could step across the way and get him to pay me a short visit, I should be infinitely obliged to you. I was about to take his advice on the subject of my insurance when arrested, and I wish that point disposed of."

Mr. Hardinge listened attentively, and then he left the room, telling Lucy he would be back in a few minutes. It might have been an awkward situation for most young ladies, thus to be left alone with a prisoner in jail; but Lucy was so much accustomed to the intimacy that bound us together, I do not think its peculiarities struck her at the moment. When her father went out of the room, she was in deep thought, nor did she appear to rouse herself from it, until he had been gone some little time. Lucy was seated, but I had risen to see Mr. Hardinge to the door of the room, and was walking slowly back and forth. The dear girl arose, came to me, took one of my hands in both of her own, and looked anxiously into my face for some little time ere she spoke.

"Miles," she said, "I will say no more of the pearls, no more of my own money, and will prevent all allusion to Rupert's appearing in your behalf, if you will accept the bail I can provide for you. I know a gentleman who will accept my word as his surety, who is rich enough to

be received, and who is under a deep obligation to you, for I have often heard him say as much. You may not know how ready he will be to oblige you, but I do, and I now ask you to give me your word you will not refuse his assistance, even though he should be an utter stranger to you."

"How is it possible, Lucy, that you can have any knowledge of such a person?"

"O! you cannot imagine what a woman of business I am becoming. You would not refuse me for your bail, were I a man, and of age, Miles?"

"Certainly not—feeling as I do toward you, Lucy, I would sooner receive such a favor from you, than from any human being. But you are not a man, thank God, nor of age."

"Then promise me the small favor of accepting this service from the person I shall send to you. It would break all our hearts to think you were remaining here in jail, while we are living in luxury. I will not relinquish your hand till you give me a promise."

"That look is sufficient, Lucy; I promise all you can ask."

So intense had the feelings of the dear girl become that she burst into tears the moment her mind was relieved, and covered her face with both hands. It was but a passing burst of feeling, and a radiant smile soon chased every trace of sorrow from her sweet, sweet countenance.

"Now, Miles, I am certain we shall soon have you out of this horrid place," she cried; "and before the execution they tell us of, can issue, as they call it, we shall have time to make some proper arrangement for you. I shall be of age by that time; and I can at least become your creditor instead of that odious Mr. Daggett. You would not hesitate to owe me money, Miles, in preference to him?"

"Dearest Lucy, there is nothing I would not be willing to owe to you, and that in preference to any other living creature, not even excepting your revered and beloved father."

Lucy looked deeply gratified; and I saw another of those inexplicable smiles lurking around her lovely mouth, which almost tempted me to demand an explanation of its meaning. Ere there was time for this, however, her countenance became very, very sad, and she turned her tearful eyes toward me.

"Miles, I fear I understood your allusion, when you spoke of Rupert's money," she said. "I feared poor, sainted Grace would do this; and I knew you would strip yourself of every dollar to comply with her wishes. I wonder the idea never occurred to me before; but it is so hard to think ill of a brother! I ask no questions, for I see you are determined not to answer them—perhaps have given a pledge to your sister to that effect: but we cannot live under this disgrace; and the day I am twenty-one this grievous, grievous wrong must be repaired. I know that Grace's fortune had accumulated to more than twenty thousand dollars; and that is a sum sufficient to pay all you owe, and to leave you enough to begin the world anew."

"Even were what you fancy true, do you think I would consent to rob *you*, to pay Rupert's debts?"

"Talk not of robbery. I could not exist under the degradation of thinking any of us had your money, while debt and imprisonment thus hung over you. There is but one thing that can possibly prevent my paying you back Grace's fortune, the day I am of age, as you will see, Miles."

Again that inexplicable smile passed over Lucy's face, and I was resolved to ask its meaning, when the approaching footsteps of Mr. Hardinge prevented it.

"Mr. Harrison is not in," cried the divine, as he entered the room; "but I left a note for him, telling him that his old acquaintance, Captain Wallingford, had pressing need of his services. He has gone to Greenwich, to his country-place, but will be back in the course of the day, and I have desired he will come to Wall Street the instant he can. I would not blazon your misfortunes, Miles; but the moment he arrives you shall hear from him. He is an old schoolfellow of mine, and will be prompt to oblige me. Now, Miss Lucy, I am about to release you from

prison. I saw a certain Mr. Drewett walking in the direction of Wall Street, and had the charity to tell him you would be at home in ten minutes."

Lucy arose with an alacrity I could hardly forgive. The color deepened on her face, and I thought she even hurried her father away, in a manner that was scarcely sufficiently reserved. Ere they left the room, however, the dear girl took an opportunity to say, in a low voice, "Remember, Miles, I hold you strictly to your promise; in one hour you shall be free."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"She half inclosed me in her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head looked up
And gazed upon my face."—COLERIDGE.

I SAW no one for the next two hours. A window of the parlor, where I was permitted to remain, overlooked the *soi-disant* park—or rather *Manhattan*-disant—and it was not long before I caught a glimpse of my mate and Neb, lying off and on, or blockading the jail, lest I should be secretly carried to parts unknown, or some other great evil should approach me from without. What these two honest and affectionate fellows meant by thus maintaining their post I did not know, it is true; but such was my conjecture. At length Neb disappeared, and was absent an hour. When he returned, he had a coil of rope over his shoulder, when the two took a station at a safe distance from my prison, and began to measure off fathoms, to cut, knot and splice. I was amused with their diligence, which made no abatement until it was interrupted by myself. Of the manner in which that was effected I shall have occasion to speak presently.

About two hours after I was left by Lucy and her father, a keeper came to announce another visitor. I was expecting my own attorney or Mr. Harrison; but the reader will judge of my surprise when Andrew Drewett entered the room. He was accompanied by the jailer, who held a letter in his hand, and who astounded me by saying—

"Captain Wallingford, I have instructions here to open the door for you—bail has been entered."

The jailer disappeared.

"And this I owe to you, Mr. Drewett!"

"I wish I could say as much, with all my heart, dear sir," Andrew replied, taking my hand, and giving it a warm, cordial shake; "but it would not be strictly true. After saving my life, I should not have suffered you to lie in jail for want of so small a favor as giving bail for your appearance in court, certainly; but would, and will, gladly be your special bail, at the proper time. Let the credit fall, however, only where it is due. Miss Hardinge asked me to obtain your release, and her wishes are second only to my own gratitude."

This was said in a frank, manly manner; and I wondered I had never viewed Andrew Drewett in a light so favorable before. He had improved in person, bore himself like a gentleman, I now thought, and was every way a pleasing, well-mannered, well-dressed, and intelligent looking young man. I could do all justice to him but pardon him Lucy's preference.

"Lucy can never forget our childish intimacy," I said, a little confused. "She left me, declaring an intention to do something of the sort; though I confess I was not exactly prepared for this. You are a man to be envied, Mr. Drewett, if any man on earth is!"

Andrew looked embarrassed. He glanced at me, colored, turned his look out at the window, then, by a vast effort, seemed to regain his self-command.

"I believe I understand you, Wallingford," he said. "You mean, in being engaged to Lucy Hardinge?"

"I can mean nothing else—all I hear—all I have seen—this last act in particular, tells me as much."

"All have then told you wrong. I am not so fortunate as to possess the affections of Miss Hardinge; and no man will gain her hand who does not first obtain her heart; ay, and her whole heart too."

I was astounded! What! Lucy not en-

gaged to Drewett; not loving him, by his own admission; not likely to love him! I believe Andrew had no difficulty in comprehending my feelings in part, for he seemed disposed to continue the subject; and what was infinitely to his credit, to continue in a way that should leave no unpleasant certainty hanging about the real position of the dear girl.

"It is only quite lately," he said, "that I have seen the great injustice that I and my family have unconsciously committed toward Miss Hardinge. As you are an old—a *very* old friend of hers, I will be explicit with you, and endeavor, in some small degree, to excuse myself; though I feel that it can never be done fully. You tell me that you have heard I was engaged to Miss Hardinge?"

"Unquestionably; I think it was the opinion of her own father; though he must have believed the promise conditional, as Lucy never would marry without his approbation."

"Mr. Hardinge has then been strangely misled. It is true, Mr. Wallingford, that I have long admired Miss Hardinge, and that I offered myself years ago. I was refused from the first. But Lucy had the frankness to own that she was free to dispose of her hand; and I persevered, contrary to her advice, her wishes, and I may say, her entreaties. I think she esteems me; and I know she has a strong regard for my mother, who is almost as fond of her as I am myself. This esteem and regard I hoped might ripen into love, and my presumption has brought its own punishment. It is now about six months—I remember it was shortly after we heard of your probable loss—that I had a final conversation with her on the subject, when I became convinced my prospects were hopeless. Since that time I have endeavored to conquer my passion; for love unrequited, I suppose you know, will not last forever; and I have so far succeeded as to tell you all this without feeling the pain it would once have cost me. Still, I retain the deepest respect for Miss Hardinge, and a single encouraging look would even now recall me. I am of opinion, however, she intends never to marry. But, let us quit this place, which has no longer any claim on you."

I was in a state scarcely to know what I did. It was comparatively little to me to learn I was free myself, after so unexpectedly learning that Lucy was also free. Lucy—whom I had for years supposed to be irrevocably engaged, and whom I had continued to love, even against hope. Andrew Drewett, I fancied, had never loved as I did, or he would not have made the speech he did; or his love for Lucy had not been a part of his existence from boyhood, as mine had certainly been. While all these thoughts were passing through my mind, I gave a few directions, took Drewett's arm, and hurried out of the jail.

I confess that I respired more freely when I found myself in the open air. My companion took my direction, and I led him to the spot where Marble and Neb were still at work on their rope. Great was their surprise on seeing me at large; and I thought the mate looked a little disappointed, though he comprehended the matter at once as soon as he saw Drewett.

"If you had only waited till night, Miles," Marble said, shaking his head as one menaces, "Neb and I would have shown that bloody jail a seaman's fashion of quitting it. I'm almost sorry the occasion is lost, for it would have done their stomachs good to wake up at two bells and find their cage empty. I've half a mind to ask you to go back, boy!"

"But I've no mind to comply with the request; so do me the favor to have my bag carried back to our lodgings, where I intend to swing my hammock again tonight. Mr. Drewett, I must hasten to thank her to whom I owe my freedom. Will you accompany me?"

Andrew excused himself; and receiving my thanks, once more we parted with a hearty shake of the hands. I then hastened toward Wall Street, and knocked at Lucy's door (there were knockers to good houses in New York in 1804, a vile nuisance, having been since well gotten rid of), scarce conscious of the manner in which I had got there. It was near the

dinner-hour, and the footman was demurring about admitting a sailor-man, who hardly knew what he said, when a little scream from Chloe, who happened to see me, soon disposed of my claim for an entrance.

"Masser Mile!—Masser Mile!—I *so* grad—dat fellow, Neb, say you come home. Oh! Masser Mile, now I know dat de rascal at Clawbonny' get druv' off!"

This speech, confident as it was, a little cooled my ardor by reminding me I was a beggar, in the figurative meaning of the word. Chloe led the way, however, and I was soon in the drawing-room, and in the presence of the youthful mistress of the house. How gloriously beautiful did Lucy then appear! She had dressed for dinner, as usual, but it was in the simplest and neatest manner. Her face was radiant with the pleasure of seeing me where I was, and excitement had deepened the color on her cheeks, which were never pale, except with emotions. As for her eyes, I can only describe *them* by the homely phrase that they "danced for joy."

"Now, Miles," she said, holding out both hands to meet me, "*this* is redeeming your pledge, and behaving as you should. Andrew Drewett was delighted with an opportunity of doing something for the man who saved his life, and my only fear was of your obstinacy."

"After all I have heard from Andrew Drewett, beloved Lucy, you never need fear anything from my obstinacy hereafter. He not only has released my body from prison, but he has released my spirits from the weight of a mountain, by honestly confessing you do not love him."

The play of roseate light on an autumnal sky at evening is not more beautiful than the changing tints that passed over Lucy's beautiful face. She did not speak, at first; but so intent, so inquiring was her look, while at the same time it was so timid and modest, that I scarce needed the question that she finally succeeded in asking.

"What *is* it you wish to say, Miles?" at length came from her faltering tones.

"To ask to be permitted to keep these hands forever. Not one, Lucy; one will not satisfy a love like mine, a love that has got to be interwoven with my being, from having formed a part of my existence from boyhood; yes, I ask for *both*."

"You have them both, *dear, dear* Miles, and can keep them as long as you please."

Even while this was in the course of utterance, the hands were snatched from me to be applied to their owner's face, and the dear girl burst into a flood of tears. I folded her in my arms, seated myself at her side on a sofa, and am not ashamed to say that we wept together. I shall not reveal all that passed during the next quarter of an hour, nor am I quite certain that I could, were I to make the attempt, but I well recollect my arm was around Lucy's slender waist at the end of that brief period. What was said was not very coherent, nor do I know that anybody would care to hear, or read it.

"Why have you so long delayed to tell me this, Miles?" Lucy at length inquired, a little reproachfully. "You who have had so many opportunities, and might have known how it would have been received! How much misery and suffering it would have saved us both!"

"For that which it has caused *you*, dearest, I shall never forgive myself; but as for that *I* have endured, it is only too well merited. But I thought you loved Drewett; everybody said you were to marry him; even your own father believed and told me as much——"

"Poor, dear papa! He little knew my heart. One thing, however, he did, that would have prevented my ever marrying any one, Miles, so long as you lived."

"Heaven forever bless him for that, as well as for all his other good deeds? What was it, Lucy?"

"When we heard of the supposed loss of your ship, he believed it, but I did not. Why I did not believe what all around me thought was true is more than I can explain, unless Providence humanely sustained me by hope. But when my father thought you dead, in conversing of all your good qualities, Miles—and he loved you almost as well as his daughter——"

"God bless him, dear old gentleman! but what did he tell you, Lucy?"

"You will never learn, if you thus interrupt me, Miles," answered Lucy, smiling saucily in my face, though she permitted me still to hold both her hands, as if I had taken possession of them literally with an intent to keep them, blushing at the same time as much with happiness, I thought, as with the innate modesty of her nature. "Have a little patience, and I will tell you. When my father thought you dead, he told me the manner in which you had confessed to him the preference you felt for me; and *do* you, *can* you think, after I was thus put in possession of such a secret, I could listen to Andrew Drewett, or to any one else?"

I shall not reveal what followed this speech; but I may say that, in the course of the next ten minutes, Lucy mildly reproached me again for having so long delayed my declaration.

"I know you so well, Miles," she continued, smiling—as for blushing, that she did nearly the whole of the remainder of the day—"I know you so well, Miles, that I am afraid I should have made the declaration myself, had you not found your tongue. Silly fellow! how *could* you suppose I would ever love any but you?—see here!"

She drew the locket I had given her from her dress, and placed it in my hands, still warm from lying near her heart! I had no choice but to kiss Lucy again, or to kiss this locket, and I did both, by way of leaving no further grounds for self-reproach. I say, kiss her again, for, to own the truth, I had already done so many times in that interview.

At length, Chloe put her head in at the door, having taken the precaution first to give a gentle tap, to inquire if dinner should be served. Lucy dined at four, and it was now drawing toward five.

"Has my father come in?" demanded the young mistress of her attendant.

"Not yet, Miss Lucy, but he nebber t'ink much of dinner, Miss Lucy, ma'am; and Masser Mile been *so* long a sailor, dat I t'ink he *must* be hungry. I hear dat he had berry hard time dis v'y'ge, Miss Lucy—too hard for old masser and missus' son!"

"Ay, you have seen Neb, if the truth were told, Miss Chloe," I cried, "and he has been charming your ear with Othello tales of his risks and hardships to make you love him."

I cannot say that Chloe actually blushed, or, if she did, the spectators were none the wiser for the weakness. But dark as was the skin of this honest-hearted girl, she had most affectionate feelings, and even her features could betray the emotions she entertained.

"De feller!" she exclaimed. "What Miss Lucy please order? Shall 'e cook dish up?"

"We will have dinner," Lucy answered, with a smile, Chloe's eyes dancing with a sort of wild delight. "Tell John to serve it. Mr. Hardinge will be home soon, in all probability. We shall be only us three at table."

The mentioning of the table caused me to cast an eye at my dress, and the sight of my mate's attire, neat, and in truth, becoming, as it was, to one who had no reason to be ashamed of his figure, caused me to recollect my poverty, and to feel one twinge at the distance that the world might fancy its own opinions placed between us. As for birth, my own family was too respectable, and my education had been too good, to leave me now any very keen regrets on such a subject in a state of society like ours, but there was truly a wide chasm between the heiress of Mrs. Bradfort, and a penniless mate of a ship. Lucy understood me, and, slipping her arm through mine, she walked into the library, saying archly, as she drew me gently along:

"It is a very easy thing, Miles, to get skirts made to your roundabout."

"No doubt, Lucy; but with whose money? I have been in such a tumult of happiness as to have forgotten that I am a beggar: that I am not a suitable match for you! Had I only Clawbonny I should feel less humiliated. With Clawbonny I could feel myself entitled to some portion of the world's consideration."

We were in the library by this time.

Lucy looked at me a moment intently, and I could see she was pained at my allusion. Taking a little key from a cabinet where she kept it, she opened a small drawer, and showed me the identical gold pieces that had once been in my possession, and which I had returned to her after my first voyage to sea. I perceived that the pearls she had obtained under Grace's bequest, as well as those which were my own property, if I could be said to own anything, were kept in the same place. Holding the gold in the palm of a little hand that was soft as velvet, and as white as ivory, she said:

"You once took *all* I had, Miles, and this without pretending to more than a brother's love, why should you hesitate to do it again, now you say you wish to become my husband?"

"Precious creature! I believe you will cure me of even my silly pride." Then, taking up the pearls, I threw them on her neck, where they hung in a long chain, rivaling the skin with which they came in contact. "There, I have said these pearls should be an offering to my wife, and I now make it; though I scarce know how they are to be kept from the grasp of Daggett."

Lucy kissed the pearls—I knew she did not do it on account of any love for them—and tears came into her eyes. I believe she had long waited to receive this gift, in the precise character in which it was now received.

"Thank you, dear Miles," she said. "You see how freely I accept *your* gifts, and why should you hesitate to receive mine? As for this Mr. Daggett, it will be easy enough to get rid of his claim. I shall be of age before he can bring his cause to trial, as I learn, then nothing will be easier than for Miles Wallingford to pay all his debts, for by that time all that is now mine will be yours. No, no, this Mr. Daggett shall not easily rob me of this precious gift."

"Rupert"—I said, by way of getting her answer.

"Rupert will not influence my conduct, any further than I shall insist on returning every dollar he has received from you in the name of our sainted Grace. But I hear my father's voice, and speaking to some other person. I had hoped we should dine alone!"

The door of the library opened, and Mr. Hardinge entered, followed by a grave-looking, elderly man, of respectable mien, and a manner that denoted one accustomed to deal with matters of weight. I knew this person at once to be Richard Harrison, then one of the most distinguished lawyers of America, and the gentleman to whom I had been carried by John Wallingford, when the latter pressed me to make my will. Mr. Harrison shook me cordially by the hand, after saluting Lucy, whom he knew intimately. I saw at once that something unusual was working in his mind. This highly respectable advocate was a man of method and of great coolness of manner in the management of affairs, and he proceeded to business at once, using very little circumlocution.

"I have been surprised to hear that my worthy client and friend, Mr. John Wallingford, is dead," he observed. "I do not know how his decease should have escaped my notice in the papers, unless it were owing to a pretty severe illness I suffered myself about the time it occurred. My good friend, Mr. Hardinge, told it to me, for the first time, only half an hour since."

"It is true, sir," I answered. "I understand my kinsman died eight months since."

"And he held your bond for $40,000 the time he died?"

"I regret to say he did; a bond secured by a mortgage on my paternal place, Clawbonny, which has since been sold, by virtue of the power contained in the clauses, under the statute, and sold for a song; less than a fourth of its value."

"And you have been arrested, at the suit of the administrator, for the balance due on the bond?"

"I have, sir; and am liberated on general bail only within an hour or two."

"Well, sir, all these proceedings can be, and *must* be, set aside. I have already given instructions to prepare an application to the chancellor for an injunction,

and, unless your kinsman's administrator is a great dunce, you will be in peaceable possession of Clawbonny, again, in less than a month—if a moderately sensible man, in less than twenty-four hours."

"You would not raise hopes that are idle, Mr. Harrison; yet I do not understand how all this well can be!"

"Your kinsman, Mr. John Wallingford, who was a much esteemed client of mine, made a will, which will I drew myself, and which will, being left in my possession for that purpose, I now put in your hands as sole executor. By that will, you will perceive that he especially forgives you the debt of $40,000, and releases the claim under the mortgage. But this is not all. After giving some small legacies to a few of his female relatives, he has left you the residuary legatee, and I know enough of his affairs to be certain that you will receive an addition to your estate of more than two hundred thousand dollars. John Wallingford was a character, but he was a money-making character; had he lived twenty years longer he would have been one of the richest men in the State. He had laid an excellent foundation, but he died too soon to rear the golden structure."

What a change of circumstances was here! I was not only virtually released from debt, but had Clawbonny restored to me, and was master of all I had ever owned, my earnings and the money invested in the *Dawn* excepted. This last was irretrievably gone, it was true, but in its place I had the ample legacy of John Wallingford as a compensation. This legacy consisted of a large sum in the three per cents., which then sold at about sixty, but were subsequently paid off at par, of good bank and insurance stocks, bonds and mortgages, and a valuable and productive real property in the western part of the State, with several buildings in town. In a word, I was even richer than Lucy, and no longer need consider myself as one living on her generosity. It is not difficult to believe I was made supremely happy by this news, and I looked to Lucy for sympathy. As for the dear girl herself, I do believe she felt anything but pleasure at this new accession of riches; for she had a deep satisfaction in thinking that it was in her power to prove to me how completely I possessed her confidence, by placing all she had in my hands. Nevertheless, she loved Clawbonny as well as I did myself, and my restoration to the throne of my fathers was a subject of mutual delight.

Mr. Harrison went on to say that he had ascertained Daggett was in town to conduct the expected arrangement with me, on the subject of my personals, and that he had already sent a messenger to his attorney, to let the existence of the will be known. He had, consequently, strong hopes of arranging matters in the course of the next twenty-four hours. We were still at table, in effect, when the messenger came to let us know an interview was appointed at the office of this eminent counsel, and we all adjourned to that place, Lucy excepted, as soon as the cloth was removed, for in that day cloths were always removed. At the office we found Mr. Daggett, whom I now saw for the first time, and his legal adviser, already waiting for us. One glance sufficed to let us into the secret of the consternation both were in, for the lawyer had committed himself in the course of the proceedings he had had an agency in conducting almost as much as his client.

"This is strange news to us, Mr. Harrison," the attorney commenced; "though your character and reputation, I will confess, make it look serious. Is there no mistake in the matter, sir?"

"None whatever, Mr. Meekly. If you will have the goodness to read this will, sir, you will perceive that the facts have been truly laid before your client; and, as to the authenticity of the document, I can only say it was not only drawn up by myself, under precise instructions from Mr. Wallingford, which instructions I still possess, in his own handwriting, but the will was copied by my client, as well as signed and sealed in my presence, as one of the witnesses. So far as relates to the personals, this will would be valid, though not signed by the testator, supposing no other will to exist. But, I flatter myself,

you will find everything correct as to forms."

Mr. Meekly read the will aloud, from beginning to end, and, in returning it to me, he cast a very give-it-up sort of look at Daggett. The latter inquired, with some anxiety:

"Is there any schedule of the property accompanying the will?"

"There is, sir," returned Mr. Harrison; "and directions on it where to find the certificates of stock, and all the other evidences of debts—such as bonds and mortgages. Of the last, several are in my own possession. I presume the bond of this Mr. Wallingford was kept by the testator himself, as a sort of a family thing."

"Well, sir, you will find that none of the stock has been touched; and I confess this bond, with a few notes given in Genesee, is all that I have been able to find. We have been surprised at discovering the assets to be so small."

"So much the better for you, Mr. Daggett. Knowing what I do, I shall only give up the assets I hold to the executor and heir. Your letters of administration will be set aside, as a matter of course, even should you presume to oppose us, which I should hardly think advisable."

"We shall not attempt it, Mr. Harrison," Meekly said, hastily; "and we expect equal liberality from your client."

So much for having a first-rate lawyer and a man of character on my side. Daggett gave the whole thing up, on the spot—reconveying to me Clawbonny before he quitted, though the sale would unquestionably be set aside, and subsequently was set aside, by means of an amicable suit. A great deal remained to be done, however; and I was obliged to tear myself away from Lucy in order to do it. Probate of the will was to be made in the distant county of Genesee—and distant it was from New York in 1804! The journey that could be made, to-day, in about thirty hours, took me ten days; and I spent near a month in going through the necessary forms, and in otherwise settling my affairs at the west, as that part of the State was then called. The time, however, was not wasted below. Mr. Hardinge took charge of everything at Clawbonny, and Lucy's welcome letters—three of which reached me weekly—informed me that everything was re-established in the house, on the farm, and at the mill.

The *Wallingford* was set running again, and all the oxen, cows, horses, hogs, etc., etc., were living in their old haunts. The negroes were reinstated, and Clawbonny was itself again! The only changes made were for the better; the occasion having been improved to paint and new vamp the house, which Mr. Daggett's parsimony had prevented him from defacing by modern alterations. In a word, "Masser Mile" was alone wanting to make all at the farm happy. Chloe had communicated her engagement to "Miss Lucy," and it was understood Neb and his master were to be married about the same time. As for Moses, he had gone up to Willow Cove on a leave of absence. A letter received from him, which now lies before me, will give a better account of his proceedings and feelings than I can write myself. It was in the following words, viz.:

"Willow Cove, September 18, 1804.

"CAPTAIN WALLINGFORD:—Dear sir, and my dear Miles—Here I have been moored head and starn, these ten days, as comfortable as heart could wish, in the bosom of my family. The old woman was right down glad to see me, and she cried like an alligator, when she heard my story. As for Kitty, she cried, and she laughed in the bargain; but that young Bright, whom you may remember we fell in with, in our cruise after old Van Tassel, has fairly hauled alongside of my niece, and she does little but laugh from morning to night. It's bloody hard to lose a niece in this way, just as a man finds her, but mother says I shall gain a nephew by the trade.

"Now for old Van Tassel. The Lord will never suffer rogues to prosper in the long run. Mother found the old rascal's receipt, given to my father for the money, years and years ago, and, sending for a Hudson lawyer, they made the miserly

cheat off with his hatches, and hoist out cargo enough to square yards. So mother considers the thing settled at last; but I shall always regard the account as open until I have threshed the gentleman to my heart's content. The old woman got the cash in hard dollars, not understanding paper, and I wasn't in the house ten minutes before the good old soul roused a stocking out of a drawer, and began to count out the pieces to pay me off. So you see, Miles, I've stepped into my estate again, as well as yourself. As for your offer to pay me wages for the whole of last v'y'ge"—this word Marble could only spell as he pronounced it—"it's generous, and that's a good deal in these bloody dishonest times, but I'll not touch a copper. When a ship's lost, the wages are lost with her, and that's law and reason. It would be hard on a marchant to have to pay wages for work done on board a craft that's at the bottom of the ocean; so no more on that p'int, which we'll consider settled."

"I am delighted to learn you are to be married as soon as you get back to Clawbonny. Was I in your place, and saw such a nice young woman beckoning me into port, I'd not be long in the offing. Thank you, heartily, for the invitation to be one of the bride-maids, which is an office, dear Miles, I covet, and shall glory in. I wish you to drop me a line as to the rigging proper for the occasion, for I would wish to be dressed as much like the rest of the bride-maids as possible; uniformity being always desirable in such matters. A wedding is a wedding, and should be dealt with as a wedding; so, waiting for further orders, I remain your friend and old shipmate to command,

"MOSES VAN DUZER MARBLE."

I do not affirm that the spelling of this letter was quite as accurate as that given in this copy, but the epistle was legible, and evidently gave Marble a great deal of trouble. As for the letters of dear Lucy, I forbear to copy any. They were like herself, however; ingenuous, truthful, affectionate and feminine. Among other things, she informed me that our union was to take place in St. Michael's, that I was to meet her at the rectory, and that we might proceed to Clawbonny from the church door. She had invited Rupert and Emily to be present, but the health of the last would prevent their accepting the invitation. Major, or General Merton, as he was universally called in New York, had the gout, and could not be there; and I was asked if it would not be advisable, under all circumstances, to have the affair as private as possible. My answer conveyed a cheerful compliance, and a week after that was dispatched I left the Genesee country, having successfully completed all my business. No one opposed me, and so far from being regarded as an intruder, the world thought me the proper heir of my cousin.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride."
—COLERIDGE.

BY arrangement, I stopped at the Willow Cove, to pick up Marble. I found the honest fellow happy as the day was long: but telling fearfully long and wonderful yarns of his adventures to the whole country round. My old mate was substantially a man of truth; but he did love to astonish "know-nothings." He appears to have succeeded surprisingly well, for the Dutchmen of that neighborhood still recount anecdotes of the achievements and sufferings of Captain Marvel, as they usually call him, though they have long ceased to think the country belongs to the United Provinces.

Moses was glad to see me; and after passing a night in the cottage of his mother, he proceeded toward Clawbonny, in a conveyance that had been sent to Willow Cove to meet me. It was a carriage of my own, one of my own negroes acting as driver. I knew the old team, and will acknowledge that tears forced themselves to my eyes as I thus saw myself, as it might be, reinstated in my own. The same feeling came powerfully over

me, as we drove to the summit of an elevation in the road that commanded a view of the vale and buildings of Clawbonny. What a moment was that in my existence! I cannot say that I was born to wealth, even as wealth was counted among us sixty years since, but, I was born to a competency. Until I lost my ship, I had never known the humiliating sensations of poverty; and the feeling that passed over my heart, when I first heard that Clawbonny was sold, has left an impression that will last for life. I looked at the houses, as I passed them in the streets, and remembered that I was houseless. I did not pass a shop in which clothes were exposed, without remembering that, were my debts paid, I should literally be without a coat to my back. Now, I had my own once more; and there stood the home of my ancestors for generations, looking comfortable and respectable, in the midst of a most inviting scene of rural quiet and loveliness. The very fields seemed to welcome me beneath its roof! There is no use in attempting to conceal what happened; and I will honestly relate it.

The road made a considerable circuit to descend the hill, while a footpath led down the declivity, by a shorter cut, which was always taken by pedestrians. Making an incoherent excuse to Moses, and telling him to wait for me at the foot of the hill, I sprung out of the carriage, leaped a fence, and I may add, leaped out of sight, in order to conceal my emotion. I was no sooner lost to view, than, seating myself on a fragment of rock, I wept like a child. How long I sat there is more than I can say; but the manner in which I was recalled from this paroxysm of feeling will not soon be forgotten. A little hand was laid on my forehead, and a soft voice uttered the word "Miles!" so near me, that, at the next instant, I held Lucy in my arms. The dear girl had walked to the hill, as she afterward admitted, in the expectation of seeing me pass on to Clawbonny; and comprehending my feelings and my behavior, could not deny herself the exquisite gratification of sharing in my emotions.

"It is a blessed restoration to your rights, dear Miles," Lucy at length said, smiling through her tears. "Your letters have told me that you are rich; but I would rather you had Clawbonny, and not a cent besides, than, without this place, you had the riches of the wealthiest man in the country. Yours it should have been, at all events, could my means have compassed it."

"And this, Lucy, without my becoming your husband, do you mean?"

Lucy blushed brightly; though I cannot say the sincere, ingenuous girl ever looked embarrassed in avowing her preference for me. After a moment's pause, she smiled, and answered my question.

"I have not doubted of the result, since my father gave me an account of your feelings toward me," she said, "and that, you will remember, was before Mr. Daggett had his sale. Women have more confidence in the affections than men, I fear; at least with us they are more engrossing concerns than with you, for we live for them altogether, whereas you have the world constantly to occupy your thoughts. I have never supposed Miles Wallingford would become the husband of any but Lucy Hardinge, except on one occasion, and then only for a very short period; and ever since I have thought on such subjects at all, I have *known* that Lucy Hardinge would never—*could* never be the wife of any one but Miles Wallingford."

"And that one exception, dearest—that 'very short period?' Having confessed so much, I am eager to know all."

Lucy became thoughtful, and she moved the grass at her feet with the end of her parasol, ere she replied.

"The one exception was Emily Merton; and the short period terminated when I saw you together, in your own house. When I first saw Emily Merton, I thought her more worthy of your love than I could possibly be; and I fancied it impossible that you could have lived so long in a ship together, without discovering each other's merits. But, when I was placed with you both, under the same roof, I soon ascertained that, while your imagi-

nation had been a little led aside, your heart was always true to me."

"Is this possible, Lucy? Are women really so much more discriminating, so much more accurate in their opinions than us men? While I was ready to hang myself for jealousy of Andrew Drewett, did you really know that my heart was entirely yours?"

"I was not without misgivings, Miles, and sometimes those that were keenly painful; but, on the whole, I will not say I felt my power, but that I felt we were dear to each other."

"Did you never suppose, as your excellent father has done, that we were too much like brother and sister to become lovers, too much accustomed to be dear to each other as children to submit to passion? For that which I feel for you, Lucy, I no not pretend to dignify with the name of esteem, and respect, and affection—it is a passion that will form the misery or happiness of my life."

Lucy smiled archly, and again the end of her parasol played with the grass that grew around the rock on which we were seated.

"How could I think this for you," she said, "when I had a contrary experience of my own constantly present, Miles? I saw that you thought there was some difference of condition between us (silly fellow!) and I felt persuaded you had only your own diffidence to overcome, to tell your own story."

"And knowing and seeing all this, cruel Lucy, why did you suffer years of cruel doubt to hang over me?"

"Was it a woman's part to speak, Miles? I endeavored to act naturally—believe I did act naturally—and I left the rest to God. Blessed be His mercy, I am rewarded!"

I folded Lucy to my heart, and, passing a moment of sweet sympathy in the embrace, we both began to talk of other things, as if mutually conscious that our feelings were too high-wrought for the place in which we were. I inquired as to the condition of things at Clawbonny, and was gratified with the report. Everybody expected me. I had no tenantry to come forth to meet me — nor were American tenants much addicted to such practices, even when they were to be found; though the miserable sophistry on the subject of landlord and tenant—one of the most useful and humanizing relations of civilized life—did not then exist among us, that I am sorry to find is now getting into vogue. In that day, it was not thought "liberty" to violate the fair covenants of a lease; and attempts to cheat a landed proprietor out of his rights were *called* cheating, as they ought to be—and they were called nothing else.

In that day, a lease in perpetuity was thought a more advantageous bargain for the tenant than a lease for a year, or a term of years; and men did not begin to reason as if one indulgence gave birth to a right to demand more. In that day, paying rent in chickens, and wood, and work, was not fancied to be a remnant of feudality, but it was regarded as a favor conferred on him who had the privilege; add even now, nine countrymen in ten endeavor to pay their debts in everything they can before they resort to the purse. In that day, the audacious sophism of calling land a monopoly, in a country that probably possesses more than a hundred acres for every living soul within its limits, was not broached; and, in that day, knots of men did not set themselves up as special representatives of the whole community, and interpret the laws in their own favor, as if they were the first principles of the entire republic. But my pen is running away with me, and I must return to Lucy. A crisis is at hand; and we are about to see the laws triumphant, or acts of aggression that will far outdo all that has hitherto rested on the American name, as connected with a want of faith in pecuniary transactions.

Should I ever continue these adventures, occasions may offer to draw certain pictures of the signs of the times; signs that have an ominous aspect as regards real liberty, by substituting the most fearful of all tyrannies, the spurious, in its place. God alone knows for what we are reserved; but one thing is certain—there

must be a serious movement backward, or the nation is lost.

I had no tenantry to come out and meet me, but there were the blacks. It is true, the law was on the point of liberating these slaves, leaving a few of the younger to serve for a term of years, that should requite their owners for the care of their infancies and their educations; but this law could not effect an immediate change in the condition of the Clawbonnys. The old ones did not wish to quit me, and never did; while it took years to loosen the tie which bound the younger portion of them to me and mine. At this hour near twenty of them are living round me, in cottages of mine; and the service of my kitchen is entirely conducted by them. Lucy prepared me for a reception by these children of Africa, even the outcasts having united with the rest to do honor to their young master. Honor is not the word; there was too much *heart* in the affair for so cold a term; the negro, whatever may be his faults, almost always possessing an affectionate heart.

A length I remembered Marble, and, taking leave of Lucy, who would not let me accompany her home, I threw myself down the path, and found my mate cogitating in the carriage at the foot of the hill.

"Well, Miles, you seem to value this land of yours, as a seaman does his ship," cried Moses, before I had time to apologize for having kept him so long waiting. "Howsomever, I can enter into the feelin', and a blessed one it is, to get a respondentia bond off of land that belonged to a fellow's grandfather. Next thing to being a bloody hermit, I hold, is to belong to nobody in a crowded world; and I would not part with one kiss from little Kitty, or one wrinkle of my mother's, for all the desert islands in the ocean. Come, sit down now, my lad—why, you look as red as a rosebud, and as if you had been running up and down hill the whole time you've been absent."

"It is sharp work to come down such a hill as this on a trot. Well, here I am at your side; what would you wish to know?"

"Why, lad, I've been thinkin', since you were away, of the duties of a bridesmaid"—to his dying day Moses always insisted he had acted in this capacity at my wedding—"for the time draws near, and I wouldn't wish to discredit you, on such a festivity. In the first place, how am I to be dressed? I've got the posy you mentioned in your letter, stowed away safe in my trunk. Kitty made it for me last week, and a good-looking posy it was, the last time I saw it."

"Did you think of the breeches?"

"Ay, ay—I have them, too, and what is more, I've had them bent. Somehow or other, Miles, running under bare poles does not seem to agree with my build. If there's time, I should like to have a couple of bonnets fitted to the articles."

"Those would be gaiters, Moses, and I never heard of a bridesmaid in breeches and gaiters. No, you'll be obliged to come out like everybody else."

"Well, I care less for the dress than I do for the behavior. Shall I be obliged to kiss Miss Lucy?"

"No, not exactly Miss Lucy, but Mrs. Bride—I believe it would not be a lawful marriage without that."

"Heaven forbid that I should lay a straw in the way of your happiness, my dear boy; but you'll make a signal for the proper time to clear ship, then—you know I always carry a quid."

I promised not to desert him in his need, and Moses became materially easier in his mind. I do not wish the reader to suppose my mate fancied he was to act in the character of a woman at my nuptials, but simply that he was to act in the character of a bridesmaid. The difficulties which beset him will be best explained by his last remark on this occasion, and with which I shall close this discourse. "Had I been brought up in a decent family," he said, "instead of having been set afloat on a tombstone, matrimony wouldn't have been such unknown seas to me. But you know how it is, Miles, with a fellow that has no relations. He may laugh and sing, and make as much noise as he pleases, and try to make others think he's in good company the whole time; but, after all, he's

nothing but a sort of bloody hermit, that's traveling through life, all the same as if he was left with a few pigs on a desert island. Make-believe is much made use of in this world, but it won't hold out to the last. Now, of all mortal beings that I ever met with, you've fallen in with her that has least of it. There's some make-believe about you, Miles, as when you looked so bloody unconcerned all the time you were ready to die of love, as I now l'arn, for the young woman you're about to marry; and mother has a little of it, dear old soul, when she says she's perfectly satisfied with the son the Lord has given her, for I'm not so blasted virtuous but I might be better; and little Kitty has lots of it when she pretends she would as soon have one kiss from me as two from young Bright; but, as for Lucy Hardinge, I will say that I never saw any more make-believe about her than was becoming in a young woman."

This speech proved that Moses was a man of observation. Others might have drawn seemingly nicer shades of character, but this sincerity of feeling, truth of conduct, and singleness of purpose, formed the distinguishing traits of Lucy's virtues. I was excessively gratified at finding that Marble rightly appreciated one who was so very, very dear to me, and took care to let him know as much, as soon as he had made his speech.

We were met by the negroes, at the distance of half a mile from the house. Neb acted as master of the ceremonies, or, commodore would be the better word, for he actually carried a bit of swallow-tail bunting that was borrowed from the sloop, and there was just as much of the ocean in the symbols used as comported with the honors manifested to a seaman. Old Cupid carried the *Wallingford* ensign, and a sort of *harlequinade* had been made out of marline-spikes, serving mallets, sail-maker's palms, and fids. The whole was crowned with a plug of tobacco, though I never used the weed, except in cigars. Neb had seen processions in town, as well as in foreign countries, and he took care that the present should do himself no discredit. It is true that he spoke to me of it afterward as a "nigger procession" and affected to hold it cheap; but I could see that the fellow was as much pleased with the conceits he had got up for the occasion as he was mortified at the failure of the whole thing. The failure happened in this wise: no sooner did I approach near enough to the elder blacks to have my features fairly recognized, than the women began to blubber, and the men to toss their arms and shout "Masser Mile," "Masser Mile;" thereby throwing everything into confusion, at once placing feeling uppermost, at the expense of "law and order."

To descend from the stilts that seemed indispensable to do credit to Neb's imagination, the manner in which I was received by these simple-minded beings was infinitely touching. All the old ones shook hands with me, while the younger of both sexes kept more aloof, until I went to each in succession, and went through the ceremony of my own accord. As for the boys, they rolled over on the grass, while the little girls kept making courtesies and repeating "welcome home to Clawbonny, Masser Mile." My heart was full, and I question if any European landlord ever got so warm a reception from his tenantry as I received from my slaves.

And welcome I was indeed to Clawbonny, and most welcome was Clawbonny to me! In 1804, New York had still some New York feeling left in the State. Strangers had not completely overrun her as has since happened; and New York names were honored; New York feelings had some place among us; life, homes, firesides, and the graves of our fathers, not yet being treated as so many incidents in some new speculation. Men then loved the paternal roof; and gardens, lawns, orchards, and churchyards, were regarded as something other than levels for railroads and canals, streets for villages, or public promenades to be called batteries or parks, as might happen to suit aldermanic ambition, or editorial privilege.

Mr. Hardinge met me at the gate of the little lawn, took me in his arms, and

blessed me aloud. We entered the house in silence, when the good old man immediately set about showing me, by ocular proof, that everything was restored as effectually as I was restored myself. Venus accompanied us, relating how dirty she had found this room, how much injured that, and otherwise abusing the Daggetts to my heart's content. Their reign had been short, however, and a Wallingford was once more master of the five structures of Clawbonny. I meditated a sixth, even that day, religiously preserving every stone that had been already laid, however, in my mind's intention.

The next day was that named by Lucy as the one in which she would unite herself to me forever. No secret was made of the affair, but notice had been duly given that all at Clawbonny might be present. I left home at ten in the morning, in a very handsome carriage that had been built for the occasion, accompanied by Moses attired as a bridesmaid. It is true his dumpy square-built frame rather caricatured the shorts and silk stockings, and as we sat side by side in this guise, I saw his eyes roaming from his own limbs to mine. The peculiarity of Moses's toilet was that which all may observe in men of his stamp who come out in full dress. The clothes a good deal more than fit them. Everything is as tight as the skin, and the wearer is ordinarily about as awkward in his movements and sensations as if he had gone into society in *puris naturalibus*. That Moses felt the embarrassment of this novel attire was sufficiently apparent by his looks and movements, to say nothing of his speech.

"Miles, I do suppose," he remarked as we trotted along, "that them that have'nt had the advantage of being brought up at home never get a fair growth. Now here's these legs of mine; there's plenty of them, but they ought to have been put in a stretcher when I was a youngster, instead of being left to run about a hospital. Well, I'll sail under bare poles this once, to oblige you, bridesmaid fashion; but this is the first and last time I do such a thing. Don't forget to make the signal when I'm to kiss Miss Lucy."

My thoughts were not exactly in the vein to enjoy the embarrassment of Moses, and I silenced him by promising all he asked. We were not elegant enough to meet at the church, but I proceeded at once to the little rectory, where I found the good divine and my lovely bride had just completed their arrangements. And lovely indeed was Lucy, in her simple but beautiful bridal attire! She was unattended, had none of those gay appliances about her that her condition might have rendered proper, and which her fortune would so easily have commanded. Yet it was impossible to be in her presence without feeling the influence of her virgin mien and simple elegance. Her dress was a spotless but exquisitely fine India muslin, well made and accurately fitting; and her dark glossy hair was embellished only by one comb ornamented with pearls, and wearing the usual veil. As for her feet and hands, they were more like those of a fairy than of one human, while her countenance was filled with all the heartfelt tenderness of her honest nature. Around her ivory throat, and over her polished shoulders, hung my own necklace of pearls, strung as they had been on board the *Crisis*, giving her bust an air of affluent decoration, while it told a long story of distant adventure and of well-requited affection.

We had no bridesmaids (Marble excepted), no groomsmen, no other attendants than those of our respective households. No person had been asked to be present, for we felt that our best friends were with us, when we had these dependents around us. At one time, I had thought of paying Drewett the compliment of desiring him to be a groomsman, but Lucy set the project at rest, by quaintly asking me how I should like to have been *his* attendant, with the same bride. As for Rupert, I never inquired how he satisfied the scruples of his father, though the old gentleman made many apologies to me for his absence. I was heartily rejoiced, indeed, he did not appear, and I think Lucy was so also.

The moment I appeared in the little drawing-room of the rectory, which

Lucy's money and taste had converted into a very pretty but simple room, my "bright and beauteous bride" arose, and extended to me her long-loved hand. The act itself, natural and usual as it was, was performed in a way to denoté the frankness and tenderness of her character. Her color went and came a little, but she said nothing. Without resuming her seat, she quietly placed an arm in mine, and turned to her father, as much as to say we were ready. Mr. Hardinge led the way to the church, which was but a step from the rectory, and, in a minute or two all stood ranged before the altar, with the divine in the chancel. The ceremony commenced immediately, and in less than five minutes I folded Lucy in my arms as my wife. We had gone into the vestry-room for this part of the affair, and there it was that we received the congratulations of those humble, dark-colored beings, who then formed so material a portion of nearly every American family of any means.

"I wish you great joy and ebbery sort of happiness, Masser Mile," said old Venus, kissing my hand, though I insisted it should be my face, as had often been her practice twenty years before. "Ah! dis was a blessed day to *old* masser and missus, could dey saw it, *but*. And I won't speak of anoder blessed saint dat be in Heaven. And you too, *my* dear young missus, now, we all so grad it be *you;* for we did t'ink, at one time, *dat* would nebber come to pass."

Lucy laid her own little white velvet-like hand, with the wedding-ring on its fourth finger, into the middle of Venus's hard and horny palm, in the sweetest manner possible; reminding all around her that she was an old friend, and that she knew all the good qualities of every one who pressed forward to greet her, and to wish her happiness.

As soon as this part of the ceremony was over, we repaired to the rectory, where Lucy changed her wedding-robe for what I fancied was one of the prettiest demi-toilet dresses I ever saw. I know I am now speaking like an old fellow, whose thoughts revert to the happier scenes of youth with a species of dotage, but it is not often a man has an opportunity of portraying such a bride and wife as Lucy Hardinge. On this occasion she removed the comb and veil, as not harmonizing with the dress in which she reappeared, but the necklace was worn throughout the whole of that blessed day. As soon as my bride was ready Mr. Hardinge, Lucy, Moses, and myself entered the carriage, and drove over to Clawbonny. Thither all Lucy's wardrobe had been sent, an hour before, under Chloe's superintendence, who had barely returned to the church in time to witness the ceremony.

One of the most precious moments of my life was that in which I folded Lucy in my arms and welcomed her to the old place as its mistress.

"We came very near losing it, love," I whispered; "but it is now ours, unitedly, and we will be in no hurry to turn our backs on it."

This was in a tete-à-tete, in the family-room, whither I had led Lucy, feeling that this little ceremony was due to my wife. Everything around us recalled former scenes, and tears were in the eyes of my bride as she gently extricated herself from my arms.

"Let us sit down a moment, Miles, and consult on family affairs now we *are* here," she said, smiling. "It may be early to begin, but such old acquaintances have no need of time to discover each other's wishes and good and bad qualities. I agree with you, heart and mind, in saying we will never turn our backs on Clawbonny—dear, dear Clawbonny, where we were children together, Miles; where we knew so well, and loved so well, our departed Grace—and I hope and trust it will ever be our principal residence. The country-house I inherit from Mrs. Bradfort is better suited to modern tastes and habits, perhaps, but it can never be one half so dear to either of us. I would not speak to you on this subject before, Miles, because I wished first to give you a husband's just control over me and mine, in giving you my hand; but, now, I may and will suggest what has been passing in my mind on this subject. Riversedge"—so was

Mrs. Bradfort's country-house called—"is a good residence, and is sufficiently well furnished for any respectable family. Rupert and Emily must live somewhere, and I feel certain it cannot long be in Broadway. Now I have thought I would reserve Riversedge for their future use. They can take it immediately, as a summer residence; for I prize one hour passed here more than twenty-four hours passed there."

"What, rebel! Even should I choose to dwell in your Westchester house?"

"You will be here, Miles; and it is on your account that Clawbonny is so dear to me. The place is yours—I am yours—and all your possessions should go together."

"Thank you, dearest. But will Rupert be able to keep up a town and country-house?"

"The first, not long, for a certainty; how long, you know better than I. When I have been your wife half a dozen years, perhaps you will think me worthy of knowing the secret of the money he actually has."

This was said pleasantly; but it was not said without anxiety. I reflected on the conditions of my secrecy. Grace wished to keep the facts from Lucy, lest the noble-hearted sister should awaken a feeling in the brother that might prevent her bequest from being carried into effect. Then, she did not think Lucy would ever become my wife, and circumstances were changed, while there was no longer a reason for concealing the truth from the present applicant, at least. I communicated all that had passed on the subject to my deeply-interested listener. Lucy received the facts with sorrow, though they were no more than she had expected to learn.

"I should be covered with shame were I to hear this from any other than you, Miles," she answered, after a thoughtful pause; "but I know your nature too well, not to feel certain that the sacrifice scarce cost you a thought, and that you regretted Rupert's self-forgetfulness more than the loss of the money. I confess this revelation has changed all my plans for the future, so far as they were connected with my brother."

"In what manner, dearest? Let nothing that has happened to me influence your decisions?"

"In so much as it affects my views of Rupert's character, it must, Miles. I had intended to divide Mrs. Bradfort's fortune equally with my brother. Had I married any man but you, I should have made this a condition of our union; but *you* I know so well, and so well know I could trust, that I have found a deep satisfaction in placing myself, as it might be, in your power. I know that all my personal property is already yours, without reserve, and that I can make no disposition of the real, even after I come of age, without your consent. But I had that faith in you, as to believe you would let me do as I pleased."

"Have it still, love. I have neither need nor wish to interfere."

"No, Miles; it would be madness to give property to one of such a character. If you approve, I will make Rupert and Emily a moderate quarterly allowance, with which, having the use of my country-place, they may live respectably. Further than that I should consider it wrong to go."

It is scarcely necessary to say how much I approved of this decision, or the applause I lavished on the warm-hearted donor. The sum was fixed at two thousand dollars a year, before we left the room; and the result was communicated to Rupert by Lucy herself in a letter written the very next day.

Our wedding dinner was a modest, but a supremely happy meal; and in the evening the blacks had a ball in a large laundry, that stood a little apart, and which was well enough suited to such a scene. Our quiet and simple festivities endured for several days; the "uner" of Neb and Chloe taking place very soon after our own marriage, and coming in good time to furnish an excuse for dancing the week fairly out.

Marble got into trousers the day after the ceremony, and then he entered into the frolic with all his heart. On the

whole, he was relieved from being a bridesmaid—a sufficiently pleasant thing—but having got along so well with Lucy, he volunteered to act in the same capacity to Chloe. The offer was refused, however, in the following classical language:

"No, Misser Marble; color is color," returned Chloe; "you's white, and we's black. Mattermony is a berry solemn occerpashun; and there mustn't be no improper jokes at my uner with Neb Clawbonny."

CHAPTER XXX.

"This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds."—MACBETH.

THE honeymoon was passed at Clawbonny, and many, many other honeymoons that have since succeeded it. I never saw a man more delighted than Mr. Hardinge was, at finding me actually his son-in-law. I really believed he loved me more than he did Rupert, though he lived and died in ignorance of his own son's true character. It would have been cruel to undeceive him; and nothing particular ever occurred to bring about an *éclaircissement*. Rupert's want of principle was a negative, rather than an active quality, and was only rendered of account by his vanity and selfishness. Self-indulgence was all he aimed at, and he was much too self-indulgent and shrewd to become an active rogue. He would have spent Lucy's and my joint fortunes, had they been put at his control; but as they never were, he was fain to limit his expenditures to such sums as we saw fit to give him, with certain extra allowances extorted by his debts. Our intercourse was very much restricted to visits of ceremony, at least on my part; though Lucy saw him oftener; and no allusion was ever made to the past. I called him "Mr. Hardinge," and he called me "Mr. Wallingford." "Rupert" and "Miles" were done with forever, between us. I may as well dispose of the history of this person and his wife at once; for I confess it gives me pain to speak of them, even at this distance of time.

Rupert lived but four years after my marriage to his sister. As soon as he found it necessary to give up the Broadway house he accepted the use of Riversedge, and his sister's $2,000 a year, with gratitude, and managed to get along on that sum, apparently, down to the hour of his death. It is true that I paid his debts, without Lucy's knowledge, twice in that short period; and I really think he was sensible of his errors, to a certain extent, before his eyes were closed. He left one child, a daughter, who survived him only a few months. Major Merton's complaints had carried him off previously to this. Between this old officer and myself there had ever existed a species of cordiality; and I do believe he sometimes remembered his various obligations to me and Marble, in a proper temper. Like most officials of free governments, he left little or nothing behind him; so that Mrs. Hardinge was totally dependent on her late husband's friends for support during her widowhood. Emily was one of those semi-worldly characters, that are not absolutely wanting in good qualities, while there is always more or less of a certain disagreeable sort of calculation in all they do. Rupert's personal advantages and agreeable manners had first attracted her; and believing him to be Mrs. Bradfort's heir, she had gladly married him. I think she lived a disappointed woman, after her father's death; and I was not sorry when she let us know that she was about to "change her condition," as it is termed in widow's parlance, by marrying an elderly man, who possessed the means of giving her all that money can bestow.

With this second, or according to Venus's nomenclature, *step*-husband, she went to Europe, and there remained, dying only three years ago, an amply-endowed widow. We kept up a civil sort of intercourse with her to the last, actually passing a few weeks with her, some fifteen years since, in a house, half barn, half castle, that she called a palace, on one of the unrivaled lakes of Italy. As *la Signora Montiera* (Montier), she was sufficiently respected, finishing her career as a dowager of good reputation, and who

loved the "pomps and vanities of this wicked world." I endeavored, in this last meeting, to bring to her mind divers incidents of her life, but with a singular want of success. They had actually passed, so far as her memory was concerned, into the great gulf of time, keeping company with her sins, and appeared to be entirely forgotten. Nevertheless, *la Signora* was disposed to treat me and view me with consideration, as soon as she found me living in credit, with money, horses, and carriages at command, and to forget that I had been only a shipmaster. She listened smilingly, and with patience, to what, I dare say, were my prolix narratives, though her own recollections were so singularly impaired. She did remember something about the wheelbarrow and the canal in Hyde Park; but as for the voyage across the Pacific, most of the incidents had passed out of her mind. To do her honor, Lucy wore the pearls, on an occasion in which she gave a little *festa* to her neighbors; and I ascertained she did remember them. She even hinted to one of her guests, in my hearing, that they had been intended for *her* originally; but "we cannot command the impulses of the heart, you know, *cára mia,*" she added with a very self-complacent sort of sigh.

What of all this? The *ci-devant* Emily was no more than a summary of the feeling, interests, and passions of millions, living and dying in a narrow circle, erected by her own vanities, and embellished by her own contracted notions of what is the end and aim of human existence, and within a sphere that *she* fancied respectable and refined.

As for the race of the Clawbonnys, all the elderly members of this extensive family lived and died in my service, or it might be better to say, I lived in theirs. Venus saw several repetitions of her own charms in the offspring of Neb and Chloe, though she pertinaciously insisted to the last that Cupid, as a step-husband, had no legitimate connection with any of the glistening, thick-lipped, chubby set. But even closer family ties than those which bound my slaves to me are broken by the pressure of human institutions. The conscript fathers of New York had long before determined that domestic slavery should not continue within their borders; and, one by one, these younger dependents dropped off, to seek their fortunes in town or in other portions of the State, until few were left besides Neb, his consort, and their immediate descendants. Some of these last still cling to me; the parents having instilled into the children, in virtue of their example and daily discourse, feelings that set at naught the innovations of a changeable state of society. With them, Clawbonny is still Clawbonny; and I and mine remain a race apart, in their perception of things. I gave Neb and Chloe their freedom-papers the day the faithful couple were married, and at once relieved their posterity from the servitude of eight-and-twenty, and five-and-twenty years, according to sex, that might otherwise have hung over all their elder children, until the law, by a general sweep, manumitted everybody. These papers Neb put in the bottom of his tobacco-box, not wishing to do any discredit to a gift from me; and there I accidentally saw them, in rags, seventeen years later, not having been opened, or seen by a soul, as I firmly believe, in all that time. It is true, the subsequent legislation of the State rendered all this of no moment; but the procedure showed the character and disposition of the man, demonstrating his resolution to stick by me to the last. He has had no intention to free *me*, whatever may have been my plans for himself and his race.

I never had more than one conversation with either Neb or his wife on the subject of wages, and then I discovered how tender a thing it was with the fellow, to place him on a level with the other hired people of my farm and household.

"I won'er what I done, Masser Mile, dat you want to pay me wages, like a hired man?" said Neb, half disposed to resent, and half disposed to grieve at the proposal. "I was born in de family, and it seem to me dat quite enough; but, if dat isn't enough, I went to sea wid you, Masser Mile, de

fuss day you go, and I go ebbery time since."

These words, uttered a little reproachfully, disposed of the matter. From that hour to this the subject of wages has never been broached between us. When Neb wants clothes he goes and gets them, and they are charged to "Masser Mile;" when he wants money he comes and gets it, never manifesting the least shame or reluctance, but asking for all he has need of like a man. Chloe does the same with Lucy, whom she regards, in addition to her having the honor to be my wife, as a sort of substitute for "Miss Grace." With this honest couple, Mr. and Mrs. Miles Wallingford, of Clawbonny, and Riversedge, and Union Place, are still nothing but "Masser Mile" and "Miss Lucy;" and I once saw an English traveler take out her note-book, and write something very funny, I dare say, when she heard Chloe thus address the mother of three fine children, who were hanging around her knee, and calling her by that, the most endearing of all appellations. Chloe was indifferent to the note of the traveler, however, still calling her mistress "Miss Lucy," though the last is now a grandmother.

As for the children of the house of Nebuchadnezzar, truth compels me to say, that they have been largely influenced by the spirit of the age, and that they look on the relation that existed for more than a century between the Wallingfords and the Clawbonnys with eyes somewhat different from those of their parents. They have begun to migrate, and I am not sorry to see them go. Notwithstanding, the tie will not be wholly broken so long as any of the older stock remain, tradition leaving many of its traces among them. Not one has ever left my rule without my consent; and I have procured places for them all, as ambition or curiosity has carried them into the world.

As for this new spirit of the age that is doing so much among us, I am not twaddler enough to complain of all change, for I know that many of these changes have had the most beneficial effects. I am far from thinking that domestic slavery, as it once existed at Clawbonny, is a picture of domestic slavery as it existed throughout the land; but I do believe that the institution, as it was formerly known in New York, was quite as much to the disadvantage of the white man as to that of the black. There was always something of the patriarchal character in one of our households, previously to the change in the laws; and the relation of master and slave in old, permanent families, in which plenty was no stranger, had ever more or less of that which was respectable and endearing.

It is not so much in relation to the abolition spirit (if it would only confine its exertions to communities over which it may happen to possess some right of control) that I feel alarmed, as in reference to a certain spirit, which appears to think there always must be more and more change, and that in connection with any specific interest, whatever may have been its advancement under previous *régimes;* nothing in social life being fully developed according to the creed of these movement-philosophers. Now, in my view of the matter, the two most dangerous of all parties in a State are that which sets up conservatism as its standard, and that which sets up progress: the one is for preserving things of which it would be better to be rid, while the other crushes all that is necessary and useful in its head-long course. I now speak of these opposing principles, as they are marshaled in *parties,* opposition giving pertinacity and violence to each. No sane man can doubt that, in the progress of events, much is produced that ought to be retained, and much generated that it would be wiser to reject. He alone is the safe and wise legislator who knows how, and when, to make the proper distinctions. As for conservatism, Lafayette once characterized it excellently well in one of his happiest hits in the tribune. "Gentlemen talk of the just medium (*juste milieu*)," he said, "as if it embraced a clear political creed. We all know what the just medium is, as relates to any particular question; it is simply the truth, as it is connected with that question.

But when gentlemen say that they belong to the *juste milieu* as a *party*, and that they intend to steer a middle course in all the public events of the day, they remind me of a case like this—a man of exaggerated notions lays down the proposition that four and four make ten; another of more discretion and better arithmetic combats this idea, by maintaining that four and four make only eight; whereupon your gentleman of the *juste milieu* finds himself obliged to say, 'Messieurs, you are equally in the wrong; the truth never lies in extremes, and four and four make nine.'"

What is true of conservatism, as a principle, is still more true as to the movement; for it often happens in morals, as well as in physics, that the remedy is worse than the disease. The great evil of Europe, in connection with interests of this nature, arises from facts that have little or no influence here. There, radical changes have been made, the very base of the social edifice having been altered, while much of the ancient architecture remains in the superstructure. Where this is the case, some errors may be pardoned in the artisans who are for reducing the whole to the simplicity of a single order. But, among ourselves, the man who can see no end to anything earthly, ever maintaining that the best always lies beyond, if he live long enough to succeed, may live long enough to discover that truth is always on an eminence, and that the downward course is only too easy to those who rush in so headlong a manner at its goal, as to suffer the impetus of the ascent to carry them past the apex. A social fact cannot be carried out to demonstration like a problem in Euclid, the ramifications being so infinite as to reduce the results to something very like a conclusion from a multitude of interests.

It is next incumbent to speak of Marble. He passed an entire month at Clawbonny, during which time he and Neb rigged the *Grace and Lucy* seven different ways, coming back to that in which they found her as the only rig in which she would sail; no bad illustration, by the way, of what is too often the winding up of experiments in overdone political movements. Moses tried shooting, which he had heard belonged to a country life; and he had a sort of design to set up as a fourth or fifth class country gentleman; but his legs were too short to clamber over high rail-fences with any comfort, and he gave up the amusement in despair. In the course of a trial of ten days, he brought in three robins, a small squirrel, and a crow: maintaining that he had also wounded a pigeon, and frightened a whole flock of quail. I have often bagged ten brace of woodcock of a morning, in the shooting-grounds of Clawbonny, and as many quail in their season.

Six weeks after our marriage, Lucy and I paid Willow Cove a visit, where we passed a very pleasant week. To my surprise, I received a visit from 'Squire Van Tassel, who seemed to bear no malice. Marble made peace with him as soon as he paid back the amount of his father's bond, principal and interest, though he always spoke of him contemptuously to me in private. I must confess I was astonished at the seemingly forgiving temper of the old usurer; but I was then too young to understand that there are two principles that govern men's conduct as regards their associations; the one proceeding from humility and Christian forgiveness, and the other from an indifference to what is right. I am afraid the last produces more of what is called a forgiving temper than the first; men being often called vindictive, when they are merely honest.

Marble lost his mother about a twelvemonth after we returned from our unfortunate voyage in the *Dawn*. A month or two earlier he lost his niece, little Kitty, by a marriage with the son of "neighbor Bright." After this, he passed much of his time at Clawbonny, making occasional visits to us in Chambers Street in the winter. I say in Chambers Street, as trade soon drove us out of Lucy's town residence in Wall Street. The lot on which the last once stood is still her property, and is a small fortune of itself. I purchased and built in Chambers Street, in 1805, making an excellent investment. In 1825 we went into Bleecker Street, a mile higher up town,

in order to keep in the *beau quartier;* and I took advantage of the scarcity of money and low prices of 1839 to take up new ground in Union Place, very nearly a league from the point where Lucy commenced as a housekeeper in the good and growing town of Manhattan.

After Marble found himself an orphan again, he complained that he was little better off than a "bloody hermit" at Willow Cove, and began to talk about seeing the world. All of a sudden he made his appearance at Clawbonny, bag and baggage, and announced his intention to look for a mate's berth in some East Indiaman. I heard his story, kept him a day or two with me, while I superintended the masons who were building my addition to the house, which was then nearly completed, and then we proceeded to town in company. I took Moses to the shipyard, and carried him on board a vessel that was just receiving her spars (she was coppered and copper-fastened, A No. 1, of live-oak frame, and southern pine decks, etc.), asking him how he liked her. He hoped she had a good name. "Why, she is called the *Smudge,*" I answered, "I hope you fancy it." Moses jerked a finger over his shoulder, as much as to say he understood me, and inquired where I intended to send the craft. "To Canton, with you for master."

I saw that my old mate was touched with this proof of confidence, and that his self-esteem had so much risen with the discovery of his origin that he made no objections to the trust. I did not intend to go regularly into commerce, but I kept the *Smudge* running many years, always under Marble, and made a vast deal of money by her. Once she went to Europe, Lucy and I going in her as passengers. This was after the death of my dear old guardian, who made such an end as became his virtuous and Christian life. We, that is Lucy and I, remained abroad several years, returning home in the *Smudge,* and on the last voyage she ever made as belonging to me. Neb had often been out in the ship, just to vary the scene, and he came to Havre in her, as a matter of course, when "Masser Mile," "Miss Lucy," and their two "young massers," and two "young missuses," were ready to come home. I was a good deal shocked at meeting my old friend Moses, on this occasion, for he was breaking up fast, being now hard upon seventy; a time of life when most seamen are unfit for their calling. Moses, however, had held on, with a determination to convey us all back to Clawbonny. Three days after we had sailed, the man of stone had to give up, and take to his berth. I saw that his days were numbered, and felt it to be a duty to let him know his real situation. It was an unpleasant office, but became less so by the resigned and manly manner in which the invalid heard me. It was only when I ceased speaking that he made an attempt to reply.

"I have known that the v'y'ge of life was near up, Miles," he then answered, "for many a day. When the timbers complain and the new tree-nails hit only decayed wood, it is time to think of breaking up the hull for the craft's copper and old iron. I've pretty much worn out the *Smudge,* and the *Smudge* has pretty much worn out me. I shall never see Ameriky, and I now give up charge of the craft to you. She is your own, and nobody can take better care of her. I own I should like to be cased in something that once belonged to her. There's the bulkhead that was taken down, to alter the staterooms for your family—it would make as comfortable a coffin as a body could want."

I promised the old man all should be done as he desired. After a short pause, it struck me the present might be a favorable moment to say a word on the subject of the future. Marble was never a vicious man, nor could he be called a particularly wicked man, as the world goes. He was thoroughly honest, after making a few allowances for the peculiar opinions of seamen, and his sins were principally those of omission. But, of religious instruction he had literally known none, in early life. That which he had picked up in his subsequent career was not of the most orthodox character. I had often thought Marble was well disposed on such subjects, but opportunity was always wanting to

improve this hopeful disposition. Accordingly, I now spoke plainly to him, and I could see his still keen eyes turned wistfully toward me more than once, as he listened with an absorbed attention.

"Ay, ay, Miles," he answered, when I was through, "this may all be true enough, but it's rather late in the day for me to go to school. I've heard most of it before, in one shape or another, but it always came so much in scraps and fragments, that before I could bend one idee on to another, so as to make any useful gear of the whole, some of the pieces have slipped through my fingers. Hows'ever, I've been hard at work at the good book, the whole of this v'y'ge, and you know it's been a long one; and I must say that I've picked up a good deal that seems to me to be of the right quality. Now I always thought it was one of the foolishest things a man could do, to forgive one's enemies, my rule having been to return broadside for broadside, as you must pretty well know; but I now see that it is more like a kind natur' to pardon, than to revenge."

"My dear Moses, this is a very hopeful frame of mind; carry out this feeling in all things, leaning on the Saviour alone for your support, and your dying hour may well be the happiest of your life."

"There's that bloody Smudge, notwithstanding; I hardly think it will be expected of me to look upon him as anything but a 'longshore pirate, and a fellow to be disposed of in the shortest way possible. As for old Van Tassel, he's gone to square the yards in a part of the univarse where all his tricks will be known; and I hold it to be onreasonable to carry spite ag'in a man beyond the grave. I rather think I have altogether forgiven him; though, to speak the truth, he deserved a rope's-ending."

I understood Marble much better than he understood himself. He felt the sublime beauty of the Christian morality, but at the same time, he felt there were certain notions so rooted in his own heart, that it exceeded his power to extract them. As for Smudge, his mind had its misgivings concerning the propriety of his own act, and, with the quickness of his nature, sought to protect itself against its own suggestions, by making an exception of that wretch, as against the general mandates of God. Van Tassel, he probably could, in a manner, pardon, the mischief having been in a measure repaired; though it was a forgiveness that was strangely tinctured with his own deep contempt for the meanness of the transgressor.

Our conversation lasted a long time. At length Lucy joined in it, when I thought it wisest to leave the old tar in the hands of one so well fitted by nature and education to be the instrument, under the providence of God, of bringing him to a more healthful view of his condition. I had the ship to take care of, and this was a good excuse for not interfering much with what passed between the dying man and her who might almost be termed his ministering angel. I overheard many of their conferences, and was present at some of their prayers, as were my sons and daughters; being thus enabled to understand the progress that was made, and the character of the whole procedure.

It was an admirable sight, truly, to see that still lovely woman using all the persuasion of her gentle rhetoric, all the eloquence of her warm feelings and just mind, devoting herself for days and days to the labor of leading such a spirit as that of Marble's to entertain just and humble views of his own relation to the Creator and his Son, the Saviour of men. I will not say that complete success crowned the pious efforts of the single-hearted woman it was my blessed fortune to call my wife; this, perhaps, was not to be expected. It required a power exceeding hers to guide the human heart at seventy, after a seaman's life, to a full repentance of its sins; but, by the grace of God, so much seemed to be accomplished as to give us all reason to hope that the seed had taken root, and that the plant might grow under the guidance of that Spirit in whose likeness the most lowly of the race has been created.

The passage was long, but very tranquil, and there was ample time for all

that has been related. The ship was still to the eastward of the Grand Banks, when Marble ceased to converse much; though it was evident his thoughts were intently musing. He fell away fast, and I began to look forward to his final departure as an event that might occur at any hour. He did not seem to suffer, but his hold of life gradually gave way, and the spirit was about to take its departure, purely on account of the decayed condition of the earthly tenement in which it had so long dwelt, as the stork finally deserts the tottering chimney.

About a week after this change, my son Miles came to me on deck, and informed me his dear mother desired to see me in the cabin. On going below, I was met by Lucy, with a face that denoted how solemn she felt was the character of the intelligence she had to communicate.

"The moment is at hand, dear Miles," she said. "Our old friend is about to be called away."

I felt a pang at this speech, though I had long expected the result. Many of the earlier and more adventurous years of my life passed rapidly in review before me, and I found the image of the dying man blended with nearly all. Whatever may have been his peculiarities, to me he had always been true. From the hour when I first shipped, as a runaway boy, on board the *John*, down to that hour, Moses Marble had proved himself a firm and disinterested friend to Miles Wallingford.

"Is he conscious?" I asked, anxiously. "When I last saw him, I thought his mind wandered a little."

"Perhaps it did; but he is now more collected, if not entirely so. There is reason to think he has at length felt some of the influence of the Redeemer's sacrifice. For the last week, the proofs of this have been increasing."

No more passed between Lucy and me, on the subject, at that time; but I entered the cabin in which the cot of Marble had been slung. It was a spacious, airy room, for a ship; one that had been expressly fitted by my orders, for the convenience of Lucy and her two daughters, but which those dear, self-denying creatures had early and cheerfully given up to the possession of their old friend.

As yet, I have not particularly spoken of these two girls, the eldest of whom was named Grace, and the youngest Lucy. At that time, the first was just fifteen, while her sister was two years younger. By a singular coincidence, Grace resembled the women of my family most; while the latter, the dear, ingenuous, frank, pretty little thing, had so much likeness to her mother, when at the same time of life, that I often caught her in my arms, and kissed her, as she uttered some honest sentiment, or laughed joyously and melodiously, as had been the practice of her who bore her, twenty years before. On those occasions, Lucy would smile, and sometimes a slight blush would suffuse her face; for I could see she well understood the impulse which would so suddenly carry me off to the days of my boyhood and boyish affection.

On the present solemn occasion both the girls were in the cabin, struggling to be calm, and doing all that lay in their power to solace the dying man. Grace, the oldest, was the most active and efficient, of course, her tender years inducing diffidence in her sister; still, that little image of her mother could not be kept entirely in the background, when the heart and desire to be useful were urging her to come out of herself, in order to share in her sister's duties.

I found Marble quite sensible, and the anxious manner in which he slowly examined all the interested faces that were now gathered about his bed, proved how accurately he noted the present and the absent. Twice did he go over us all, ere he spoke in the husky tones that usually precede death.

"Call Neb," he said—"I took leave of my mates, and of all the rest of the men, yesterday, but I consider Neb as one of the family, Miles, and left him for the last."

This I knew to be true, though I purposely absented myself from a scene that I well understood would have to be repeated in my case. Neb was summoned accordingly, not a syllable being uttered

among us until the black stood just without the circle of my own wife and children. Moses watched the arrangement jealously, and it seems he was dissatisfied at seeing his old shipmate keeping so much aloof at that solemn and absorbing moment.

"You are but a nigger, I know, Neb," the old seaman got out, "but your heart would do honor to a king. It's next to Miles's, and that's as much as can be said of any man's. Come nearer, boy; none here will grudge you the liberty."

Little Lucy drew back in an instant, and fairly pulled Neb into the place she herself had just before occupied.

"Bless you for that, young 'un," said Marble. "I didn't know your mother when she was of your age, but I can see that one cat-block is not more like than another than you are like what she was at your age; keep that likeness up, my dear, and then your father will be as happy and fortinate in his darter as he has been in his wife. Well, nobody desarves his luck better than Miles—providential luck, I mean, my dear Madame Wallingford," interpreting a sorrowful expression of Lucy's eyes aright; "for, thanks to your teaching, I now understand there is a Divine Director of all our fortins, whether ashore or afloat, black or white."

"There is not a sparrow falls, Captain Marble," said the gentle, earnest voice of my wife, "that He does not note it."

"Yes, so I understand it now, though once I thought little of such things. Thus, when we were wrecked in the *Dawn*, Neb, it was by God's will, and with a design, like, to bring us three all on to our present fortin, and present frame of mind; should I ever use the word luck, ag'in, which I may be likely enough to do from habit, you are all to understand I mean what I call providential luck. Yes, Madame Wallingford, I comprehend it perfectly, and shall never forget *your* kindness, which has been to me the best turn of providential luck that has ever happened. I've sent for you, Neb, to have a parting word, and to give you the advice of an old man before I quit this world altogether."

Neb began to twist his fingers, and I could see tears glistening in his eyes; for his attachment to Marble was of very long standing and of proof. When men have gone through, together, as much as we three had experienced in company, indeed, the most trifling griefs of every-day life get to appear so insignificant, that our connection seems to be one of a nature altogether stronger than the commoner ties.

"Yes, sah, Cap'in Marble, sah; what please to be your wish, sah?" asked the negro, struggling to subdue his grief.

"To say a few words of advice, Neb, to take leave of my friends, and then to be struck off the shipping articles of life. Old age and hard service, Neb, has made me veer cable to the better end. The stopper is working loose, and a few more surges will leave the hulk adrift. The case is different with you, who are in your prime, and a prime chap be you, on a yard or at the wheel. My parting advice to you, Neb, is to hold out as you've begun. I don't say you're without failin's (what nigger is?), but you're a good fellow, and as sartain to be found in your place as the pumps. In the first place, you're a married man; and, though your wife is only a negress, she's your wife, and you must stick to her through thick and thin. Take your master as an example, and obsarve how he loves and cherishes your mistress," [here Lucy pressed, gently, closer to my side;] "and then, as to your children, bring 'em up accordin' to the advice of Madame Wallingford. You can never sail under better instructions than hern, as I know by experience. Be particular to make that Hector of yours knock off from swearing; he's begun, and what's begun in sin is pretty sartain to have an endin'. Talk to him, first, and, if that won't do, rope's-end it out of him. There's great vartue in ratline stuff, among boys. As for yourself, Neb, hold on as you have begun, and the Lord will have marcy on you before the v'y'ge is up."

Here Marble ceased from exhaustion; though he made a sign to Neb not to move, as he had more to say. After resting a little, he felt under his pillow,

whence he produced a very old tabacco-box, fumbled about until he had opened it, took a small bite, and shut the box again. All this was done very slowly, and with the uncertain, feeble movements of a dying man. When the lid was replaced, Marble held the box toward Neb, and resumed his address.

"Use that for my sake, Neb," he said. "It is full of excellent tobacco, and the box has the scent of thirty years in it—that being the time it has sailed in my company. That box has been in nine fights, seven wrecks, and has seen more boat-sarvice than most London watermen, or any Whitehaller of 'em all. Among other explites, it has been round the world four times, besides having run the Straits of Magellan in the dark, as might be—as your master and you know as well as I do. Take that box, therefore, lad, and be particular, always, to put none but the best of pigtail in it, for it's used to that only. And now, Neb, a word about a little duty you're to do for me, when you get in. Ask your master, first, for leave, and then go up to Willow Cove, and carry my blessin' to Kitty and her children. It's easy done, if a man sets about it in the right spirit. All you have to do is to go up to the Cove, and say that I prayed to God to bless 'em all before I died. Do you think you can remember that?"

"I try, Cap'in Marble, sah—yes, sah, I try all I can, dough I'm no scholar."

"Perhaps you had better confide this office to me," said the musical voice of my wife.

Marble was pleased, and he seemed every way disposed to accept the offer.

"I didn't like to trouble you so much," he answered, "though I feel grateful for the offer. Well, then, Neb, you may leave the blessin' unsaid, as your mistress is so kind—hold on a bit; you can give it to Chloe and her little family—all but Hector, I mean, but not to him unless he knocks off swearing! As soon as he does that, why let him have his share. Now, Neb, give me your hand. Good-by, boy; you've been true to me, and God bless you for it. You are but a nigger, I know; but there's One in whose eyes your soul is as precious as that of many a prince and priest."

Neb shook hands with his old commander, broke out of the circle, rushed into the steerage, and blubbered like a baby. In the meantime Marble paused to recover his own self-possession, which had been a little disturbed by the feeling manifested by the black. As soon as he felt himself a little composed, he hunted about his cot until he found two small paper boxes, each of which contained a very pretty ring, that it seemed he had purchased for this express purpose when last in port. These rings he gave to my daughters, who received the presents sobbing, though with strong natural exhibitions of the friendly sentiments they entertained for him.

"Your father and I have gone through many hardships and trials together," he said, "and I love you all even more than I love my own relations. I hope this is not wrong, Madame Wallingford, for it's out of my power to help it. I've already given my keepsakes to the boys and to your parents, and I hope all of you will sometimes remember the poor old sea-dog that God, in his wisdom, threw like a waif in your way, that he might be benefited by your society. There's your polar star, young 'uns," pointing to my wife. "Keep God in mind always, and give to this righteous woman the second place in your hearts—not that I say a word, or think anything ag'in your father, who's a glorious fellow in his way, but, a'ter all, young women should copy a'ter their mothers, when they've such a mother as yourn, the best of fathers fallin' far astern in gentleness and other vartues."

The girls wept freely, and Marble, after waiting a few minutes, took a solemn leave of all my children, desiring everybody but Lucy and myself to quit the cabin. An hour passed in discourse with us two, during which Moses frequently exhorted me to give ear to the pious counsels of my wife, for he manifested much anxiety for the future welfare of my soul.

"I've generalized a great deal over that affair of Smudge the whole of this v'y'ge," he continued, "and I've had sore misgiv-

ings consarning the explite. Madame Wallingford, however, has eased my mind on that score, by showing me how to lay the burden of this, with all the rest of the load of my sins, on the love of Christ. I am resigned to go, Miles, for it is time, and I'm getting to be useless. It's wicked to wish to run a ship after her frame has worked loose, and nothing now fastens me to life but you. I own it's hard to part, and my mind has had some weakness on the matter. However, Miles, my dear boy, for boy you are still in my eyes, there is comfort in looking ahead. Go by your wife's rules, and when the v'y'ge is up we shall all find ourselves in the same haven."

"It gives me much happiness, Moses, to find you in this frame of mind," I answered. "Since you must quit us, you will not leave one behind of the name of Wallingford that will not rejoice at this prospect for the future. As for your sins, God has both the power and the will to lighten you of their weight, when he finds you disposed to penitence, and to make use of the mediation of his blessed Son. If there is anything you desire to have done hereafter, this is a very proper time to let me know it."

"I've made a will, Miles, and you'll find it in my desk. There are some trifles given to you and yourn, but you want not gold, and the rest all goes to Kitty and her children. There is a p'int, however, on which my mind is very ondetarmined, and I will now lay it before you. Don't you think it more becoming for a seaman to be buried in blue water, than to be tuck'd up in a churchyard? I do not like tombstones, having had too much of them in 'arly youth, and feel as if I want sea-room. What is your opinion, Miles?"

"Decide for yourself. Your wishes will be our law."

"Then roll me up in my cot and launch me overboard, in the old way. I have sometimes thought it might be well to lie at my mother's side; but she'll excuse an old tar for preferring blue water to one of your country churchyards."

After this, I had several interviews with the old man, though he said nothing more on the subject of his interment, that of his property, or that of his departure. Lucy read the Bible to him two or three times every day, and she prayed with him often. On one occasion, I heard a low, sweet voice, near his cot, and, taking a look, ascertained it was my little pet, my daughter Lucy, then only thirteen, reading a second time a chapter that her mother had gone through only an hour before, with some of her own remarks. The comments were wanting now, but the voice had the same gentle earnestness, the same sweet modulations, and the same impressive distinctness as that of the mother!

Marble lived until we had passed within the Gulf stream, dying easily and without a groan, with all my family, Neb, and the first mate, assembled near his cot. The only thing that marked his end was a look of singular significance that he cast on my wife, not a minute before he breathed his last. There he lay, the mere vestige of the robust, hardy seaman I had once known, a child in physical powers, and about to make the last great change. Material as were the alterations in the man, from what he had been when in his pride, I thought the spiritual or intellectual part of his being was less to be recognized than the bodily. Certainly that look was full of resignation and hope, and we had reason to believe that this rude but honest creature was spared long enough to complete the primary object of his existence.

In obedience to his own earnest request, though sorely against the feelings of my wife and daughters, I buried the body of my old friend in the ocean, six days before we made the land.

And now it remains only to speak of Lucy. I have deferred this agreeable duty to the last, passing over long years that were pregnant with many changes, in order to conclude with this delightful theme.

The first few years of my married life were years of bliss to me. I lived under a constant sense of happiness—a happiness that man can derive only from a

union with a woman of whom his reason and principles as much approve, as his tastes and passion cherish. I do not mean to be understood that the years which have succeeded were a wit less happy, for, in a certain sense, they have been more so, and have gone on increasing in happiness down to the present hour; but because time and use finally so far accustomed me to this intimate connection with purity, virtue, female disinterestedness, and feminine delicacy, that I should have missed them, as things incorporated with my very existence, had I been suddenly deprived of my wife, quite as much as in the first years of my married life, I enjoyed them as things hitherto unknown to me.

As I ride over the fields of Clawbonny, even at this day, I recall with tranquil delight, and I trust with humble gratitude, the manner in which those blessed early years of our marriage passed. That was the period when every thought of mine was truly shared by Lucy. She accompanied me in my daily rides or drives, and listened to every suggestion that fell from my lips, with kind interest and the most indulgent attention, rendering me back thought for thought, feeling for feeling, laugh for laugh; and occasionally, tear for tear. Not an emotion could become aroused in my breast that it did not meet with its reflection in hers; or a sense of the ludicrous be awakened, that her keen, but chastened humor did not increase its effect by sympathy. Those were the years in which were planned and executed the largest improvements for the buildings, pleasure-grounds, and fields of Clawbonny. We built extensively, not only out-houses and stables better suited to our present means and more enlarged mode of living than those which existed in my father's time, but, as has been stated before, we added to the dwelling, preserving its pleasing confusion and irregularity of architecture. After passing the first summer which succeeded our marriage in this manner, I told Lucy it was time to stop building and improving my own place, in order that some attention might be bestowed on that she had inherited from Mrs. Bradfort, and which was also old family property.

"Do not think of it, Miles," she said. "Keep Riversedge in good order, and no more. Rupert," who was then living and in possession, "will see that nothing goes to waste; but Clawbonny, dear Clawbonny, is the true home of a Wallingford —and I am now a Wallingford, you will remember. Should this precious boy of ours live to become a man, and marry, the old Westchester property can be used by him, until we are ready to give him up possession here."

This plan has not been literally carried out; for Miles, my eldest son, lives with us at Clawbonny in the summer; and his noisy boys are at this moment playing a game of ball in a field that has been expressly devoted to their amusements.

The period which succeeded the first half-dozen years of my union with Lucy was not less happy than the first had been; though it assumed a new character. Our children then came into the account, not as mere playthings, and little beings to be most tenderly loved and cared for, but as creatures that possess the image of God in their souls, and whose future characters, in a measure, depended on our instruction. The manner in which Lucy governed her children, and led them by gentle means to virtue and truth, has always been a subject of the deepest admiration and gratitude with me. Her rule has been truly one of love. I do not know that I ever heard her voice raised in anger to any human being, much less to her own offspring; but whenever reproof has come, it has come in the language of interest and affection, more or less qualified by a severity, as circumstances may have required. The result has been all that our fondest hopes could have led us to anticipate.

When we traveled, it was with all our young people, and a new era of happiness, heightened by the strongest domestic affection, opened on us. All who have seen the world have experienced the manner in which our intellectual existences, as it might be, expand; but no one who has not experienced it, can tell the

deep, heart-felt satisfaction there is in receiving this enlargement of the moral creature, in close association with those we love most on earth—the manner in which Lucy enjoyed all she saw and learned, on our first visit to the other hemisphere; her youngest child—all four of our children were born within the first eight years of our marriage—her youngest child was then long past its infancy, and she had leisure to enjoy herself in increasing the happiness of her offspring. She had improved her mind by reading; and her historical lore, in particular, was always ready to be produced for the common advantage. There was no ostentation in this; but everything was produced just as if each had a right to its use. Then it was I felt the immense importance of having a companion, in an intellectual sense, in a wife. Lucy had always been intelligent; but I never fully understood her superiority in this respect until we traveled together amid the teeming recollections and scenes of the old world. That America is the greatest country of ancient or modern times I shall not deny. Everybody says it: and what everybody says must be true. Nevertheless, I will venture to hint that, *cæteris paribus*, and where there is the disposition to think at all, the intellectual existence of every American who goes to Europe is more than doubled in its intensity. This is the country of action, not of thought or speculation. Men *follow* out their facts to results, instead of *reasoning* them out. Then, the multiplicity of objects and events that exist in the old countries to quicken the powers of the mind, has no parallel here. It is owing to this want of the present and the past which causes the American, the moment he becomes speculative, to run into the future. That future promises much, and, in a degree, may justify the weakness. Let us take heed, however, that it do not lead to disappointment.

After all, I have found Lucy the most dear to me, and the most valuable companion, since we have both passed the age of fifty. Air is not more transparent than her pure mind, and I ever turn to it for counsel, sympathy, and support, with a confidence and reliance that experience could alone justify. As we draw nearer to the close of life, I find my wife gradually loosening the ties of this world, her love for her husband and children excepted, and fastening her looks on a future world. In thus accomplishing, with a truth and nature that are unerringly accurate, the great end of her being, nothing repulsive, nothing that is in the least tinctured with bigotry, and nothing that is even alienated from the affections, or her duties in life, is mingled with her devotion. My family, like its female head, has ever been deeply impressed by religion; but it is religion in its most pleasing aspect; religion that has no taint of puritanism, and in which sin and innocent gayety are never confounded. It is the most cheerful family of my acquaintance; and this, I must implicitly believe, solely because, in addition to the bounties it enjoys, under the blessing of God, it draws the just distinction between those things that the word of God has prohibited, and those which come from the excited and exaggerated feelings of a class of theologians, who, constantly preaching the doctrine of faith, have regulated their moral discipline solely, as if, in their hearts, they placed all their reliance on the efficacy of a school of good works that has had its existence in their own diseased imaginations. I feel the deepest gratitude to Lucy for having instilled the most profound sense of their duties into our children, while they remained totally free from cant, and from those exaggerations and professions which so many mistake for piety of purer emanation.

Some of my readers may feel a curiosity to know how time has treated us elderly people, for elderly we have certainly become. As for myself, I enjoy a green old age, and I believe look at least ten years younger than I am. This I attribute to temperance and exercise. Lucy was positively an attractive woman until turned of fifty, retaining even a good deal of her bloom down to that period of life. I think her handsome still; and old Neb, when in

a flattering humor, is apt to speak of either of my daughters as his "handsome young missus," and of my wife as his "handsome ole missus."

And why should not Lucy Hardinge continue to retain many vestiges of those charms which rendered her so lovely in youth? Ingenuous, pure of mind, sincere, truthful, placid, and just, the soul could scarcely fail to communicate some of its blessed properties to that countenance which even now so sensitively reflects its best impulses. I repeat, Lucy is still handsome, and in my eyes even her charming daughters are less fair. That she has so long been, and is still my wife, forms not only the delight but the pride of my life. It is a blessing for which, I am not ashamed to say, I daily render thanks to God, on my knees.

THE END OF "MILES WALLINGFORD."

HOMEWARD BOUND.

PREFACE.

In one respect, this book is a parallel to Franklin's well-known apologue of the hatter and his sign. It was commenced with a sole view to exhibit the present state of society in the United States, through the agency, in part, of a set of characters with different peculiarities, who had freshly arrived from Europe, and to whom the distinctive features of the country would be apt to present themselves with greater force, than to those who had never lived beyond the influence of the things portrayed. By the original plan, the work was to open at the threshold of the country, or with the arrival of the travelers at Sandy Hook, from which point the tale was to have been carried regularly forward to its conclusion. But a consultation with others has left little more of this plan than the hatter's friends left of his sign. As a vesssl was introduced in the first chapter, the cry was for "more ship," until the work has become "all ship;" it actually closing at, or near, the spot where it was originally intended it should commence. Owing to this diversion from the author's design—a design that lay at the bottom of all his projects—a necessity has been created of running the tale through two separate works, or of making a hurried and insufficient conclusion. The former scheme has, consequently, been adopted.

It is hoped that the interest of the narrative will not be essentially diminished by this arrangement.

There will be, very likely, certain imaginative persons, who will feel disposed to deny that every minute event mentioned in these volumes ever befell one and the same ship, though ready enough to admit that they may very well have occurred to several different ships; a mode of commenting that is much in favor with your small critic. To this objection, we shall make but a single answer. The caviler, if any there should prove to be, is challenged to produce the log-book of the *Montauk*, London packet, and if it should be found to contain a single sentence to controvert any one of our statements or facts, a frank recantation shall be made. Captain Truck is quite as well known in New York as in London or Portsmouth, and to him also we refer with confidence, for a confirmation of all we have said, with the exception, perhaps, of the little occasional touches of character that may allude directly to himself. In relation to the latter, Mr. Leach, and particularly Mr. Saunders, are both invoked as unimpeachable witnesses.

Most of our readers will probably know that all which appears in a New York journal is not necessarily as true as the Gospel. As some slight deviations from the facts accidentally occur, though doubtless at very long intervals, it should not be surprising that they sometimes omit circumstances that are quite as veracious as anything they do actually utter to the world. No argument, therefore, can justly be urged against the incidents of this story, on account of the circumstance of their not being embodied in the regular marine news of the day.

Another serious objection on the part of the American reader to this work is foreseen. The author has endeavored to interest his readers in occurrences of a date as antiquated as two years can make them, when he is quite aware that, in order to

keep pace with a state of society in which there was no yesterday, it would have been much safer to anticipate things, by laying his scene two years in advance. It is hoped, however, that the public sentiment will not be outraged by this glimpse at antiquity, and this the more so, as the sequel of the tale will bring down events within a year of the present moment.

Previously to the appearance of that sequel, however, it may be well to say a few words concerning the fortunes of some of our *characters*, as it might be, *en attendant*.

To commence with the most important: the *Montauk* herself, once deemed so "splendid" and convenient, is already supplanted in the public favor by a new ship; the reign of a popular packet, a popular preacher, or a popular anything else, in America, being limited by a national *esprit de corps*, to a time materially shorter than that of a lustre. This, however, is no more than just; rotation in favor being as evidently a matter of constitutional necessity, as rotation in office.

Captain Truck, for a novelty, continues popular, a circumstance that he himself ascribes to the fact of his being still a bachelor.

Toast is promoted, figuring at the head of a pantry quite equal to that of his great master, who regards his improvement with some such eyes as Charles the Twelfth of Sweden regarded that of his great rival Peter, after the affair of Pultowa.

Mr. Leach now smokes his own cigar, and issues his own orders from a monkey rail, his place in the line being supplied by his former "Dickey." He already speaks of his great model, as of one a little antiquated, it is true, but as a man who had merit in his time, though it was not the particular merit that is in fashion to-day.

Notwithstanding these little changes, which are perhaps inseparable from the events of a period so long as two years in a country as energetic as America, and in which nothing seems to be stationary but the ages of Tontine nominees and three-life leases, a cordial esteem was created among the principal actors in the events of this book, which is likely to outlast the passage, and which will not fail to bring most of them together again in the sequel.

April, 1838.

CHAPTER I.

"An inner room I have,
Where thou shalt rest and some refreshment take,
And then we will more fully talk of this."—ORRA.

THE coast of England, though infinitely finer than our own, is more remarkable for its verdure, and for a general appearance of civilization, than for its natural beauties. The chalky cliffs may seem bold and noble to the American, though compared to the granite piles that buttress the Mediterranean they are but mole-hills; and the traveled eye seeks beauties instead, in the retiring vales, the leafy hedges, and the clustering towns that dot the teeming island. Neither is Portsmouth a very favorable specimen of a British port, considered solely in reference to the picturesque. A town situated on a humble point, and fortified after the manner of the Low Countries, with an excellent haven, suggests more images of the useful than of the pleasing; while a background of modest receding hills offers little beyond the verdant swales of the country. In this respect England itself has the fresh beauty of youth, rather than the mellowed hues of a more advanced period of life; or it might be better to say, it has the young freshness and retiring sweetness that distinguish her females, as compared with the warmer tints of Spain and Italy, and which, women and landscape alike, need the near view to be appreciated.

Some such thoughts as these passed through the mind of the traveler who stood on the deck of the packet *Montauk*, resting an elbow on the quarter-deck rail, as he contemplated the view of the coast that stretched before him east and west for leagues. The manner in which this gentleman, whose temples were sprinkled with gray hairs, regarded the scene, denoted more of the thoughtfulness of experience, and of taste improved by obser-

vation, than it is usual to meet amid the bustling and commonplace characters that compose the majority in almost every situation of life. The calmness of his exterior, an air removed equally from the admiration of the novice and the superciliousness of the tyro, had, indeed, so strongly distinguished him from the moment he embarked in London to that in which he was now seen in the position mentioned, that several of the seamen swore he was a man-of-war's-man in disguise. The fair-haired, lovely, blue-eyed girl at his side, too, seemed a softened reflection of all his sentiment, intelligence, knowledge, tastes, and cultivation, united to the artlessness and simplicity that became her sex and years.

"We have seen nobler coasts, Eve," said the gentleman, pressing the arm that leaned on his own: "but, after all, England will always be fair to American eyes."

"More particularly so if those eyes first opened to the light in the eighteenth century, father."

"You, at least, my child, have been educated beyond the reach of national foibles, whatever may have been my own evil fortune; and still, I think even you have seen a great deal to admire in this country, as well as in this coast."

Eve Effingham glanced a moment towards the eye of her father, and perceiving that he spoke in playfulness, without suffering a cloud to shadow a countenance that usually varied with her emotions, she continued the discourse, which had, in fact, only been resumed by the remark first mentioned.

"I have been educated, as it is termed, in so many different places and countries," returned Eve, smiling, "that I sometimes fancy I was born a woman, like my great predecessor and namesake, the mother of Able. If a congress of nations, in the way of masters, can make one independent of prejudice, I may claim to possess the advantage. My greatest fear is, that in acquiring liberality, I have acquired nothing else."

Mr. Effingham turned a look of parental fondness, in which parental pride was clearly mingled, on the face of his daughter, and said with his eyes, though his tongue did not second the expression, "This is a fear, sweet one, that none besides thyself would feel."

"A congress of nations, truly!" muttered another male voice near the father and daughter. "You have been taught music in general, by seven masters of as many different states, besides the touch of the guitar by a Spaniard; Greek by a German; the living tongues by the European powers, and philosophy by seeing the world; and now, with a brain full of learning, fingers full of touches, eyes full of tints, and a person full of grace, your father is taking you back to America, to 'waste your sweetness on the desert air.'"

"Poetically expressed, if not justly imagined, cousin Jack," returned the laughing Eve; "but you have forgot to add, and a heart full of feeling for the land of my birth."

"We shall see, in the end."

"In the end, as in the beginning, now and for evermore."

"All love is eternal in the commencement."

"Do you make no allowance for the constancy of woman? Think you that a girl of twenty can forget the country of her birth, the land of her forefathers—or, as you call it yourself when in a good humor, the land of liberty?"

"A pretty specimen *you* will have of its liberty!" returned the cousin sarcastically. "After having passed a girlhood of wholesome restraint in the rational society of Europe, you are about to return home to the slavery of American female life, just as you are about to be married."

"Married! Mr. Effingham?"

"I suppose the catastrophe will arrive sooner or later; and it is more likely to occur to a girl of twenty than to a girl of ten."

"Mr. John Effingham never lost an argument for the want of a convenient fact, my love," the father observed by way of bringing the brief discussion to a close. "But here are the boats approaching; let

us withdraw a little and examine the chance medley of faces with which we are to become familiar by the intercourse of a month."

"You will be much more likely to agree on a verdict of murder," muttered the kinsman.

Mr. Effingham led his daughter into the hurricane-house—or, as the packet-men quaintly term it, the *coach*-house, where they stood watching the movements on the quarter-deck for the next half hour; an interval of which we shall take advantage to touch in a few of the stronger lights of our picture, leaving the softer tints and the shadows to be discovered by the manner in which the artist "tells the story."

Edward and John Effingham were brothers' children; were born on the same day; had passionately loved the same woman, who had preferred the first-named, and died soon after Eve was born; had, notwithstanding this collision in feeling, remained sincere friends, and this the more so, probably, from a mutual and natural sympathy in their common loss; had lived much together at home, and traveled much together abroad, and were now about to return in company to the land of their birth, after what might be termed an absence of twelve years; though both had visited America for short periods in the intervals—John not less than five times.

There was a strong family likeness between the cousins, their persons and even features being almost identical; though it was scarcely possible for two human beings to leave more opposite impressions on mere casual spectators when seen separately. Both were tall, of commanding presence, and handsome; while one was winning in appearance, and the other, if not positively forbidding, at least distant and repulsive. The noble outline of face in Edward Effingham had got to be cold severity in that of John; the aquiline nose of the latter, seeming to possess an eagle-like and hostile curvature—his compressed lip, sarcastic and cold expression, and the fine classical chin, a feature in which so many of the Saxon race fail, a haughty scorn that caused strangers usually to avoid him. Eve drew with great facility and truth, and she had an eye, as her cousin had rightly said, "full of tints." Often and often had she sketched both of these loved faces, and never without wondering wherein that strong difference existed in nature which she had never been able to impart to her drawings. The truth is, that the subtle character of John Effingham's face would have puzzled the skill of one who had made the art his study for a life, and it utterly set the graceful but scarcely profound knowledge of the beautiful young painter at defiance. All the points of character that rendered her father so amiable and so winning, and which were rather felt than perceived, in his cousin were salient and bold, and if it may be thus expressed, had become indurated by mental suffering and disappointment.

The cousins were both rich, though in ways as opposite as their dispositions and habits of thought. Edward Effingham possessed a large hereditary property, that brought a good income, and which attached him to this world of ours by kindly feelings towards its land and water; while John, much the wealthier of the two, having inherited a large commercial fortune, did not own ground enough to bury him. As he sometimes deridingly said, he "kept his gold in corporations, that were as soulless as himself."

Still, John Effingham was a man of cultivated mind, of extensive intercourse with the world, and of manners that varied with the occasion; or perhaps it were better to say with his humors. In all these particulars but the latter the cousins were alike; Edward Effingham's deportment being as equal as his temper, though also distinguished for a knowledge of society.

These gentlemen had embarked at London, on their fiftieth birthday, in the packet of the 1st of October, bound to New York; the lands and family residence of the proprietor lying in the State of that name, of which all of the parties were natives. It is not usual for the cabin passengers of the London packets to embark in the docks; but Mr. Effingham—as we

shall call the father in general, to distinguish him from the bachelor, John—as an old and experienced traveler, had determined to make his daughter familiar with the peculiar odors of the vessel in smooth water, as a protection against sea-sickness; a malady, however, from which she proved to be singularly exempt in the end. They had, accordingly, been on board three days, when the ship came to an anchor off Portsmouth, the point where the remainder of the passengers were to join her on that particular day when the scene of this tale commences.

At this precise moment, then, the *Montauk* was lying at a single anchor, not less than a league from the land, in a flat calm, with her three topsails loose, the courses in the brails, and with all those signs of preparation about her that are so bewildering to landsmen, but which seamen comprehend as clearly as words. The captain had no other business there than to take on board the wayfarers, and to renew his supply of fresh meat and vegetables; things of so familiar import on shore as to be seldom thought of until missed, but which swell into importance during a passage of a month's duration. Eve had employed her three days of probation quite usefully, having, with the exception of the two gentlemen, the officer of the vessel, and one other person, been in quiet possession of all the ample, not to say luxurious cabins. It is true, she had a female attendant; but to her she had been accustomed from childhood, and Nanny Sidley, as her quondam nurse and actual lady's-maid was termed, appeared so much a part of herself, that, while her absence would be missed almost as greatly as that of a limb, her presence was as much a matter of course as a hand or foot. Nor will a passing word concerning this excellent and faithful domestic be thrown away, in the brief preliminary explanations we are making.

Ann Sidley was one of those excellent creatures who, it is the custom with the European travelers to say, do not exist at all in America, and who, while they are certainly less numerous than could be wished, have no superiors in the world, in their way. She had been born a servant, lived a servant, and was quite content to die a servant—and this, too, in one and the same family. We shall not enter into a philosophical examination of the reasons that had induced old Ann to feel certain she was in the precise situation to render her more happy than any other that to her was attainable; but feel it she did, as John Effingham used to express it, "from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot." She had passed through infancy, childhood, girlhood, up to womanhood, *pari passu*, with the mother of Eve, having been the daughter of a gardener, who died in the service of the family, and had heart enough to feel that the mixed relations of civilized society, when properly understood and appreciated, are more pregnant of happiness than the vulgar scramble and heart-burnings, that, in the *melee* of a migrating and unsettled population, are so injurious to the grace and principles of American life. At the death of Eve's mother she had transferred her affections to the child; and twenty years of assiduity and care had brought her to feel as much tenderness for her lovely young charge as if she had been her natural parent. But Nanny Sidley was better fitted to care for the body than the mind of Eve; and when, at the age of ten, the latter was placed under the control of an accomplished governess, the good woman had meekly and quietly sunk the duties of the nurse into those of the maid.

One of the severest trials—or "crosses," as she herself termed it—that poor Nanny had ever experienced, was endured when Eve began to speak in a language she could not herself comprehend; for, in despite of the best intentions in the world, and twelve years of use, the good woman could never make anything of the foreign tongues her young charge was so rapidly acquiring. One day, when Eve had been maintaining an animated and laughing discourse in Italian with her instructress, Nanny, unable to command herself, had actually caught the child to her bosom, and, bursting into tears, implored her not to estrange herself entirely from her poor old nurse. The caresses and solicitations

of Eve soon brought the good woman to a sense of her weakness; but the natural feeling was so strong, that it required years of close observation to reconcile her to the thousand excellent qualities of Mademoiselle Viefville, the lady to whose superintendence the education of Miss Effingham had been finally confided.

This Mademoiselle Viefville was also among the passengers, and was the one other person who now occupied the cabins in common with Eve and her friends. She was the daughter of a French officer who had fallen in Napoleon's campaigns, had been educated at one of those admirable establishments which form points of relief in the ruthless history of the conqueror, and had now lived long enough to have educated two young persons, the last of whom was Eve Effingham. Twelve years of close communion with her *eleve* had created sufficient attachment to cause her to yield to the solicitations of the father to accompany his daughter to America, and to continue with her during the first year of her probation, in a state of society that the latter felt must be altogether novel to a young woman educated as his own child had been.

So much has been written and said of French governesses, that we shall not anticipate the subject, but leave this lady to speak and act for herself in the course of the narrative. Neither is it our intention to be very minute in these introductory remarks concerning any of our characters; but having thus traced their outlines, we shall return again to the incidents as they occurred, trusting to make the reader better acquainted with all the parties as we proceed.

CHAPTER II.

"Lord Cram and Lord Vultur,
Sir Brandish O'Cultur,
With Marshal Carouzer,
And old Lady Mouser."—BATH GUIDE.

THE assembling of the passengers of a packet-ship is at all times a matter of interest to the parties concerned. During the western passage in particular, which can never safely be set down at less than a month, there is the prospect of being shut up for the whole of that period, within the narrow compass of a ship, with those whom chance has brought together, influenced by all the accidents and caprices of personal character, and a difference of nations, conditions in life, and education. The quarter-deck, it is true, forms a sort of local distinction, and the poor creatures in the steerage seem the rejected of Providence for the time being; but all who know life will readily comprehend that the *pele-mele* of the cabins can seldom offer anything very enticing to people of refinement and taste. Against this evil, however, there is one particular source of relief; most persons feeling a disposition to yield to the circumstances in which they are placed, with the laudable and convenient desire to render others comfortable, in order that they may be made comfortable themselves.

A man of the world and a gentleman, Mr. Effingham had looked forward to this passage with a good deal of concern, on account of his daughter, while he shrank with the sensitiveness of his habits from the necessity of exposing one of her delicacy aud plastic simplicity to the intercourse of a ship. Accompanied by Mademoiselle Viefville, watched over by Nanny, and guarded by himself and his kinsman, he had lost some of his apprehensions on the subject during the three probationary days, and now took his stand in the center of his own party to observe the new arrivals, with something of the security of a man who is entrenched in his own doorway.

The place they occupied, at the window of the hurricane-house, did not admit of a view of the water; but it was sufficiently evident, from the preparations in the gangway next the land, that boats were so near as to render that unnecessary.

"*Genus*, cockney; *species*, bagman," muttered John Effingham, as the first arrival touched the deck. "That worthy has merely exchanged the basket of a coach for the deck of a packet; we may now learn the price of buttons."

It did not require a naturalist to detect the species of the stranger, in truth;

though John Effingham had been a little more minute in his description than was warranted by the fact. The person in question was one of those mercantile agents that England scatters so profusely over the world, some of whom have all the most sterling qualities of their nation, though a majority, perhaps, are a little disposed to mistake the value of other people as well as their own. This was the *genus*, as John Effingham had expressed it; but the *species* will best appear on dissection. The master of the ship saluted this person cordially, and as an old acquaintance, by the name of Monday.

"A *mousquetaire* resuscitated," said Mademoiselle Viefville, in her broken English, as one who had come in the same boat as the first-named thrust his whiskered and mustached visage above the rail of the gangway.

"More probably a barber, who has converted his own head into a wig-block," growled John Effingham.

"It cannot, surely, be Wellington in disguise!" added Mr. Effingham, with a sarcasm of manner that was quite unusual for him.

"Or a peer of the realm in his robes!" whispered Eve, who was much amused with the elaborate toilet of the subject of their remarks, who descended the ladder supported by a sailor, and, after speaking to the master, was formally presented to his late boat-companion, as Sir George Templemore. The two bustled together about the quarter-deck for a few minutes, using eye-glasses, which led them into several scrapes, by causing them to hit their legs against sundry objects they might have avoided, though both were much too high-bred to betray feelings—or fancied they were, which answered the same purpose.

After these flourishes, the newcomers descended to the cabin in company, not without pausing to survey the party in the hurricane-house, more especially Eve, who, to old Ann's great scandal, was the subject of their manifest and almost avowed admiration and observation.

"One is rather glad to have such a relief against the tediousness of a sea-passage," said Sir George as they went down the ladder. "No doubt you are used to this sort of thing, Mr. Monday; but with me, it is voyage the first—that is, if I except the Channel and the seas one encounters in making the usual run on the Continent."

"Oh, dear me! I go and come as regularly as the equinoxes, Sir George, which you know is quite, in rule, once a year. I call my passages the equinoxes, too, for I religiously make it a practice to pass just twelve hours out of the twenty-four in my berth."

This was the last the party on deck heard of the opinions of the two worthies for the time being; nor would they have been favored with all this, had not Mr. Monday what he thought a rattling way with him, which caused him usually to speak in an octave above every one else. Although their voices were nearly mute, or rather lost to those above, they were heard knocking about in their state-rooms; and Sir George, in particular, as frequently called out for the steward, by the name of "Saunders," as Mr. Monday made similar appeals to the steward's assistant for succor, by the appropriate appellation of "Toast."

"I think we may safely claim this person, at least, for a countryman," said John Effingham; "he is what I have heard termed an American in a European mask."

"The character is more ambitiously conceived than skillfully maintained," replied Eve, who had need of all her *retenue* of manner to abstain from laughing outright. "Were I to hazard a conjecture, it would be to describe the gentleman as a collector of costumes, who had taken a fancy to exhibit an assortment of his riches on his own person. Mademoiselle Viefville, you, who so well understand costumes, may tell us from what countries the separate parts of that attire have been collected?"

"I can answer for the shop in Berlin where the traveling cap was purchased," returned the amused governess; "in no other part of the world can a parallel be found."

"I should think, ma'am," put in Nanny, with the quiet simplicity of her nature as well as of her habits, "that the gentleman must have bought his boots in Paris, for they seem to pinch his feet, and all the Paris boots and shoes pinch one's feet—at least, all mine did."

"The watch-guard is stamped 'Geneva,'" continued Eve.

"The coat comes from Frankfort: *c'est une equivoque.*"

"And the pipe from Dresden, Mademoiselle Viefville."

"The *conchiglia* savors of Rome, and the little chain annexed bespeaks the Rialto; while the *moustaches* are anything but *indigènes*, and the *tout ensemble* the world: the man is traveled at least."

Eve's eyes sparkled with humor as she said this: while the new passenger, who had been addressed as Mr. Dodge, and as an old acquaintance also, by the captain, came so near them as to admit of no further comments. A short conversation between the two soon let the listeners into the secret that the traveler had come from America in the spring, whither, after having made the tour of Europe, he was about to return in the autumn.

"Seen enough, ha!" added the captain with a friendly nod of the head, when the other had finished a brief summary of his proceedings in the eastern hemisphere. "All eyes, and no leisure or inclination for more?"

"I've seen as much as I *warnt* to see," returned the traveler, with an empasis *on*, and a pronounciation *of*, the word we have italicized, that cannot be committed to paper, but which were eloquence itself on the subject of self-satisfaction and self-knowledge.

"Well, that is the main point. When a man has got all he wants of a thing, any addition is like over-ballast. Whenever I can get fifteen knots out of the ship, I make it a point to be satisfied, especially under close-reefed topsails and on a taut bowline."

The traveler and the master nodded their heads at each other, like men who understood more than they expressed; when the former, after inquiring with marked interest if his room-mate, Sir George Templemore, had arrived, went below. An intercourse of three days had established something like an acquaintance between the latter and the passengers she had brought from the River, and turning his red quizzical face towards the ladies, he observed with inimitable gravity—

"There is nothing like understanding when one has enough, even if it be of knowledge. I never yet met with the navigator who found two 'noons' in the same day, that he was not in danger of shipwreck. Now I daresay, Mr. Dodge there, who has just gone below, has, as he says, seen all he *warnts* to see, and it is quite likely he knows more already than he can cleverly get along with.—Let the people be getting the booms on the yards, Mr. Leach; we shall be *warnting* to spread our wings before the end of the passage."

As Captain Truck, though he often swore, seldom laughed, his mate gave the necessary order with a gravity equal to that with which it had been delivered to him; and even the sailors went aloft to execute it with greater alacrity for an indulgence of humor that was peculiar to their trade, and which, as few understood it so well, none enjoyed so much as themselves. As the homeward-bound crew was the same as the outward-bound, and Mr. Dodge had come abroad quite as green as he was now going home ripe, this traveler of six months' finish did not escape divers commentaries that literally cut him up "from clew to earring," and which flew about in the rigging much as active birds flutter from branch to branch in a tree. The subject of all this wit, however, remained profoundly, not to say happily, ignorant of the sensation he had produced, being occupied in disposing of the Dresden pipe, the Venetian chain, and the Roman *conchiglia* in his stateroom, and in "instituting an acquaintance," as he expressed it, with his room-mate, Sir George Templemore.

"We must surely have something better than this," observed Mr. Effingham, "for I observed that two of the state-

rooms in the main cabin are taken singly."

In order that the general reader may understand this, it may be well to explain that the packet ships have usually two berths in each stateroom, but they who can afford to pay an extra charge are permitted to occupy the little apartment singly. It is scarcely necessary to add, that persons of gentlemanly feeling, when circumstances will at all permit, prefer economizing in other things in order to live by themselves for the month usually consumed in the passage, since in nothing is refinement more plainly exhibited than in the reserve of personal habit.

"There is no lack of vulgar fools stirring with full pockets," rejoined John Effingham; "the two rooms you mention may have been taken by some 'yearling' travelers, who are little better than the semi-annual *savant* who has just passed us."

"It is at least *something*, cousin Jack, to have the wishes of a gentleman."

"It *is something*, Eve, though it end in wishes, or even in caricature."

"What are the names?" pleasantly asked Mademoiselle Viefville; "the *names* may be a clew to the characters."

"The papers pinned to the bed-curtains bear the antithetical titles of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt; though it is quite probable the first is wanting of a letter or two by accident, and the last is merely a synonyme of the old *nom de guerre* 'Cash.'"

"Do persons, then, actually travel with borrowed names in our days?" asked Eve, with a littlé of the curiosity of the common mother whose name she bore.

"That do they, and with borrowed money, too, as well as in other days. I dare say, however, these two co-voyagers of ours will come just as they are, in truth, Sharp enough, and Blunt enough."

"Are they Americans, think you?"

"They ought to be; both the qualities being thoroughly *indigènes*, as Mademoiselle Viefville would say."

"Nay, cousin John, I will bandy words with you no longer; for the last twelve months you have done little else than try to lessen the joyful anticipations with which I return to the home of my childhood."

"Sweet one, I would not willingly lessen one of thy young and generous pleasures by any of the alloy of my own bitterness; but what wilt thou? A little preparation for that which is as certain to follow as that the sun succeeds the dawn, will rather soften the disappointment thou art doomed to feel."

Eve had only time to cast a look of affectionate gratitude towards him—for whilst he spoke tauntingly, he spoke with a feeling that her experience from childhood had taught her to appreciate—ere the arrival of another boat drew the common attention to the gangway. A call from the officer in attendance brought the captain to the rail; and his order "to pass in the luggage of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt," was heard by all near.

"Now for *les indigènes*," whispered Mademoiselle Viefville, with the nervous excitement that is a little apt to so betray a lively expectation in the gentler sex.

Eve smiled, for there are situations in which trifles help to awaken interest, and the little that had just passed served to excite curiosity in the whole party. Mr. Effingham thought it a favorable symptom that the master, who had had interviews with all his passengers in London, walked to the gangway to receive the new comers; for a boat load of the quarter-deck *oi polloi* had come on board a moment before without any other notice on his part than a general bow, with the usual order to receive their effects.

"The delay denotes Englishmen," the caustic John had time to throw in, before the silent arrangement at the gangway was interrupted by the appearance of the passengers.

The quiet smile of Mademoiselle Viefville, as the two travelers appeared on deck, denoted approbation, for her practiced eye detected at a glance that both were certainly gentlemen. Women are more purely creatures of convention in their way than men, their education inculcating nicer distinctions and discriminations than that of the other sex; and Eve, who would have studied Sir George

Templemore and Mr. Dodge as she would have studied the animals of a caravan, or as creatures with whom she had no affinities, after casting a sly look of curiosity at the two who now appeared on deck, unconsciously averted her eyes like a well-bred young person in a drawing-room.

"They are indeed English," quietly remarked Mr. Effingham; "but, out of question, English gentlemen."

"The one nearest appears to me to be Continental," answered Mademoiselle Viefville, who had not felt the same impulse to avert her look as Eve; "he is *jamais Anglais!*"

Eve stole a glance in spite of herself, and, with the intuitive penetration of a woman, intimated that she had come to the same conclusion. The two strangers were both tall, and decidedly gentlemanlike young men, whose personal appearance would cause either to be remarked. The one whom the captain addressed as Mr. Sharp had the most youthful look, his complexion being florid, and his hair light; though the other was altogether superior in outline of feature as well as in expression; indeed, Mademoiselle Viefville fancied she never saw a sweeter smile than that he gave on returning the salute of the deck; there was more than the common expression of suavity and of the usual play of features in it, for it struck her as being thoughtful and as almost melancholy. His companion was gracious in his manner, and perfectly well toned; but his demeanor had less of the soul of the man about it, partaking more of the training of the social caste to which it belonged. These may seem to be nice distinctions for the circumstances; but Mademoiselle Viefville had passed her life in good company, and under responsibilities that had rendered observation and judgment highly necessary, and particularly observations of the other sex.

Each of the strangers had a servant; and while their luggage was passed up from the boat, they walked aft nearer to the hurricane-house, accompanied by the captain. Every American, who is not very familiar with the world, appears to possess the mania of introducing. Captain Truck was no exception to the rule; for, while he was perfectly acquainted with a ship, and knew the etiquette of the quarter-deck to a hair, he got into blue water the moment he approached the finesse of deportment. He was exactly of that school of *élégants* who fancy drinking a glass of wine with another, and introducing, are touches of breeding; it being altogether beyond his comprehension that both have especial uses, and are only to be resorted to on especial occasions. Still, the worthy master, who had begun life on the forecastle, without any previous knowledge of usages, and who had imbibed the notion that "manners make the man," taken in the narrow sense of the axiom, was a devotee of what he fancied to be good breeding, and one of his especial duties, as he imagined, in order to put his passengers at their ease, was to introduce them to each other; a proceeding which, it is hardly necessary to say, had just a contrary effect with the better class of them.

"You are acquainted, gentlemen?" he said, as the three approached the party in the hurricane-house.

The two travelers endeavored to look interested, while Mr. Sharp carelessly observed that they had met for the first time in the boat. This was delightful intelligence to Captain Truck, who did not lose a moment in turning it to account. Stopping short, he faced his companions, and, with a solemn wave of the hand, he went through the ceremonial in which he most delighted, and in which he piqued himself at being an adept.

"Mr. Sharp, permit me to introduce you to Mr. Blunt;—Mr. Blunt, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Sharp."

The gentlemen, though taken a little by surprise at the dignity and formality of the captain, touched their hats civilly to each other, and smiled. Eve, not a little amused at the scene, watched the whole procedure; and then she too detected the sweet melancholy of the one expression, and the marble-like irony of the other. It may have been this that caused her to start, though almost imperceptibly, and to color.

"Our turn will come next," muttered John Effingham; get the grimaces ready."

His conjecture was right; for, hearing his voice without understanding the words, the captain followed up his advantage to his own infinite gratification.

"Gentlemen, — Mr. Effingham, Mr. John Effingham"—(every one soon came to make this distinction in addressing the cousins)—"Miss Effingham, Mademoiselle Viefville;—Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt, ladies; — gentlemen, Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp."

The dignified bow of Mr. Effingham, as well as the faint and distant smile of Eve, would have repelled any undue familiarity in men of less tone than either of the strangers, both of whom received the unexpected honor like those who felt themselves to be intruders. As Mr. Sharp raised his hat to Eve, however, he held it suspended a moment above his head, and then dropping his arm to its full length, he bowed with profound respect, though distantly. Mr. Blunt was less elaborate in his salute, but as pointed as the circumstances at all required. Both gentlemen were a little struck with the distant hauteur of John Effingham, whose bow, while it fulfilled all the outward forms, was what Eve used laughingly to term "imperial." The bustle of preparation, and the certainty that there would be no want of opportunities to renew the intercourse, prevented more than the general salutations, and the new-comers descended to their staterooms.

"Did you remark the manner in which those people took my introduction?" asked Captain Truck of his chief mate, whom he was training up in the ways of packet politeness, as one in the road of preferment. "Now, to my notion, they might have shook hands at least. That's what I call *Vattel*."

"One sometimes falls in with what are *rum* chaps," returned the other, who, from following the London trade, had caught a few cockneyisms. "If a man chooses to keep his hands in the beckets, why let him, say I; but I take it as a slight to the company to sheer out of the usual track in such matters."

"I was thinking as much myself; but after all, what can packet-masters do in such a case? We can set luncheon and dinner before the passengers, but we can't make them eat. Now, my rule is, when a gentleman introduces me, to do the thing handsomely and to return shake for shake, if it is three times three; but as for a touch of the beaver, it is like setting a topgallant sail in passing a ship at sea, and means just nothing at all. Who would know a vessel because he has let run his halyards and swayed the yard up again? One would do as much to a Turk for manners' sake. No, no! there is something in this, and, d—— me, just to make sure of it, the first good opportunity that offers, I'll—ay, I'll just introduce them all over again!—Let the people ship their handspikes, Mr. Leach, and heave in the slack of the chain.—Ay, ay! I'll take an opportunity when all hands are on deck, and introduce them, shipshape, one by one, as your greenhorns go through a lubber's hole, or we shall have no friendship during the passage."

The mate nodded approbation, as if the other had hit upon the right expedient, and then he proceeded to obey the orders, while the cares of his vessel soon drove the subject temporarily from the mind of his commander.

CHAPTER III.

"By all description, this should be the place.
Who's here?—Speak, ho!—No answer!—What is this?" —TIMON OF ATHENS.

A SHIP with her sails loosened and her ensign abroad is always a beautiful object; and the *Montauk*, a noble New York-built vessel of seven hundred tons burthen, was a first-class specimen of the "kettle-bottom" school of naval architecture, wanting in nothing that the taste and experience of the day can supply. The scene that was now acting before their eyes therefore soon diverted the thoughts of Mademoiselle Viefville and Eve from the introductions of the captain, both watching with intense interest the various move-

ments of the crew and passengers as they passed in review.

A crowd of well-dressed, but of an evidently humbler class of persons than those farther aft, were thronging the gangways, little dreaming of the physical suffering they were to endure before they reached the land of promise—that distant America, towards which the poor and oppressed of nearly all nations turn longing eyes in quest of a shelter. Eve saw with wonder aged men and women among them; beings who were about to sever most of the ties of the world in order to obtain relief from the physical pains and privations that had borne hard on them for more than threescore years. A few had made sacrifices of themselves in obedience to that mysterious instinct which man feels in his offspring; while others, again, went rejoicing, flushed with the hope of their vigor and youth. Some, the victims of their vices, had embarked in the idle expectation that a change of scene, with increased means of indulgence, could produce a healthful change of character. All had views that the truth would have dimmed, and, perhaps, no single adventurer among the emigrants collected in that ship entertained either sound or reasonable notions of the mode in which his step was to be rewarded, though many may meet with a success that will surpass their brightest picture of the future. More, no doubt, were to be disappointed.

Reflections something like these passed through the mind of Eve Effingham, as she examined the mixed crowd, in which some were busy in receiving stores from boats; others in holding party conferences with friends, in which a few were weeping; here and there a group were drowning reflection in the parting cup; while wondering children looked up with anxiety into the well-known faces, as if fearful they might lose the countenances they loved, and the charities on which they habitually relied, in such a *melee*.

Although the stern discipline which separates the cabin and steerage passengers into castes as distinct as those of the Hindoos had not yet been established, Captain Truck had too profound a sense of his duty to permit the quarter-deck to be unceremoniously invaded. This part of the ship, then, had partially escaped the confusion of the moment; though trunks, boxes, hampers, and other similar appliances of traveling were scattered about in tolerable affluence. Profiting by the space, of which there was still sufficient for the purpose, most of the party left the hurricane-house to enjoy the short walk that a ship affords. At that instant, another boat from the land reached the vessel's side, and a grave-looking personage, who was not disposed to lessen his dignity by levity or an omission of forms, appeared on deck, where he demanded to be shown the master. An introduction was unnecessary in this instance; for Captain Truck no sooner saw his visitor than he recognized the well-known features and solemn pomposity of a civil officer of Portsmouth, who was often employed to search the American packets, in pursuit of delinquents of all degrees of crime and folly.

"I had just come to the opinion I was not to have the pleasure of seeing you this passage, Mr. Grab," said the captain, shaking hands familiarly with the myrmidon of the law; "but the turn of the tide is not more regular than you gentlemen who come in the name of the king. Mr. Grab, Mr. Dodge; Mr. Dodge, Mr. Grab. And now, to what forgery, or bigamy, or elopement, or *scandalum magnatum*, do I owe the honor of your company this time?—Sir George Templemore, Mr. Grab; Mr. Grab, Sir George Templemore."

Sir George bowed with the dignified aversion an honest man might be supposed to feel for one of the other's employment; while Mr. Grab looked gravely and with a counter dignity at Sir George. The business of the officer, however, was with none in the cabin; but he had come in quest of a young woman who had married a suitor rejected by her uncle—an arrangement that was likely to subject the latter to a settlement of accounts which he found inconvenient, and which he had thought it prudent to anticipate by bringing an action of debt against the bride-

groom for advances, real or pretended, made to the wife during her nonage. A dozen eager ears caught an outline of this tale as it was communicated to the captain, and in an incredibly short space of time it was known throughout the ship, with not a few embellishments.

"I do not know the person of the husband," continued the officer, "nor indeed does the attorney who is with me in the boat; but his name is Robert Davis, and you can have no difficulty in pointing him out. We know him to be in the ship."

"I never introduce any steerage passengers, my dear sir; and there is no such person in the cabin, I give you my honor—and that is a pledge that must pass between gentlemen like us. You are welcome to search, but the duty of the vessel must go on. Take your man—but do not detain the ship. Mr. Sharp, Mr. Grab; Mr. Grab, Mr. Sharp.—Bear a hand there, Mr. Leach, and let us have the slack of the chain as soon as possible."

There appeared to be what the philosophers call the attraction of repulsion between the parties last introduced, for the tall gentlemanly-looking Mr. Sharp eyed the officer with a supercilious coldness, neither party deeming much ceremony on the occasion necessary. Mr. Grab now summoned his assistant, the attorney, from the boat, and there was a consultation between them as to their further proceedings. Fifty heads were grouped around them, and curious eyes watched their smallest movements, one of the crowd occasionally disappearing to report proceedings.

Man is certainly a clannish animal; for without knowing anything of the merits of the case, without pausing to inquire into the right or the wrong of the matter, in the pure spirit of partisanship, every man, woman, and child of the steerage, which contained fully a hundred souls, took sides against the law, and enlisted in the cause of the defendant. All this was done quietly, however, for no one menaced or dreamed of violence, crew and passengers usually taking their cues from the officers of the vessel on such occasions, and those of the *Montauk* understood too well the rights of the public agents to commit themselves in the matter.

"Call Robert Davis," said the officer, resorting to a *ruse*, by affecting an authority he had no right to assume. "Robert Davis," echoed twenty voices, among which was that of the bridegroom himself, who was nigh to discover his secret by an excess of zeal. It was easy to call, but no one answered.

"Can you tell me which is Robert Davis, my little fellow?" the officer asked coaxingly, of a fine flaxen-headed boy, whose age did not exceed ten, and who was a curious spectator of what passed. "Tell me which is Robert Davis, and I will give you a sixpence."

The child knew, but professed ignorance.

"*C'est un esprit de corps admirable!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Viefville: for the interest of the scene had brought nearly all on board, with the exception of those employed in the duty of the vessel, near the gangway. "*Ceci est delicieux,* and I could devour that boy!"

What rendered this more odd, or indeed absolutely ludicrous, was the circumstance that, by a species of legerdemain, a whisper had passed among the spectators so stealthily, and yet so soon, that the attorney and his companion were the only two on deck who remained ignorant of the person of the man they sought. Even the children caught the clew, though they had the art to indulge their natural curiosity by glances so sly as to escape detection.

Unfortunately, the attorney had sufficient knowledge of the family of the bride to recognize her by a general resemblance, rendered conspicuous as it was by a pallid face and an almost ungovernable nervous excitement. He pointed her out to the officer, who ordered her to approach him—a command that caused her to burst into tears. The agitation and distress of his wife were near proving too much for the prudence of the young husband, who was making an impetuous movement towards her, when the strong grasp of a fellow-passenger checked him

in time to prevent discovery. It is singular how much is understood by trifles when the mind has a clew to the subject, and how often signs, that are palpable as day, are overlooked when suspicion is not awakened, or when the thoughts have obtained a false direction. The attorney and the officer were the only two present who had not seen the indiscretion of the young man, and who did not believe him betrayed. His wife trembed to a degree that almost destroyed the ability to stand; but, casting an imploring look for self-command on her indiscreet partner, she controlled her own distress and advanced toward the officer, in obedience to his order, with a power of endurance that the strong affections of a woman could alone enable her to assume.

"If the husband will not deliver himself up, I shall be compelled to order the wife to be carried ashore in his stead!" the attorney coldly remarked, while he applied a pinch of snuff to a nose that was already saffron-colored from the constant use of the weed.

A pause succeeded this ominous declaration, and the crowd of passengers betrayed dismay, for all believed there was now no hope for the pursued. The wife bowed her head to her knees, for she had sunk on a box as if to hide the sight of her husband's arrest. At this moment a voice spoke from among the group on the quarter-deck.

"Is this an arrest for crime, or a demand for debt?" asked the young man who has been announced as Mr. Blunt.

There was a quiet authority in the speaker's manner that reassured the failing hopes of the passengers, while it caused the attorney and his companion to look round in surprise, and perhaps a little in resentment. A dozen eager voices assured "the gentleman" there was no crime in the matter at all—there was even no just debt, but it was a villainous scheme to compel a wronged ward to release a fraudulent guardian from his liabilities. Though all this was not very clearly explained, it was affirmed with so much zeal and energy as to awaken suspicion, and to increase the interest of the more intelligent portion of the spectators. The attorney surveyed the traveling dress, the appearance of fashion, and the youth of his interrogator, whose years could not exceed five-and-twenty, and his answer was given with an air of superiority.

"Debt or crime, it can matter nothing in the eye of the law."

"It matters much in the view of an honest man," returned the youth with spirit. "One might hesitate about interfering in behalf of a rogue, however ready to exert himself in favor of one who is innocent, perhaps, of everything but misfortune."

"This looks a little like an attempt at a rescue! I hope we are still in England and under the protection of English laws?"

"No doubt at all of that, Mr. Seal," put in the captain, who having kept an eye on the officer from a distance, now thought it time to interfere, in order to protect the interests of his owners. "Yonder is England, and that is the Isle of Wight, and the *Montauk* has hold of an English bottom, and good anchorage it is; no one means to dispute your authority, Mr. Attorney, nor to call in question that of the king. Mr. Blunt merely throws out a suggestion, sir; or rather, a distinction between rogues and honest men; nothing more, depend on it, sir.—Mr. Seal, Mr. Blunt; Mr. Blunt, Mr. Seal. And a thousand pities it is that the distinction is not more commonly made."

The young man bowed slightly, and with a face flushed, partly with feeling, and partly at finding himself unexpectedly conspicuous among so many strangers, he advanced a little from the quarter-deck group, like one who feels he is required to maintain the ground he has assumed.

"No one can be disposed to question the supremacy of the English laws in this roadstead," he said, "and least of all myself; but you will permit me to doubt the legality of arresting, or in any manner detaining, a wife in virtue of a process issued against the husband."

"A briefless barrister!" muttered Seal to Grab. "I dare say a timely guinea

would have silenced the fellow. What is now to be done?"

"The lady must go ashore, and all these matters can be arranged before a magistrate."

"Ay, ay! let her sue out a *habeas corpus* if she please," added the ready attorney, whom a second survey caused to distrust his first inference. "Justice is blind in England as well as in other countries, and is liable to mistakes; but still she is just. If she does mistake sometimes, she is always ready to repair the wrong."

"Cannot *you* do something here?" Eve involuntarily half-whispered to Mr. Sharp, who stood at her elbow.

This person started on hearing her voice making this sudden appeal, and glancing a look of intelligence at her, he smiled and moved nearer to the principal parties.

"Really, Mr. Attorney," he commenced, "this appears to be rather irregular, I must confess—quite out of the ordinary way, and it may lead to unpleasant consequences."

"In what manner, sir?" interrupted Seal, measuring the other's ignorance at a glance.

"Why, irregular in form, if not in principle. I am aware that the *habeas corpus* is all-essential, and that the law must have its way; but really this does seem a little irregular, not to describe it by any harsher term."

Mr. Seal treated this new appeal respectfully, in appearance at least, for he saw it was made by one greatly his superior, while he felt an utter contempt for it in essentials, as he perceived intuitively that this new intercession was made in a profound ignorance on the subject. As respects Mr. Blunt, however, he had an unpleasant distrust of the result, the quiet manner of that gentleman denoting more confidence in himself, and a greater practical knowledge of the laws. Still, to try the extent of the other's information, and the strength of his nerves, he rejoined in a magisterial and menacing tone——

"Yes, let the lady sue out a writ of *habeas corpus* if wrongfully arrested; and I should be glad to discover the foreigner who will dare to attempt a rescue in old England in defiance of English laws."

It is probable Paul Blunt would have relinquished his interference, from an apprehension that he might be ignorantly aiding the evil doer, but for this threat; and even the threat might not have overcome his prudence, had not he caught the imploring look of the fine blue eyes of Eve.

"All are not necessarily foreigners who embark on board an American ship at an English port," he said steadily, "nor is justice denied those that are. The *habeas corpus* is as well understood in other countries as in this, for happily we live in an age when neither liberty nor knowledge is exclusive. If an attorney, you must know yourself that you cannot legally arrest a wife for a husband, and that what you say of the *habeas corpus* is little worthy of attention."

"We arrest, and whoever interferes with an officer in charge of a prisoner is guilty of a rescue. Mistakes must be rectified by the magistrates."

"True, provided the officer has warranty for what he does."

"Writs and warrants may contain errors, but an arrest is an arrest," growled Grab.

"Not the arrest of a woman for a man. In such a case there is design, and not a mistake. If this frightened wife will take counsel from me, she will refuse to accompany you."

"At her peril, let her dare to do so!"

"At *your* peril do you dare to attempt forcing her from the ship!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!—let there be no misunderstanding, I pray you," interposed the captain. Mr. Blunt, Mr. Grab; Mr. Grab, Mr. Blunt. No warm words, gentlemen, I beg of you. But the tide is beginning to serve, Mr. Attorney, and 'time and tide,' you know— If we stay here much longer, the *Montauk* may be forced to sail on the 2d, instead of the 1st, as has been advertised in both hemispheres. I should be sorry to carry you to sea, gentlemen, without your small stores; and as for the cabin, it is as full as a lawyer's conscience. No remedy but

the steerage in such a case.—Lay forward, men, and heave away. Some of you, man the fore-topsail halyards.—We are as regular as our chronometers; the 1st, 10th, and 20th, without fail."

There was some truth, blended with a little poetry, in Captain Truck's account of the matter. The tide had indeed made in his favor, but the little wind there was blew directly into the roadstead, and had not his feelings become warmed by the distress of a pretty and interesting young woman, it is more than probable the line would have incurred the disgrace of having a ship sail on a later day than had been advertised. As it was, however, he had the matter up in earnest and he privately assured Sir George and Mr. Dodge, if the affair were not immediately disposed of, he should carry both the attorney and officer to sea with him, and that he did not feel himself bound to furnish either with water. "They may catch a little rain, by wringing their jackets," he added with a wink; "though October is a dryish month in the American seas."

The decision of Paul Blunt would have induced the attorney and his companion to relinquish their pursuit but for two circumstances. They had both undertaken the job as a speculation, or on the principle of "no play, no pay," and all their trouble would be lost without success. Then the very difficulty that had occurred had been foreseen, and while the officer proceeded to the ship, the uncle had been busily searching for a son on shore, to send off to identify the husband—a step that would have been earlier resorted to could the young man have been found. This son was a rejected suitor, and he was now seen, by the aid of a glass that Mr. Grab always carried, pulling towards the *Montauk*, in a two-oared boat, with as much zeal as malignancy and disappointment could impart. His distance from the ship was still considerable; but a peculiar hat, with the aid of the glass, left no doubt of his identity. The attorney pointed out the boat to the officer, and the latter, after a look through the glass, gave a nod of approbation. Exultation overcame the usual wariness of the attorney, for his pride, too, had got to be enlisted in the success of his speculation—men being so strangely constituted as often to feel as much joy in the accomplishment of schemes that are unjustifiable as in the accomplishment of those of which they may have reason to be proud.

On the other hand, the passengers and people of the packet seized something near the truth, with that sort of instinctive readiness which seems to characterize bodies of men in moments of excitement. That the solitary boat which was pulling towards them in the dusk of the evening contained some one who might aid the attorney and his myrmidon, all believed, though in what manner none could tell.

Between all seamen and the ministers of the law there is a long-standing antipathy, for the visits of the latter are usually so timed as to leave nothing between the alternatives of paying or of losing a voyage. It was soon apparent, then, that Mr. Seal had little to expect from the apathy of the crew, for never did men work with better will to get a ship loosened from the bottom.

All this feeling manifested itself in a silent and intelligent activity rather than in noise and bustle, for every man on board exercised his best faculties, as well as his best good will and strength; the clockwork ticks of the palls of the windlass resembling those of a watch that had got the start of time, while the chain came in with surges of half a fathom at each heave.

"Lay hold of this rope, men," cried Mr. Leach, placing the end of the main-topsail halyards in the hands of half-a-dozen athletic steerage passengers, who had all the inclination in the world to be doing, though uncertain where to lay their hands; "lay hold, and run away with it."

The second mate performed the same feat forward, and as the sheets had never been started, the broad folds of the *Montauk's* canvas began to open, even while the men were heaving at the anchor. These exertions quickened the blood in the veins of those who were not employed, until even the quarter-deck passengers

began to experience the excitement of a chase, in addition to the feelings of compassion. Captain Truck was silent, but very active in preparations. Springing to the wheel he made its spokes fly until he had forced the helm hard up, when he unceremoniously gave it to John Effingham to keep there. His next leap was to the mizzen-mast, where, after a few energetic efforts alone, he looked over his shoulder and beckoned for aid.

"Sir George Templemore, mizzen-topsail-halyards; mizzen-topsail-halyards, Sir George Templemore," muttered the eager master, scarce knowing what he said. "Mr. Dodge, now is the time to show that your name and nature are not identical."

In short, nearly all on board were busy, and, thanks to the hearty good will of the officers, stewards, cooks, and a few of the hands that could be spared from the windlass, busy in a way to spread sail after sail with a rapidity little short of that seen on board of a vessel of war. The rattling of the clew-garnet blocks, as twenty lusty fellows ran forward with the tack of the mainsail, and the hauling forward of braces, was the signal that the ship was clear of the ground, and coming under command.

A cross current had superseded the necessity of casting the vessel, but her sails took the light air nearly abeam; the captain understanding that motion was of much more importance just then than direction. No sooner did he perceive by the bubbles that floated past, or rather appeared to float past, that his ship was dividing the water forward, than he called a trusty man to the wheel, relieving John Effingham from his watch. The next instant, Mr. Leach reported the anchor catted and fished.

"Pilot, you will be responsible for this if my prisoners escape," said Mr. Grab menacingly. "You know my errand, and it is your duty to aid the ministers of the law."

"Harkee, Mr. Grab," put in the Master, who had warmed himself with the exercise; "we all know, and we all do our duties, on board the *Montauk*. It is your duty to take Robert Davis on shore if you can find him; and it is my duty to take the *Montauk* to America; now, if you will receive counsel from a well-wisher, I would advise you to see that you do not go in her. No one offers any impediment to your performing your office, and I'll thank you to offer me none in performing mine.—Brace the yards further forward, boys, and let the ship come up to the wind."

As there were logic, useful information, law and seamanship united in this reply, the attorney began to betray uneasiness; for by this time the ship had gathered so much way as to render it exceedingly doubtful whether a two-oared boat would be able to come up with her, without the consent of those on board. It is probable, as evening had already closed, and the rays of the moon were beginning to quiver on the ripple of the water, that he would have abandoned his object, though with infinite reluctance, had not Sir George Templemore pointed out to the captain a six-oared boat, that was pulling toward them from a quarter that permitted it to be seen in the moonlight.

"That appears to be a man-of-war's cutter," observed the baronet uneasily, for by this time all on board felt a sort of personal interest in their escape.

"It does, indeed, Captain Truck," added the pilot, "and if she make a signal, it will become my duty to heave-to the *Montauk*."

"Then bundle out of her, my fine fellow, as fast as you can; for not a brace of a bowline shall be touched here, with my consent, for any such purpose. The ship is cleared—my hour is come—my passengers are on board—and America is my haven. Let them that want me, catch me. That is what I call *Vattel*."

The pilot and the master of the *Montauk* were excellent friends, and understood each other perfectly, even while the former was making the most serious professions of duty. The boat was hauled up, and first whispering a few cautions about the shoals and the currents, the worthy marine guide leaped into it, and was soon seen floating astern—a cheering proof that

the ship had got fairly in motion. As he fell out of hearing in the wake of the vessel, the honest fellow kept calling out "to tack in season."

"If you wish to try the speed of your boat against that of the pilot, Mr. Grab," called out the captain, "you will never have a better opportunity. It is a fine night for a regatta, and I will stand you a pound on Mr. Handlead's heels. For that matter, I would as soon trust his head, or his hands, in the bargain."

The officer continued obstinately on board, for he saw that the six-oared boat was coming up with the ship, and, as he well knew the importance to his client of compelling a settlement of the accounts, he fancied some succor might be expected in that quarter. In the meantime, this new movement on the part of their pursuers attracted general attention, and, as might be expected, the interest of this little incident increased the excitement that usually accompanies a departure for a long sea-voyage, fourfold. Men and women forgot their griefs and leave-takings in anxiety, and in that pleasure which usually attends agitation of the mind that does not proceed from actual misery of our own.

CHAPTER IV.

"Whither away so fast?
O God save you!
Even to the hall to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham."
—HENRY III.

THE assembling of the passengers of the large packet ship is necessarily an affair of coldness and distrust, especially with those who know the world, and more particularly still when the passage is from Europe to America. The greater sophistication of the old than of the new hemisphere, with its consequent shifts and vices, the knowledge that the tide of emigration sets westward, and that few abandon the home of their youth unless impelled by misfortune at least, with other obvious causes, unite to produce this distinction. Then come the fastidiousness of habits, the sentiments of social castes, the refinements of breeding, and the reserves of dignity of character, to be put in close collision with bustling egotism, ignorance of usages, an absence of training and downright vulgarity of thought and practices. Although necessity soon brings these chaotic elements into something like order, the first week commonly passes in reconnoitering, cool civilities, and cautious concessions, to yield at length to the never-dying charities; unless, indeed, the latter may happen to be kept in abeyance by a downright quarrel, about midnight carousals, a squeaking fiddle, or some incorrigible snorer.

Happily, the party collected in the *Montauk* had the good fortune to abridge the usual probation in courtesies by the stirring events of the night on which they sailed. Two hours had scarcely elapsed since the last passenger crossed the gangway, and yet the respective circles of the quarter-deck and steerage felt more sympathy with each other than the boasted human charities ordinarily quicken in days of commonplace intercourse. They had already found out each other's names, thanks to the assiduity of Captain Truck, who had stolen time, in the midst of all his activity, to make half-a-dozen more introductions, and the Americans of the less trained class were already using them as freely as if they were old acquaintances. We say Americans, for the cabins of these ships usually contain a congress of nations, though the people of England, and of her ci-devant colonies, of course predominate in those of the London lines. On the present occasion, the last two were nearly balanced in numbers, so far as national character could be made out; opinion (which, as might be expected, had been busy the while) being suspended in reference to Mr. Blunt, and one or two others whom the captain called "foreigners," to distinguish them from the Anglo-Saxon stock.

This equal distribution of forces might, under other circumstances, have led to a division in feeling; for the conflicts between American and British opinions, coupled with a difference in habits, are a prolific source of discontent in the cabins

of packets. The American is apt to fancy himself at home under the flag of his country; while his transatlantic kinsman is strongly addicted to fancying that when he has fairly paid his money he has a right to embark all his prejudices with his other luggage.

The affair of the attorney and the newly-married couple, however, was kept quite distinct from all feelings of nationality; the English apparently entertaining quite as lively a wish that the latter might escape from the fangs of the law as any other portion of the passengers. The parties themselves were British, and although the authority evaded was of the same origin, right or wrong, all on board had taken up the impression that it was improperly exercised. Sir George Templemore, the Englishman of highest rank, was decidedly of this way of thinking—an opinion he was rather warm in expressing—and the example of a baronet had its weight, not only with most of his own countrymen, but with not a few of the Americans also. The Effingham party, together with Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt, were, indeed, all who seemed to be entirely indifferent to Sir George's sentiments; and, as men are intuitively quick in discovering who do and who do not defer to their suggestions, their accidental independence might have been favored by this fact, for the discourse of this gentleman was addressed in the main to those who lent the most willing ears. Mr. Dodge, in particular, was his constant and respectful listener, and profound admirer:—But then he was his room-mate, and a Democrat of a water so pure, that he was disposed to maintain no man had a right to any one of his senses, unless by popular sufferance.

In the meanwhile, the night advanced, and the soft light of the moon was playing on the waters, adding a semi-mysterious obscurity to the excitement of the scene. The two-oared boat had evidently been overtaken by that carrying six oars, and, after a short conference, the first had returned reluctantly towards the land, while the latter, profiting by its position, had set two lug-sails, and was standing out into the offing, on a course that would compel the *Montauk* to come under its lee, when the shoals, as would soon be the case, should force the ship to tack.

"England is most inconveniently placed," Captain Truck dryly remarked as he witnessed this maneuver. "Were this island only out of the way, now, we might stand on as we head, and leave those man-of-war's men to amuse themselves all night with backing and filling in the roads of Portsmouth."

"I hope there is no danger of that little boat's overtaking this large ship!" exclaimed Sir George, with a vivacity that did great credit to his philanthropy, according to the opinion of Mr. Dodge at least; the latter having imbibed a singular bias in favor of persons of condition, from having traveled in an *eilwagen* with a German baron, from whom he had taken a model of the pipe he carried but never smoked, and from having been thrown for two days and nights into the society of a "Polish countess," as he uniformly termed her, in the *gondole* of a *diligence*, between Lyons and Marseilles. In addition, Mr. Dodge, as has just been hinted, was an ultra-freeman at home—a circumstance that seems always to react, when the subject of the feeling gets into foreign countries.

"A feather running before a lady's sigh would outsail either of us in this air, which breathes on us in some such fashion as a whale snores, Sir George, by sudden puffs. I would give the price of a steerage passage, if Great Britain lay off the Cape of Good Hope for a week or ten days."

"Or Cape Hatteras!" rejoined the mate.

"Not I; I wish the old island no harm, nor a worse climate than it has got already; though it lies as much in our way just at this moment, as the moon is an eclipse of the sun. I bear the old creature a great-grandson's love—or a step or two further off, if you will—and come and go too often to forget the relationship. But, much as I love her, the affection is not strong enough to go ashore on her shoals, and so we will go about,

Mr. Leach; at the same time, I wish from my heart that two-lugged rascal would go about his business."

The ship tacked slowly but gracefully, for she was in what her master termed "racing trim;" and as her bows fell off to the eastward, it became pretty evident to all who understood the subject, that the two little lug-sails that were "eating into the wind," as the sailors express it, would weather upon her track ere she could stretch over to the other shoal. Even the landsmen had some feverish suspicions of the truth, and the steerage passengers were already holding a secret conference on the possibility of hiding the pursued in some of the recesses of the ship. "Such things were often done," one whispered to another, "and it was as easy to perform it now as at any other time."

But Captain Truck viewed the matter differently: his vocation called him three times a year into the roads at Portsmouth, and he felt little disposition to embarrass his future intercourse with the place by setting its authorities at a too open defiance. He deliberated a good deal on the propriety of throwing his ship up into the wind, as she slowly advanced towards the boat, and of inviting those in the latter to board him. Opposed to this was the pride of profession, and Jack Truck was not a man to overlook or to forget the "yarns" that were spun among his fellows at the New England Coffee-house, or among those farming hamlets on the banks of the Connecticut, whence all the packetmen are derived, and whither they repair for a shelter when their careers are run, as regularly as the fruit decays where it falleth, or the grass that has not been harvested or cropped withers on its native stalk.

"There is no question, Sir George, that this fellow is a man-of-war's man," said the master to the baronet, who stuck close to his side. "Take a peep at the creeping rogue through this night-glass, and you will see his crew seated at their thwarts with their arms folded, like men who eat the king's beef. None but your regular public servant ever gets that impudent air of idleness about him, either in England or America. In this respect, human nature is the same in both hemispheres, a man never falling in with luck, but he fancies it is no more than his deserts."

"There seems to be a great many of them! Can it be their intention to carry the vessel by boarding?"

"If it is, they must take the will for the deed," returned Mr. Truck a little coldly. "I very much question if the *Montauk*, with three cabin officers, as many stewards, two cooks, and eighteen foremastmen, would exactly like the notion of being 'carried,' as you style it, Sir George, by a six-oared cutter's crew. We are not as heavy as the planet Jupiter, but have somewhat too much gravity to be 'carried' as lightly as all that, too."

"You intend, then, to resist?" asked Sir George, whose generous zeal in behalf of the pursued apparently led him to take a stronger interest in their escape than any other person on board.

Captain Truck, who had never an objection to sport, pondered with himself a little, smiled, and then loudly expressed a wish that he had a member of congress or a member of parliament on board.

"Your desire is a little extraordinary for the circumstances," observed Mr. Sharp; "will you have the goodness to explain why?"

"This matter touches on international law, gentlemen," continued the master, rubbing his hands; for, in addition to having caught the art of introduction, the honest mariner had taken it into his head he had become an adept in the principles of Vattel, of whom he possessed a well-thumbed copy, and for whose dogmas he entertained the deference that they who begin to learn late usually feel for the particular master into whose hands they have accidentally fallen. "Under what circumstances, or in what category, can a public armed ship compel a neutral to submit to being boarded—not 'carried,' Sir George, you will please to remark; for d—— me, if any man 'carries' the *Montauk* that is not strong enough to 'carry' her crew and cargo along with her!—but in what category, now, is a packet like

this I have the honor to command obliged, in comity, to heave-to and to submit to an examination at all? The ship is a-weigh, and has handsomely tacked under her canvas; and, gentlemen, I should be pleased to have your sentiments on the occasion. Just have the condescension to point out the category."

Mr. Dodge came from a part of the country in which men were accustomed to think, act, almost to eat and drink and sleep, in common; or, in other words, from one of those regions, in America, in which there was so much community, that few had the moral courage, even when they possessed the knowledge, and all the other necessary means, to cause their individuality to be respected. When the usual process of conventions, sub-conventions, caucuses, and public meetings did not supply the means of "concentrated action," he and his neighbors had long been in the habit of having recourse to societies, by way of obtaining "energetic means," as it was termed; and from his tenth year up to his twenty-fifth, this gentleman had been either a president, vice-president, manager, or committeeman, of some philosophical, political, or religious expedient to fortify human wisdom, make men better, and resist error and depotism. His experience had rendered him expert in what may well enough be termed the language of association. No man of his years, in the twenty-six States, could more readily apply the terms of "taking up"—"excitement" — "unqualified hostility" — "public opinion" — "spreading before the public," or any other of those generic phrases that imply the privileges of all, and the rights of none. Unfortunately, the pronunciation of this person was not as pure as his motives, and he misunderstood the captain when he spoke of comity, as meaning a "committee;" and although it was not quite obvious what the worthy mariner could intend by "obliged in committee (comity) to heave-to," yet, as he had known these bodies to do so many "energetic things," he did not see why they might not perform this evolution as well as another.

"It really does appear, Captain Truck," he remarked accordingly, "that our situation approaches a crisis, and the suggestion of a comity (committee) strikes me as being peculiarly proper and suitable to the circumstances, and in strict conformity with republican usages. In order to save time, and that the gentlemen who shall be appointed to serve may have opportunity to report, therefore, I will at once nominate Sir George Templemore as chairman, leaving it for any other gentleman present to suggest the name of any candidate he may deem proper. I will only add, that in my poor judgment this comity (committee) ought to consist of at least three, and that it have power to send for persons and papers."

"I would propose five, Captain Truck, by way of amendment," added another passenger of the same kidney as the last speaker, gentlemen of their school making it a point to differ a little from every proposition by way of showing their independence.

It was fortunate for both the mover of the original motion, and for the proposer of the amendment, that the master was acquainted with the character of Mr. Dodge, or a proposition that his ship was to be worked by a committee (or indeed by comity), would have been very likely to meet with but an indifferent reception; but, catching a glimpse of the laughing eyes of Eve, as well as of the amused faces of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt, by the light of the moon, he very gravely signified his entire approbation of the chairman named, and his perfect readiness to listen to the report of the aforesaid committee as soon as it might be prepared to make it.

"And if your committee, or comity, gentlemen," he added, "can tell me what Vattel would say about the obligation to heave-to in a time of profound peace, and when the ship, or boat, in chase, can have no belligerent rights, I shall be grateful to my dying day; for I have looked him through as closely as old women usually examine almanacs to tell which way the wind is about to blow, and I fear he has overlooked the subject altogether."

Mr. Dodge, and three or four more of the same community-propensity as himself, soon settled the names of the rest of the committee, when the nominees retired to another part of the deck to consult together; Sir George Templemore, to the surprise of all the Effingham party, consenting to serve with a willingness that rather disregarded forms.

"It might be convenient to refer other matters to this committee, captain," said Mr. Sharp, who had tact enough to see that nothing but her habitual *retenue* of deportment kept Eve, whose bright eyes were dancing with humor, from downright laughter: "there are the important points of reefing and furling, the courses to be steered, the sail to be carried, the times and seasons of calling all hands together, with sundry other customary duties, that, no doubt, would be well treated on in this forthcoming report."

"No doubt, sir; I perceive you have been at sea before, and I am sorry you were overlooked in naming the members of the comity; take my word for it, all that you have mentioned can be done on board the *Montauk* by a comity, as well as settling the question of heaving-to, or not, for yonder boat. By the way, Mr. Leach, the fellows have tacked, and are standing in this direction, thinking to cross our bows and speak us. Mr. Attorney, the tide is setting us off the land, and you may make it morning before you get into your nests, if you hold on much longer. I fear Mrs. Seal and Mrs. Grab will be unhappy women."

The bloodhounds of the law heard this warning with indifference, for they expected succor of some sort, though they hardly knew of what sort, from the man-of-war's boat, which, it was now plain enough, must weather on the ship. After putting their heads together, Mr. Seal offered his companion a pinch of snuff, helping himself afterwards, like a man indifferent to the result, and one patient in time of duty. The sunburnt face of the captain, whose standing color was that which cooks get when the fire burns the brightest, but whose hues no fire or cold ever varied, was turned fully on the two, and it is probable they would have received some decided manifestation of his will, had not Sir George Templemore, with the four other committeemen, approached to give in the result of their conference.

"We are of opinion, Captain Truck," said the baronet, "that as the ship is under way, and your voyage may be fairly said to have commenced, it is quite inexpedient and altogether unnecessary for you to anchor again; but that it is your duty——"

"I have no occasion for advice as to my duty, gentlemen. If you can let me know what Vattel says, or ought to have said, on the subject, or touching the category of the right of search, except as a belligerent right, I will thank you; if not, we must e'en guess at it. I have not sailed a ship in this trade these ten years to need any jogging of the memory about port-jurisdiction either, for these are matters in which one gets to be expert by dint of use, as my old master used to say when he called us from table with half a dinner. Now, there was the case of the blacks in Charleston, in which our government showed clearly that it had not studied Vattel, or it never would have given the answer it did. Perhaps you never heard that case, Sir George, and as it touches a delicate principle, I will just run over the category lightly; for it has its points, as well as a coast."

"Does not this matter press—may not the boat—"

"The boat will do nothing, gentlemen, without the permission of Jack Truck. You must know, the Carolinians have a law that all niggers brought into their state by ships must be caged until the vessel sails again. This is to prevent emancipation, as they call it, or abolition, I know not which. An Englishman comes in from the islands with a crew of blacks, and, according to law, the authorities of Charleston house them all before night. John Bull complains to his minister, and his minister sends a note to our secretary, and our secretary writes to the Governor of Carolina, calling on him to respect the treaty, and so on. Gentlemen, I need not

to tell you what a treaty is—it is a thing in itself to be obeyed; but it is all important to know what it commands. Well, what was this said treaty? That John should come in and out of the ports, on the footing of the most favored nation; on the *statu quo ante bellum* principle, as Vattel has it. Now, the Carolinians treated John just as they treated Jonathan, and there was no more to be said. All parties were bound to enter the port, subject to the municipals, as is set forth in Vattel. That was a case soon settled, you perceive, through depending on a nicety."

Sir George had listened with extreme impatience, but, fearful of offending, he listened to the end; then, seizing the first pause in the captain's discourse, he resumed his remonstrances with an interest that did infinite credit to his humanity, at the same time that he overlooked none of the obligations of politeness.

"An exceedingly clear case, I protest," he answered, "and capitally put—I question if Lord Stowell could do it better—and exceedingly apt, that about the *ante bellum;* but I confess my feelings have not been so much roused for a long time as they have been on account of those poor people. There is something inexpressibly painful in being disappointed as one is setting out in the morning of life, as it were, in this cruel manner; and rather than see this state of things protracted, I would prefer paying a trifle out of my own pocket. If this wretched attorney will consent, now, to take a hundred pounds and quit us, and carry back with him that annoying cutter with the lug-sails, I will give him the money most cheerfully—most cheerfully, I protest."

There is something so essentially respectable in practical generosity, that, though Eve and all the curious auditors of what was passing felt an inclination to laugh at the whole procedure up to this declaration, eye met eye in commendation of the liberality of the baronet. He had shown he had a heart, in the opinion of most of those who heard him, though his previous conversation had led several of the observers to distrust his having the usual quantum of head.

"Give yourself no trouble about the attorney, Sir George," returned the captain, shaking the other by the hand; "he shall not touch a pound of your money, nor do I think he is likely to touch Robert Davis. We have caught the tide on our lee bow, and the current is wheeling us up to windward, like an opposition coach flying over Blackheath. In a few minutes we shall be in blue water; and then I'll give the rascal a touch of Vattel that will throw him all aback, if it don't throw him overboard."

"But the cutter?"

"Why, if we drive the attorney and Grab out of the ship, there will be no process in the hands of the others, by which they can carry off the man, even admitting the jurisdiction. I know the scoundrels, and not a shilling shall either of the knaves take from this vessel with my consent. Harkee, Sir George, a word in your ear; two of as d———d cockroaches as ever rummaged a ship's bread-room; I'll see that they soon heave about, or I'll heave them both into their boat, with my own fair hands."

The captain was about to turn away to examine the position of the cutter, when Mr. Dodge asked permission to make a short report in behalf of the minority of the comity (committee), the amount of which was, that they agreed in all things with the majority except on the point that, as it might become expedient for the ship to anchor again in some of the ports lower down the Channel, it would be wise to keep that material circumstance in view, in making up a final decision in the affair. This report, on the part of the minority, which, Mr. Dodge explained to the baronet, partook rather of the character of a caution than of a protest, had quite as little influence on Captain Truck as the opinion of the majority, for he was just one of those persons who seldom took advice that did not conform with his own previous decision; but he coolly continued to examine the cutter, which by this time was standing on the same course as the ship, a short distance to windward of her, and edging a little off the wind, so as to bring the

two nearer to each other, every yard they advanced.

The wind had freshened to a little breeze, and the captain nodded his head with satisfaction when he heard, even where he stood on the quarter-deck, the slapping of the sluggish swell, as the huge bows of the ship parted the water. At this moment those in the cutter saw the bubbles glide swiftly past them, while to those in the *Montauk* the motion was still slow and heavy; and yet, of the two, the actual velocity was rather in favor of the latter, both having about what is technically termed "four-knot way" on them. The officer of the boat was quick to detect the change that was acting against him, and by easing the sheets of his lug-sails, and keeping the cutter as much off the wind as he could, he was soon within a hundred feet of the ship, running along on her weather-beam. The bright soft moonlight permitted the face of a young man in a man-of-war cap, who wore the undress uniform of a sea-lieutenant, to be distinctly seen, as he rose in the stern-sheets, which contained also two other persons.

"I will thank you to heave-to the *Montauk*," said the lieutenant civilly, while he raised his cap, apparently in compliment to the passengers who crowded the rail to see and hear what passed. "I am sent on the duty of the king, sir."

"I know your errand, sir," returned Captain Truck, whose resolution to refuse to comply was a good deal shaken by the gentleman-like manner in which the request was made; "and I wish you to bear witness that if I do consent to your request it is voluntarily; for, on the principles laid down by Vattel and the other writers on international law, the right of search is a belligerent right, and England being at peace, no ship belonging to one nation can have a right to stop a vessel belonging to another."

"I cannot enter into these niceties, sir," returned the lieutenant, sharply; "I have my orders, and you will excuse me if I say, I intend to execute them."

"Execute them, with all my heart, sir; if you are ordered to heave-to my ship, all you have to do is to get on board if you can, and let us see the style in which you handle yards. As to the people now stationed at the braces, the trumpet that will make them stir is not to be spoken through at the Admiralty. The fellow has spirit in him, and I like his principles as an officer, but I cannot admit his conclusions as a jurist. If he flatters himself with being able to frighten us into a new category, now, that is likely to impair national rights, the lad has just got himself into a problem that will need all his logic, and a good deal of his spirit, to get out of again."

"You will scarcely think of resisting a king's officer in British waters!" said the young man with that haughtiness that the meekest tempers soon learn to acquire under a pennant.

"Resisting, my dear sir! I resist nothing. The misconception is in supposing that you sail this ship instead of John Truck. That is my name, sir; John Truck. Do your errand in welcome, but do not ask me to help you. Come aboard, with all my heart; nothing would give me more pleasure than to take wine with you; but I see no necessity of stopping a packet, that is busy on a long road, without an object, as we say on the other side of the big waters."

There was a pause, and then the lieutenant, with the sort of hesitation that a gentleman is apt to feel when he makes a proposal that he knows ought not to be accepted, called out that those in the boat with him would pay for the detention of the ship. A more unfortunate proposition could not be made to Captain Truck, who would have hove-to his ship in a moment had the lieutenant proposed to discuss Vattel with him on the quarter-deck, and who was only holding out as a sort of salvo to his rights, with that disposition to resist aggression that the experience of the last forty years has so deeply implanted in the bosom of every American sailor, in cases connected with English naval officers, and who had just made up his mind to let Robert Davis take his chance, and to crack a bottle with the handsome young man who was still standing up in

the boat. But Mr. Truck had been too often to London not to understand exactly the manner in which Englishmen appreciate American character; and, among other things, he knew it was the general opinion in the island that money could do anything with Jonathan, or, as Christophe is said once to have sententiously expressed the same sentiment, "If there were a bag of coffee in h—, a Yankee could be found to go and bring it out."

The master of the *Moutauk* had a proper relish for his lawful gains as well as another, but he was vainglorious on the subject of his countrymen, principally because he found that the packets outsailed all other merchant-ships, and fiercely proud of any quality that others were disposed to deny them.

At hearing this proposal, or intimation, therefore, instead of accepting it, Captain Truck raised his hat with formal civility, and coolly wished the other "good night." This was bringing the affair to a crisis at once; for the helm of the cutter was borne up, and an attempt was made to run the boat alongside of the ship. But the breeze had been steadily increasing, the air had grown heavier as the night advanced, and the dampness of evening was thickening the canvas of the coarser sails in a way sensibly to increase the speed of the ship. When the conversation commenced, the boat was abreast of the fore-rigging; and by the time it ended, it was barely up with the mizzen. The lieutenant was quick to see the disadvantage he labored under, and he called out "Heave" as he found the cutter was falling close under the counter of the ship, and would be in her wake in another minute. The bowman of the boat cast a light grapnel with so much precision that it hooked in the mizzen rigging, and the line instantly tightened so as to tow the cutter. A seaman was passing along the outer edge of the hurricane-house at the moment, coming from the wheel, and with the decision of an old salt, he quietly passed his knife across the stretched cordage, and it snapped like packthread. The grapnel fell into the sea, and the boat was tossing in the wake of the ship, all as it might be while one could draw a breath. To furl the sails and ship the oars consumed but an instant, and then the cutter was plowing the water under the vigorous strokes of her crew.

"Spirited! spirited and nimble!" observed Captain Truck, who stood coolly leaning against a shroud, in a position where he could command a view of all that was passing, improving the opportunity to shake the ashes from his cigar while he spoke; "a fine young fellow, and one who will make an admiral, or something better, I dare say, if he live;—perhaps a cherub, in time. Now, if he pull much longer in the back-water of our wake I shall have to give him up, Leach, as a little marin-*ish*: ah! there he sheers out of it, like a sensible youth as he is? Well, there is something pleasant in the conceit of a six-oared boat's carrying a London liner by boarding, even admitting the lad could have got alongside."

So, it would seem, thought Mr. Leach and the crew of the *Montauk*, for they were clearing the decks with as much philosophy as men ever discover when employed in an unthankful office. This *sang-froid* of seamen is always matter of surprise to landsmen; but adventurers who have been rocked in the tempest for years, whose utmost security is a great hazard and whose safety constantly depends on the command of the faculties, come in time to experience an apathy on the subject of all the minor terrors and excitements of life that none can acquire unless by habit and similar risks. There was a low laugh among the people, and now and then a curious glance of the eye over the quarter to ascertain the position of the struggling boat: but there the effect of the little incident ceased, so far as the seamen were concerned.

Not so with the passengers. The Americans exulted at the failure of the man-of-war's man, and the English doubted. To them, deference to the crown was habitual, and they were displeased at seeing a stranger play a king's boat such a trick in what they justly enough thought to be British waters. Although the law may not give a man any more right than

another to the road before his own door, he comes in time to fancy it, in a certain degree, his particular road. Strictly speaking, the *Montauk* was perhaps still under the dominion of the English laws, though she had been a league from the land when laying at her anchor, and by this time the tide and her own velocity had swept her broad off into the offing quite as far again; indeed she had now got to such a distance from the land that Captain Truck thought it his "duty" to bring matters to a conclusion with the attorney.

"Well, Mr. Seal," he said, "I am grateful for the pleasure of your company thus far; but you will excuse me if I decline taking you and Mr. Grab quite to America. Half an hour hence you will hardly be able to find the island; for as soon as we have got to a proper distance from the cutter, I shall tack to the southwest, and you ought, moreover, to remember the anxiety of the ladies at home."

"This may turn out a serious matter, Captain Truck, on your return passage! The laws of England are not to be trifled with. Will you oblige me by ordering the steward to hand me a glass of water? Waiting for justice is dry duty, I find."

"Extremely sorry I cannot comply, gentlemen. Vattel has nothing on the subject of watering belligerents, or neutrals, and the laws of Congress compel me to carry so many gallons to the man. If you will take it in the way of a nightcap, however, and drink success to our run to America, and your own to the shore, it shall be in champagne, if you happen to like that agreeable fluid."

The attorney was about to express his readiness to compromise on these terms, when a glass of the beverage for which he had first asked was put into his hand by the wife of Robert Davis. He took the water, drank it, and turned from the woman with the obduracy of one who never suffered feeling to divert him from the pursuit of gain. The wine was brought, and the captain filled the glasses with a seaman's heartiness.

"I drink to your safe return to Mrs. Seal, and the little gods and goddesses of justice—Pan or Mercury, which is it? And as for you, Grab, look out for sharks as you pull in. If they hear of your being afloat, the souls of persecuted sailors will set them on you, as the devil chases male coquettes. Well, gentlemen, you are balked this time; but what matters it? It is but another man got safe out of a country that has too many in it; and I trust we shall meet good friends again this day four months. Even man and wife must part, when the hour arrives."

"That will depend on how my client views your conduct on this occasion, Captain Truck; for he is not a man that it is always safe to thwart."

"That for your client, Mr. Seal!" returned the captain, snapping his fingers. "I am not to be frightened with an attorney's growl, or a bailiff's nod. You come off with a writ or a warrant, I care not which; I offer no resistance; you hunt for your man like a terrier looking for a rat, and can't find him; I see the fine fellow, at this moment, on deck—but I feel no obligation to tell you who or where he is; my ship is cleared and I sail, and you have no power to stop me; we are outside of all the headlands, good two leagues and a half off, and some writers say that a gunshot is the extent of your jurisdiction, once out of which, your authority is not worth half as much as that of my chief cook, who has power to make his mate clean the coppers. Well, sir, you stay here ten minutes longer and we shall be fully three leagues from your nearest land, and then you are in America, according to law, and a quick passage you will have made of it. Now, that is what I call a category."

As the captain made this last remark, his quick eye saw that the wind had hauled so far round to the westward as to supersede the necessity of tacking, and that they were actually going eight knots in a direct line from Portsmouth. Casting an eye behind him, he perceived that the cutter had given up the chase, and was returning towards the distant roads. Under circumstances so discouraging, the attorney, who began to be alarmed for his boat, which was flying along on the

water, towed by the ship, prepared to take his leave; for he was fully aware that he had no power to compel the other to heave-to his ship, to enable him to get out of her. Luckily the water was still tolerably smooth, and with fear and trembling Mr. Seal succeeded in blundering into the boat; not, however, until the watermen had warned him of their intention to hold on no longer. Mr. Grab followed, with a good deal of difficulty, and just as a hand was about to let go the painter, the captain appeared at the gangway with the man they were in quest of, and said in his most winning manner—

"Mr. Grab, Mr. Davis; Mr. Davis, Mr. Grab; I seldom introduce steerage passengers, but to oblige two old friends I break the rule. That's what I call a category. My compliments to Mr. Grab. Let go the painter."

The words were no sooner uttered than the boat was tossing and whirling in the caldron left by the passing ship.

CHAPTER V.

"What country, friends, is this?
Illyria, lady."
—TWELFTH NIGHT.

CAPTAIN TRUCK cast an eye aloft to see if everything drew, as coolly as if nothing out of the usual course had happened; he and his crew having, seemingly, regarded the attempt to board them as men regard the natural phenomena of the planets, or in other words, as if the ship, of which they were merely parts, had escaped by her own instinct or volition. This habit of considering the machine as the governing principle is rather general among seamen, who, while they ease a brace, or drag a bowline, as the coachman checks a rein, appear to think it is only permitting the creature to work her own will a little more freely. It is true all *know* better, but none talk, or indeed would seem to *feel*, as if they thought otherwise.

"Did you observe how the old barky jumped out of the way of those rovers in the cutter?" said the captain complacently, to the quarter-deck group, when his survey aloft had taken sufficient heed that his own nautical skill should correct the instinct of the ship. "A skittish horse, or a whale with the irons in him, or, for that matter, one of the funniest of your theatricals, would not have given a prettier aside than this poor old hulk, which is certainly just the clumsiest craft that sails the ocean. I wish King William would take it into his royal head, now, to send one of his light-heeled cruisers out to prove it, by way of resenting the cantaverous trick the *Montauk* played his boat!"

The dull report of a gun, as the sound came short and deadened up against the breeze, checked the raillery of Mr. Truck. On looking to leeward, there was sufficient light to see the symmetrical sails of the corvette they had left at anchor, trimmed close by the wind, and the vessel itself standing out under a press of canvas, apparently in chase. The gun had evidently been fired as a signal of recall to the cutter, blue lights being burnt on board of both the ship and its boat, in proof that they were communicating.

The passengers now looked gravely at each other, for the matter, in their eyes, began to be serious. Some suggested the possibility that the offense of Davis might be other than debt, but this was disproved by the process and the account of the bailiff himself; while most concluded that a determination to resent the slight done the authorities had caused the cruiser to follow them out, with the intention of carrying them back again. The English passengers in particular began now to reason in favor of the authority of the crown, while those who were known to be Americans grew warm in maintaining the rights of their flag. Both the Effinghams, however, were moderate in the expression of their opinions; for education, years, and experience, had taught them to discriminate justly.

"As respects the course of Captain Truck, in refusing to permit the cutter to board him, he is probably a better judge than any of us," Mr. Effingham observed with gentlemanly reserve—"for he must

better understand the precise position of his ship at the time; but concerning the want of right in a foreign vessel of war to carry this ship into port in a time of profound peace, when sailing on the high seas, as will soon be the case with the *Montauk*—admitting that she is not there at present—I should think there can be no reasonable doubt. The dispute, if there is to be any, has now to become matter of negotiation; or redress must be sought through the general agents of the two nations, and not taken by the inferior officers of either party. The instant the *Montauk* reaches the public highway of nations she is within the exclusive jurisdiction of the country under whose flag she legally sails."

"Vattel, to the backbone!" said the captain, giving a nod of approbation, again clearing the end of his cigar.

Now, John Effingham was a man of strong feelings, which is often but another word for a man of strong prejudices; and he had been educated between thirty or forty years before, which is saying virtually that he was educated under the influence of the British opinions that then weighed (and many of which still weigh) like an incubus on the national interests of America. It is true, Mr. Effingham was in all senses the contemporary, as he had been the schoolfellow, of his cousin; that they loved each other as brothers, had the utmost reliance on each other's principles in the main, thought alike in a thousand things, and yet in the particular of English domination, it was scarcely possible for one man to resemble another less than the widowed kinsman resembled the bachelor.

Edward Effingham was a singularly just-minded man, and having succeeded at an early age to his estate, he had lived many years in the intellectual retirement which, by withdrawing him from the strifes of the world, had left a cultivated sagacity to act freely on a natural disposition. At the period when the entire republic was, in substance, exhibiting the disgraceful picture of a nation torn by adverse factions, that had their origin in interests alien to its own; when most were either Englishmen or Frenchmen, he had remained what nature, the laws and reason intended him to be, an American. Enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* on his hereditary estate, and in his hereditary abode, Edward Effingham, with little pretensions to greatness, and with many claims to goodness, had hit the line of truth which so many of the "godlikes" of the republic, under the influence of their passions, and stimulated by the transient and fluctuating interests of the day, entirely overlooked, or which, if seeing, they recklessly disregarded. A less impracticable subject for excitement—the *primum mobile* of all American patriotism and activity, if we are to believe the theories of the times—could not be found, than this gentleman. Independence of situation had induced independence of thought; study and investigation rendered him original and just, by simply exempting him from the influence of the passions; and while hundreds were keener, abler in the exposition of subtleties, or more imposing with the mass, few were as often right, and none of less selfishness, than this simple-minded and upright gentleman. He loved his native land, while he saw and regretted its weaknesses; was its firm and consistent advocate abroad, without becoming its interested or mawkish flatterer at home, and at all times, and in all situations, manifested that his heart was where it ought to be.

In many essentials, John Effingham was the converse of all this. Of an intellect much more acute and vigorous than that of his cousin, he also possessed passions less under control, a will more stubborn, and prejudices that often neutralized his reason. His father had inherited most of the personal property of the family, and with this he had plunged into the vortex of moneyed speculation that succeeded the adoption of the new constitution, and verifying the truth of the sacred saying, that "where treasure is, there will the heart be also," he had entered warmly and blindly into all the factious and irreconcilable principles of party, if such a word can properly be applied to rules of conduct

that vary with the interests of the day, and had adopted the current errors with which faction unavoidably poisons the mind.

America was then much too young in her independence, and too insignificant in all eyes but her own, to reason and act for herself, except on points that pressed too obviously on her immediate concerns to be overlooked; but the great social principles—or it might be better to say, the great social interests — that then distracted Europe, produced quite as much sensation in that distant country, as at all comported with a state of things that had so little practical connection with the result. The Effingham family had started Federalists, in the true meaning of the term; for their education, native sense and principles, had a leaning to order, good government, and the dignity of the country; but as factions became fiercer, and names got to be confounded and contradictory, the landed branch settled down into what they thought were American, and the commercial branch into what might properly be termed English Federalists. We do not mean that the father of John intended to be untrue to his native land; but by following up the dogmas of party he had reasoned himself into a set of maxims which, if they meant anything, meant everything but that which had been solemnly adopted as the governing principles of his own country, and many of which were diametrically opposed to both its interests and its honor.

John Effingham had insensibly imbibed the sentiments of his particular sect, though the large fortune inherited from his father had left him too independent to pursue the sinuous policy of trade. He had permitted temperament to act on prejudice to such an extent that he vindicated the right of England to force men from under the American flag, a doctrine that his cousin was too simple-minded and clear-headed ever to entertain for an instant: and he was singularly ingenious in discovering blunders in all the acts of the republic, when they conflicted with the policy of Great Britain. In short, his talents were necessary, perhaps, to reconcile so much sophistry, or to render that reasonably plausible that was so fundamentally false. After the peace of 1815, John Effingham went abroad for the second time, and he hurried through England with the eagerness of strong affection; an affection that owed its existence even more to opposition than to settled notions of truth, or to natural ties. The result was disappointment, as happens nineteen times in twenty, and this solely because, in the zeal of a partisan, he had fancied theories, and imagined results. Like the English radical, who rushes into America with a mind unsettled by impracticable dogmas, he experienced a reaction, and this chiefly because he found that men were not superior to nature, and discovered so late in the day, what he might have known at starting, that particular causes must produce particular effects. From this time, John Effingham became a wiser and a more moderate man; though, as the shock had not been sufficiently violent to throw him backward on truth, or rather upon the opposing prejudices of another sect, the remains of the old notions were still to be discovered lingering in his opinions, and throwing a species of twilight shading over his mind; as, in nature, the hues of evening and the shadows of the morning follow, or precede, the light of the sun.

Under the influences of these latent prejudices, then, John Effingham replied to the remarks of his cousin, and the discourse soon partook of the discursive character of all arguments in which the parties are not singularly clear-headed and free from any other bias than that of truth. Nearly all joined in it, and half an hour was soon passed in settling the law of nations, and the particular merits or demerits of the instance before them.

It was a lovely night, and Mademoiselle Viefville and Eve walked the deck for exercise, the smoothness of the water rendering the moment every way favorable. As has been already said, the common feeling in the escape of the new-married couple had broken the ice, and less restraint existed between the passengers

at the moment when Mr. Grab left the ship than would have been the case at the end of a week, under ordinary circumstances. Eve Effingham had passed her time since her eleventh year principally on the continent of Europe, and in the mixed intercourse that is common to strangers in that part of the world; or, in other words, equally without the severe restraint that is usually imposed there on the young of her own sex, or without the extreme license that is granted to them at home. She came of a family too well toned to run into the extravagant freedoms that sometimes pass for easy manners in America, had she never quitted her father's house even; but her associations abroad had unavoidably imparted greater reserve to her ordinary deportment than the simplicity of cis-Atlantic usages would have rendered indispensable in the most fastidious circles. With the usual womanly reserves, she was natural and unembarrassed in her intercourse with the world, and she had been allowed to see so many different nations that she had obtained a self-confidence that did her no injury, under the influence of an exemplary education and great natural dignity of mind.

Still, Mademoiselle Viefville, notwithstanding she had lost some of her own peculiar notions on the subject, by having passed so many years in an American family, was a little surprised at observing that Eve received the respectful advances of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt with less reserve than it was usual to her to manifest to entire strangers. Instead of remaining a mere listener, she answered several remarks of the first, and once or twice she even laughed with him openly at some absurdity of the committee of five. The cautious governess wondered, but half disposed to fancy that there was no more than the necessary freedom of a ship in it all—for, like a true Frenchwoman, Mademoiselle Viefville had very vague notions of the secrets of the mighty deep—she permitted it to pass, confiding in the long-tried taste and discretion of her charge. While Mr. Sharp discoursed with Eve, who held her arm the while, she herself had fallen into an animated conversation with Mr. Blunt, who walked at her side, and who spoke her own language so well, that she at first set him down as a countryman, traveling under an English appellation, as a *nom de guerre*. While this dialogue was at its height of interest—for Paul Blunt discoursed with his companion of Paris and its excellencies with a skill that soon absorbed all her attention, "*Paris, ce magnifiqe Paris,*" having almost as much influence on the happiness of the governess as it was said to have had on that of Madame de Stael, Eve's companion dropped his voice to a tone that was rather confidential for a stranger, although it was perfectly respectful, and said—

"I have flattered myself, perhaps through the influence of self-love alone, that Miss Effingham has not so far forgotten all whom she has met in her travels as to think me an utter stranger."

"Certainly not," returned Eve, with perfect simplicity and composure; "else would one of my faculties, that of memory, be perfectly useless. I knew you at a glance, and consider the worthy captain's introduction as so much finesse of breeding utterly thrown away."

"I am equally gratified and vexed at all this; gratified and infinitely flattered to find that I have not passed before your eyes like the common herd, who leave no traces of even their features behind them, and vexed at finding myself in a situation that, I fear, you fancy excessively ridiculous?"

"Oh, one hardly dares to attach such consequences to acts of young men, or young women either, in an age as original as our own. I saw nothing particularly absurd but the introduction;—and so many absurder have since passed, that this is almost forgotten."

"And the name——?"

"—Is certainly a keen one. If I am not mistaken, when we were in Italy you were content to let your servant bear it; but, venturing among a people so noted for sagacity as the Yankees, I suppose you have fancied it was necessary to go armed *cap-a-pie*."

Both laughed lightly, as if they equally enjoyed the pleasantry, and then he resumed—

"But I sincerely hope you do not impute improper motives to the incognito?"

"I impute it to that which makes many young men run from Rome to Vienna, or from Vienna to Paris; which causes you to sell the *vis-a-vis* to buy a *dormeuse;* to know your friends to-day, and to forget them to-morrow; or, in short, to do a hundred other things that can be accounted for on no other motive."

"And this motive——?"

"—Is simply caprice."

"I wish I could persuade you to ascribe some better reason to all my conduct. Can you think of nothing, in the present instance, less discreditable?"

"Perhaps I can," Eve answered, after a moment of thought; then laughing lightly again, she added, quickly, "But I fear, in exonerating you from the charge of unmitigated caprice, I shall ascribe a reason that does little less credit to your knowledge."

"This will appear in the end. Does Mademoiselle Viefville remember me, do you fancy?"

"It is impossible; she was ill, you will remember, the three months we saw so much of you."

"And your father, Miss Effingham;—am I really forgotten by him?"

"I am quite certain you are not. He never forgets a face, whatever in this instance may have befallen the name."

"He received me so coldly, and so much like a total stranger!"

"He is too well-bred to recognize a man who wishes to be unknown, or to indulge in exclamations of surprise or in dramatic starts. He is more stable than a girl, moreover, and may feel less indulgence to caprice."

"I feel obliged to his reserve; for exposure would be ridiculous, and so long as you and he alone know me, I shall feel less awkward in the ship. I am certain neither will betray me."

"Betray!"

"Betray, discover, annihilate me if you will. Anything is preferable to ridicule."

"This touches a little on the caprice; but you flatter yourself with too much security; you are known to one more besides my father, myself, and the honest man whom you have robbed of all his astuteness, which I believe was in his name."

"For pity's sake, who can it be?"

"The worthy Nanny Sidley, my whilom nurse, and actual *femme de chambre.* No ogre was ever more vigilant on his ward than the faithful Nanny, and it is vain to suppose she does not recall your features."

"But ogres sometimes sleep; recollect how many have been overcome in that situation."

Eve smiled, but shook her head. She was about to assure Mr. Sharp of the vanity of his belief, when an exclamation from her governess diverted the attention of both, and before either had time to speak again, Mademoiselle turned to them, and said rapidly in French—

"I assure you, *ma chere,* I should have mistaken monsieur for a *compatriote* by his language, were it not for a single heinous fault that he has just committed."

"Which fault you will suffer me to inquire into, that I may hasten to correct it?" asked Mr. Blunt.

"Mais, monsieur, you speak *too* perfectly, too grammatically, for a native. You do not take the liberties with the language that one who feels he owns it thinks he has a right to do. It is the fault of too much correctness."

"And a fault it easily becomes. I thank you for the hint, mademoiselle; but as I am now going where little French will be heard, it is probable it will soon be lost in greater mistakes."

The two then turned away again, and continued the dialogue that had been interrupted by this trifling.

"There may also be one more to whom you are known," continued Eve, as soon as the vivacity of the discourse of the others satisfied her the remark would not be heard.

"Surely, you cannot mean *him!*"

"Surely, I do mean *him.* Are you quite certain that 'Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt;

Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp,' never saw each other before?"

"I think not until the moment we entered the boat in company. He is a gentlemanly young man; he seems even to be more, and one would not be apt to forget him. He is altogether superior to the rest of the set: do you not agree with me?"

Eve made no answer, probably because she thought her companion was not sufficiently intimate to interrogate her on the subject of her opinions of others. Mr. Sharp had too much knowledge of the world not to perceive the little mistake he had made, and after begging the young lady, with a ludicrous deprecation of her mercy, not to betray him, he changed the conversation with the tact of a man who saw that the discourse could not be continued without assuming a confidential character that Eve was indisposed to permit. Luckily, a pause in the discourse between the governess and her colloquist permitted a happy turn to the conversation.

"I believe you are an American, Mr. Blunt," he remarked; "and as I am an Englishman, we may be fairly pitted against each other on this important question of international law, and about which I hear our worthy captain flourishing extracts from Vattel as familiarly as household terms. I hope, at least, you agree with me in thinking that when the sloop-of-war comes up with us, it will be very silly on our part to make any objections to being boarded by her?"

"I do not know that it is at all necessary I should be an American to give an opinion on such a point," returned the young man he addressed, courteously, though he smiled to himself as he answered—"For what is right, is right, quite independent of nationality. It really does appear to me that a public-armed vessel ought, in war or peace, to have a right to ascertain the character of all merchant-ships, at least on the coast of the country to which the cruisers belong. Without this power, it is not easy to see in what manner they can seize smugglers, capture pirates, or otherwise enforce the objects for which such vessels are usually sent to sea, in the absence of positive hostilities."

"I am happy to find you agreeing with me, then, in the legality of the doctrine of the right of search."

Paul Blunt again smiled, and Eve, as she caught a glimpse of his fine countenance in turning in their short walk, fancied there was a concealed pride of reason in the expression. Still he answered as mildly and quietly as before.

"The right of search, certainly, to attain these ends, but to attain no more. If nations denounce piracy, for instance, and employ especial agents to detect and overcome the freebooters, there is reason in according to these agents all the rights that are requisite to the discharge of the duties; but, in conceding this much, I do not see that any authority is acquired beyond that which immediately belongs to the particular service to be performed. If we give a man permission to enter our house to look for thieves it does not follow that, because so admitted, he has a right to exercise any other function. I do believe that the ship in chase of us, as a public cruiser, ought to be allowed to board this vessel; but finding nothing contrary to the laws of nations about her, that she will have no power to detain or otherwise molest her. Even the right I concede ought to be exercised in good faith, and without vexatious abuses."

"But, surely, you must think that in carrying off a refugee from justice we have placed ourselves in the wrong, and cannot object, as a principle, to the poor man's being taken back again into the country from which he has escaped, however much we may pity the hardships of the particular case?"

"I much question if Captain Truck will be disposed to reason so vaguely. In the first place, he will be apt to say that his ship was regularly cleared, and that he had authority to sail; that in permitting the officer to search his vessel, while in British waters, he did all that could be required of him, the law not compelling him to be either a bailiff or an informer; that the process issued was to take Davis, and not to detain the *Montauk;* that,

once out of British waters, American law governs, and the English functionary became an intruder of whom he had every right to rid himself, and that the process by which he got his power to act at all became impotent the instant he was without the jurisdiction under which it was granted."

"I think you will find the captain of yonder cruiser indisposed to admit this doctrine."

"That is not impossible; men often preferring abuses to being thwarted in their wishes. But the captain of yonder cruiser might as well go on board a foreign vessel of war, and pretend to a right to command her in virtue of the commission by which he commands his own ship, as to pretend to find reason or law in doing what you seem to predict."

"I rejoice to hear that the poor man cannot now be torn from his wife!" exclaimed Eve.

"You then incline to the doctrine of Mr. Blunt, Miss Effingham?" observed the other controversialist a little reproachfully. "I fear you make it a national question."

"Perhaps I have done what all seem to have done, permitted sympathy to get the better of reason. And yet it would require strong proof to persuade me that villainous-looking attorney was engaged in a good cause, and that meek and warm-hearted wife in a bad one!"

Both the gentlemen smiled, and both turned to the fair speaker, as if inviting her to proceed. But Eve checked herself, having already said more than became her, in her own opinion.

"I had hoped to find an ally in you, Mr. Blunt, to sustain the claim of England to seize her own seamen when found on board of vessels of another nation," resumed Mr. Sharp, when a respectful pause had shown both the young men that they need expect nothing more from their fair companion; "but I fear I must set you down as belonging to those who wish to see the power of England reduced, *coute qui coute.*"

This was received as it was meant, or as a real opinion veiled under pleasantry.

"I certainly do not wish to see her power maintained, *coute qui coute,*" returned the other, laughing; "and in this opinion, I believe, I may claim both these ladies as allies."

"*Certainement!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Viefville, who was a living proof that the feelings created by centuries of animosity are not to be subdued by a few flourishes of the pen.

"As for me, Mr. Sharp," added Eve, "you may suppose, being an American girl, I cannot subscribe to the right of any country to do us injustice; but I beg you will not include me among those who wish to see the land of my ancestors wronged, in aught that she may rightfully claim as her due."

"This is powerful support, and I shall rally to the rescue. Seriously, then, will you allow me to inquire, sir, if you think the right of England to the services of her seamen can be denied?"

"Seriously, then, Mr. Sharp, you must permit me to ask if you mean by force, or by reason?"

"By the latter, certainly."

"I think you have taken the weak side of the English argument; the nature of the service that the subject, or the citizen, as it is now the fashion to say at Paris, mademoiselle—"

"—*Tant pis,*" muttered the governess.

"—Owes his government," continued the young man, slightly glancing at Eve, at the interruption, "is purely a point of internal regulation. In England there is compulsory service for seamen without restriction, or what is much the same, without an equal protection; in France, it is compulsory service on a general plan; in America, as respects seamen, the service is still voluntary."

"Your pardon;—will the institutions of America permit impressment at all?"

"I should think, not indiscriminate impressment; though I do not see why laws might not be enacted to compel drafts for the ships of war, as for the army: but this is a point that some of the professional gentlemen on board, if there be any such, might better answer than myself."

"The skill with which you have touched

on these subjects to-night, had made me hope to have found such a one in you: for to a traveler, it is always desirable to enter a country with a little preparation, and a ship might offer as much temptation to teach as to learn."

"If you suppose me an *American lawyer*, you give me credit for more than I can lay claim to."

As he hesitated, Eve wondered whether the slight emphasis he had laid on the two words we have italicized, was heaviest on that which denoted the country, or on that which denoted the profession.

"I have been much in America, and have paid a little attention to the institutions, but should be sorry to mislead you into the belief that I am at all infallible on such points," Mr. Blunt continued.

"You were about to touch on impressment."

"Simply to say that it is a municipal national power; one in no degree dependent on general principles, and that it can properly be exercised in no situation in which the exercise of municipal or national powers is forbidden. I can believe that this power may be exercised on board American ships in British waters—or at least, that it is a more plausible right in such situations; but I cannot think it can be rightfully exercised anywhere else. I do not think England would submit to such a practice an hour, reversing the case, and admitting her present strength: and an appeal of this sort is a pretty good test of a principle."

"Ay, ay, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, as Vattel says," interrupted Captain Truck, who had overheard the last speech or two: "not that he says this in so many words, but then, he has the sentiment at large scattered throughout his writings. For that matter, there is little that can be said on a subject that he does not put before his readers, as plainly as Beachy Head lies before the navigator of the British Channel. With Bowditch and Vattel, a man might sail round the globe, and little fear of a bad landfall, or a mistake in principles. My present object is to tell you, ladies, that the steward has reported the supper in waiting for the honor of your presence."

Before quitting the deck, the party inquired into the state of the chase, and the probable intentions of the sloop-of-war.

"We are now on the great highway of nations," returned Mr. Truck, "and it is my intention to travel it without jostling, or being jostled. As for the sloop, she is standing out under a press of canvas, and we are standing from her, in nearly a straight line, in like circumstances. She is some eight or ten miles astern of us, and there is an old saying among seamen that 'a stern chase is a long chase.' I do not think our case is about to make an exception to the rule. I shall not pretend to say what will be the upshot of the matter; but there is not the ship in the British navy that can gain ten miles on the *Montauk*, in her present trim, and with this breeze, in as many hours; so we are quit of her for the present."

The last words were uttered just as Eve put her foot on the step to descend into the cabin.

CHAPTER VI.

"*Trin.*—Stephano,—
Steph.—Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! Mercy!" —TEMPEST.

THE life of a packet steward is one of incessant mixing and washing, of interrogations and compounding, all in a space of about twelve feet square. These functionaries, usually clever mulattoes who have caught the civilization of the kitchen, are busy from morning till night in their cabins, preparing dishes, issuing orders, regulating courses, starting corks, and answering questions. Apathy is the great requisite for the station; for woe betide the wretch who fancies any modicum of zeal, or good nature, can alone fit him for the occupation. From the moment the ship sails until that in which a range of the cable is overhauled, or the chain is rowsed up in readiness to anchor, no smile illumines his face, no tone issues from his voice while on duty, but that of dogged routine—of submission to

those above, or of snarling authority to those beneath him. As the hour for the "drink gelt," or "buona mana," approaches, however, he becomes gracious and smiling. On his first appearance in the pantry of a morning he has a regular series of questions to answer, and for which, like the dutiful Zeluco, who wrote all his letters to his mother on the same day, varying the dates to suit the progress of time, he not unfrequently has a regular set of answers cut and dried, in his gastronomical mind. "How's the wind?" "How's the weather?" "How's her head?" all addressed to his standing almanac, are mere matters of course, for which he is quite prepared, though it is by no means unusual to hear him ordering a subordinate to go on deck, after the answer is given, with a view to ascertain the facts.

It is only when the voice of the captain is heard f rom his stateroom that he conceives himself bound to be very particular, though such is the tact of all connected with ships that they instinctively detect the "know nothings," who are uniformly treated with an indifference suited to their culpable ignorance. Even the "old salt" on the forecastle has an instinct for a brother tar, though a passenger, and a due respect is paid to Neptune in answering his inquiries, while half the time the maiden traveler meets with a grave equivoque, a marvel, or a downright mystification.

On the first morning out, the steward of the *Montauk* commenced the dispensation of his news; for no sooner was he heard rattling the glasses, and shuffling plates in the pantry, than the attack was begun by Mr. Dodge, in whom "a laudable thirst after knowledge," as exemplified in putting questions, was rather a besetting principle. This gentleman had come out in the ship, as has been mentioned, and unfortunately for the interest of his propensity, not only the steward, but all on board, had, as it is expressed in slang language, early taken the measure of his foot. The result of his present application was the following brief dialogue—

"Steward," called out Mr. Dodge, through the blinds of his stateroom; "whereabouts are we?"

"In the British Channel, sir."

"I might have guessed that myself."

"So I s'pose, sir; nobody is better at guessing and diwining than Mr. Dodge."

"But in what part of the Channel are we, Saunders?"

"About the middle, sir."

"How far have we come to-night?"

"From Portsmouth Roads to this place, sir."

Mr. Dodge was satisfied, and the steward, who would not have dared to be so explicit with any other cabin-passenger, continued coolly to mix an omelette. The next attack was made from the same room, by Sir George Templemore.

"Steward, my good fellow, do you happen to know whereabouts we are!"

"Certainly, sir; the land is still werry obwious."

"Are we getting on cleverly?"

"Nicely, sir;" with a mincing emphasis on the first word that betrayed there was a little waggery about the grave-looking mulatto.

"And the sloop of war, steward?"

"Nicely too, sir."

There was a shuffling in the stateroom, followed by a silence. The door of Mr. Sharp's room was now opened an inch or two, and the following questions issued through the crevices—

"Is the wind favorable, steward?"

"Just her character, sir."

"Do you mean that the wind is favorable?"

"For the *Montauk*, sir; she's a persuader in this breeze."

"But is she going in the direction we wish?"

"If the gentleman wishes to perambulate America, it is probable he will get there with a little patience."

Mr. Sharp pulled to his door and ten minutes passed without further questions; the steward beginning to hope the morning catechism was over, though he grumbled a wish that gentlemen would "turn out" and take a look for themselves. Now, up to this moment, Saunders knew no more than those who had just been questioning

him of the particular situation of the ship, in which he floated as indifferent to the whereabouts and the winds as men sail in the earth along its orbit, without bethinking them of parallaxes, nodes, ecliptics, and solstices. Aware that it was about time for the captain to be heard, he sent a subordinate on deck, with a view to be ready to meet the usual questions from his commander. A couple of minutes were sufficient to put him *au courant* of the real state of things. The next door that opened was that of Paul Blunt, however, who thrust his head into the cabin, with all his dark curls in the confusion of a night scene.

"Steward!"

"Sir."

"How's the wind?"

"Quite exhilarating, sir."

"From what quarter?"

"About south, sir."

"Is there much of it?"

"A prewailing breeze, sir.'

"And the sloop?"

"She's to leeward, sir, operating along as fast as she can."

"Steward!"

"Sir?" stepping hurriedly out of his pantry, in order to hear more distinctly.

"Under what sail are we?"

"Top-gallant sails, sir."

"How's her head?"

"West southwest, sir."

"Delicious! Any news of the rover?"

"Hull down to leeward, sir, and on our quarter."

"Staggering along, eh?"

"Quite like a disguised person, sir."

"Better still. Hurry along that breakfast of yours, sir: I am as hungry as a Troglodyte."

The honest captain had caught this word from a recent treatise against agrarianism, and having an acquired taste for orders in one sense, at least, he flattered himself with being what is called a Conservative, in other words, he had a strong relish for that maxim of the Scotch freebooter, which is rendered into English by the homely aphorism of "keep what you've got, and get what you can."

A cessation of the interrogatories took place, and soon after the passengers began to appear in the cabin, one by one. As the first step is almost invariably to go on deck, especially in good weather, in a few minutes nearly all of the last night's party were again assembled in the open air, a balm that none can appreciate but those who have experienced the pent atmosphere of a crowded vessel. The steward had rendered a faithful account of the state of the weather to the captain, who was now seen standing in the main rigging, looking at the clouds to windward, and at the sloop-of-war to leeward, in the knowing manner of one who was making comparisons materially to the disadvantage of the latter.

The day was fine, and the *Montauk*, bearing her canvas nobly, was, to use the steward's language, also staggering along, under everything that would draw, from her topgallant sails down, with the wind near two points forward of the beam, or on an easy bowline. As there was but little sea, her rate was quite nine knots, though varying with the force of the wind. The cruiser had certainly followed them thus far, though doubts began to be entertained whether she was in chase, or merely bound like themselves to the westward; a course common to all vessels that wish to clear the Channel, even when it is intended to go south, as the rocks and tides of the French coast are inconvenient neighbors in long nights.

"Who knows, after all, that the cutter which tried to board us," asked the captain aloud, "belongs to the ship to leeward?"

"I know the boat, sir," answered the second mate; "and the ship is the *Foam*."

"Let her foam away, then, if she wishes to speak us. Has any one tried her bearings since daylight?"

"We set her by the compass at six o'clock, sir, and she has not varied her bearing, as far as from one belaying pin to another, in three hours; but her hull rises fast: you can now make out her ports, and at daylight the bottom of her courses dipped."

"Ay, ay, she is a light-going *Foam*, then! If that is the case, she will be alongside of us by night."

"In which event, captain, you will be obliged to give him a broadside of Vattel," threw in John Effingham, in his cool manner.

"If that will answer his errand, he is welcome to as much as he can carry. I begin to doubt, gentlemen, whether this fellow be not in earnest: in which case you may have an opportunity of witnessing how ships are handled, when seamen have their management I have no objection to setting the experience of a poor come-and-go sort of a fellow, like myself, in opposition to the geometry and Hamilton Moore of a young man-of-war's man. I dare say, now, yonder chap is a lord, or a lord's progeny, while poor Jack Truck is just as you see him."

"Do you not think half an hour of compliance on our part might bring the matter to an amicable conclusion at once?" said Paul Blunt. "Were we to run down to him, the object of his pursuit could be determined in a few minutes."

"What! and abandon poor Davis to the rapacity of that rascally attorney?" generously exclaimed Sir George Templemore. "I would prefer paying the port charges myself, run into the handiest French port, and let the honest fellow escape!"

"There is no probability that a cruiser would attempt to take a mere debtor from a foreign vessel on the open sea."

"If there were no tobacco in the world, Mr. Blunt, I might feel disposed to waive the categories, and show the gentleman that courtesy," returned the captain, who was preparing another cigar. "But while the cruiser might not feel authorized to take an absconding debtor from this vessel, he might feel otherwise on the subject of tobacco, provided there has been an information for smuggling."

Captain Truck then explained that the subordinates of the packets frequently got their ships into trouble, by taking adventures of the forbidden weed clandestinely into European ports, and that his ship, in such circumstances, would lose her place in the line, and derange all the plans of the company to which she belonged. He did the English government the justice to say, that it had always manifested a liberal disposition not to punish the innocent for the guilty; but were any such complaints actually in the wind, he thought he could settle it with much less loss to himself on his return than on the day of sailing. While this explanation was delivered, a group had clustered round the speaker, leaving Eve and her party on the opposite side of the deck.

"This last speech of Mr. Blunt's quite unsettles my opinion of his national character, as Vattel and our worthy captain would say," remarked Mr. Sharp. "Last night, I set him down as a right loyal American; but I think it would not be natural for a thorough-going countryman of yours, Miss Effingham, to propose this act of courtesy to a cruiser of King William."

"How far any countrymen of mine, thorough-going or not, have reason to manifest extreme courtesy to any of your cruisers," Eve laughingly replied, "I shall leave Captain Truck to say. But, with you, I have long been at a loss to determine whether Mr. Blunt is an Englishman or an American, or indeed, whether he be either."

"Long, Miss Effingham! He then has the honor of being well-known to you?"

Eve answered steadily, though the color mounted to her brow; but whether from the impetuous exclamation of her companion, or from any feeling connected with the subject of their conversation, the young man was at a loss to discover.

"Long, as girls of twenty count time—some four or five years; but you may judge how well, when I tell you I am ignorant of his country even."

"And may I venture to ask which do you, yourself, give him credit for being, an American or an Englishman?"

Eve's bright eyes laughed, as she answered, "You have put the question with so much finesse, and with a politeness so well managed, that I should indeed be churlish to refuse an answer:—Nay, do not interrupt me, and spoil all the good

you have done by unnecessary protestations of sincerity."

"All I wish to say is, to ask an explanation of a finesse, of which I am quite a sinnocent as of any wish to draw down upon myself the visitations of your displeasure."

"Do you, then, really conceive it a *credit* to be an American?"

"Nobody of less modesty than yourself, Miss Effingham, under all the circumstances, would dream of asking the question."

"I thank you for the civility, which must be taken as it is offered, I presume, quite as a thing *en regle*; but to leave our fine opinions of each other, as well as our prejudices, out of the question—"

"You will excuse me if I object to this, for I feel my good sense implicated. *You* can hardly attribute to me opinions so utterly unreasonable, so unworthy of a gentleman—so unfounded, in short! Am I not incurring all the risks and hardships of a long sea-voyage, expressly to visit your great country, and, I trust, to improve by its example and society?"

"Since you appear to wish it, Mr. Sharp—" Eve glanced her playful eye up at him as she pronounced the name—"I will be as credulous as a believer in animal magnetism; and that, I fancy, is pushing credulity to the verge of reason. It is now settled between us, that you do conceive it an honor to to be an American, born, educated, and by extraction."

"All of which being the case with Miss Effingham."

"All but the second; indeed, they write me fearful things concerning this European education of mine; some even go so far as to assure me I shall be quite unfitted to live in the society to which I properly belong!"

"Europe will be rejoiced to receive you back again, in that case; and no European more so than myself."

The beautiful color deepened a little on the cheek of Eve, but she made no immediate reply.

"To return to our subject," she at length said. "Were I required to say, I should not be able to decide on the country of Mr. Blunt; nor have I ever met with any one who appeared to know. I saw him first in Germany, where he circulated in the best company; though no one seemed acquainted with his history, even there. He made a good figure; was quite at his ease; speaks several languages almost as well as the natives of the different countries themselves; and, altogether, was a subject of curiosity with those who had leisure to think of anything but their own dissipation and folly."

Mr. Sharp listened with obvious gravity to the fair speaker, and had not her own eyes been fastened on the deck, she might have detected the lively interest betrayed in his. Perhaps the feeling which was at the bottom of all this, to a slight degree, influenced his answer.

"Quite an Admirable Crichton!"

"I do not say that, though certainly expert in tongues. My own rambling life has made me acquainted with a few languages, and I do assure you, this gentleman speaks three or four with almost equal readiness, and with no perceptible accent. I remember at Vienna many even believed him to be a German."

"What, with the name of Blunt?"

Eve smiled, and her companion, who silently watched every expression of her varying countenance, as if to read her thoughts, noted it.

"Names signify little in these migratory times," returned the young lady. "You have but to imagine a *von* before it, and it would pass at Dresden, or at Berlin. Von Blunt, *der Edelgeborne, Graft Von Blunt, Hofrath,* or, if you like it better, *Geheimer Rath mit Excellenz und eure Gnaden.*"

"Or, *Baw-Berg-Veg-Inspect-Substitut!*" added Mr. Sharp, laughing. "No, no! this will hardly pass. Blunt is a good old English name; but it has not finesse enough for Italian, German, Spanish, or anything else but John Bull and his family."

"I see no necessity, for my part, for all this Bluntishness; the gentleman may think frankness a good traveling quality."

"Surely, he has not concealed his real name!"

"Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt, Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp;" rejoined Eve, laughing until her bright eyes danced with pleasure. "There would be something ridiculous, indeed, in seeing so much of the finesse of a master of ceremonies subjected to so profound a mystification! I have been told that passing introductions amount to little among you men, and this would be a case in point."

"I would I dared ask if it be really so."

"Were I to be guilty of indiscretion in another's case, you would not fail to distrust me in your own. I am, moreover, a Protestant, and abjure auricular confessions."

"You will not frown if I inquire whether the rest of your party remember him?"

"My father, Mademoiselle Viefville, and the excellent Nanny Sidley, again; but, I think, none other of the servants, as he never visited us. Mr. John Effingham was traveling in Egypt at the time, and did not see him at all, and we only met in general society; Nanny's acquaintance was merely that of seeing him check his horse in the Prater, to speak to us of a morning."

"Poor fellow, I pity him; he has, at least, never had the happiness of strolling on the shores of Como and the islands of Laggo Maggiore in your company, or of studying the wonders of the Pitti and the Vatican."

"If I must confess all, he journeyed with us on foot and in boats an entire month, among the wonders of the Oberland, and across the Wallenstadt. This was at a time when we had no one with us but the regular guides and the German courier, who was discharged in London."

"Were it not for the impropriety of tampering with a servant, I would cross the deck and question your good Nanny, this moment!" said Mr. Sharp, with playful menace. "Of all torture, that of suspense is the hardest to be borne."

"I grant you full permission, and acquit you of all sins, whether of disrespect, meanness, impertinence, ungentlemanlike practices, or any other vice that may be thought to attend and characterize the act."

"This formidable array of qualities would check the curiosity of a village gossip!"

"It has an effect I did not intend, then; I wish you to put your threat in execution."

"Not seriously, surely?"

"Never more so. Take a favorable moment to speak to the good soul, as an old acquaintance: she remembers you well, and by a little of that interrogating management you possess, a favorable opportunity may occur to bring in the other subject. In the meantime, I will glance over the pages of this book."

As Eve began to read, Mr. Sharp perceived she was in earnest, and hesitating a moment, in doubt of the propriety of the act, he yielded to her expressed desire, and strolled carelessly toward the faithful old domestic. He addressed her indifferently at first, until believing he might go further, he smilingly observed that he believed he had seen her in Itally. To this Nanny quietly assented, and when he indirectly added that it was under another name, she smiled, but merely intimated her consciousness of the fact, by a quick glance of the eye.

"You know that travelers assume names for the sake of avoiding curiosity," he added, "and I hope you will not betray me."

"You need not fear me, sir; I meddle with little besides my own duty, and so long as Miss Eve appears to think there is no harm in it, I will venture to say it is no more than a gentleman's caprice."

"Why, that is the very word she applied to it herself! You have caught the term from Miss Effingham."

"Well, sir, and if I have, it is caught from one who deals little harm to any."

"I believe I am not the only one on board who travels under a false name, if the truth were known?"

Nanny looked first at the deck, then at her interrogator's face, next toward Mr. Blunt, withdrawing her eye again, as if guilty of an indiscretion, and finally at the sails. Perceiving her embarrassment, respecting her discretion, and ashamed of the task he had undertaken, Mr. Sharp

said a few civil things suited to the condition of the woman, and sauntering about the deck for a short time, to avoid suspicion, soon found himself once more alongside of Eve. The latter inquired with her eyes, a little exulting perhaps, concerning his success.

"I have failed," he said; "but something must be ascribed to my own awkward diffidence; for there is so much meanness in tampering with a servant, that I had not the heart to push my questions, even while I am devoured by curiosity."

"Your fastidiousness is not a disease with which all on board are afflicted, for there is at least one grand inquisitor among us, by what I can learn; so take heed to your sins, and above all, be very guarded of old letters, marks, and other tell-tales, that usually expose impostors."

"To all that, I believe, sufficient care has already been had, by that other Dromio, my own man."

"And in what way do you share the name between you? Is it Dromio of Syracuse, and Dromio of Ephesus? Or does John call himself Fitz-Edward, or Mortimer, or De Courcy?"

"He has complaisance enough to make the passage with nothing but a Christian name, I believe. In truth, it was by a mere accident that I turned usurper in this way. He took the stateroom for me, and being required to give a name, he gave his own, as usual. When I went to the docks to look at the ship, I was saluted as Mr. Sharp, and then the conceit took me of trying how it would wear for a month or six weeks. I would give the world to know if the *Geheimer Rath* got his cognomen in the same honest manner."

"I think not, as his man goes by the pugent title of Pepper. Unless poor John should have occasion for two names, during the passage, you are reasonably safe. And still, I think," continued Eve, biting her lips, like one who deliberated, "if it were any longer polite to bet, Mr. John Effingham would hazard all the French gloves in his trunks, against all the English finery in yours, that the inquisitor just hinted at gets at your secret before we arrive. Perhaps I ought rather to say, ascertains that you are not Mr. Sharp and that Mr. Blunt is."

Her companion entreated her to point out the person to whom she had given the *sobriquet* she mentioned.

"Accuse me of giving nicknames to no one. The man has this title from Mademoiselle Viefville, and his own great deeds. It is a certain Mr. Steadfast Dodge, who, it seems, knows something of us, from the circumstance of living in the same county, and who, from knowing a little in this comprehensive manner, is desirous of knowing a great deal more."

"The natural result of all useful knowledge."

"Mr. John Effingham, who is apt to fling sarcasms at all lands, his native country included, affirms that this gentleman is but a fair specimen of many more it will be our fortune to meet in America. If so, we shall not long be strangers; for according to Mademoiselle Viefville and my good Nanny, he has already communicated to them a thousand interesting particulars of himself, in exchange for which he asks no more than the reasonable compensation of having all his questions concerning us truly answered."

"This is certainly alarming intelligence, and I shall take heed accordingly."

"If he discover that John is without a surname, I am far from certain he will not prepare to have him arraigned for some high crime or misdemeanor; for Mr. John Effingham maintains that the besetting propensity of all this class is to divine the worst the moment their imaginations cease to be fed with facts. All is false with them, and it is flattery or accusation."

The approach of Mr. Blunt caused a cessation of the discourse, Eve betraying a slight degree of sensitiveness about admitting him to share in these little asides, a circumstance that her companion observed not without satisfaction. The discourse now became general, the person who joined them amusing the others with an ac-

count of several proposals already made by Mr. Dodge, which, as he expressed it, in making the relation, manifested the strong community characteristics of an American. The first proposition was to take a vote to ascertain whether Mr. Van Buren or Mr. Harrison was the greatest favorite of the passengers; and, on this being defeated, owing to the total ignorance of so many on board of both the parties he had named, he had suggested the expediency of establishing a society to ascertain daily the precise position of the ship. Captain Truck had thrown cold water on the last proposal, however, by adding to it what, among legislators, is called a "rider;" he having dryly suggested that one of the duties of the said society should be to ascertain also the practicability of wading across the Atlantic.

CHAPTER VII.

"When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks,
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect."
—RICHARD III.

THESE conversations, however, were mere episodes of the great business of the passage. Throughout the morning, the master was busy in rating his mates, giving sharp reprimands to the stewards and cooks, overhauling the logline, introducing the passengers, seeing to the stowage of the anchors, in getting down the signal pole, throwing in touches of Vattel, and otherwise superintending duty, and dispensing opinions. All this time, the cat in the grass does not watch the bird that hops along the ground with keener vigilance than he kept his eye on the *Foam*. To an ordinary observer, the two ships presented the familiar spectacle of vessels sailing in the same direction, with a very equal rate of speed; and as the course was that necessary to clear the Channel, most of the passengers, and, indeed, the greater part of the crew, began to think the cruiser, like themselves, was merely bound to the westward. Mr. Truck, on the contrary, judging by signs and movements that more naturally suggested themselves to one accustomed to direct the evolutions of a ship, and to reason on their objects, than to the mere subjects of his will, thought differently. To him, the motive of the smallest change on board the sloop-of-war was as intelligible as if it had been explained in words, and he even foresaw many that were about to take place. Before noon the *Foam* had got fairly abeam, and Mr. Leach, pointing out the circumstance, observed, that if her wish was to overhaul them, she ought then to tack; it being a rule among seamen that the pursuing vessel should turn to windward as often as she found herself nearest to her chase. But the experience of Captain Truck taught him better; the tide was setting into the Channel on the flood, and the wind enabled both ships to take the current on their lee-bows, a power that forced them up to windward; whereas, by tacking, the *Foam* would receive the force of the stream on her weather broadside, or so nearly so as to sweep her farther astern than her difference in speed could easily repair.

"She has the heels of us, and she weathers on us, as it is," grumbled the master; "and that might satisfy a man less modest. I have led the gentleman such a tramp already that he will be in none of the best humors when he comes alongside, and we may make up our minds on seeing Portsmouth again before we see New York, unless a slant of wind, or the night, serve us a good turn. I trust, Leach, you have not been destroying your prospects in life by looking too wistfully at a tobacco-field?"

"Not I, sir; and if you will give me leave to say it, Captain Truck, I do not think a plug has been landed from the ship which did not go ashore in a *bona-fide* tobacco-box, that might appear in any court in England. The people will swear, to a man, that this is true."

"Ay, ay! and the Barons of the Exchequer would be the greatest fools in England not to believe them. If there has been no defrauding the revenue, why

does a cruiser follow this ship, a regular packet, to sea?"

"This affair of the steerage passenger, Davis, sir, is probably the cause. The man may be heavily in debt, or possibly a defaulter; for these rogues, when they break down, often fall lower than the 'twixt decks of a ship like this."

"This will do to put the quarter-deck and cabin in good humor at sailing, and give them something to open an acquaintance with; but it is sawdust to none but your new beginners. I have known that Seal this many a year, and the rogue never yet had a case that touched the quarterdeck. It is as the man and his wife say, and I'll not give them up, out here in blue water, for as much foam as lies on Jersey beach after an easterly blow. It will not be any of the family of Davis that will satisfy yonder wind-eater; but he will lay his hand on the whole family of the *Montauk*, leaving them the agreeable alternative of going back to Portsmouth in his pleasant society, or getting out here in midchannel and wading ashore as best they can. D—— me! if I believe, Leach, that Vattel will bear the fellow out in it, even if there has been a whole hogshead of the leaves trundled into his island without a permit!"

To this Mr. Leach had no encouraging answer to make, for, like most of his class, he held practical force in much greater respect than the abstractions of books. He deemed it prudent, therefore, to be silent, though greatly doubting the efficacy of a quotation from any authority on board, when fairly put in opposition to a written order from the admiral at Portsmouth, or even to a signal sent down from the Admiralty at London.

The day wore away, making a gradual change in the relative positions of the two ships, though so slowly, as to give Captain Truck strong hopes of being able to dodge his pursuer in the coming night, which promised to be dark and squally. To return to Portsmouth was his full intention, but not until he had first delivered his freight and passengers in New York; for, like all men bound up body and soul in the performance of an especial duty, he looked on a frustration of this immediate object as a much greater calamity than even a double amount of more remote evil. Besides, he felt a strong reliance on the liberality of the English authorities in the end, and had little doubt of being able to extricate himself and his ship from any penalties to which the indiscretion or cupidity of his subordinates might have rendered him liable.

Just as the sun dipped into the watery tract of the *Montauk*, most of the cabin passengers again appeared on deck, to take a look at the situation of the two vessels, and to form their own conjectures as to the probable result of the adventure. By this time the *Foam* had tacked twice, once to weather upon the wake of her chase, and again to resume her line of pursuit. The packet was too good a ship to be easily overtaken, and the cruiser was now nearly hull-down astern, but evidently coming up at a rate that would bring her alongside before morning. The wind blew in squalls, a circumstance that always aids a vessel of war, as the greater number of her hands enables them to make and shorten sail with ease and rapidity.

"This unsettled weather is as much as a mile an hour against us," observed Captain Truck, who was far from pleased at the fact of his being outsailed by anything that floated; "and, if truth must be said, I think that fellow has somewhere about half a knot the best of it, in the way of foot, on a bowline and with this breeze. But he has no cargo in, and they trim their boats like steelyards. Give us more wind, or a freer, and I would leave him to digest his orders, as a shark digests a marline-spike, or a ringbolt, notwithstanding all his advantages; for little good would it then do him to be trying to run into the wind's eye, like a steam-tug. As it is, we must submit. We are certainly in a category, and be d——d to it!"

It was one of those wild-looking sunsets that are so frequent in the autumn, in which appearances are worse, perhaps, than the reality. The ships were now so near the Chops of the Channel that no land was visible, and the entire horizon presented that chill and wintry aspect

that belongs to gloomy and driving clouds, to which streaks of dull light serve more to give an appearance of infinite space than any of the relief of brightness. It was a dreary nightfall to a landsman's eye; though they who better understood the signs of the heavens, as they are exhibited on the ocean, saw little more than the promise of obscurity, and the usual hazards of darkness in a much frequented sea.

"This will be a dirty night," observed John Effingham, "and we may have occasion to bring in some of the flaunting vanity of the ship, ere another morning returns."

"The vessel appears to be in good hands," returned Mr. Effingham: "I have watched them narrowly; for, I know not why, I have felt more anxiety on the occasion of this passage than on any of the nine I have already made."

As he spoke, the tender father unconsciously bent his eyes on Eve, who leaned affectionately on his arm, steadying her light form against the pitching of the vessel. She understood his feelings better than he did himself, possibly, since, accustomed to his fondest care from childhood, she well knew that he seldom thought of others, or even of himself, while her own wants or safety appealed to his unwearying love.

"Father," she said, smiling in his wistful face, "we have seen more troubled waters than these, far, and in a much frailer vessel. Do you not remember the Wallenstadt and its miserable skiff? where I have heard you say there was really danger, though we escaped from it all with a little fright."

"Perfectly well do I recollect it, love, nor have I forgotten our brave companion, and his good service at that critical moment. But for his stout arm and timely succor, we might not, as you say, have been quit for the fright."

Although Mr. Effingham looked only at his daughter, while speaking, Mr. Sharp, who listened with interest, saw the quick, retreating glance of Eve at Paul Blunt, and felt something like a chill in his blood as he perceived that her own cheeks seemed to reflect the glow which appeared on that of the young man. He alone observed this secret evidence of common interest in some event in which both had evidently been actors, those around them being too much occupied in the arrangements of the ship, and too little suspicious, to heed the trifling circumstance. Captain Truck had ordered all hands called, to make sail, to the surprise of even the crew. The vessel, at the moment, was staggering along under as much canvas as she could apparently bear, and the mates looked aloft with inquiring eyes, as if to ask what more could be done.

The master soon removed all doubts. With a rapidity that is not common in merchant ships, but which is usual enough in the packets, the lower studding-sails, and two topmast-studding-sails were prepared and made ready for hoisting. As soon as the words "all ready" were uttered, the helm was put up, the sails were set, and the *Montauk* was running with a free wind towards the narrow passage between the Scilly Islands and the Land's End. Captain Truck was an expert Channel pilot from long practice, and keeping the run of the tides in his head, he had loosely calculated that his vessel had so much offing as, with a free wind, and the great progress she had made in the last twenty-four hours, would enable him to lay through the pass.

"'Tis a ticklish hole to run into in a dirty night, with a staggering breeze," he said, rubbing his hands as if the hazard increased his satisfaction, "and we will now see if this *Foam* has mettle enough to follow."

"The chap has a quick eye and good glasses, even though he should want nerve for the Scilly rocks," cried the mate, who was looking out from the mizzen rigging. "There goes his stun'-sails already, and a plenty of them!"

Sure enough the cruiser threw out her studding-sails, had them full and drawing in five minutes, and altered her course so as to follow the *Montauk*. There was now no longer any doubt concerning her object; for it was hardly possible two vessels should adopt so bold a step as this,

just at dark, and on such a night, unless the movements of one were regulated by the movements of the other.

In the mean time, anxious faces began to appear on the quarter-deck, and Mr. Dodge was soon seen moving stealthily about among the passengers, whispering here, cornering there, and seemingly much occupied in canvassing opinions on the subject of the propriety of the step that the master had just taken; though, if the truth must be told, he rather stimulated opposition than found others prepared to meet his wishes. When he thought, however, he had collected a sufficient number of suffrages to venture on an experiment, that nothing but an inherent aversion to shipwreck and a watery grave should embolden him to make, he politely invited the captain to a private conference in the stateroom occupied by himself and Sir George Templemore. Changing the *venue*, as the lawyers term it, to his own little apartment—no master of a packet willingly consenting to transact business in any other place—Captain Truck, who was out of cigars at the moment, very willingly assented.

When the two were seated, and the door of the room was closed, Mr. Dodge carefully snuffed the candle, looked about him to make sure there was no eavesdropper in a room eight feet by seven, and then commenced his subject, with what he conceived to be a commendable delicacy and discretion.

"Captain Truck," he said, in a sort of low confidential tone that denotes equally concern and mystery, "I think by this time you must have set me down as one of your warm and true friends and supporters. I came out in your ship, and, please God we escape the perils of the sea, it is my hope and intention to return home in her."

"If not, friend Dodge," returned the master, observing that the other paused to note the effect of his peroration, and using a familiarity in his address that the acquaintance of the former passage had taught him was not misapplied; "if not, friend Dodge, you have made a capital mistake in getting on board of her, as it is by no means probable an occasion will offer to get out of her, until we fall in with a news-boat, or a pilot-boat, at least somewhere in the latitude and longitude of Sandy Hook. You smoke, I believe, sir?"

"I ask no better," returned Steadfast, declining the offer; "I have told every one on the Continent"—Mr. Dodge had been to Paris, Geneva, along the Rhine, and through Belgium and Holland, and in his eyes, this was the Continent—"that no better ship or captain sails the ocean; and you know, captain, I have a way with me, when I please, that causes what I say to be remembered. Why, my dear sir, I had an article extolling the whole line in the most appropriate terms, and this ship in particular, put into the journal at Rotterdam. It was so well done, that not a soul suspected it came from a personal friend of yours."

The captain was rolling the small end of a cigar in his mouth to prepare it for smoking, the regulations of the ship forbidding any further indulgence below; but when he received this assurance, he withdrew the tobacco with the sort of mystifying simplicity that gets to be a second nature with a regular votary of Neptune, and answered with a coolness of manner that was in ridiculous contrast to the affected astonishment of the words:—

"The devil you did!—Was it in good Dutch?"

"I do not understand much of the language," said Mr. Dodge, hesitatingly; for all he knew was *yaw* and *nein*, neither of these particularly well—"but it looked to be uncommonly well expressed. I could do no more than pay a man to translate it. But to return to this affair of running in among the Scilly Islands such a night as this."

"Return, my good fellow! this is the first syllable you have said about the matter!"

"Concern on your account has caused me to forget myself. To be frank with you, Captain Truck, and if I weren't your very best friend I should be silent, there is considerable excitement getting up about this matter."

"Excitement! what is that like?—a sort of moral head-sea, do you mean?"

"Precisely: and I must tell you the truth, though I had rather a thousand times not; but this change in the ship's course is monstrous unpopular!"

"That is bad news, with a vengeance, Mr. Dodge; I shall rely on you, as an old friend, to get up an opposition."

"My dear captain, I have done all I could in that way already; but I never met with people so bent on a thing as most of the passengers. The Effinghams are very decided, though so purse-proud and grand; Sir George Templemore declares it is quite extraordinary, and even the French lady is furious. To be sincere as the crisis demands, public opinion is setting so strong against you that I expect an explosion."

"Well, so long as the tide sets in my favor, I must endeavor to bear it. Stemming a current, in or out of water, is uphill work; but with a good bottom, clean copper, and plenty of wind it may be done."

"It would not surprise me were the gentlemen to appeal to the general sentiment against you when we arrive, and make a handle of it against your line!"

"It may be so, indeed; but what can be done? If we return, the Englishman will certainly catch us, and in that case my own opinion would be dead against me!"

"Well, well, captain; I thought as a friend I would speak my mind. If this thing should really get into the papers in America, it would spread like fire in the prairies. You know what the papers are, I trust, Captain Truck?"

"I rather think I do, Mr. Dodge, with many thanks for your hints, and I believe I know what the Scilly Islands are, too. The elections will be nearly or quite over by the time we get in, and, thank God, they'll not be apt to make a party question of it, this fall at least. In the meantime, rely on my keeping a good lookout for the shoals of popularity and the quicksands of excitement. You smoke sometimes, I know, and I can recommend this cigar as fit to regale the nose of that chap of Strasbourg—you read your Bible, I know, Mr. Dodge, and need not be told whom I mean. The steward will be happy to give you a light on deck, sir."

In this manner, Captain Truck, with the *sang froid* of an old tar, and the tact of a packet-master, got rid of his troublesome visitor, who departed, half suspecting that he had been quizzed, but still ruminating on the expediency of getting up a committee, or at least a public meeting in the cabin, to follow up the blow. By the aid of the latter, could he but persuade Mr. Effingham to take the chair, and Sir George Templemore to act as secretary, he thought he might escape a sleepless night, and, what was of quite as much importance, make a figure in a paragraph on reaching home.

Mr. Dodge, whose Christian name, thanks to a pious ancestry, was Steadfast, partook of the qualities that his two appellations not inaptly expressed. There was a singular profession of steadiness of purpose and of high principle about him, all of which vanished in Dodge at the close. A great stickler for the rights of the people, he never considered that this people was composed of many integral parts, but he viewed all things as gravitating towards the great aggregation. Majorities were his hobbies, and though singularly timid as an individual, or when in the minority, put him on the strongest side and he was ready to face the devil. In short, Mr. Dodge was a people's man, because his strongest desire, his "ambition and his pride," as he often expressed it, was to be a man of the people. In his particular neighborhood, at home, sentiment ran in veins, like gold in the mines, or in streaks of public opinion; and though there might be three or four of these public sentiments, so long as each had its party, no one was afraid to avow it; but as for maintaining a notion that was not thus upheld, there was a savor of aristocracy about it that would damn even a mathematical proposition, though regularly solved and proved. So much and so long had Mr. Dodge respired a moral atmosphere of this community-character, and gregarious propensity,

that he had, in many things, lost all sense of his individuality; as much so, in fact, as if he breathed with a pair of county lungs, ate with a common mouth, drank from the town-pump, and slept in the open air.

Such a man was not very likely to make an impression on Captain Truck, one accustomed to rely on himself alone, in the face of warring elements, and who knew that a ship could not safely have more than a single will, and that the will of her master.

The accidents of life could scarcely form extremes of character more remote than that of Steadfast Dodge and that of John Truck. The first never did anything, beyond acts of the most ordinary kind, without first weighing its probable effect in the neighborhood; its popularity or unpopularity; how it might tally with the different public opinions that were whiffling through the country; in what manner it would influence the next election, and whether it would be likely to elevate him or depress him in the public mind. No Asiatic slave stood more in terror of a vindictive master than Mr. Dodge stood in fear and trembling before the reproofs, comments, censures, frowns, cavilings and remarks of every man in his county, who happened to belong to the political party that just at that moment was in power. As to the minority, he was as brave as a lion, could snap his fingers at them, and was foremost in deriding and scoffing at all they said and did. This, however, was in connection with politics only; for, the instant party-drill ceased to be of value, Steadfast's valor oozed out of his composition, and in all other things he dutifully consulted every public opinion of that neighborhood. This estimable man had his weak points as well as another, and what is more, he was quite sensible of them, as was proved by a most jealous watchfulness of his besetting sins, in the way of exposure if not of indulgence.

In a word, Steadfast Dodge was a man that wished to meddle with and control all things, without possessing precisely the spirit that was necessary to leave him master of himself; he had a rabid desire for the good opinion of everything human, without always taking the means necessary to preserve his own; was a stout declaimer for the rights of the community while forgetting that the community itself is but a means set up for the accomplishment of a given end; and felt an inward and profound respect for anything that was beyond his reach, which manifested itself, not in manly efforts to attain the forbidden fruit, but rather in a spirit of opposition and detraction, that only betrayed, through its jealousy, the existence of the feeling; which jealousy, however, he affected to conceal under an intense regard for popular rights, since he was apt to aver it was quite intolerable that any man should possess anything, even to qualities, in which his neighbors might not properly participate. All these, moreover, and many similar traits, Mr. Dodge encouraged in the spirit of liberty!

On the other hand, John Truck sailed his own ship; was civil to his passengers from habits as well as policy; knew that every vessel must have a captain; believed mankind to be little better than asses; took his own observations, and cared not a straw for those of his mates; was never more bent on following his own views than when all hands grumbled and opposed him; was daring by nature, decided from use and long self-reliance, and was every way a man fitted to steer his bark through the trackless ways of life, as well as those of the ocean. It was fortunate for one in his particular position that nature had made the possessor of so much self-will and temporary authority cool and sarcastic rather than hot-headed and violent; and for this circumstance Mr. Dodge in particular had frequent occasions for felicitation.

CHAPTER VIII.

"But then we are in order, when we are
Most out of order." —JACK CADE.

DISAPPOINTED in his private appeal to the captain's dread of popular disapprobation, Mr. Dodge returned to his secret

work on deck; for like a true freeman of the exclusive school, this person never presumed to work openly, unless sustained by a clear majority; canvassing all around him, and striving hard to create a public opinion, as he termed it, on his side of the question, by persuading his hearers that every one was of his particular way of thinking already; a method of exciting a feeling much practiced by partisans of his school. In the interval, Captain Truck was working up his day's reckoning by himself, in his own stateroom, thinking little, and caring less, about anything but the results of his figures, which soon convinced him that by standing a few hours longer on his present course he he should "plump his ship ashore" somewhere between Falmouth and the Lizard.

This discovery annoyed the worthy master so much the more, on account of the suggestions of his late visitor; for nothing could be less to his taste than to have the appearance of altering his determination under a menace. Still something must be done before midnight, for he plainly perceived that thirty or forty miles, at the farthest, would fetch up the *Montauk* on her present course. The passengers had left the deck to escape the night air, and he heard the Effinghams inviting Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt into the ladies' cabin, which had been taken expressly for their party, while the others were calling upon the stewards for the usual allowance of hot drinks, at the dining-table without. The talking and noise disturbed him; his own stateroom became too confined, and he went on deck to come to his decision, in view of the angry-looking skies and the watery waste over which he was called to prevail. Here we shall leave him, pacing the quarter-deck, in moody silence alone, too much disturbed to smoke even, while the mate of the watch sat in the mizzen rigging, like a monkey, keeping a lookout to windward and ahead. In the meantime, we will return to the cabin of the Effinghams.

The *Montauk* was one of those surpassingly beautiful and yacht-like ships that now ply between the two hemispheres in such numbers, and which in luxury and the fitting conveniences seem to vie with each other for the mastery. The cabins were lined with satinwood and bird's-eye maple; small marble columns separated the glittering panels of polished wood, and rich carpets covered the floors. The main cabin had the great table, as a fixture, in the center, but that of Eve, somewhat shorter, but of equal width, was free from all encumbrance of the sort. It had its sofas, cushions, mirrors, stools, tables, and an upright piano. The doors of the staterooms, and other conveniences, opened on its sides and ends. In short, it presented, at that hour, the resemblance of a tasteful boudoir, rather than that of an apartment in a cramped and vulgar ship.

Here, then, all who properly belonged to the place were assembled, with Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt as guests, when a tap at the door announced another visitor. It was Mr. Dodge, begging to be admitted on a matter of business. Eve smiled as she bowed as sent to old Nanny, who acted as her groom of the chambers, and hastily expressed a belief that her guest must have come with a proposal to form a Dorcas society.

Although Mr. Dodge was as bold as Cæsar in expressing his contempt of anything but popular sway, he never came into the presence of the quiet and well-bred without a feeling of distrust and uneasiness, that had its rise in the simple circumstance of his not being used to their company. Indeed, there is nothing more appalling, in general, to the vulgar and pretending, than the simplicity and natural ease of the refined. Their own notions of elegance lie so much on the surface that they seem at first to suspect an ambush, and it is probable that, finding so much repose where, agreeably to their preconceived opinions, all ought to be fuss and pretension, they imagine themselves to be regarded as intruders.

Mr. Effingham gave their visitor a polite reception, and one that was marked with a little more than the usual formality, by way of letting it be understood that the apartment was private; a precaution that he knew was very necessary

in associating with tempers like those of Steadfast. All this was thrown away on Mr. Dodge, notwithstanding every other person present admired the tact with which the host kept his guest at a distance, by extreme attention, for the latter fancied so much ceremony was but a homage to his claims. It had the effect to put him on his own good behavior, however, and of suspending the brusque manner in which he had intended to broach his subject. As everybody waited in calm silence, as if expecting an explanation of the cause of his visit, Mr. Dodge soon felt himself constrained to say something, though it might not be quite as clearly as he could wish.

"We have had a considerable pleasant time, Miss Effingham, since we sailed from Portsmouth," he observed familiarly.

Eve bowed her assent, determined not to take to herself a visit that did violence to all her habits and notions of propriety. But Mr. Dodge was too obtuse to feel the hint conveyed in mere reserve of manner.

"It would have been more agreeable, I allow, had not this man-of-war taken it into her head to follow us in this unprecedented manner." Mr. Dodge was as fond of his dictionary as the steward, though he belonged to the political, while Saunders merely adorned the polite school of talkers. "Sir George calls it a most 'uncomfortable procedure.' You know Sir George Templemore, without doubt, Miss Effingham?"

"I am aware there is a person of that name on board, sir," returned Eve, who recoiled from this familiarity with the sensitiveness with which a well-educated female distinguishes between one who appreciates her character and one who does not; "but have never had the honor of his acquaintance."

Mr. Dodge thought all this extraordinary, for he had witnessed Captain Truck's introduction, and did not understand how people who had sailed twenty-four hours in the same ship, and had been fairly introduced, should not be intimate. As for himself, he fancied he was, what he termed, "well acquainted" with the Effinghams, from having talked of them a great deal ignorantly, and not a little maliciously; a liberty he felt himself fully entitled to take from the circumstance of residing in the same county, although he had never spoken to one of the family, until accident placed him in their company on board the same vessel.

"Sir George is a gentleman of great accomplishments, Miss Effingham, I assure you; a man of unqualified merit. We have the same stateroom, for I like company, and prefer chatting a little in my berth to being always asleep. He is a baronet, I suppose you know—not that I care anything for titles, all men being equal in truth, though—though——"

"—Unequal in reality, sir, you probably meant to add," observed John Effingham, who was lolling on Eve's workstand, his eagle-shaped face fairly curling with the contempt he felt, and which he hardly cared to conceal.

"Surely not, sir!" exclaimed the terrified Steadfast, looking furtively about, lest some active enemy might be at hand to quote this unhappy remark to his prejudice. "Surely not! men are every way equal, and no one can pretend to be better than another. No, no—it is nothing to me that Sir George is a baronet; though one would prefer having a gentleman in the same stateroom to having a coarse fellow. Sir George thinks, sir, that the ship is running into great danger by steering for the land in so dark a night, and in such *dirty* weather. He *has* many out-of-the-way expressions, Sir George, I must admit, for one of his rank; he calls the weather *dirty*, and the proceedings *uncomfortable;* modes of expression, gentlemen, to which I give an unqualified disapprobation."

"Probably Sir George would attach more importance to a *qualified* disapprobation," retorted John Effingham.

"Quite likely," returned Mr. Dodge innocently, though the two other visitors, Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville, permitted slight muscular movements about the lips to be seen; "Sir George is quite an original in his way. We have few originals in our part of the country, you know,

Mr. John Effingham; for to say the truth, it is rather unpopular to differ from the neighborhood in this or any other respect. Yes, sir, the people will rule and ought to rule. Still, I think Sir George may get along well enough as a stranger, for it is not quite as unpopular in a stranger to be original as in a native. I think you will agree with me, sir, in believing it excessively presuming in an American to pretend to be different from his fellow-citizens."

"No one, sir, could entertain such presumption, I am persuaded, in your case."

"No, sir, I do not speak from personal motives; but on the great general principles that are to be maintained for the good of mankind. I do not know that any man has a right to be peculiar in a free country. It is aristocratic, and has an air of thinking one man is better than another. I am sure Mr. Effingham cannot approve of it?"

"Perhaps not. Freedom has many arbitrary laws that it will not do to violate."

"Certainly, sir, or where would be its supremacy? If the people cannot control and look down peculiarity, or anything they dislike, one might as well live in despotism at once."

"As I have resided much abroad of late years, Mr. Dodge," inquired Eve, who was fearful her kinsman would give some cut that would prove to be past bearing, as she saw his eye was menacing, and who felt a disposition to be amused at the other's philosophy, that overcame the attraction of repulsion she had at first experienced towards him—"will you favor me with some of those great principles of liberty of which I hear so much, but which, I fear, have been overlooked by my European instructors?"

Mademoiselle Viefville looked grave; Messrs. Sharp and Blunt delighted; Mr. Dodge, himself, mystified.

"I should feel myself little able to instruct Miss Effingham on such a subject," the latter modestly replied, "as no doubt she has seen too much misery in the nations she has visited, not to appreciate justly all the advantages of that happy country which has the honor of claiming her for one of its fair daughters."

Eve was terrified at her own temerity, for she was far from anticipating so high a flight of eloquence in return for her own simple request, but it was too late to retreat.

"None of the many illustrious and godlike men that our own beloved land has produced can pretend to more zeal in its behalf than myself, but I fear my abilities to do it justice will fall far short of the subject," he continued. "Liberty, as you know, Miss Effingham, as you well know, gentlemen, is a boon that merits our unqualified gratitude, and which calls for our daily and hourly thanks to the gallant spirits who, in the days that tried men's souls, were foremost in the tented field, and in the councils of the nation."

John Effingham turned a glance at Eve, that seemed to tell her how unequal she was to the task she had undertaken, and which promised a rescue, with her consent; a condition that the young lady most gladly complied with in the same silent but expressive manner.

"Of all this my young kinswoman is properly sensible, Mr. Dodge," he said by way of diversion; "but she, and I confess myself, have some little perplexity on the subject of what this liberty is about which so much has been said and written in our time. Permit me to inquire if you understand by it a perfect independence of thought, action, and rights?"

"Equal laws, equal rights, equality in all respects, and pure, abstract, unqualified liberty, beyond all question, sir."

"What, a power in the strong man to beat the little man, and to take away his dinner?"

"By no means, sir; Heaven forbid that I should maintain any such doctrine! It means entire liberty: no kings, no aristocrats, no exclusive privileges; but one man is as good as another!"

"Do you understand, then, that one man is as good as another, under our system, Mr. Dodge?"

"Unqualifiedly so, sir; I am amazed that such a question should be put by a

gentleman of your information, in an age like this!"

"If one man is as good as another," said Mr. Blunt, who perceived that John Effingham was biting his lips, a sign that something more biting would follow—"will you do me the favor to inform me why the country puts itself to the trouble and expense of the annual elections?"

"Elections, sir! In what manner could free institutions flourish or be maintained without constantly appealing to the people, the only true sources of power?"

"To this I make no objections, Mr. Dodge," returned the young man, smiling; "but why an election; if one man is as good as another, a lottery would be cheaper, easier and sooner settled. Why an election, or even a lottery at all? why not choose the President as the Persians chose their king, by the neighing of a horse?"

"This would be indeed an extraordinary mode of proceeding for an intelligent and virtuous people, Mr. Blunt; and I must take the liberty of saying that I suspect you of pleasantry. If you wish an answer, I will say, at once, by such a process we might get a knave, or a fool, or a traitor."

"How, Mr. Dodge! I did not expect this character of the country from you! Are the Americans, then, all fools, or knaves, or traitors?"

"If you intend to travel much in our country, sir, I would advise great caution in throwing out such an insinuation, for it would be apt to meet with a very general and unqualified disapprobation. Americans are enlightened and free, and as far from deserving these epithets as any people on earth."

"And yet the fact follows from your own theory. If one man is as good as another, and any one of them is a fool, or a knave, or a traitor—all are knaves, or fools, or traitors! The insinuation is not mine, but it follows, I think, inevitably, as a consequence of your own proposition."

In the pause that succeeded, Mr. Sharp said in a low voice to Eve, "He is an Englishman, after all!"

"Mr. Dodge does not mean that one man is as good as another in that particular sense," Mr. Effingham kindly interposed, in his quality of host; "his views are less general, I fancy, than his words would give us, at first, reason to suppose."

"Very true, Mr. Effingham, very true, sir; one man is not as good as another in that particular sense, or in the sense of elections, but in all other senses. Yes, sir," turning towards Mr. Blunt again, as one reviews the attack on an antagonist, who has given a fall, after taking breath, "in all other senses, one man is unqualifiedly as good as another. One man has the same rights as another."

"The slave as the freeman?"

"The slaves are exceptions, sir. But in the free states, except in the case of elections, one man is as good as another in all things. That is our meaning, and any other principle would be unqualifiedly unpopular."

"Can one make a shoe as well as another?"

"Of rights, sir—I stick to the rights, you will remember."

"Has the minor the same rights as the man of full age; the apprentice as the master; the vagabond as the resident; the man who cannot pay as the man who can?"

"No, sir, not in that sense either. You do not understand me, sir, I fear. All that I mean is, that in particular things one man is as good as another in America. This is American doctrine, though it may not happen to be English, and I flatter myself it will stand the test of the strictest investigation."

"And you will allow me to inquire where this is not the case, in particular things. If you mean to say that there are fewer privileges accorded to the accidents of birth, or to fortune and station in America, than is usual in other countries, we shall agree; but I think it will hardly do to say there are none!"

"Privileges accorded to birth in America, sir! The idea would be odious to her people!"

"Does not the child inherit the property of the father?"

"Most assuredly; but this can hardly be termed a privilege."

"That may depend a good deal on taste. I should account it a greater privilege than to inherit a title without the fortune."

"I perceive, gentlemen, that we do not perfectly understand each other, and I must postpone the discussion to a more favorable opportunity; for I confess great uneasiness at this decision of the captain's about steering in among the rocks of Sylla." (Mr. Dodge was not as clear-headed as common, in consequence of the controversy that had just occurred.) "I challenge you to renew the subject another time, gentlemen. I only happened in" (another peculiarity of diction in this gentleman) "to make a first call, for I suppose there is no exclusion in an American ship?"

"None whatever, sir," Mr. John Effingham coldly answered. "All the state-rooms are in common, and I propose to seize an early occasion to return this compliment, by making myself at home in the apartment which has the honor to lodge Mr. Dodge and Sir George Templemore."

Here Mr. Dodge beat a retreat, without touching at all on his real errand. Instead of even following up the matter with the other passengers, he got into a corner, with one or two congenial spirits, who had taken great offense that the Effinghams should presume to retire into their cabin, and particularly that they should have the extreme aristocratical audacity to shut the door, where he continued pouring into the greedy ears of his companions his own history of the recent dialogue, in which, according to his own account of the matter, he had completely gotten the better of that "young up-start, Blunt," a man of whom he knew positively nothing, divers anecdotes of the Effingham family, that came of the lowest and most idle gossip of rustic malignancy, and his own vague and confused notions of the rights of persons and of things. Very different was the conversation that ensued in the ladies' cabin, after the welcome disappearance of the uninvited guest. Not a remark of any sort was made on his intrusion, or on his folly: even John Effingham, little addicted in common to forbearance, being too proud to waste his breath on so low game, and too well taught to open upon a man the moment his back was turned. But the subject was continued, and in a manner better suited to the education, intelligence, and views of the several speakers.

Eve said but little, though she ventured to ask a question now and then; Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt being the principal supporters of the discourse, with an occasionally quiet, discreet remark from the young lady's father, and a sarcasm, now and then, from John Effingham. Mr. Blunt, though advancing his opinions with diffidence, and with a proper deference for the greater experience of the two elder gentlemen, soon made his superiority apparent, the subject proving to be one on which he had evidently thought a great deal, and that too with a discrimination and originality that are far from common.

He pointed out the errors that are usually made on the subject of the institutions of the American Union, by confounding the effects of the general government with those of the separate states; and he clearly demonstrated that the Confederation itself had, in reality, no distinctive character of its own, even for or against liberty. It was a confederation, and got its character from the characters of its several parts, which of themselves were independent in all things on the important point of distinctive principles, with the exception of the vague general provision that they must be republics; a provision that meant anything, or nothing, so far as true liberty was concerned, as each state might decide for itself.

"The character of the American government is to be sought in the characters of the state governments," he concluded, "which vary with their respective policies. It is in this way that communities that hold one half of their numbers in domestic bondage are found tied up in the same political *fasces* with other communities

of the most democratic institutions. The general government assures neither liberty of speech, liberty of conscience, action, nor of anything else, except as against itself; a provision that is quite unnecessary, as it is purely a government of delegated powers, and has no authority to act at all on those particular interests."

"This is very different from the general impression in Europe," observed Mr. Sharp; "and as I perceive I have the good fortune to be thrown into the society of an American, if not an *American lawyer*, able to enlighten my ignorance on those interesting topics, I hope to be permitted, during some of the idle moments of which we are likely to have many, to profit by it."

The other colored, bowed to the compliment, but appeared to hesitate before he answered.

"'Tis not absolutely necessary to be an American by birth," he said, "as I have already had occasion to observe, in order to understand the institutions of the country, and I might possibly mislead you were you to fancy that a native was your instructor. I have often been in the country, however, if not born in it, and few young men, on this side of the Atlantic, have had their intention pointed, with so much earnestness, to all that affects it as myself."

"I was in hopes we had the honor of including you among our countrymen," observed John Effingham, with evident disappointment. "So many young men come abroad disposed to quarrel with foreign excellences, of which they know nothing, or to concede so many of our own, in the true spirit of serviles, that I was flattering myself I had at last found an exception."

Eve also felt regret, though she hardly avowed to herself the reason.

"He is, then, an Englishman, after all!" said Mr. Sharp, in another aside.

"Why not a German—or a Swiss—or even a Russian?"

"His English is perfect; no continental could speak so fluently, with such a choice of words, so totally without an accent, ut an effort. As Mademoiselle Vieffville says, he does not speak well enough for a foreigner."

Eve was silent, for she was thinking of the singular manner in which a conversation as oddly commenced, had brought about an explanation on a point that had often given her many doubts. Twenty times had she decided in her own mind that this young man, whom she could properly call neither stranger nor acquaintance, was a countryman, and as often had she been led to change her opinion. He had now been explicit, she thought, and she felt compelled to set him down as a European, though not disposed, still, to believe he was an Englishman. For this latter notion, she had reasons it might not have done to give to a native of the island they had just left, as she knew to be the fact with Mr. Sharp.

Music succeeded this conversation, Eve having taken the precaution to have the piano tuned before quitting port, an expedient we would recommend to all who have a regard for the instrument that extends beyond its outside, or even for their own ears. John Effingham executed brilliantly on the violin: and, as it appeared on inquiry, the two younger gentlemen performed respectably on the flute, flageolet, and one or two other wind instruments. We shall leave them doing great justice to Beethoven, Rossini, and Mayerbeer, whose compositions Mr. Dodge did not fail to sneer at in the outer cabin, as affected and altogether unworthy of attention, and return on deck to the company of the anxious master.

Captain Truck had continued to pace the deck moodily and alone, during the whole evening, and he only seemed to come to a recollection of himself when the relief passed him on his way to the wheel, at eight bells. Inquiring the hour, he got into the mizzen rigging, with a night-glass, and swept the horizon in search of the *Foam*. Nothing could be made out, the darkness having settled upon the water in a way to circumscribe the visible horizon to very narrow limits.

"This may do," he muttered to himself, as he swung off by a rope, and alighted again on the planks of the deck. Mr.

Leach was summoned, and an order was passed for the relieved watch to remain on deck for duty.

When all was ready, the first mate went through the ship, seeing that all the candles were extinguished or that the hoods were drawn over the skylights, in such a way as to conceal any rays that might gleam upwards from the cabin. At the same time attention was paid to the binnacle-lamp. This precaution observed, the people went to work to reduce the sail, and in the course of twenty minutes they had got in the studding-sails, and all the standing canvas to the topsails, the fore-course, and a forward staysail. The three topsails were then reefed, with sundry urgent commands to the crew to be active, for, "The Englishman was coming up like a horse, all this time, no doubt."

This much effected, the hands returned on deck as much amazed at the several arrangements as if the order had been to cut away the masts.

"If we had a few guns, and were a little stronger-handed," growled an old salt to the second mate, as he hitched up his trousers and rolled over his quid, "I should think the hard one aft had been stripping for a fight; but as it is we have nothing to carry on the war with, unless we throw sea biscuits into the enemy!"

"Stand by to *veer!*" called out the captain from the quarter-deck; or, as he pronounced it, "*ware.*"

The men sprang to the braces, and the bows of the ship fell off gradually, as the yards yielded slowly to the drag. In a minute the *Montauk* was rolling dead before it, and her broadside came sweeping up to the wind with the ship's head to the eastward. This new direction in the course had the double effect of hauling off the land, and of diverging at more than right angles from the line of sailing of the *Foam*, if that ship still continued in pursuit. The seamen nodded their heads at each other in approbation, for all now as well understood the meaning of the change as if it had been explained to them verbally.

The revolution on deck produced as sudden a revolution below. The ship was no longer running easily on an even keel, but was pitching violently into a head-beating sea, and the wind, which a few minutes before was scarcely felt to blow, was now whistling its hundred strains among the cordage. Some sought their berths, among whom were Mr. Sharp and Mr. Dodge; some hurried up the stairs to learn the reason, and all broke up their avocations for the night.

Captain Truck had the usual number of questions to answer, which he did in the following succinct and graphic manner, a reply that we hope will prove as satisfactory to the reader, as it was made to be, perforce, satisfactory to the curious on board.

"Had we stood on an hour longer, gentlemen, we should have been lost on the coast of Cornwall!" he said, pithily: "had we stopped where we were, the sloop of war would have been down upon us in twenty minutes; by changing the course, in the way you have seen, he may get to leeward of us; if he find it out, he may change his own course, in the dark, being as likely to go wrong as to go right: or he may stand in, and set up the ribs of his majesty's ship *Foam* to dry among the rocks of the Lizard, where I hope all her people will get safely ashore, dry shod."

After waiting the result anxiously for an hour, the passengers retired to their rooms one by one; but Captain Truck did not quit the deck until the middle watch was set. Paul Blunt heard him enter his stateroom, which was next to his own, and putting out his head, he inquired the news above. The worthy master had discovered something about this young man which created a respect for his nautical information, for he never misapplied a term, and he invariably answered all his questions promptly, and with respect.

"Dirtier, and dirtier," he said, in defiance of Mr. Dodge's opinion of the phrase, pulling off his pea-jacket, and laying aside his sou'wester; "a cap full of wind, with just enough drizzle to take the comfort out of a man, and lacker him down like a boot."

"The ship has gone about?"

"Like a dancing master with two toes. We have got her head to the southward and westward again; another reef in the topsails,") which word Mr. Truck pronounced *tawsails*, with great unction,) "England well under our lee, and the Atlantic ocean right before us. Six hours on this course, and we can make a fair wind of it."

"And the sloop?"

"Well, Mr. Blunt, I can give no direct account of her. She has dropped in alongshore, I suspect, where she is clawing off, like a boy climbing a hillock of ice on his hands and knees; or is flying about among the other *foam*, somewhere in the latitude of the Lizard. An easy pillow to you, Mr. Blunt, and no tacking till the nap's up."

"And the poor wretches in the *Foam?*"

"Why, the Lord have mercy on their souls!"

CHAPTER IX.

"The moon was now
Rising full orbed, but broken by a cloud.
The wind was hushed, and the sea mirror-like."
—ITALY.

MOST of the passengers appeared on deck soon after Saunders was again heard rattling among his glasses. The day was sufficiently advanced to allow a distinct view of all that was passing, and the wind had shifted. The change had not occurred more than ten minutes, and as most of the inmates of the cabin poured up the cabin-stairs nearly in a body, Mr. Leach had just got through with the necessary operation of bracing the yards about, for the breeze, which was coming stiff, now blew from the northeast. No land was visible, and the mate was just giving his opinion that they were up with Scilly, as Captain Truck appeared in the group.

One glance aloft, and another at the heavens, sufficed to let the experienced master into all the secrets of his present situation. His next step was to jump into the rigging, and to take a look at the sea, in the direction of the Lizard. There, to his extreme disappointment, appeared a ship with everything set that would draw, and with a studding-sail flapping, before it could be drawn down, which he knew in an instant to be the *Foam*. At this spectacle Mr. Truck compressed his lips, and made an inward imprecation, that it would ill comport with our notions of propriety to repeat.

"Turn the hands up and shake out the reefs, sir," he said coolly to his mate, for it was a standing rule of the captain's to seem calmest when he was in the greatest rage. "Turn them up, sir, and show every rag that will draw, from the truck to the lower studding-sail boom, and be d——d to them!"

On this hint Mr. Leach bestirred himself, and the men were quickly on the yards, casting loose gaskets and reef-points. Sail opened after sail, and as the steerage passengers, who could show a force of thirty or forty men, aided with their strength, the *Montauk* was soon running dead before the wind, under everything that would draw, and with studding-sails on both sides. The mates looked surprised, the seamen cast inquiring glances aft, but Mr. Truck lighted a cigar.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, after a few philosophical whiffs, "to go to America with yonder fellow on my weather beam is quite out of the question: he would be up with me, and in possession, before ten o'clock, and my only play is to bring the wind right over the taffrail, where, luckily, we have got it. I think we can bother him at this sport, for your sharp bottoms are not as good as your kettle-bottoms in plowing a full furrow. As for bearing her canvas, the *Montauk* will stand it as long as any ship in King William's navy, before the gale. And on one thing you may rely; I'll carry you all into Lisbon before that tobacco-hating rover shall carry you back to Portsmouth. This is a category to which I will stick."

This characteristic explanation served to let the passengers understand the real state of the case. No one remonstrated, for all preferred a race to being taken; and even the Englishmen on board began

again to take sides with the vessel they were in, and this the more readily, as Captain Truck freely admitted that their cruiser was too much for him on every tack but the one he was about to try. Mr. Sharp hoped that they might now escape, and as for Sir George Templemore, he generously repeated his offer to pay, out of his own pocket, all the port-charges in any French, Spanish, or Portuguese harbor the master would enter, rather than see such an outrage done a foreign vessel in a time of profound peace.

The expedient of Captain Truck proved his judgment, and his knowledge of his profession. Within an hour it was apparrent that, if there was any essential difference in the sailing of the two ships under the present circumstances, it was slightly in favor of the *Montauk*. The *Foam* now set her ensign for the first time, a signal that she wished to speak the ship in sight. At this Captain Truck chuckled, for he pronounced it a sign that she was conscious she could not get them within range of her guns.

"Show him the gridiron," cried the captain briskly; "it will not do to be beaten in civility by a man who has beaten us already on so many other tacks; but keep all fast as a church-door on a week-day."

This latter comparison was probably owing to the circumstance of the master's having come from a part of the country where all the religion is compressed into the twenty-four hours that commence on a Saturday night at sunset, and end at sunset the next day; at least, this was his own explanation of the matter. The effect of success was always to make Mr. Truck loquacious, and he now began to tell many excellent anecdotes, of which he had stores, all of events that had happened to him in person, or of which he had been an eye-witness; and on which his hearers, as Sancho said, might so certainly depend as true, that, if they chose, they might safely swear they had seen them themselves.

"Speaking of churches and doors, Sir George," he said, between the puffs of the cigar, "were you ever in Rhode Island?"

"Never, as this is my first visit to America, captain."

"True; well, you will be likely to go there, if you go to Boston, as it is the best way; unless you would prefer to run over Nantucket shoals, and a hundred miles of ditto, as Mr. Dodge calls it."

"*Ditter*, captain, if you please—*ditter:* it is the continental word for roundabout."

"The d——l it is! it is worth knowing, however. And what may be the French for pea-jacket?"

"You mistake me, sir—*ditter*, a circuit, or the longer way."

"That is the road we are now traveling, by George!—I say, Leach, do you happen to know that we are making a ditter to America?"

"You were speaking of a church, Captain Truck," politely interposed Sir George, who had become rather intimate with his fellow-occupant of the stateroom.

"I was traveling through that state, a few years since, on my way from Providence to New London, at a time when a new road had just been opened. It was on a Sunday, and the stage—a four-horse power, you must know—had never yet run through on the Lord's day. Well, we might be, as it were, off here at right angles to our course, and there was a short turn in the road, as one would say, out yonder. As we hove in sight of the turn, I saw a chap at the masthead of a tree; down he slid, and away he went right before it, towards a meeting-house two or three cables lengths down the road. We followed at a smart jog, and just before we got the church abeam, out poured the whole congregation, horse and foot, parson and idlers, sinners and hypocrites, to see the four-horse power go past. Now this is what I call keeping the church-door open on a Sunday."

We might have hesitated about recording this anecdote of the captain's, had we not received an account of the same occurrence from a quarter that left no doubt that his version of the affair was substantially correct. This and a few similar ad-

ventures, some of which he invented, and all of which he swore were literal, enabled the worthy master to keep the quarter-deck in good humor, while the ship was running at the rate of ten knots the hour in a line so far diverging from her true course. But the relief to landsmen is so great, in general, in meeting with a fair wind at sea, that few are disposed to quarrel with its consequences. A bright day, a steady ship, the pleasure of motion as they raced with the combing seas, and the interest of the chase, set every one at ease; and even Steadfast Dodge was less devoured with envy, a jealousy of his own deservings, and the desire of management, than usual. Not an introduction occurred and yet the little world of the ship got to be better acquainted with each other in the course of that day than would have happened in months of the usual collision on land.

The *Montauk* continued to gain on her pursuer until the sun set, when Captain Truck began once more to cast about him for the chances of the night. He knew that the ship was running into the mouth of the Bay of Biscay, or at least was fast approaching it, and he bethought him of the means of getting to the westward. The night promised to be anything but dark, for though a good many wild-looking clouds were by this time scudding athwart the heavens, the moon diffused a sort of twilight gleam in the air. Waiting patiently, however, until the middle watch was again called, he reduced sail, and hauled the ship off to a south-west course, hoping by this slight change insensibly to gain an offing before the *Foam* was aware of it; a scheme that he thought more likely to be successful, as by dint of sheer driving throughout the day he had actually caused the courses of that vessel to dip before the night shut in.

Even the most vigilant become weary of watching, and Captain Truck was unpleasantly disturbed next morning by an alarm that the *Foam* was just out of gun-shot, coming up with them fast. On gaining the deck, he found the fact indisputable. Favored by the change in the course, the cruiser had been gradually gaining on the *Montauk* ever since the first watch was relieved, and had indeed lessened the distance between the respective ships by two-thirds. No remedy remained but to try the old expedient of getting the wind over the taffrail once more, and of showing all the canvas that could be spread. As like causes are known to produce like effects, the expedient brought about the old results. The packet had the best of it, and the sloop of war slowly fell astern. Mr. Truck now declared he would make a "regular business of it," and accordingly he drove his ship in that direction throughout the day, the following night, and until near noon of the day that succeeded, varying his course slightly to suit the wind, which he studiously kept so near aft as to allow the studding-sails to draw on both sides. At meridian, on the fourth day out, the captain got a good observation, and ascertained that the ship was in the latitude of Oporto, with an offing of less than a degree. At this time the top-gallant sails of the *Foam* might be discovered from the deck, resembling a boat clinging to the watery horizon. As he had fully made up his mind to run into port in preference to being overhauled, the master had kept so near the land, with an intention of profiting by his position in the event of any change favoring his pursuers; but now he believed that at sunset he should be safe in finally shaping his course for America.

"There must be double-fortified eyes aboard that fellow to see what we are about at this distance, when the night is once shut in," he said to Mr. Leach, who seconded all his orders with obedient zeal, "and we will watch our moment to slip out fairly into the great prairie, and then we shall discover who best knows the trail! You'll be for trotting off to the prairies, Sir George, as soon as we get in, and for trying your hand at the buffaloes, like all the rest of them. Ten years since, if an Englishman came to look at us, he was afraid of being scalped on Broadway, and now he is never satisfied unless he is astraddle of the Rocky Mountains in the first fortnight. I take over lots of cock-

ney hunters every summer, who just get a shot at a grizzly bear or two, or at an antelope, and come back in time for the opening of Drury Lane."

"Should we not be more certain of accomplishing your plans, by seeking refuge in Lisbon for a day or two? I confess now I should like to see Lisbon, and as for the port-charges, I would rather pay them twice than that this poor man should be torn from his wife. On this point I hope, Captain Truck, I have made myself sufficiently explicit."

Captain Truck shook the baronet heartily by the hand, as he always did when this offer was renewed, declaring that his feelings did him honor.

"Never fear for Davis," he said. "Old Grab shall not have him this tack, nor the *Foam* neither. I'll throw him overboard before such a disgrace befall us or him. Well, this leech has driven us from the old road, and nothing now remains but to make the southern passage, unless the wind prevail at south."

The *Montauk*, in truth, had not much varied from a course that was once greatly in favor with the London ships, Lisbon and New York being nearly in the same parallel of latitude, and the currents, if properly improved, often favoring the run. It is true, the *Montauk* had kept closer in with the continent by a long distance than was usual, even for the passage he had named; but the peculiar circumstances of the chase had left no alternative, as the master explained to his listeners.

"It was a coasting voyage, or a tow back to Portsmouth, Sir George," he said, "and of the two, I know you like the *Montauk* too well to wish to be quit of her so soon."

To this the baronet gave a willing assent, protesting that his feelings had got so much enlisted on the side of the vessel he was in, that he would cheerfully forfeit a thousand pounds rather than be overtaken. The master assured him that was just what he liked, and swore that he was the sort of passenger he most delighted in.

"When a man puts his foot on the deck of a ship, Sir George, he should look upon her as his home, his church, his wife and children, his uncles and aunts, and all the other lumber ashore. This is the sentiment to make seamen. Now, I entertain a greater regard for the shortest ropeyarn aboard this ship, than for the topsail sheets or best bower of any other vessel. It is like a man's loving his own finger or toe, before another person's. I have heard it said that one should love his neighbor as well as himself; but for my part I love my ship better than my neighbor's or my neighbor himself; and I fancy if the truth were known, my neighbor pays me back in the same coin! For my part, I like a thing because it is mine."

A little before dark the head of the *Montauk* was inclined towards Lisbon, as if her intention was to run in, but the moment the dark spot that pointed out the position of the *Foam* was lost in the haze of the horizon, Captain Truck gave the order to "*ware*," and sail was made to the west-southwest.

Most of the passengers felt an intense curiosity to know the state of things on the following morning, and all the men among them were dressed and on deck just as the day began to break. The wind had been fresh and steady all night, and as the ship had been kept with her yards a little checked, and topmost studding-sails set, the officers reported her to be at least a hundred miles to the westward of the spot where she veered. The reader will imagine the disappointment the latter experienced, then, when they beheld the *Foam* a little on their weather-quarter, edging away for them as assiduously as she had been hauling up for them the night they sailed from Portsmouth, distant little more than a league!

"This is indeed extraordinary perseverance," said Paul Blunt to Eve, at whose side he was standing at the moment the fact was ascertained, "and I think our captain might do well to heave-to and ascertain its cause."

"I hope not," cried his companion with vivacity. "I confess to an *esprit de corps*, and a gallant determination to 'see it out,' as Mr. Leach styles his own

resolution. One does not like to be followed about the ocean in this manner, unless it be for the interest it gives the voyage. After all, how much better is this than dull solitude, and what a zest it gives to the monotony of the ocean!"

"Do you then find the ocean a scene of monotony?"

"Such it has oftener appeared to me than anything else, and I give it a fair trial, having never *le mal de mer*. But I acquit it of this sin now; for the interest of a chase, in reasonably good weather, is quite equal to that of a horse-race, which is a thing I delight in. Even Mr. John Effingham can look radiant under its excitement."

"And when this is the case, he is singularly handsome, a nobler outline of face is seldom seen than that of Mr. John Effingham."

"He has a noble outline of soul, if he did but know it himself," returned Eve, warmly: "I love no one as much as he, with the exception of my father, and as Mademoiselle Viefville would say *pour cause*."

The young man could have listened all day, but Eve smiled, bowed graciously, though with a glistening eye, and hastily left the deck, conscious of having betrayed some of her most cherished feelings to one who had no claim to share them.

Captain Truck, while vexed to his heart's core, or, as he expressed it himself, "struck aback, like an old lady shot off a hand-sled in sliding down hill," was prompt in applying the old remedy to the evil. The *Montauk* was again put before the wind, sail was made, and the fortunes of the chase were once more cast on the "play of the ship."

The commander of the *Foam* certainly deprecated this change, for it was hardly made before he set his ensign and fired a gun. But of these signals no other notice was taken than to show a flag in return, when the captain and his mates proceeded to get the bearings of the sloop-of-war. Ten minutes showed they were gaining; twenty did better; and in an hour she was well on the quarter.

Another day of strife succeeded, or rather of pure sailing, for not a rope was started on board the *Montauk*, the wind still standing fresh and steady. The sloop made many signals, all indicating a desire to speak the *Montauk*, but Captain Truck declared himself too experienced a navigator to be caught by bunting, and in too great a hurry to stop and chat by the way.

"Vattel has laid down no law for such a piece of complaisance, in a time of profound peace. I am not to be caught by that category."

The result may be anticipated from what has been already related. The two ships kept before the wind until the *Foam* was again far astern, and the observations of Captain Truck told him he was as far south as the Azores. In one of these islands he was determined to take refuge, provided he was not favored by accident, for going farther south was out of the question, unless absolutely driven to it. Calculating his distance, on the evening of the sixth day out, he found that he might reach an anchorage at Pico, before the sloop-of-war could close with him, even allowing the necessity of hauling up again by the wind.

But Providence had ordered differently. Towards midnight, the breeze almost failed and became baffling, and when the day dawned the officer of the watch reported that it was ahead. The pursuing ship, though still in sight, was luckily so far astern and to leeward as to prevent any danger from a visit by boats, and there was leisure to make the preparations that might become necessary on the springing up of a new breeze. Of the speedy occurrence of such a change there was now every symptom, the heavens lighting up at the northwest, a quarter from which the genius of the storms mostly delights in making a display of his power.

CHAPTER X.

"I come with mightier things;
Who calls me silent? I have many tones—
The dark sky thrills with low mysterious moans,
Borne on my sweeping winds."—MRS. HEMANS.

THE awaking of the winds on the ocean is frequently attended with signs and portents as sublime as any the fancy can conceive. On the present occasion, the breeze that had prevailed so steadily for a week was succeeded by light baffling puffs, as if, conscious of the mighty powers of the air that were assembling in their strength, these inferior blasts were hurrying to and fro for a refuge. The clouds, too, were whirling about in uncertain eddies, many of the heaviest and darkest descending so low along the horizon that they had an appearance of settling on the waters in quest of repose. But the waters themselves were unnaturally agitated. The billows, no longer following each other in long regular waves, were careering upwards, like fiery coursers suddenly checked in their mad career. The usual order of the eternally unquiet ocean was lost in a species of chaotic tossings of the element, the seas heaving themselves upward, without order, and frequently without visible cause. This was the reaction of the currents, and of the influence of breezes still older than the last. Not the least fearful symptom of the hour was the terrific calmness of the air amid such a scene of menacing wildness. Even the ship came into the picture to aid the impression of intense expectation; for with her canvas reduced, she, too, seemed to have lost that instinct which had so lately guided her along the trackless waste, and was "wallowing," nearly helpless, among the confused waters. Still she was a beautiful and a grand object, perhaps more so at that moment than at any other; for her vast and naked spars, her well-supported masts, and all the ingenious and complicated hamper of the machine, gave her a resemblance to some sinewy and gigantic gladiator, pacing the arena, in waiting for the conflict that was at hand.

"This is an extraordinary scene," said Eve, who clung to her father's arm, as she gazed around her equally in admiration and in awe; "a dreadful exhibition of the sublimity of nature!"

"Although accustomed to the sea," returned Mr. Blunt, "I have witnessed these ominous changes but twice before, and I think this the grandest of them all."

"Were the others followed by tempests?" inquired the anxious parent.

"One brought a tremendous gale, while the other passed away like a misfortune of which we get a near view, but are permitted to escape the effects."

"I do not know that I wish such to be entirely our present fortune," rejoined Eve, "for there is so much sublimity in this view of the ocean unaroused, that I feel desirous of seeing it when aroused."

"We are not in the hurricane latitudes, or hurricane months," resumed the young man, "and it is not probable that there is anything more in reserve for us than a hearty gale of wind, which may, at least, help us to get rid of yonder troublesome follower."

"Even that I do not wish, provided he will let us continue the race on our proper route. A chase across the Atlantic would be something to enjoy at the moment, gentlemen, and something to talk of in after life."

"I wonder if such a thing be possible!" exclaimed Mr. Sharp; "it would indeed be an incident to recount to another generation!"

"There is little probability of our witnessing such an exploit," Mr. Blunt remarked, "for gales of wind on the ocean have the same separating influence on consorts of the sea, that domestic gales have on consorts of the land. Nothing is more difficult than to keep ships and fleets in sight of each other in very heavy weather, unless, indeed, those of the best qualities are disposed to humor those of the worst."

"I know not which may be called the best, or which the worst, in this instance, for our tormentor appears to be as much better than ourselves in some particulars as we are better than he in others. If the

humoring is to come from our honest captain, it will be some such humoring as the spoiled child gets from a capricious parent in moments of anger."

Mr. Truck passed the group at that instant and heard his name coupled with the word honest, in the mouth of Eve, though he lost the rest of the sentence.

"Thank you for the compliment, my dear young lady," he said; "and I wish I could persuade Captain Somebody, of his Britannic Majesty's ship *Foam*, to be of the same way of thinking. It is all because he will not fancy me honest in the articles of tobacco, that he has got the *Montauk* down here, on the Spanish coast, where the man who built her would not know her; so unnatural and unseemly is it to catch a London liner so far out of her track. I shall have to use double care to get the good craft home again."

"And why this particular difficulty, captain?" Eve, who was amused with Mr. Truck's modes of speech, pleasantly inquired. "Is it not equally easy to go from one part of the ocean as from another?"

"Equally easy! Bless you, my dear young lady, you never made a more capital mistake in your life. Do you imagine it is as easy to go from London to New York, as to go from New York to London?"

"I am so ignorant as to have made this ridiculous mistake, if mistake it be; nor do I now see why it should be otherwise."

"Simply because it is up-hill, ma'am. As for our position here to the eastward of the Azores, the difficulty is soon explained. By dint of coaxing I had got the old ship so as to know every inch of the road on the northern passage, and now I shall be obliged to wheedle her along on a new route, like a shy horse getting through a new stable-door. One might as well think of driving a pig from his sty as to get a ship out of her track."

"We trust to you to do all this and much more at need. But to what will these grand omens lead? Shall we have a gale, or is so much magnificent menacing to be taken as an empty threat of Nature's?"

"That we shall know in the course of the day, Miss Effingham, though Nature is no bully, and seldom threatens in vain. There is nothing more curious to study, or which needs a nicer eye to detect, than your winds."

"Of the latter I am fully persuaded, captain, for they are called the 'viewless winds,' you will remember, and the greatest authority we possess, speaks of them as being quite beyond the knowledge of man: 'That we may hear the sound of the wind, but cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth.'"

"I do not remember the writer you mean, my dear young lady," returned Mr. Truck, quite innocently; "but he was a sensible fellow, for I believe Vattel has never yet dared to grapple with the winds. There are people who fancy the weather is foretold in the almanac; but, according to my opinion, it is safer to trust a rheumatis' of two or three years' standing. A good, well-established, old-fashioned rheumatis'—I say nothing of your new-fangled diseases, like the cholera, and varioloid, and animal magnitudes—but a good old-fashioned rheumatis', such as people used to have when I was a boy, is as certain a barometer as that which is at this moment hanging up in the coach-house here, within two fathoms of the very spot where we are standing. I once had a rheumatis' that I set much store by, for it would let me know when to look out for easterly weather, quite as infallibly as any instrument I ever sailed with. I never told you the story of the old Connecticut horse-jockey, and the typhoon, I believe; and as we are doing nothing but waiting for the weather to make up its mind—"

"The weather to make up its mind!" exclaimed Eve, looking around her in awe at the sublime and terrific grandeur of the ocean, of the heavens, and of the pent and moody air; "is there an uncertainty in this?"

"Lord bless you, my dear young lady, the weather is often as uncertain, and as undecided, and as hard to please, too, as an old girl who gets sudden offers on the same day from a widower with ten children, an attorney with one leg, and the

parson of the parish. Uncertain, indeed! Why I have known the weather in this grandiloquent condition for a whole day. Mr. Dodge, there, will tell you it is making up its mind which way it ought to blow, to be popular; so, as we have nothing better to do, Mr. Effingham, I will tell you the story about my neighbor, the horse-jockey. Hauling yards when there is no wind is like playing on a Jew's-harp at a concert of trombones."

Mr. Effingham made a complaisant sign of assent, and pressed the arm of the excited Eve for patience.

"You must know, gentlemen," the captain commenced, looking round to collect as many listeners as possible—for he excessively disliked lecturing to small audiences, when he had anything to say that he thought particularly clever—"you must know that we had formerly many craft that went between the river and the islands—"

—"The river?" interrupted the amused Mr. Sharp.

"Certain; the Connecticut, I mean; we all call it the river down our way—between the river and the West Indies, with horses, cattle, and other knick-knacks of that description. Among others was old Joe Bunk, who had followed the trade in a high-decked brig for some twenty-three years, he and the brig having grown old in company, like man and wife. About forty years since, our river ladies began to be tired of their bohea, and as there was a good deal said in favor of souchong in those days, an excitement was got up on the subject, as Mr. Dodge calls it, and it was determined to make an experiment in the new quality, before they dipped fairly into the trade. Well, what do you suppose was done in the premises, as Vattel says, my dear young lady?"

Eve's eyes were still on the grand and portentous aspect of the heavens, but she civilly answered—"No doubt they sent to a shop and purchased a sample."

"Not they; they knew too much for that, since any rogue of a grocer might cheat them. So when the excitement had got a little headway on it, they formed a tea society, with the parson's wife for presidentess, and her eldest daughter for secretary. In this way they went to work, until the men got into the fever too, and a project was set a-foot to send a craft to China for a sample of what they wanted."

"China!" exclaimed Eve, this time looking the captain fairly in the face.

"China, certain; it lies off hereaway, you know, round on the other side of the earth. Well, whom should they choose to go on the errand but old Joe Bunk. The old man had been so often to the island and back, without knowing anything of navigation, they thought he was just their man, as there was no such thing as losing him."

"One would think he was the very man to get lost," observed Mr. Effingham, while the captain fitted a fresh cigar; for smoke he would, and did, in any company, that was out of the cabin, although he always professed a readiness to cease, if any person disliked the fragrance of tobacco.

"Not he, sir; he was just as well off in the Indian Ocean as he would be here, for he knew nothing about either. Well, Joe fitted up the brig; the *Seven Dollies* was her name; for you must know we had seven ladies in the town who were called Dolly, and they each of them used to send a colt, or a steer, or some other delicate article to the islands by Joe, whenever he went; so he fitted up the *Seven Dollies*, hoisted in his dollars, and made sail. The last that was seen or heard of the old man for eight months was off Montauk, where he was fallen in with, two days out, steering southeasterly, by compass."

"I should think," observed John Effingham, who began to arouse himself as the story proceeded, "that Mrs. Bunk must have been very uneasy all this time?"

"Not she; she stuck to the bohea in hopes the souchong would arrive before the restoration of the Jews. Arrive it did, sure enough, at the end of eight months, and a capital adventure it proved for all concerned. Old Joe got a great name in the river for the exploit, though how he got to China no one could say, or how he

got back again; or, for a long time, how he got the huge heavy silver teapot he brought home with him."

"A silver teapot?"

"Exactly that article. At last the truth came to be known; for it is not an easy matter to hide anything of that nature down our way; it is aristocratic, as Mr. Dodge says, to keep a secret. At first they tried Joe with all sorts of questions, but he gave them 'guess' 'for guess.' Then the people began to talk, and finally it was fairly whispered that the old man had stolen the teapot. This brought him before the meeting.—Law was out of the question, you will understand, as there was no evidence; but the meeting don't stick much at particulars, provided people talk a good deal."

"And the result?" asked John Effingham. "I suppose the parish took the teapot and left Joe the grounds."

"You are as far out of the way as we are here, down on the coast of Spain! The truth is just this. The *Seven Dollies* was lying among the rest of them, at anchor, below Canton, with the weather as fine as young girls love to see it in May, when Joe began to get down his yards, to house his masts, and to send out all his spare anchors. He even went so far as to get two hawsers fastened to a junk that had grounded a little ahead of him. This made a talk among the captains of the vessels, and some came on board to ask the reason. Joe told them he was getting ready for the typhoon; but when they inquired his reasons for believing there was to be a typhoon at all, Joe looked solemn, shook his head, and said he had reasons enough, but they were his own. Had he been explicit he would have been laughed at, but the sight of an old gray-headed man, who had been at sea forty years, getting ready in this serious manner, set the others at work, too; for ships follow each other's movements, like sheep running through a breach in the fence. Well, that night the typhoon came in earnest, and it blew so hard that Joe Bunk said he could see the houses in the moon, all the air having blown out of the atmosphere."

"But what has this to do with the teapot, Captain Truck?"

"It is the life and soul of it. The captains in port were so delighted with Joe's foreknowledge, that they clubbed, and presented him this pot as a testimony of their gratitude and esteem. He'd got to be popular among them, Mr. Dodge, and that was the way they proved it."

"But, pray, how did he know the storm was approaching?" asked Eve, whose curiosity had been awakened in spite of herself. "It could not have been that his 'foreknowledge' was supernatural."

"That no one can say, for Joe was presbyterian-built, as we say, kettle-bottomed, and stowed well. The truth was not discovered until ten years afterwards, when the old fellow got to be a regular cripple, what between rheumatis', old age and steaming. One day he had an attack of the first complaint, and in one of its most severe paroxysms, when nature is apt to wince, he roared three times, 'a typhoon! a typhoon! a typhoon!' and the murder was out. Sure enough, the next day we had a regular northeaster; but old Joe got no sign of popularity that time. And now, when you get to America, gentlemen and ladies, you will be able to say you have heard the story of Joe Bunk and his teapot."

Thereupon Captain Truck took two or three hearty whiffs of the cigar, turned his face upwards, and permitted the smoke to issue forth in a continued stream until it was exhausted, but still keeping his head raised in the inconvenient position it had taken. The eye of the master, fastened in this manner on something aloft, was certain to draw other eyes in the same direction, and in a few seconds all around him were gazing in the same way, though none but himself could tell why.

"Turn up the watch below, Mr. Leach," Captain Truck at length called out, and Eve observed that he threw away the cigar, although a fresh one; a proof, as she fancied, that he was preparing for duty.

The people were soon at their places, and an effort was made to get the ship's

head round to the southward. Although the frightful stillness of the atmosphere rendered the maneuver difficult, it succeeded in the end, by profiting by the passing and fitful currents, that resembled so many sighings of the air. The men were then sent on the yards, to furl all the canvas, with the exception of the three topsails and the fore-course, most of it having been merely hauled up to await the result. All those who had ever been at sea before saw in these preparations proof that Captain Truck expected the change would be sudden and severe: still, as he betrayed no uneasiness, they hoped his measures were merely those of prudence. Mr. Effingham could not refrain from inquiring, however, if there existed any immediate motives for the preparations that were so actively, though not hurriedly, making.

"This is no affair for the rheumatis'," returned the facetious master, "for, look you here, my worthy sir, and you, my dear young lady,"—this was a sort of parental familiarity the honest Jack fancied he had a right to take with all his unmarried female passengers, in virtue of his office, and of his being a bachelor drawing hard upon sixty;—"look you here, my dear young lady, and you, too, ma'amselle, for you can understand the clouds, I take it, if they are not French clouds; do you not see the manner in which those black-looking rascals are putting their heads together? They are plotting something quite in their own way, I'll warrant you."

"The clouds are huddling, and rolling over each other, certainly," returned Eve, who had been struck with the wild beauty of their evolutions, "and a noble, though fearful picture they present; but I do not understand the particular meaning of it, if there be any hidden omen in their airy flights."

"No rheumatis' about you, young lady," said the captain, jocularly; "too young, and handsome, and too modern, too, I dare say, for that old-fashioned complaint. But on one category you may rely, and that is, that nothing in nature conspires without an object."

"But I do not think vapor whirling in a current of air is a conspiracy," answered Eve, laughing, "though it may be a category."

"Perhaps not—who knows, however; for it is as easy to suppose that objects understand each other as that horses and dogs understand each other. We know nothing about it, and, therefore, it behooves us to say nothing. If mankind conversed only of the things they understood, half the words might be struck out of the dictionaries. But, as I was remarking, those clouds, you can see, are getting together, and are making ready for a start, since here they will not be able to stay much longer."

"And what will compel them to disappear?"

"Do me the favor to turn your eyes here, to the nor'west. You see an opening there that looks like a crouching lion; is it not so?"

"There is certainly a bright clear streak of sky along the margin of the ocean, that has quite lately made its appearance; does it prove that the wind will blow from that quarter?"

"Quite as much, my dear young lady, as when you open your window it proves that you mean to put your head out of it."

"An act a well-bred young woman very seldom performs," observed Mademoiselle Viefville; "and never in a town."

"No? Well, in our town on the river, the women's heads are half the time out of the windows. But I do not pretend, ma'amselle, to be expert in proprieties of this sort, though I can venture to say that I am somewhat of a judge of what the winds would be about when they open *their* shutters. This opening to the nor'-west, then, is a sure sign of something coming out of the window, well-bred or not."

"But," added Eve, "the clouds above us, and those farther south, appear to be hurrying towards your bright opening, captain, instead of from it."

"Quite in nature, gentlemen; quite in nature, ladies. When a man has fully

made up his mind to retreat, he blusters the most; and one step forward often promises two backward. You often see the stormy petterel sailing at a ship as if he meant to come aboard, but he takes good care to put his helm down before he is fairly in the rigging. So it is with clouds, and all other things in nature. Vattel says you may make a show of fight when your necessities require it, but that a neutral cannot fire a gun, unless against pirates. Now, these clouds are putting the best face on the matter, but in a few minutes you will see them wheeling as St. Paul did before them."

"St. Paul, Captain Truck!"

"Yes, my dear young lady; to the right about."

Eve frowned, for she disliked some of these nautical images, though it was impossible not to smile in secret at the queer associations that so often led the well-meaning master's discursive discourse. His mind was a strange jumble of an early religious education—religious as to externals and professions, at least—with subsequent loose observation and much worldly experience, and he drew on his stock of information, according to his own account of the matter, "as Saunders, the steward, cut the butter from the firkins, or as it came first."

His prediction concerning the clouds proved to be true, for half an hour did not pass before they were seen "scampering out of the way of the nor'wester," to use the captain's figure, "like sheep giving play to the dogs." The horizon brightened with a rapidity almost supernatural, and, in a surprisingly short space of time, the whole of the frowning vault that had been shadowed by murky and menacing vapor, sporting its gambols in ominous wildness, was cleared of everything like a cloud, with the exception of a few white, rich, fleecy piles, that were grouped in the north, like a battery discharging its artillery on some devoted field.

The ship betrayed the arrival of the wind by a cracking of the spars, as they settled into their places, and then the huge hull began to push aside the waters, and to come under control. The first shock was far from severe, though as the captain determined to bring his vessel up as near his course as the direction of the breeze would permit, he soon found he had as much canvas spread as she could bear. Twenty minutes brought him to a single reef, and half an hour to a second.

By this time attention was drawn to the *Foam*. The old superiority of that cruiser was now apparent again, and calculations were made concerning the possibility of avoiding her, if they continued to stand on much longer on the present course. The captain had hoped the *Montauk* would have the advantage from her greater bulk, when the two vessels should be brought down to close-reefed topsails, as he foresaw would be the case; but he was soon compelled to abandon even that hope. Further to the southward he was resolved he would not go, as it would be leading him too far astray, and, at last, he came to the determination to stand towards the islands which were as near as might be in his track, and to anchor in a neutral roadstead, if too hard pressed.

"He cannot get up with us before midnight, Leach," he concluded the conference held with the mate by saying; "and by that time the gale will be at its height, if we are to have a gale, and then the gentleman will not be desirous of lowering his boats. In the mean time, we shall be driving in towards the Azores, and it will be nothing out of the course of nature, should I find an occasion to play him a trick. As for offering up the *Montauk* a sacrifice on the altar of tobacco, as old Deacon Hourglass used to say in his prayers, it is a category to be averted by any catastrophe short of condemnation."

CHAPTER XI.

"I, that shower dewy light
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms!—the tempest birth
Of memory, thought, remorse.—Be holy, Earth!
I am the solemn Night!"
—MRS. HEMANS.

IN this instance, it is not our task to record any of the phenomena of the ocean, but a regular, though fierce gale

of wind. One of the first signs of its severity was the disappearance of the passengers from the deck, one shutting himself into his room after another, until none remained visible but John Effingham and Paul Blunt. Both these gentlemen, as it appeared, had made so many passages, and had got to be so familiar with ships, that sea-sickness and alarms were equally impotent as respects their constitutions and temperaments.

The poor steerage-passengers were no exception, but they stole for refuge into their dens, heartily repentant, for the time being, at having braved the dangers and discomforts of the sea. The gentle wife of Davis would now willingly have returned to meet the resentment of her uncle; and as for the bridegroom himself, as Mr. Leach, who passed through this scene of abominations to see that all was right, described him—"Mr. Grab would not wring him for a dishcloth, if he could see him in his present pickle."

Captain Truck chuckled a good deal at this account, for he had much the same sympathy for ordinary cases of sea-sickness as a kitten feels in the agony of the first mouse it has caught, and which it is its sovereign pleasure to play with, instead of eating.

"It serves him right, Mr. Leach, for getting married, and mind you don't fall into the same abuse of your opportunities," he said, with an air of self-satisfaction, while comparing three or four cigars in the palm of his hand, doubtful which of the fragrant plump rolls to put into his mouth. "Getting married, Mr. Blunt, commonly makes a man a fit subject for nausea, and nothing is easier than to set the stomach-pump in motion in one of your bridegrooms; is not this true as the gospel, Mr. John Effingham?"

Mr. John Effingham made no reply—but the young man who at the moment was admiring his fine form, and the noble outline of his features, was singularly struck with the bitterness, not to say anguish, of the smile with which he bowed a cold assent. All this was lost on Captain Truck, who proceeded *con amore*.

"One of the first things that I ask concerning my passengers is, is he married? when the answer is 'no,' I set him down as a good companion in a gale like this, or as one who can smoke, or crack a joke when a topsail is flying out of a bolt-rope—a companion for a category. Now, if either of you gentlemen had a wife, she would have you under hatches to-day, lest you should slip through a scupperhole—or be washed overboard with the spray—or have your eyebrows blown away in such a gale, and then I should lose the honor of your company. Comfort is too precious to be thrown away in matrimony. A man may gain foreknowledge by a wife, but he loses free agency. As for you, Mr. John Effingham, you must have coiled away about half a century of life, and there is not much to fear on your account; but Mr. Blunt is still young enough to be in danger of a mishap. I wish Neptune would came aboard of us, hereaway, and swear you to be true and constant to yourself, young gentleman."

Paul laughed, colored slightly, and then rallying, he replied in the same voice—

"At the risk of losing your good opinion, captain, and even in the face of this gale, I shall avow myself an advocate of matrimony."

"If you will answer me one question, my dear sir, I will tell you whether the case is or is not hopeless."

"In order to assent to this, you will of course see the necessity of letting me know what the question is."

"Have you made up your mind who the young woman shall be? If that point is settled, I can only recommend to you some of Joe Bunk's souchong, and advise you to submit, for there is no resisting one's fate. The reason your Turks yield so easily to predestination and fate is the number of their wives. Many a book is written to show the cause of their submitting their necks so easily to the sword and the bow-string. I've been in Turkey, gentlemen, and know something of their ways. The reason of their submitting so quietly to be beheaded is, that they are always ready to hang themselves. How is the fact, sir? have you settled upon the young lady in your own mind or not?"

Although there was nothing in all this but the permitted trifling of boon companions on shipboard, Paul Blunt received it with an awkwardness one would hardly have expected in a young man of his knowledge of the world. He reddened, laughed, made an effort to throw the captain to a greater distance by reserve, and in the end fairly gave up the matter by walking to another part of the deck. Luckily, the attention of the honest master was drawn to the ship, at that instant, and Paul flattered himself he was unperceived; but the shadow of a figure at his elbow startled him, and turning quickly, he found Mr. John Effingham at his side.

"Her mother was an angel," said the latter huskily. "I too love her; but it is as a father."

"Sir!—Mr. Effingham!—These are sudden and unexpected remarks, and such as I am not prepared for."

"Do you think one as jealous of that fair creature as I, could have overlooked your passion?—She is loved by *both* of you, and she merits the warmest affection of a thousand. Persevere, for while I have no voice, and, I fear, little influence on her decision, some strange sympathy causes me to wish you success. My own man told me that you have met before, and with her father's knowledge, and this is all I ask, for my kinsman is discreet. He probably knows you, though I do not."

The face of Paul glowed like fire, and he almost gasped for breath. Pitying his distress, Effingham smiled kindly, and was about to quit him, when he felt his hand convulsively grasped by those of the young man.

"Do not quit me, Mr. Effingham, I entreat you," he said rapidly; "it is so unusual for me to hear words of confidence, or even of kindness, that they are most precious to me! I have permitted myself to be disturbed by the random remarks of that well-meaning but unreflecting man; but in a moment I shall be more composed —more manly—less unworthy of your attention and pity."

"Pity is a word I should never have thought of applying to the person, character, attainments, or, as I hoped, fortunes of Mr. Blunt; and I sincerely trust that you will acquit me of impertinence. I have felt an interest in you, young man, that I have long ceased to feel in most of my species, and I trust this will be some apology for the liberty I have taken. Perhaps the suspicion that you were anxious to stand well in the good opinion of my little cousin was at the bottom of it all."

"Indeed you have not misconceived my anxiety, sir; for who is there that could be indifferent to the good opinion of one so simple and yet so cultivated; with a mind in which nature and knowledge seem to struggle for the possession. One, Mr. Effingham, so little like the cold sophistication and heartlessness of Europe on the one hand, and the unformed girlishness of America, on the other; one, in short, so every way what the fondest father or the most sensitive brother could wish."

John Effingham smiled, for to smile at any weakness was with him a habit; but his eye glistened. After a moment of doubt, he turned to his young companion, and with a delicacy of expression and a dignity of manner that none could excel him in, when he chose, he put a question that for several days had been uppermost in his thoughts, though no fitting occasion had ever before offered, on which he thought he might venture.

"This frank confidence emboldens me—one who ought to be ashamed to boast of his greater experience, when every day shows him to how little profit it has been turned—to presume to render our acquaintance less formal by alluding to interests more personal than strangers have a right to touch on. You speak of the two parts of the world just mentioned, in a way to show me you are equally acquainted with both."

"I have often crossed the ocean, and, for so young a man, have seen a full share of their societies. Perhaps it increases my interest in your lovely kinswoman, that, like myself, she properly belongs to neither."

"Be cautious how you whisper that in

her ear, my youthful friend; for Eve Effingham fancies herself as much American in character as in birth. Single-minded and totally without management; devoted to her duties; religious without cant; a warm friend of liberal institutions, without the slightest approach to the impracticable; in heart and soul a woman; you will find it hard to persuade her, that with all her practice in the world, and all her extensive attainments, she is more than a humble copy of her own great *beau ideal.*"

Paul smiled, and his eyes met those of John Effingham—the expression of both satisfied the parties that they thought alike in more things than in their common admiration of the subject of their discourse.

"I feel I have not been as explicit as I ought to be with you, Mr. Effingham," the young man resumed, after a pause; "but on a more fitting occasion, I shall presume on your kindness to be less reserved. My lot has thrown me on the world, almost without friends, quite without relatives, so far as intercourse with them is concerned; and I have known little of the language or the acts of the affections."

John Effingham pressed his hand, and from that time he cautiously abstained from any allusion to his personal concerns; for a suspicion crossed his mind that the subject was painful to the young man. He knew that thousands of well-educated and frequently of affluent people, of both sexes, were to be found in Europe, to whom, from the circumstance of having been born out of wedlock, through divorces, or other family misfortunes, their private histories were painful, and he at once inferred that some such event, quite probably the first, lay at the bottom of Paul Blunt's peculiar situation. Notwithstanding his warm attachment to Eve, he had too much confidence in her own as well as her father's judgment, to suppose an acquaintance of any intimacy would be lightly permitted; and as to the mere prejudices connected with such subjects, he was quite free from them. Perhaps his masculine independence of character caused him, on all such points, to lean to the side of the *ultra* in liberality.

In this short dialogue, with the exception of the slight though unequivocal allusion of John Effingham, both had avoided any further allusions to Mr. Sharp, or to his supposed attachment to Eve. Both were confident of its existence, and this perhaps was one reason why neither felt any necessity to advert to it: for it was a delicate subject, and one, under the circumstances, that they would mutually wish to forget in their cooler moments. The conversation then took a more general character, and for several hours that day, while the rest of the passengers were kept below by the state of the weather, these two were together, laying, what perhaps it was now too late to term, the foundation of a generous and sincere friendship. Hitherto Paul had regarded John Effingham with distrust and awe, but he found him a man so different from what report and his own fancy had pictured, that the reaction in his feelings served to heighten them, and to aid in increasing his respect. On the other hand, the young man exhibited so much modest good sense, a fund of information so much beyond his years, such integrity and justice of sentiment, that when they separated for the night, the old bachelor was full of regret that nature had not made him the parent of such a son.

All this time the business of the ship had gone on. The wind increased steadily, until, as the sun went down, Captain Truck announced it in the cabin to be a "regular-built gale of wind." Sail after sail had been reduced or furled, until the *Montauk* was lying-to under her foresail, a close-reefed main-topsail, a fore-topmast staysail, and a mizzen-staysail. Doubts were even entertained whether the second of these sails would not have to be handed soon, and the foresail itself reefed.

The ship's head was to the south-southwest, her drift considerable, and her way of course barely sufficient to cause her to feel her helm. The *Foam* had gained on her several miles during the time ,sail could be carried; but she also

had been obliged to heave-to, at the same increase of the sea and wind as that which had forced Mr. Truck to lash his wheel down. This state of things made a considerable change in the relative positions of the two vessels again; the next morning showing the sloop-of-war hull down, and well on the weather-beam of the packet. Her sharper mold and more weatherly qualities had done her this service, as became a ship intended for war and the chase.

At all this, however, Captain Truck laughed. He could not be boarded in such weather, and it was matter of indifference where his pursuer might be, so long as he had time to escape when the gale ceased. On the whole, he was rather glad than otherwise of the present state of things, for it offered a chance to slip away to leeward as soon as the weather would permit, if, indeed, his tormentor did not altogether disappear in the northern board, or to windward.

The hopes and fears of the worthy master, however, were poured principally into the ears of his two mates; for few of the passengers were visible until the afternoon of the second day of the gale; then, indeed, a general relief to their physical suffering occurred, though it was accompanied by apprehensions that scarcely permitted the change to be enjoyed. About noon, on that day, the wind came with such power, and the seas poured down against the bows of the ship with a violence so tremendous, that it got to be questionable whether she could any longer remain with safety in her present condition. Several times in the course of the morning the waves had forced her bows off, and before the ship could recover her position, the succeeding billow would break against her broadside, and throw a flood of water on her decks. This is a danger peculiar to lying-to in a gale; for if the vessel get into the trough of the sea, and is met in that situation by a wave of unusual magnitude, she runs the double risk of being thrown on her beam-ends, and of having her decks cleared of everything, by the cataract of water that washes athwart them. Landsmen entertain little notion of the power of the waters, when driven before a tempest, and are often surprised, in reading of naval catastrophes, at the description of the injuries done. But experience shows that boats, hurricane-houses, guns, anchors of enormous weight, bulwarks and planks, are even swept off into the ocean, in this manner, or are ripped up from their fastenings.

The process of lying-to has a double advantage, so long as it can be maintained, since it offers the strongest portion of the vessel to the shock of the seas, and has the merit of keeping her as near as possible to the desired direction. But it is a middle course, being often adopted as an expedient of safety when a ship cannot scud; and then, again, it is abandoned for scudding when the gale is so intensely severe that it becomes in itself dangerous. In nothing are the high qualities of ships so thoroughly tried as in their manner of behaving, as it is termed, in these moments of difficulty; nor is the seamanship of the accomplished officer so triumphantly established in any other part of his professional knowledge, as when he has had an opportunity of showing that he knows how to dispose of the vast weight his vessel is to carry, so as to enable her mold to exhibit its perfection, and on occasion to turn both to the best account.

Nothing will seem easier to a landsman than for a vessel to run before the wind, let the force of the gale be what it may. But his ignorance overlooks most of the difficulties, nor shall we anticipate their dangers, but let them take their places in the regular thread of the narrative.

Long before noon, or the hour mentioned, Captain Truck foresaw that, in consequence of the seas that were constantly coming on board of her, he should be compelled to put his ship before the wind. He delayed the maneuver to the last moment, however, for what he deemed to be sufficient reasons. The longer he kept the ship lying-to, the less he deviated from his proper course to New York, and the greater was the probability of his escaping, stealthily and without observation, from the *Foam*, since the latter, by main-

taining her position better, allowed the *Montauk* to drift gradually to leeward, and, of course, to a greater distance.

But the crisis would no longer admit of delay. All hands were called; the main-topsail was hauled up, not without much difficulty, and then Captain Truck reluctantly gave the order to haul down the mizzen-staysail, to put the helm hard up, and to help the ship round with the yards. This is at all times a critical change, as has just been mentioned, for the vessel is exposed to the ravages of any sea, larger than common, that may happen to strike her as she lies, nearly motionless, with her broadside exposed to its force. To accomplish it, therefore, Captain Truck went up a few ratlines in the fore-rigging (he was too nice a calculator to offer even a surface as small as his own body to the wind, in the after shrouds), whence he looked out to windward for a lull, and a moment when the ocean had fewer billows than common of the larger and more dangerous kind. At the desired instant he signed with his hand, and the wheel was shifted from hard-down to hard-up.

This is always a breathless moment in a ship, for as none can foresee the result, it resembles the entrance of a hostile battery. A dozen men may be swept away in an instant, or the ship herself hove over on her side. John Effingham and Paul, who of all the passengers were alone on deck, understood the hazards, and they watched the slightest change with the interest of men who had so much at stake. At first the movement of the ship was sluggish, and such as ill-suited the eagerness of the crew. Then her pitching ceased, and she settled into the enormous trough bodily, or the whole fabric sunk, as it were, never to rise again. So low did she fall that the foresail gave a tremendous flap; one that shook the hull and spars from stern to stern. As she rose on the next surge, happily its foaming crest slid beneath her, and the tall masts rolled heavily to windward. Recovering her equilibrium, the ship started through the brine, and as the succeeding roller came on, she was urging ahead fast. Still, the sea struck her abeam, forcing her bodily to leeward and heaving the lower yard-arms into the ocean. Tons of water fell on her decks, with the dull sound of the clod on the coffin. At this grand moment, old Jack Truck, who was standing in the rigging, dripping with the spray, that had washed over him, with a naked head, and his gray hair glistening, shouted like a Stentor, "Haul in your force-braces, boys! away with the yard, like a fiddlestick!" Every nerve was strained; the unwilling yards, pressed upon by an almost irresistible column of air, yielded slowly, and as the sail met the gale more perpendicularly, or at right angles to its surface, it dragged the vast hull through the sea with a power equal to that of a steam-engine. Ere another sea could follow, the *Montauk* was glancing through the ocean at a furious rate, and though offering her quarter to the billows, their force was now so much diminished by her own velocity as to deprive them of their principal danger.

The motion of the ship immediately became easy, though her situation was still far from being without risk. No longer compelled to buffet the waves, but sliding along in their company, the motion ceased to disturb the systems of the passengers, and ten minutes had not elapsed before most of them were again on deck, seeking the relief of the open air. Among the others was Eve, leaning on the arm of her father.

It was a terrific scene, though one might now contemplate it without personal inconvenience. The gentlemen gathered around the beautiful and appalled spectatress of this grand sight, anxious to know the effect it might produce on one of her delicate frame and habits. She expressed herself as awed, but not alarmed; for the habits of dependence usually leave females less affected by fear in such cases, than those who, by their sex, are supposed to be responsible.

"Mademoiselle Viefville has promised to follow me," she said, "and as I have a national claim to be a sailor, you are not to expect hysterics or even ecstasies from me; but reserve yourselves, gentlemen, for the *Parisienne*."

The *Parisienne*, sure enough, soon came

out of the hurricane-house, with elevated hands, and eyes eloquent of admiration, wonder and fear. Her first exclamations were those of terror, and then turning a wistful look on Eve, she burst into tears. "*Ah ceci est decisif!*" she exclaimed. "When we part, we shall be separated for life."

"Then we will not part at all, my dear mademoiselle; you have only to remain in America, to escape all future inconvenience of the ocean. But forget the danger and admire the sublimity of this terrific panorama."

Well might Eve thus term the scene. The hazards now to be avoided were those of the ship's broaching-to, and of being pooped. Nothing may seem easier, as has been said, than to "sail before the wind," the words having passed into a proverb; but there are times when even a favoring gale becomes prolific of dangers, that we shall now briefly explain.

The velocity of the water, urged as it is before a tempest, is often as great as that of the ship, and at such moments the rudder is useless, its whole power being derived from its action as a moving body against the element in comparative repose. When ship and water move together, at an equal rate, in the same direction, of course this power of the helm is neutralized, and then the hull is driven much at the mercy of the winds and waves. Nor is this all; the rapidity of the billows often exceeds that of a ship, and then the action of the rudder becomes momentarily reversed, producing an effect exactly opposite to that which is desired. It is true, this last difficulty is never of more than a few moments' continuance, else indeed would the condition of the mariner be hopeless; but it is of constant occurrence, and so irregular as to defy calculations and defeat caution. In the present instance, the *Montauk* would seem to fly through the water, so swift was her progress; and then, as a furious surge overtook her in the chase, she settled heavily into the element, like a wounded animal, that, despairing of escape, sinks helplessly in the grass, resigned to fate. At such times the crests of the waves swept past her, like vapor in the atmosphere, and one unpracticed would be apt to think the ship stationary, though in truth whirling along in company with a frightful momentum.

It is scarcely necessary to say the process of scudding requires the nicest attention to the helm, in order that the hull may be brought speedily back to the right direction, when thrown aside by the power of the billows; for, besides losing her way in the caldron of water—an imminent danger of itself—if left exposed to the attack of the succeeding waves, her decks, at least, would be swept, even should she escape a still more serious calamity.

Pooping is a hazard of another nature, and is also peculiar to the process of scudding. It merely means the ship's being overtaken by the waters while running from them, when the crest of a sea, broken by the resistance, is thrown inboard, over the taffrail or quarter. The term is derived from the name of that particular portion of the ship. In order to avoid this risk, sail is carried on the vessel as long as possible, it being deemed one of the greatest securities of scudding to force the hull through the water at the greatest attainable rate. In consequence of these complicated risks, ships that sail the fastest and steer the easiest, scud the best. There is, however, a species of velocity that becomes of itself a source of new danger; thus exceedingly sharp vessels have been known to force themselves so far into the watery mounds in their front, and to receive so much of the element on deck, as never to rise again. This is a fate to which those who attempt to sail the American clipper, without understanding its properties, are peculiarly liable. On account of this risk, however, there was now no cause of apprehension, the full-bowed, kettle-bottomed *Montauk* being exempt from the danger; though Captain Truck intimated his doubts whether the corvette would like to brave the course he had himself adopted.

In this opinion, the fact would seem to sustain the master of the packet; for when the night shut in, the spars of the

Foam were faintly discernible, drawn like spiders' webs on the bright streak of the evening sky. In a few more minutes, even this tracery which resembled that of a magic lantern, vanished from the eyes of those aloft; for it had not been seen by any on deck for more than an hour.

The magnificent horrors of the scene increased with the darkness. Eve and her companions stood supported by the hurricane-house, watching it for hours, the supernatural looking light, emitted by the foaming sea, rendering the spectacle one of attractive terror. Even the consciousness of the hazards heightened the pleasure; for there was a solemn and grand enjoyment mingled with it all, and the first watch had been set an hour, before the party had resolution enough to tear themselves from the sublime sight of a raging sea.

CHAPTER XII.

"*Touch.*—Wast ever in court, shepherd?
Cor.—No, truly.
Touch.—Then thou art damn'd.
Cor.—Nay, I hope——
Touch.—Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side."
—As You Like It.

No one thought of seeking his berth when all the passengers were below. Some conversed in broken, half intelligible dialogues, a few tried unavailingly to read, and more sat looking at each other in silent misgivings, as the gale howled through the cordage and spars, or among the angles and bulwarks of the ship. Eve was seated on a sofa in her own apartment, leaning on the breast of her father, gazing silently through the open doors into the forward cabin; for all idea of retiring within one's self, unless it might be to secret prayer, was banished from the mind. Even Mr. Dodge had forgotten the gnawings of envy, his philanthropical and exclusive democracy, and, what was perhaps more convincing still of his passing views of this sublunary world, his profound deference for rank, as betrayed in his strong desire to cultivate an intimacy with Sir George Templemore. As for the baronet himself, he sat by the cabin table with his face buried in his hands, and once he had been heard to express a regret that he had ever embarked.

Saunders broke the moody stillness of this characteristic party, with preparations for a supper. He took but one end of the table for his cloth, and a single cover showed that Captain Truck was about to dine, a thing he had not yet done that day. The attentive steward had an eye to his commander's tastes; for it is not often one sees a better garnished board than was spread on this occasion, so far at least as quantity was concerned. Besides the usual solids of ham, corned-beef, and roasted shoat, there were carcasses of ducks, pickled oysters—a delicacy almost peculiar to America—and all the minor condiments of olives, anchovies, dates, figs, almonds, raisins, cold potatoes and puddings, displayed in a single course, and arranged on the table solely with regard to the reach of Captain Truck's arm. Although Saunders was not quite without taste, he too well knew the propensities of his superior to neglect any of these important essentials, and great care was had, in particular, so to dispose of everything as to render the whole so many radii diverging from a common center, which center was the stationary arm-chair that the master of the packet loved to fill in his hours of ease.

"You will make many voyages, Mr. Toast,"—the steward affectedly gave his subordinate, or as he was sometimes facetiously called, the steward's mate, reason to understand, when they had retired to the pantry to await the captain's appearance—"before you accumulate all the niceties of a gentleman's dinner. Every *plat*" (Saunders had been in the Havre line, where he had caught a few words of this nature), "every *plat* should be within reach of the *convive's* arm, and particularly if it happen to be Captain Truck, who has a great awersion to delay at his diet. As for the *entremets*, they may be scattered miscellaneously with the salt and the mustard, so that they can come with facility in their proper places."

"I don't know what an *entremet* is,"

returned the subordinate, "and I exceedingly desire, sir, to receive my orders in such English as a gentleman can diwine."

"An *entremet*, Mr. Toast, is a mouthful thrown in promiscuously between the reliefs of the solids. Now, suppose a gentleman begins on pig; when he has eaten enough of this, he likes a little brandy and water, or a glass of porter, before he cuts into the beef; and while I'm mixing the first, or starting the cork, he refreshes himself with an *entremet*, such as a wing of a duck, or perhaps a plate of pickled oysters. You must know that there is great odds in passengers; one set eating and jollifying, from the hour we sail till the hour we get in, while another takes the ocean as it might be sentimentally."

"Sentimentally, sir! I s'pose those be they as uses the basins uncommon?"

"That depends on the weather. I've known a party not eat as much as would set one handsome table in a week, and then, when they conwalesced, it was intimidating how they dewoured. It makes a great difference, too, whether the passengers acquiesce well together or not, for agreeable feelings give a fine appetite. Lovers make cheap passengers always."

"That is extr'or'nary, for I thought such as they was always hard to please, with everything but one another."

"You never were more mistaken. I've seen a lover who couldn't tell a sweet potato from an onion, or a canvas-back from an old wife. But of all mortals in the way of passengers the bagman or go-between is my greatest animosity. These fellows will set up all night, if the captain consents, and lie abed next day, and do nothing but drink in their berths. Now, this time we have a compliable set, and on the whole, it is quite a condescension and pleasure to wait on them."

"Well I think, Mr. Saunders, they isn't alike as much as they might be nother."

"Not more so than wenison and pig. Perfectly correct, sir; for this cabin is a lobskous as regards deportment and character. I set all the Effinghams down as tip-tops, or, A No. 1, as Mr. Leach calls the ship; and then Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt are quite the gentlemen. Nothing is easier, Mr. Toast, than to tell a gentleman; and as you have set up a new profession—in which I hope, for the credit of the color, you will be prosperous—it is well worth your while to know how this is done, especially as you need never expect much from a passenger, that is not a true gentleman, but trouble. There is Mr. John Effingham, in particular; his man says he never anticipates change, and if a coat confines his arm, he repudiates it on the spot."

"Well, it must be a satisfaction to serve such a companion. I think Mr. Dodge, sir, quite a feller."

"Your taste, Toast, is getting to be observable, and by cultivating it, you will soon be remarkable for a knowledge of mankind. Mr. Dodge, as you werry justly insinuate, is not werry refined, or particularly well suited to figure in genteel society."

"And yet he seems attached to it, Mr. Saunders, for he has purposed to establish five or six societies since we sailed."

"Werry true, sir; but then every society is not genteel. When we get back to New York, Toast, I must see and get you into a better set than the one you occupied when we sailed. You will not do yet for our circle, which is altogether conclusive; but you might be elevated. Mr. Dodge has been electioneering with me, to see if we cannot inwent a society among the steerage-passengers for the abstinence of liquors, and another for the perpetration of the morals and religious principles of our forefathers. As for the first, Toast, I told him it was sufficiently indurable to be confined in a hole, like the steerage, without being precluded from the consolation of a little drink; and as for the last, it appeared to me that such a proposition inwolwed an attack on liberty of conscience."

"There you give'd him, sir, quite as good as he sent," returned the steward's mate, chuckling, or perhaps sniggering would be a word better suited to his habits of cachination, "and I should have been glad to witness his confusion. It seems to me, Mr. Saunders, that Mr. Dodge loves to get up his societies in

support of liberty and religion, that he may predominate over both by his own inwentions."

Saunders laid his long yellow finger on the broad flat nose of his mate. with an air of approbation, as he replied—

"Toast, you have hit his character as pat as I touch your Roman. He is a man fit to make proselytes among the wulgar and Irish,"—the Hibernian peasant and the American negro are sworn enemies—"but quite unfit for anything respectable or decent. Were it not for Sir George, I would scarcely descend to clean his stateroom."

"What is your sentiments, Mr. Saunders, respecting Sir George?"

"Why, Sir George is a titled gentleman, and of course is not to be strictured too freely. He has complimented me already with a sovereign, and apprised me of his intention to be more particular when we get in."

"I feel astonished such a gentleman should neglect to secure a stateroom to his own convenience."

"Sir George has elucidated all that in a conversation we had in his room, soon after our acquaintance commenced. He is going to Canada on public business, and sailed at an hour's interval. He was too late for a single room, and his own man is to follow with most of his effects by the next ship. Oh! Sir George may be safely put down as respectable and liberalized, though thrown into disparagement perhaps by forty circumstances."

Mr. Saunders, who had run his vocabulary hard in this conversation, meant to say "fortuitous;" and Toast thought that so many circumstances might well reduce a better man to a dilemma. After a moment of thought, or what in his orbicular shining features he fancied passed for thought, he said—

"I seem to diwine, Mr. Saunders, that the Effinghams do not much intimate Sir George."

Saunders looked out of the pantry-door to reconnoiter, and finding the sober quiet already described reigning, he opened a drawer, and drew forth a London newspaper.

"To treat you with the confidence of a gentleman in a situation as respectable and responsible as the one you occupy, Mr. Toast," he said, "a little ewent transpired in my presence yesterday, that I thought sufficiently particular to be designated by retaining this paper. Mr. Sharp and Sir George happened to be in the cabin together, alone, and the last, as it suggested to me, Toast, was desirous of removing some of the haughter of the first, for you may have observed that there has been no conversation between any of the Effinghams, or Mr. Blunt, or Mr. Sharp, and the baronet; and so to break the ice of his haughter, as it might be, Sir George says, 'Really, Mr. Sharp, the papers have got to be so personally particular, that one cannot run into the country for a mouthful of fresh air that they don't record it. Now, I thought not a soul knew of my departure for America, and yet here you see they have mentioned it, with more particulars than are agreeable.' On concluding, Sir George gave Mr. Sharp this paper, and indicated this here paragraph. Mr. Sharp perused it, laid down the paper, and retorted coldly, 'It is indeed quite surprising, sir; but impudence is a general fault of the age.' And then he left the cabin solus. Sir George was so wexed, he went into his stateroom and forgot the paper, which fell to the steward, you know, on a principle laid down in Wattel, Toast."

Here the two worthies indulged in a smothered merriment of their own at the expense of their commander; for though a dignified man in general, Mr. Saunders could laugh on occasion, and according to his own opinion of himself he danced particularly well.

"Would you like to read the paragraph, Mr. Toast?"

"Quite unnecessary, sir; your account will be perfectly legible and satisfactory."

By this touch of politeness, Mr. Toast, who knew as much of the art of reading as a monkey commonly knows of mathematics, got rid of the awkwardness of acknowledging the careless manner in which he had trifled with his early opportunities. Luckily, Mr. Saunders, who had been edu-

cated as a servant in a gentleman's family, was better off, and as he was vain of all his advantages, he was particularly pleased to have an opportunity of exhibiting them. Turning to the paragraph he read the following lines, in that sort of didactic tone and elaborate style with which gentlemen who commence the graces after thirty are a little apt to make bows:

"We understand Sir George Templemore, Bart., the member for Boodleigh, is about to visit our American colonies, with a view to make himself intimately acquainted with the merits of the unpleasant questions by which they are just now agitated, and with the intention of entering into the debates in the House on that interesting subject on his return. We believe that Sir George will sail in the packet of the first from Liverpool, and will return in time to be in his seat after the Easter holidays. His people and effects left town yesterday by the Liverpool coach. During the baronet's absence, his country will be hunted by Sir Gervaise de Brush, though the establishment at Templemore Hall will be kept up."

"How came Sir George here, then?" Mr. Toast very naturally inquired.

"Having been kept too late in London, he was obliged to come this way or to be left. It is sometimes as close work to get the passengers on board, Mr. Toast, as to get the people. I have often admired how gentlemen and ladies love procrastinating, when dishes that ought to be taken hot are getting to be quite insipid and uneatable."

"Saunders!" cried the hearty voice of Captain Truck, who had taken possession of what he called his throne in the cabin. All the steward's elegant diction and finish of demeanor vanished at the well-known sound, and thrusting his head out of the pantry-door, he gave the prompt ship-answer to a call,

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Come, none of your dictionary in the pantry there, but show your physiognomy in my presence. What the devil do you think Vattel would say to such a supper as this?"

"I think, sir, he would call it a werry good supper for a ship in a hard gale of wind. That's my honest opinion, Captain Truck, and I never deceive any gentleman in a matter of food. I think, Mr. Wattel would approve of that there supper, sir."

"Perhaps he might, for he has made blunders as well as another man. Go, mix me a glass of just what I love, when I've not had a drop all day. Gentlemen, will any of you honor me, by sharing in a cut! This beef is not indigestible, and here is a real Marylander, in the way of a ham. No want of oakum to fill up the chinks with, either."

Most of the gentlemen were too full of the gale to wish to eat; besides they had not fasted like Captain Truck since morning. But Mr. Monday, the bagman, as John Effingham had termed him, and who had been often enough at sea to know something of its varieties, consented to take a glass of brandy and water, as a corrective of the Madeira he had been swallowing. The appetite of Captain Truck was little affected by the state of the weather, however; for though too attentive to his duties to quit the deck until he had ascertained how matters were going on, now that he had fairly made up his mind to eat, he set about it with a heartiness and simplicity that proved his total disregard of appearances when his hunger was sharp. For some time he was too much occupied to talk, making regular attacks upon the different *plats*, as Mr. Saunders called them, without much regard to the cookery or the material. The only pauses were to drink, and this was always done with a steadiness that never left a drop in the glass. Still Mr. Truck was a temperate man; for he never consumed more than his physical wants appeared to require, or his physical energies knew how to dispose of. At length, however, he came to the steward's *entremets*, or he began to stuff what he, himself, had called "oakum," into the chinks of his dinner.

Mr. Sharp had watched the whole process from the ladies' cabin, as indeed had Eve, and thinking this a favorable occa-

sion to ascertain the state of things on deck, the former came into the main-cabin, commissioned by the latter, to make the inquiry.

"The ladies are desirous of knowing where we are, and what is the state of the gale, Captain Truck," said the gentleman, when he had seated himself near the throne.

"My dear young lady," called out the captain, by way of cutting short the diplomacy of employing ambassadors between them, "I wish in my heart I could persuade you and Mademoiselle V.A.V. (for so he called the governess, in imitation of Eve's pronunciation of her name), to try a few of these pickled oysters; they are as delicate as yourselves, and worthy to be set before a mermaid, if there were any such thing."

"I thank you for the compliment, Captain Truck, and while I ask leave to decline it, I beg leave to refer you to the plenipotentiary Mademoiselle Viefville" (Eve would not say herself) "has intrusted with her wishes."

"Thus you perceive, sir," interposed Mr. Sharp again, "you will have to treat with me, by all the principles laid down by Vattel."

"And, treat you, too, my good sir. Let me persuade you to try a slice of this anti-abolitionist," laying his knife on the ham, which he still continued to regard himself with a sort of melancholy interest. "No? well, I hold over-persuasion as the next thing to neglect. I am satisfied, sir, after all, as Saunders says, that Vattel himself, unless more unreasonable at his grub than in matters of state, would be a happier man after he had been at his table twenty minutes than before he sat down."

Mr. Sharp perceiving that it was idle to pursue his inquiry while the other was in one of his discursive humors, determined to let things take their course, and fell into the captain's own vein.

"If Vattel would approve of the repast, few men ought to repine at their fortune in being so well provided."

"I flatter myself, sir, that I understand a supper, especially in a gale of wind, as well as Mr. Vattel, or any other man could do."

"And yet Vattel was one of the most celebrated cooks of his day."

Captain Truck stared, looked his grave companion steadily in the eye, for he was too much addicted to mystifying not to distrust others, and picked his teeth with redoubled vigilance.

"Vattel a cook! This is the first I ever heard of it."

"There was a Vattel, in a former age, who stood at the head of his art as a cook; this I can assure you, on my honor: he may not have been your Vattel, however."

"Sir, there never were two Vattels. This is extraordinary news to me, and I scarcely know how to receive it."

"If you doubt my imformation, you may ask any of the other passengers. Either of the Mr. Effinghams, or Mr. Blunt, or Miss Effingham, or Mademoiselle Viefville will confirm what I tell you, I think; especially the latter, for he was her countryman."

Hereupon Captain Truck began to stuff in the oakum again, for the calm countenance of Mr. Sharp produced an effect; and as he was pondering on the consequences of his oracle's turning out to be a cook, he thought it not amiss to be eating, as it were, incidentally. After swallowing a dozen olives, six or eight anchovies, as many pickled oysters, and raisins and almonds, as the advertisements say *a volonte*, he suddenly struck his fist on the table, and announced his intention of putting the question to both the ladies.

"My dear young lady," he called out, "will you do me the honor to say whether you ever heard of a cook of the name of Vattel?"

Eve laughed, and her sweet tones were infectious amid the dull howling of the gale, which was constantly heard in the cabins, like a bass accompaniment, or the distant roar of a cataract among the singing of birds.

"Certainly, captain," she answered; "Mr. Vattel was not only a cook, but perhaps the most celebrated on record, for sentiment at least, if not for skill."

"I make no doubt the man did his work well, let him be set about what he might; and, mademoiselle, he was a countryman of yours, they tell me?"

"*Assurement*, Monsieur Vattel has left more distinguished *souvenirs* than any other cook in France."

Captain Truck turned quickly to the elated and admiring Saunders, who felt his own glory enhanced by this important discovery, and said in that short-hand way he had of expressing himself to the chief of the pantry—

"Do you hear that, sir; see and find out what they are and dress me a dish of these *souvenirs* as soon as we get in. I daresay they are to be had at the Fulton market, and mind while there to look out for some tongues and sounds. I've not made half a supper to-night, for the want of them. I daresay these *souvenirs* are capital eating, if Monsieur Vattel thought so highly of them. Pray, mademoiselle, is the gentleman dead?"

"*Helas, oui!* How could he live with a sword run through his body?"

"Ha! killed in a duel, I declare; died fighting for his principles, if the truth were known! I shall have a double respect for his opinion, for this is the touchstone of a man's honesty. Mr. Sharp, let us take a glass of Geissenheimer to his memory; we might honor a less worthy man."

As the captain poured out the liquor, a fall of several tons of water on the deck shook the entire ship, and one of the passengers in the hurricane-house opening a door to ascertain the cause, the sound of the hissing waters and of the roaring winds came fresher and more distinct into the cabin. Mr. Truck cast an eye at the telltale over his head, to ascertain the course of the ship, and paused just an instant, and then tossed off his wine.

"This hint reminds me of my mission," Mr. Sharp rejoined. "The ladies desire to know your opinion of the state of the weather?"

"I owe them an answer, if it were only in gratitude for the hint about Vattel. Who the devil would have supposed the man ever was a cook! But these Frenchmen are not like the rest of mankind, and half the nation are cooks, or live by food, in some way or other."

"And very good cooks, too, Monsieur le Capitaine," said Mademoiselle Viefville. "Monsieur Vattel did die for the honor of his art. He fell on his own sword, because the fish did not arrive in season for the dinner of the king."

Captain Truck looked more astonished than ever. Then turning short around to the steward, he shook his head and exclaimed—

"Do you hear that, sir? How often would you have died if a sword had been run through you every time the fish was forgotten, or was too late? Once, to a dead certainty, about these very tongues and sounds."

"But the weather?" interrupted Mr. Sharp.

"The weather, my dear sir; the weather, my dear ladies, is very good weather, with the exception of winds and waves, of which unfortunately there are, just now, more of both than we want. The ship must scud, and as we go like a racehorse, without stopping to take breath, we may see the Canary Islands before the voyage is over. Of danger there is none in this ship, as long as we can keep clear of the land, and in order that this may be done, I will just step into my stateroom and find out exactly where we are."

On receiving this information, the passengers retired for the night, Captain Truck setting about his task in good earnest. The result of his calculations showed that they would run westward of Maderia, which was all he cared about immediately, intending always to haul up to his course on the first good occasion.

CHAPTER XIII.

"There are yet two things in my destiny—
A world to roam o'er, and a home with thee."
—BYRON.

EVE EFFINGHAM slept little: although the motion of the ship had been much more severe and uncomfortable while contending

with head-winds, on no other occasion were there so many signs of a fierce contention of the elements as in this gale. As she lay in her berth, her ear was within a foot of the roaring waters without, and her frame trembled as she heard them gurgling so distinctly that it seemed as if they had already forced their way through the seams of the planks, and were filling the ship. Sleep she could not, for a long time, therefore, and during two hours she remained with closed eyes, an entranced and yet startled listener to the fearful strife that was raging over the ocean. Night had no stillness, for the roar of the winds and waters was incessant, though deadened by the intervening decks and sides; but now and then an open door admitted, as it might be, the whole scene into the cabins. At such moments every sound was fresh and frightfully grand—even the shout of the officer coming to the ear like a warning cry from the deep.

At length Eve, wearied by her apprehensions even, fell into a troubled sleep, in which her frightened faculties, however, kept so much on the alert, that at no time was the roar of the tempest entirely lost to her sense of hearing. About midnight the glare of a candle crossed her eyes, and she was broad awake in an instant. On rising in her berth she found Nanny Sidley, who had so often and so long watched over her infant and childish slumbers, standing at her side, and gazing wistfully in her face.

"'Tis a dread night, Miss Eve," half whispered the appalled domestic. "I have not been able to sleep for thinking of you, and of what might happen on these wide waters!"

"And why of me particularly, my good Nanny?" returned Eve, smiling in the face of her old nurse as sweetly as the infant smiles in its moments of tenderness and recollection. "Why so much of me, my excellent Ann?—are there not others too, worthy of your care? my beloved father—your own good self—Mademoiselle Viefville—cousin Jack—and—" the warm color deepened on the cheek of the beautiful girl, she scarcely knew why herself—"and many others in the vessel, that one, kind as you, might think of, I should hope, when your thoughts become apprehensions, and your wishes prayers."

"There are many precious souls in the ship, ma'am, out of all question; and I'm sure no one wishes them all safe on land again more than myself; but it seems to me, no one among them all is so much loved as you."

Eve leaned forward playfully, and drawing her old nurse towards her, kissed her cheek, while her own eyes glistened, and then she laid her flushed cheek on that bosom which had so frequently been its pillow before. After remaining a minute in this affectionate attitude, she rose and inquired if her nurse had been on deck.

"I go every half-hour, Miss Eve; for I feel it as much my duty to watch over you here, as when I had you all to myself in the cradle. I do not think your father sleeps a great deal to-night, and several of the gentlemen in the other cabins remain dressed; they ask me how you spend the time in this tempest, whenever I pass their stateroom doors."

Eve's color deepened, and Ann Sidley thought she had never seen her child more beautiful, as the bright luxuriant golden hair, which had strayed from the confinement of the cap, fell on the warm cheek, and rendered eyes that were always full of feeling, softer and more brilliant even than common.

"They conceal their uneasiness for themselves under an affected concern for me, my good Nanny," she said hurriedly; "and your own affection makes you an easy dupe to the artifice."

"It may be so, ma'am, for I know but little of the ways of the world. It is fearful, is it not, Miss Eve, to think that we are in a ship, so far from any land, whirling along over the bottom as fast as a horse could plunge?"

"The danger is not exactly of that nature, perhaps, Nanny."

"There is a bottom to the ocean, is there not? I have heard some maintain there is no bottom to the sea—and that would make the danger so much greater. I think, if I felt certain that the bottom was not very deep, and there was only a

rock to be seen now and then, I should not find it so very dreadful."

Eve laughed like a child, and the contrast between the sweet simplicity of her looks, her manners, and her more cultivated intellect, and the matronly appearance of the less instructed Ann, made one of those pictures in which the superiority of mind over all other things becomes most apparent.

"Your notions of safety, my dear Nanny," she said, "are not precisely those of a seaman; for I believe there is nothing of which they stand more in dread than of rocks and the bottom."

"I fear I'm but a poor sailor, ma'am, for, in my judgment we could have no greater consolation in such a tempest than to see them all around us. Do you think, Miss Eve, that the bottom of the ocean, if there is truly a bottom, is whitened with the bones of shipwrecked mariners, as people say?"

"I doubt not, my excellent Nanny, that the great deep might give up many awful secrets; but you ought to think less of these things, and more of that merciful Providence which has protected us through so many dangers since we have been wanderers. You are in much less danger now than I have known you to be, and escaped unharmed."

"I! Miss Eve!—Do you suppose that I fear for myself? What matters it if a poor old woman like me die a few years sooner or later, or where her frail old body is laid? I have never been of so much account when living as to make it of consequence where the little which will remain to decay when dead moulders into dust. Do not, I implore you, Miss Effingham, suppose me so selfish as to feel any uneasiness to-night on my own account."

"Is it then, as usual, all for me, my dear, my worthy old nurse, that you feel this anxiety? Put your heart at ease, for they who know best betray no alarm; and you may observe that the captain sleeps as tranquil this night as on any other."

'But he is a rude man, and accustomed to danger. He has neither wife nor children, and I'll engage has never given a thought to the horrors of having a form precious as this floating in the caverns of the ocean, amidst ravenous fish and sea-monsters."

Here her imagination overcame poor Nanny Sidley, and she folded her arms about the beautiful person of Eve, and sobbed violently. Her young mistress, accustomed to similar exhibitions of affection, soothed her with blandishments and assurances that soon restored her self-command, when the dialogue was resumed with a greater appearance of tranquillity on the part of the nurse. They conversed a few minutes on the subject of their reliance on God, Eve returning fourfold, or with the advantages of a cultured intellect, many of those simple lessons of faith and humanity that she had received from her companion when a child; the latter listening, as she always did, to these exhortations, which sounded in her ears, like the echoes of all her own better thoughts, with a love and reverence no other could awaken. Eve passed her small white hand over the wrinkled cheek of Nanny in kind fondling, as it had been passed a thousand times when a child, an act she well knew her nurse delighted in, and continued—

"And now, my good old Nanny, you will set your heart at ease, I know; for though a little too apt to trouble yourself about one who does not deserve half your care, you are much too sensible and too humble to feel distrust out of reason. We will talk of something else a few minutes, and then you will lie down and rest your weary body."

"Weary! I should never feel weary in watching, when I thought there was a cause for it."

Although Nanny made no allusion to herself, Eve understood in whose behalf this watchfulness was meant. She drew the face of the old woman towards her, and left a kiss on each cheek ere she continued—

"These ships have other things to talk about, besides their dangers," she said. "Do you not find it odd, at least, that a vessel of war should be sent to follow us

about the ocean in this extraordinary way?"

"Quite so, ma'am, and I did intend to speak to you about it, some time when I saw you had nothing better to think of. At first I fancied, but I believe it was a silly thought, that some of the great English lords and admirals that used to be so much about us at Paris, and Rome and Vienna, had sent this ship to see you safe to America, Miss Eve; for I never supposed they would make so much fuss concerning a poor runaway couple, like these steerage-passengers."

Eve did not refrain from laughing again, at this conceit of Nanny's, for her temperament was gay as childhood, though well restrained by cultivation and manner, and once more she patted the cheek of her nurse kindly.

"Those great lords and admirals are not great enough for that, dear Nanny, even had they the inclination to do so silly a thing. But has no other reason suggested itself to you, among the many curious circumstances you may have had occasion to observe in the ship?"

Nanny looked at Eve, and turned her eyes aside, glanced furtively at the young lady again, and at last felt compelled to answer.

"I endeavor, ma'am, to think well of everybody, though strange thoughts will sometimes arise without our wishing it. I suppose I know to what you allude; but I don't feel quite certain it becomes me to speak."

"With me at least, Nanny, you need have no reserves, and I confess a desire to learn if we have thought alike about some of our fellow-passengers. Speak freely. then; for you can have no more apprehension in communicating all your thoughts to me than in communicating them to your own child."

"Not as much, ma'am, not half as much; for you are both child and mistress to me, and I look quite as much to receiving advice as to giving it. It is odd, Miss Eve, that gentlemen should not pass under their proper names, and I have had unpleasant feelings about it, though I did not think it became me to be the first to speak, while your father was with you, and mamerzelle," for so Nanny always styled the governess, "and Mr. John, all of whom love you almost as much as I do, and all of whom are so much better judges of what is right. But now you encourage me to speak my mind, Miss Eve, I will say I should like that no one came near you who does not carry his heart in his open hand, that the youngest child might know his character and understand his motives."

Eve smiled as her nurse grew warm, but she blushed in spite of an effort to seem indifferent.

"This would be truly a vain wish, dear Nanny, in the mixed company of a ship," she said. "It is too much to expect that strangers will throw aside all their reserves, on first finding themselves in close communion. The well-bred and prudent will only stand more on their guard under such circumstances."

"Strangers, ma'am!"

"I perceive that you recollect the face of one of our shipmates. Why do you shake your head?" The tell-tale blood of Eve again mantled over her lovely countenance. "I suppose I ought to have said *two* of our shipmates, though I had doubted whether you retained any recollection of one of them."

"No gentleman ever speaks to you twice, Miss Eve, that I do not remember him."

"Thank you, dearest Nanny, for this and a thousand other proofs of your never-ceasing interest in my welfare; but I had not believed you so vigilant as to take heed of every face that happens to approach me."

"Ah, Miss Eve! neither of these gentlemen would like to be mentioned by you in this careless manner, I'm sure. They both did a great deal more than 'happen to approach you'; for as to—"

"Hist! dear Nanny; we are in a crowded place, and you may be overheard. You will use no names, therefore, as I believe we understand each other without going into all these particulars. Now, my dear nurse, would I give something to know which of these young men has made

the most favorable impression on your upright and conscientious mind."

"Nay, Miss Eve, what is my judgment in comparison with your own, and that of Mr. John Effingham, and——"

"—My cousin Jack! In the name of wonder, Nanny, what has he to do with the matter?"

"Nothing ma'am; only I can see he has his favorites as well as another, and I'll venture to say Mr. Dodge is not the greatest he has in this ship."

"I think you might add Sir George Templemore, too," returned Eve, laughing.

Ann Sidley looked hard at her young mistress, and smiled before she answered; and then she continued the discourse naturally, as if there had been no interruption.

"Quite likely, ma'am; and Mr. Monday, and all the rest of that set. But you see how soon he discovers a real gentleman; for he is quite easy and friendly with Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt, particularly the last."

Eve was silent, for she did not like the open introduction of these names, though she scarce knew why herself.

"My cousin is a man of the world," she resumed, on perceiving that Nanny watched her countenance with solicitude, as if fearful of having gone too far; "and there is nothing surprising in his discovering men of his own class. We know both these persons to be not exactly what they seem, though I think we know no harm of either, unless it be the silly change of names. It would have been better had they come on board bearing their proper appellations; to us, at least, it would have been more respectful, though both affirm they were ignorant that my father had taken passage in the *Montauk* —a circumstance that may very well be true, as you know we got the cabin that was first engaged by another party."

"I should be sorry, ma'am, if either failed in respect."

"It is not quite adulatory to make a young woman the involuntary keeper of the secrets of two unreflecting young men; that is all, my good Nanny. We cannot well betray them, and we are consequently their confidants *par force*. The most amusing part of the thing is, that they are masters of each other's secrets, in part at least, and feel a delightful awkwardness in a hundred instances. For my own part, I pity neither, but think each is fairly enough punished. They will be fortunate if their servants do not betray them before we reach New York."

"No fear of that, ma'am, for they are discreet, cautious men, and if disposed to blab, Mr. Dodge has given both good opportunities already, as I believe he has put to them as many questions as there are speeches in the catechism."

"Mr. Dodge is a vulgar man."

"So we all say, ma'am, in the servants' cabin, and everybody is so set against him there, that there is litttle chance of his learning much. I hope, Miss Eve, mamerzelle does not distrust either of the gentlemen?"

"Surely you cannot suspect Mademoiselle Viefville of indiscretion, Nanny; a better spirit, or a better tone than hers, does not exist."

"No, ma'am, 'tis not that; but I should like to have one more secret with you, all to myself. I honor and respect mamerzelle, who has done a thousand times more for you than a poor ignorant woman like me could have done, with all my zeal; but I do believe, Miss Eve, I love your shoe tie better than she loves your pure and beautiful spirit."

"Mademoiselle Viefville is an excellent woman, and I believe is sincerely attached to me."

"She would be a wretch else. I do not deny her attachment, but I only say it is nothing, it ought to be nothing, it can be nothing, it shall be nothing, compared to that of the one who first held you in her arms, and who has always beld you in her heart. Mamerzelle can sleep such a night as this, which I'm sure she could not do were she as much concerned for you as I am."

Eve knew that jealousy of Mademoiselle Viefville was Nanny's greatest weakness, and drawing the old woman to her, she entwined her arms around her neck and

complained of drowisness. Accustomed to watching, and really unable to sleep, the nurse now passed a perfectly happy hour in holding her child, who literally dropped asleep on her bosom; after which Nanny slid into the berth beneath, in her clothes, and finally lost the sense of her apprehensions in perturbed slumbers.

A cry on deck awoke all in the cabins early on the succeeding morning. It was scarcely light, but a common excitement seized every passenger, and ten minutes had not elapsed when Eve and her governess appeared in the hurricane-house, the last of those who came from below. Few questions had been asked, but all hurried on deck with their apprehensions, awakened by the gale, increased to the sense of some positive and impending danger.

Nothing, however, was immediately apparent to justify all this sudden clamor. The gale continued, if anything, with increased power; the ocean was rolling over its cataracts of combing seas, with which the ship was still racing, driven under the strain of a reefed forecourse, the only canvas that was set. Even with this little sail the hull was glancing through the raging seas, or rather in their company, at a rate a little short of ten miles in the hour.

Captain Truck was in the mizzen-rigging, bareheaded, every lock of hair he had blowing out like a pennant. Occasionally he signed to the man at the wheel which way to put the helm; for instead of sleeping, as many had supposed, he had been conning the ship four hours in the same situation. As Eve appeared, he was directing the attention of several of the gentlemen to some object astern, but a very few moments put all on deck in possession of the facts.

About a cable's length, on one of the quarters of the *Montauk,* was a ship careering before the gale like themselves; though carrying more canvas, and consequently driving faster through the water. The sudden appearance of the vessel in the somber light of the morning, when objects were seen distinctly but without the glare of day; the dark hull, relieved by a single narrow line of white paint, dotted with ports; the glossy hammock-cloth, and all those other coverings of dark glistening canvas which give to a cruiser an air of finish and comfort, like that of a traveling carriage: the symmetry of the spars, and the gracefulness of all the lines, whether of the hull or hamper, told all who knew anything of such subjects, that the stranger was a vessel of war. To this information Captain Truck added that it was their old pursuer the *Foam.*

"She is corvette-built," said the master of the *Montauk,* "and is obliged to carry more canvas than we, in order to keep out of the way of the seas; for, if one of those big fellows should overtake her, and throw its crest into her waist, she would become like a man who has taken too much Saturday-night, and with whom a second dose might settle the purser's books forever."

Such, in fact, was the history of the sudden appearance of the ship. She had lain-to as long as possible, and on being driven to scud, carried a close-reefed main-topsail, a show of canvas that urged her through the water about two knots to the hour faster than the rate of the packet. Necessarily following the same course, she overtook the latter just as the day began to dawn. The cry had arisen on her sudden discovery, and the moment had now arrived when she was about to come up quite abreast of her late chase. The passage of the *Foam,* under such circumstances, was a grand but thrilling thing. Her captain, too, was seen in the mizzen-rigging of his ship, rocked by the gigantic billows over which the fabric was careering. He held a speaking-trumpet in his hand, as if still bent on his duty, in the midst of that awful warring of the elements. Captain Truck called for a trumpet in his turn, and fearful of consequences he waved it to the other to keep more aloof. The injunction was either misunderstood, the man-of war's man was too much bent on his object, or the ocean was too uncontrollable for such a purpose, the corvette driving up on a sea quite abeam of the

packet, and in fearful proximity. The Englishman applied the trumpet, and words were heard amid the roaring of the winds. At that time the white field of old Albion, with the St. George's cross, rose over the bulwarks, and by the time it had reached the gaff-end, the bunting was whipping in ribbons.

"Show 'em the gridiron!" growled Captain Truck through his trumpet, with its mouth turned in-board.

As everything was ready, this order was instantly obeyed, and the stripes of America were soon seen fluttering neatly in separate pieces. The two ships now ran a short distance in parallel lines, rolling from each other so heavily that the bright copper of the corvette was seen nearly to her keel. The Englishman, who seemed a portion of his ship, again tried his trumpet; the detached words of "lie-by,"—"orders,"—"communicate," were caught by one or two, but the howling of the gale rendered all connection in the meaning impossible. The Englishman ceased his efforts to make himself heard, for the two ships were now rolling-to, and it appeared as if their spars would interlock. There was an instant when Mr. Leach had his hand on the main brace to let it go; but the *Foam* started away on a sea, like a horse that feels the spur, and disobeying her helm, shot forward, as if about to cross the *Montauk's* forefoot.

A breathless instant followed, for all on board the two ships thought they must now inevitably come foul of each other, and this the more so, because the *Montauk* took the impulse of the sea just as it was lost to the *Foam*, and seemed on the point of plunging directly into the stern of the latter. Even the seamen clenched the ropes around them convulsively, and the boldest held their breaths for a time. The "P-o-r-t, hard a port, and be d——d to you!" of Captain Truck; and the "S-t-a-r-b-o-a-r-d, starboard hard!" of the Englishman, were both distinctly audible to all in the two ships; for this was a moment in which seamen can speak louder than the tempest. The affrighted vessels seemed to recede together, and they shot asunder in diverging lines, the *Foam* leading. All further attempts at a communication were instantly useless; the corvette being half a mile ahead in a quarter of an hour, rolling her yard-arms nearly to the water.

Captain Truck said little to his passengers concerning this adventure; but when he had lighted a cigar, and was discussing the matter with his chief-mate, he told the latter there was "just one minute when he would not have given a ship's biscuit for both vessels, nor much more for their cargoes. A man must have a small regard for human souls, when he puts them, and their bodies too, in so much jeopardy for a little tobacco."

Throughout the day it blew furiously, for the ship was running into the gale, a phenomenon that we shall explain, as most of our readers may not comprehend it. All gales of wind commence to leeward; or, in other words, the wind is first felt at some particular point, and later, as we recede from that point, proceeding in the direction from which the wind blows. It is always severest near the point where it commences, appearing to diminish in violence as it recedes. This, therefore, is an additional motive for mariners to lie-to, instead of scudding, since the latter not only carries them far from their true course, but it carries them also nearer to the scene of the greatest fury of the elements.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Good boatswain, have care."—TEMPEST.

AT sunset, the speck presented by the reefed topsail of the corvette had sunk beneath the horizon, in the southern board, and that ship was seen no longer. Several islands had been passed, looking tranquil and smiling amid the fury of the tempest; but it was impossible to haul up for any one among them. The most that could be done was to keep the ship dead before it, to prevent her broaching-to, and to have a care that she kept clear of those rocks and of that bottom, for which Nanny Sidley had so much pined.

Familiarity with the scene began to

lessen the apprehensions of the passengers, and as scudding is an easy process for those who are liable to sea-sickness, ere another night shut in, the principal concern was connected with the course the ship was compelled to steer. The wind had so far hauled to the westward as to render it certain that the coast of Africa would lie in their way, if obliged to scud many hours longer; for Captain Truck's observations actually placed him to the southward and eastward of the Canary Islands. This was a long distance out of his course, but the rate of sailing rendered the fact sufficiently clear.

This, too, was the precise time when the *Montauk* felt the weight of the tempest, or rather, when she experienced the heaviest portion of that which it was her fate to feel. Lucky was it for the good ship that she had not been in this latitude a few hours earlier, when it had blown something very liko a hurricane. The responsibility and danger of this situation now began seriously to disturb Captain Truck, although he kept his apprehensions to himself, like a prudent officer. All his calculations were gone over again with the utmost care, the rate of sailing was cautiously estimated, and the result showed, that ten or fifteen hours more would inevitably produce shipwreck of another sort, unless the wind moderated.

Fortunately, the gale began to break about midnight. The wind still blew tremendously, but it was less steadily, and there were intervals of half an hour at a time when the ship might have carried much more canvas, even on a bowline; of course her speed abated in proportion, and, after the day had dawned, a long and anxious survey from aloft showed no land to the eastward. When perfectly assured of this important fact, Captain Truck rubbed his hands with delight, ordered a coal for his cigar, and began to abuse Saunders about the quality of the coffee during the blow.

"Let there be something creditable, this morning, sir," added the captain, after a sharp rebuke; "and remember we are down here in the neighborhood of the country of your forefathers, where a man ought, in reason, to be on his good behavior. If I hear any more of your washy compounds, I'll put you ashore, and let you run naked a summer or two with the monkeys and ouran-outangs."

"I endeavor, on all proper occasions, to render myself agreeable to you, Captain Truck, and to all those with whom I have the happiness to sail," returned the steward; "but the coffee, sir, cannot be very good, sir, in such weather, sir. I do diwine that the wind must blow away its flavor, for I am ready to confess it has not been as odorous as it usually is, when I have had the honor to prepare it. As for Africa, sir, I flatter myself, Captain Truck, that you esteem me too highly to believe I am suited to consort or resort with the ill-formed and inedicated men who inhabit that wild country. I misremember whether my ancestors came from this part of the world or not; but if they did, sir, my habits and profession entirely unqualify me for their company, I hope. I know I am only a poor steward, sir, but you'll please to recollect that your great Mr. Vattel was nothing but a cook."

"D—n the fellow, Leach; I believe it is this conceit that has spoiled the coffee the last day or two! Do you suppose it can be true that a great writer like this man could really be no better than a cook, or was that Englishman roasting me, by way of showing how cooking is done ashore? If it were not for the testimony of the ladies, I might believe it; but they would not share in such an indecent trick. What are you lying-by for, sir? go to your pantry, and remember that the gale is broken, and we shall all sit down to table this morning, as keen-set as a party of your brethren ashore here, who had a broiled baby for breakfast."

Saunders, who *ex-officio* might be said to be trained in similar lectures, went pouting to his work, taking care to expend a proper part of his spleen on Mr. Toast, who, quite as a matter of course, suffered in proportion as his superior was made to feel, in his own person, the weight of Captain Truck's authority. It is perhaps fortunate that nature points

out this easy and self-evident mode of relief, else would the rude habits of a ship sometimes render the relations between him who orders and him whose duty it is to obey, too nearly approaching to the intolerable.

The captain's squalls, however, were of short duration, and on the present occasion he was soon in even a better humor than common, as every minute gave the cheering assurance that the tempest was fast drawing to a close. He had finished his third cigar, and was actually issuing his orders to turn the reef out of the foresail, and to set the main-topsail close-reefed, when most of the passengers appeared on deck, for the first time that morning.

"Here we are, gentlemen!" cried Captain Truck, in the way of salutation, "nearer to Guinea than I could wish, with every prospect, now, of soon working our way across the Atlantic, and possibly of making a thirty or thirty-five days' passage of it yet. We have this sea to quiet; and then I hope to show you what the *Montauk* has in her, besides her passengers and cargo. I think we have now got rid of the *Foam*, as well as of the gale. I did believe, at one time, her people might be walking and wading on the coast of Cornwall: but I now believe they are more likely to try the sands of the great Desert of Sahara."

"It is to be hoped they have escaped the latter calamity as fortunately as they escaped the first!" observed Mr. Effingham.

"It may be so; but the wind has got round to nor'west, and has not been sighing these last twelve hours. Cape Blanco is not a hundred leagues from us, and, at the rate he was traveling, that gentleman with the speaking-trumpet may now be philosophizing over the fragments of his ship, unless he had the good sense to haul off more to the westward than he was steering when last seen. His ship should have been christened the *Scud*, instead of the *Foam*."

Every one expressed the hope that the ship, to which their own situation was fairly enough to be ascribed, might escape this calamity; and all faces regained their cheerfulness as they saw the canvas fall, in sign that their own danger was past. So rapidly, indeed, did the gale now abate, that the topsails were hardly hoisted before the order was given to shake out another reef, and within an hour all the heavier canvas that was proper to carry before the wind was set, solely with a view to keep the ship steady. The sea was still fearful, and Captain Truck found himself obliged to keep off from his course, in order to avoid the danger of having his decks swept.

The racing with the crest of the waves, however, was quite done, for the seas soon cease to comb and break, after the force of the wind is expended.

At no time is the motion of the vessel more unpleasant, or, indeed, more dangerous, than in the interval that occurs between the ceasing of a violent gale and the springing up of a new wind. The ship is unmanageable, and falling into the troughs of the sea, the waves break in upon her decks, often doing serious injury, while the spars and riggings are put to the severest trial by the sudden and violent surges which they have to withstand. Of all this Captain Truck was fully aware, and when he was summoned to breakfast he gave many cautions to Mr. Leach before quitting the deck.

"I do not like the new shrouds we got up in London," he said, "for the rope has stretched in this gale in a way to throw too much strain on the old rigging; so see all ready for taking a fresh drag on them, as soon as the people have breakfasted. Mind and keep her out of the trough, sir, and watch every roller that you find comes tumbling upon us."

After repeating these injunctions in different ways, looking to windward some time, and aloft five or six minutes, Captain Truck finally went below, to pass judgment on Mr. Saunders' coffee. Once in his throne, at the head of the long table, the worthy master, after a proper attention to his passengers, set about the duty of restoration, as the steward affectedly called eating, with a zeal that never failed him on such occasions. He

had just swallowed a cup of the coffee, about which he had lectured Saunders, when a heavy flap of the sails announced the failure of the wind.

"That is bad news," said Captain Truck, listening to the fluttering blows of the canvas against the masts. "I never like to hear a ship shaking its wings while there is a heavy sea on; but this is better than the Desert of Sahara, and so, my dear young lady, let me recommend to you a cup of this coffee, which is flavored this morning by a dread of ouran-outangs, as Mr. Saunders will have the honor to inform you——"

A jerk of the whole ship was followed by a report like that made by a musket. Captain Truck rose, and stood leaning on one hand in a bent attitude, expectation and distrust intensely portrayed in every feature. Another helpless roll of the ship succeeded, and three or four similar reports were immediately heard, as if large ropes had parted in quick succession. A rending of wood followed, and then came a chaotic crash, in which the impending heavens seemed to fall on the devoted ship. Most of the passengers shut their eyes, and when they were opened again, or a moment afterwards, Mr. Truck had vanished.

It is scarcely necessary to describe the confusion that followed. Eve was frightened, but she behaved well, though Mademoiselle Viefville trembled so much as to require the assistance of Mr. Effingham.

"We have lost our masts," John Effingham coolly remarked; "an accident that will not be likely to be very dangerous, though by prolonging the passage a month or two, it may have the merit of making this good company more intimately acquainted with each other, a pleasure for which we cannot express too much gratitude."

Eve implored his forbearance by a glance, for she saw his eye was unconsciously directed towards Mr. Monday and Mr. Dodge, for both of whom she knew her kinsman entertained an incurable dislike. His words, however, explained the catastrophe, and most of the men hastened on deck to assure themselves of the fact.

John Effingham was right. The new rigging which had stretched so much during the gale, had permitted too much of the strain, in the tremendous rolls of the ship, to fall upon the other ropes. The shroud most exposed had parted first; three or four more followed in succession, and before there was time to secure anything, the remainder had gone together, and the mainmast had broken at a place where a defect was now seen in its heart. Falling over the side, the latter had brought down with it the mizzen-mast and all its hamper, and as much of the foremast as stood above the top. In short, of all the complicated tracery of ropes, the proud display of spars, and the broad folds of canvas that had so lately overshadowed the deck of the *Montauk*, the multilated foremast, the foreyard and sail, and the fallen headgear alone remained. All the rest either cumbered the deck, or was beating against the side of the ship, in the water.

The hard, red, weatherbeaten face of Captain Truck was expressive of mortification and concern, for a single instant, when his eye glanced over the ruin we have just described. His mind then seemed made up to the calamity, and he ordered Toast to bring him a coal of fire, with which he quietly lighted a cigar.

"Here is a category, and be d—d to it, Mr. Leach," he said, after taking a single whiff. "You are doing quite right, sir; cut away the wreck and force the ship free of it, or we shall have some of those sticks poking themselves through the planks. I always thought the chandler in London, into whose hands the agent has fallen, was a —— rogue, and now I know it well enough to swear to it. Cut away, carpenter, and get us rid of all this thumping as soon as possible. A very capital vessel, Mr. Monday, or she would have rolled the pumps out of her, and capsized the galley."

No attempt being made to save anything, the wreck was floating astern in five minutes, and the ship was fortunately extricated from this new hazard. Mr.

Truck, in spite of his acquired coolness, looked piteously at all that gallant hamper, in which he had so lately rejoiced, as yardarm, crosstrees, tressel-trees, and tops rose on the summits of the swells or settled in the troughs like whales playing their gambols. But habit is a seaman's philosophy, and in no one feature is his character more respectable than in that manliness which disinclines him to mourn over a misfortune that is inevitable.

The *Montauk* now resembled a tree stripped of its branches, or a courser crippled in his sinews; her glory had, in a great degree, departed. The foremast alone remained, and of this even the head was gone, a circumstance of which Captain Truck complained more than of any other, as, to use his own expressions, "it destroyed the symmetry of the spar, which had proved itself to be a good stick." What, however, was of more real importance, it rendered it difficult, if not impossible, to get up a spare topmast forward. As both the main and mizzen-mast had gone quite near the deck, this was almost the only tolerably easy expedient that remained; and, within an hour of the accident, Mr. Truck announced his intention to stand as far south as he could to strike the trades, and then to make a fair wind of it across the Atlantic, unless, indeed, he might be able to fetch into the Cape de Verde Islands, where it would be possible, perhaps, to get something like a new outfit.

"All I now ask, my dear young lady," he said to Eve, who ventured on deck to look at the desolation, as soon as the wreck was cut adrift, "all I now ask, my dear young lady, is an end to westerly winds for two or three weeks, and I will promise to place you all in America yet, in time to eat your Christmas dinner. I do not think Sir George will shoot many white bears among the Rocky Mountains this year, but then there will be so many more left for another season. The ship is in a category, and he will be an impudent scoundrel who denies it; but worse categories than this have been reasoned out of countenance. All headsail is not a convenient show of cloth to claw off a leeshore with; but I still hope to escape the misfortune of laying eyes on the coast of Africa."

"Are we far from it?" asked Eve, who sufficiently understood the danger of being on an uninhabitable shore in their present situation; one in which it was vain to seek for a port. "I would rather be in the neighborhood of any other land, I think, than that of Africa."

"Especially Africa between the Canaries and Cape Blanco," returned Captain Truck, with an expressive shrug. "More hospitable regions exist certainly; for, if accounts are to be credited, the honest people alongshore never get a Christian that they do not mount him on a camel, and trot him through the sands a thousand miles or so, under a hot sun, with a sort of haggis for food, that would go nigh to take away even a Scotchman's appetite."

"And you do not tell us how far we are from this frightful land, Mons. le Capitaine?" inquired Mademoiselle Viefville.

"In ten minutes you shall know ladies, for I am about to observe for the longitude. It is a little late, but it may yet be done."

"And we may rely on the fidelity of your information?"

"On the honor of a sailor and a man."

The ladies were silent, while Mr. Truck proceeded to get the sun and the time. As soon as he had run through his calculations, he came to them with a face in which the eye was roving, though it was still good-humored and smiling.

"And the result?" said Eve.

"Is not quite as flattering as I could wish. We are materially within a degree of the coast; but, as the wind is gone, or nearly so, we may hope to find a shift that will shove us farther from the land. And now I have dealt frankly with you, let me beg you will keep the secret, for my people will be dreaming of Turks, instead of working, if they know the fact."

It required no great observation to discover that Captain Truck was far from satisfied with the position of his ship. Without any after-sail, and almost with-

out the means of making any, it was idle to think of hauling off from the land, more especially against the heavy sea that was still rolling in from the northwest; and his present object was to make the Cape de Verdes, before reaching which he would be certain to meet the trades, and where, of course, there would be some chance of repairing damages. His apprehensions would have been much less were the ship a degree further west, as the prevailing winds in this part of the ocean are from the northward and eastward; but it was no easy matter to force a ship that distance under a foresail, the only regular sail that now remained in its place. It is true, he had some of the usual expedients of seamen at his command, and the people were immediately set about them; but, in consequence of the principal spars having gone so near the decks, it became exceedingly difficult to rig jury-masts.

Something must be attempted however, and the spare spars were got out, and all the necessary preparations were commenced, in order that they might be put into their places and rigged, as well as circumstances would allow. As soon as the sea went down, and the steadiness of the ship would permit, Mr. Leach succeeded in getting up an awkward lower studding-sail, and a sort of a staysail forward, and with these additions to their canvas, the ship was brought to head south, with the wind light at the westward. The sea was greatly diminished about noon; but a mile an hour, for those who had so long a road before them, and who were so near a coast that was known to be fearfully inhospitable, was a cheerless progress, and the cry of "sail, ho!" early in the afternoon, diffused a general joy in the *Montauk*.

The stranger was made to the southward and eastward, and was standing on a course that must bring her quite near to their own track, as the *Montauk* then headed. The wind was so light, however, that Captain Truck gave it as his opinion they could not speak until night had set in.

"Unless the coast has brought him up, yonder flaunting gentleman, who seems to have had better luck with his light canvas than ourselves, must be the *Foam*," he said. "Tobacco, or no tobacco, bride or bridegroom, the fellow has us at last, and all the consolation that is left is, that we shall be much obliged to him, now, if he will carry us to Portsmouth, or into any other Christian haven. We have shown him what a kettle-bottom can do before the wind, and now let him give us a tow to windward like a generous antagonist. That is what I call Vattel, my dear young lady."

"If he do this, he will indeed prove himself a generous adversary," said Eve, "and we shall be certain to speak well of his humanity, whatever we may think of his obstinacy."

"Are you quite sure the ship in sight is the corvette?" asked Paul Blunt.

"Who else can it be?—Two vessels are quite sufficient to be jammed down here on the coast of Africa, and we know that the Englishman must be somewhere to leeward of us; though, I will confess, I had believed him much farther, if not plump up among the Mohammedans, beginning to reduce to a feather-weight, like Captain Riley, who came out with just his skin and bones, after a journey across the desert."

"I do not think those top-gallant-sails have the symmetry of the canvas of a ship-of-war."

Captain Truck looked steadily at the young man an instant, as one regards a sound criticism, and then he turned his eye towards the object of which they were speaking.

"You are right, sir," he rejoined, after a moment of examination; "and I have had a lesson in my own trade from one young enough to be my son. The stranger is clearly no cruiser, and as there is no port in-shore of us anywhere near this latitude, he is probably some trader who has been driven down here, like ourselves."

"And I'm very sure, captain," put in Sir George Templemore, "we ought to rejoice sincerely that, like ourselves, he has escaped shipwreck. For my part, I pity the poor wretches on board the *Foam*

most sincerely, and could almost wish myself a Catholic, that one might yet offer up sacrifices in their behalf."

"You have shown yourself a Christian throughout all that affair, Sir George, and I shall not forget your handsome offers to befriend the ship, rather than let us fall into the jaws of the Philistines. We were in a category more than once, with that nimble-footed racer in our wake, and you were the man, Sir George, who manifested the most hearty desire to get us out."

"I ever feel an interest in the ship in which I embark," returned the gratified baronet, who was not displeased at hearing his liberality so openly commended; "and I would cheerfully have given a thousand pounds in preference to being taken. I rather think, now, that is the true spirit for a sportsman!"

"Or for an admiral, my good sir. To be frank with you, Sir George, when I first had the honor of your acquaintance, I did not think you had so much in you. There was a sort of English attention to small wares, a species of knee-buckleism about your *debutt*, as Mr. Dodge calls it, that made me distrust your being the whole-souled and one-idea'd man I find you really are."

"Oh! I *do* like my comforts," said Sir George, laughing.

"That you do, and I am only surprised you don't smoke. Now, Mr. Dodge, your roommate, there, tells me you have six and thirty pair of breeches!"

"I have—yes, indeed I have. One would wish to go abroad decently clad."

"Well! if it should be our luck to travel in the deserts, your wardrobe would rig out a whole harem."

"I wish, captain, you would do me the favor to step into our stateroom, some morning; I have many curious things I should like to show you. A set of razors, in particular—and a dressing-case—and a pair of patent pistols—and that life-preserver that you admire so much, Mr. Dodge. Mr. Dodge has seen most of my curiosities, I believe, and will tell you some of them are really worth a moment's examination."

"Yes, captain, I must say," observed Mr. Dodge—for this conversation was held apart between the three, the mate keeping an eye the while on the duty of the ship, for habit had given Mr. Truck the faculty of driving his people while he entertained his passengers—"Yes, captain, I must say I have met no gentleman who is better supplied with necessaries than *my* friend, Sir George. But English gentlemen are curious in such things, and I admit that I admire their ingenuity."

"Particularly in breeches, Mr. Dodge. Have you coats to match, Sir George?"

"Certainly, sir. One would be a little absurd in his shirt sleeves. I wish, captain, we could make Mr. Dodge a little less of a republican. I find him a most agreeable roommate, but rather annoying on the subject of kings and princes."

"You stick up for the people, Mr. Dodge, or to the old category?"

"On that subject, Sir George and I shall never agree, for he is obstinately monarchical; but I tell him we shall treat him none the worse for that when he gets among us. He has promised me a visit in our part of the country, and I have pledged myself to his being unqualifiedly well received; and I think I know the whole meaning of a pledge."

"I understand Mr. Dodge," pursued the baronet, "that he is the editor of a public journal, in which he entertains his readers with an account of his adventures and observations during his travels. 'The Active Inquirer,' is it not, Mr. Dodge?"

"That is the name, Sir George. 'The Active Inquirer' is the present name, though when we supported Mr. Adams it was called 'The Active Enquirer,' with an E."

"A distinction without a difference; I like that," interrupted Captain Truck. "This is the second time I have had the honor to sail with Mr. Dodge, and a more active inquirer never put foot in a ship, though I did not know the use he put his information to before. It is all in the way of trade, I find."

"Mr. Dodge claims to belong to a profession, captain, and is quite above trade. He tells me many things have occurred

on board this ship, since we sailed, that will make very eligible paragraphs."

"The d—— he does!—I should like particularly well, Mr. Dodge, to know what you will find to say concerning this category in which the *Montauk* is placed."

"Oh! captain, no fear of me, when you are concerned. You know I am a friend, and you have no cause to apprehend anything; though I'll not answer for everybody else on board; for there are passengers in this ship to whom I have decided antipathies, and whose deportment meets with my unqualified disapprobation."

"And you intend to paragraph them?"

Mr. Dodge was now swelling with the conceit of a vulgar and inflated man, who not only fancies himself in possession of a power that others dread, but who was so far blinded to his own qualities as to think his opinion of importance to those whom he felt, in the minutest fiber of his envious and malignant system, to be in every essential his superiors. He did not dare express all his rancor, while he was unequal to suppressing it entirely.

"These Effinghams, and this Mr. Sharp and that Mr. Blunt," he muttered, "think themselves everybody's betters; but we shall see! America is not a country in which people can shut themselves up in rooms, and fancy they are lords and ladies."

"Bless my soul!" said Captain Truck, with his affected simplicity of manner; "how did you find this out, Mr. Dodge? What a thing it is, Sir George, to be an active inquirer!"

"Oh! I know when a man is blown up with notions of his own importance. As for Mr. John Effingham, he has been so long abroad that he has forgotten that he is going home to a country of equal rights!"

"Very true, Mr. Dodge; a country in which a man cannot shut himself up in his room whenever the notion seizes him. This is the spirit, Sir George, to make a great nation, and you see that the daughter is likely to prove worthy of the old lady! But, my dear sir, are you quite sure that Mr. John Effingham has absolutely so high a sentiment in his own favor? It would be awkward business to make a blunder in such a serious matter, and murder a paragraph for nothing. You should remember the mistake of the Irishman!"

"What was that?" asked the baronet, who was completely mystified by the indomitable gravity of Captain Truck, whose character might be said to be actually formed by the long habit of treating the weaknesses of his fellow creatures with cool contempt. "We hear many good things at our club; but I do not remember the mistake of the Irishman."

"He merely mistook the drumming in his own ear for some unaccountable noise that disturbed his companions."

Mr. Dodge felt uncomfortable; but there is no one of whom a vulgar-minded man stands so much in awe as an immovable quiz, who has no scruple in using his power. He shook his head, therefore, in a menacing manner, and affecting to have something to do he went below, leaving the baronet and the captain by themselves.

"Mr. Dodge is a stubborn friend of liberty," said the former, when his roommate was out of hearing.

"That is he, and you have his own word for it. He has no notion of letting a man do as he has a mind to! We are full of such active inquirers in America, and I don't care how many you shoot before you begin upon the white bears, Sir George."

"But it would be more gracious in the Effinghams, you must allow, captain, if they shut themselves up in their cabin less, and admitted us to their society a little oftener. I am quite of Mr. Dodge's way of thinking, that exclusion is excessively odious."

"There is a poor fellow in the steerage, Sir George, to whom I have given a piece of canvas to repair a damage to his mainsail, who would say the same thing did he know of your six and thirtys. Take a cigar, my dear sir, and smoke away sorrow."

"Thankee, captain; I never smoke. We never smoke at our club, though some of us go, at times, to the divan to try a chibouk."

"We can't all have cabins to ourselves, or no one would live forward. If the Effinghams like their own apartment, I do honestly believe it is for a reason as simple as that it is the best in the ship. I'll warrant you, if there were a better, that they would be ready enough to change. I suppose when we get in, Mr. Dodge will honor you with an article in 'The Active Inquirer.'"

"To own the truth, he has intimated some such thing."

"And why not? A very instructive paragraph might be made about the six and thirty pair of breeches, and the patent razors, and the dressing-case, to say nothing of the Rocky Mountains, and the white bears."

Sir George now began to feel uncomfortable, and making a few unmeaning remarks about the last accident, he disappeared.

Captain Truck, who never smiled except at the corner of his left eye, turned away, and began rattling off his people, and throwing in a hint or two to Saunders with as much indifference as if he were a firm believer in the unfailing orthodoxy of a newspaper, and entertained a profound respect for the editor of the "Active Inquirer" in particular.

The prognostic of the master concerning the strange ship proved true, for about nine at night she came within hail, and backed her main-topsail. This vessel proved to be an American in ballast, bound from Gibraltar to New York; a return store-ship from the squadron kept in the Mediterranean. She had met the gale to the westward of Madeira, and after holding on as long as possible, had also been compelled to scud. According to the report of her officers, the *Foam* had run in much closer to the coast than herself, and it was their opinion she was lost. Their own escape was owing entirely to the wind's abating, for they had actually been within sight of the land, though, having received no injury, they had been able to haul off in season.

Luckily, this ship was ballasted with fresh water, and Captain Truck passed the night in negotiating a transfer of his steerage passengers, under an apprehension that, in the crippled state of his own vessel, his supplies might be exhausted before he could reach America. In the morning, the offer of being put on board the store-ship was made to those who chose to accept it, and all in the steerage, with most from the cabin, profited by the occasion to exchange a dismasted vessel for one that was, at least, full rigged. Provisions were transferred accordingly, and by noon next day the stranger made sail on a wind, the sea being tolerably smooth, and the breeze still ahead. In three hours she was out of sight to the northward and westward, the *Montauk* holding her own dull course to the southward, with the double view of striking the trades, or of reaching one of the Cape de Verdes.

CHAPTER XV.

"*Steph.*—His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend: his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract."—TEMPEST.

THE situation of the *Montauk* appeared more desolate than ever, after the departure of so many of her passengers. So long as her decks were thronged, there was an air of life about her that served to lessen disquietude, but now that she was left by all in the steerage, and by so many in the cabins, those who remained began to entertain livelier apprehensions of the future. When the upper sails of the store-ship sunk as a speck in the ocean, Mr. Effingham regretted that he, too, had not overcome his reluctance to a crowded and inconvenient cabin, and gone on board her with his own party. Thirty years before he would have thought himself fortunate in finding so good a ship, and accommodations so comfortable; but habit and indulgence change all our opinions, and he had now thought it next to impossible to place Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville in a situation that was so common to those who traveled by sea at the commencement of the century.

Most of the cabin passengers, as has just been stated, decided differently, none remaining but the Effinghams and their

party, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt, Sir George Templemore, Mr. Dodge, and Mr. Monday. Mr. Effingham had been influenced by the superior comforts of the packet, and his hopes that a speedy arrival at the islands would enable the ship to refit, in time to reach America almost as soon as the dull-sailing vessel which had just left them. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt had both expressed a determination to share his fortunes, which was indirectly saying that they would share the fortunes of his daughter. John Effingham remained, as a matter of course, though he had made a proposition to the stranger to tow them into port, an arrangement that failed in consequence of the two captains disagreeing as to the course proper to be steered, as well as to a more serious obstacle in the way of compensation, the stranger throwing out some pretty plain hints about salvage, and Mr. Monday staying from an inveterate attachment to the steward's stores, more of which, he rightly judged, would now fall to his share than formerly.

Sir George Templemore had gone on board the store-ship, and had given some very clear demonstrations of an intention to transfer himself and the thirty-six pair of breeches to that vessel; but on examining her comforts, and particularly the confined place in which he should be compelled to stow himself and his numerous curiosities, he was unequal to the sacrifice. On the other hand, he knew an entire stateroom would now fall to his share, and this self-indulged and feeble-minded young man preferred his immediate comfort, and the gratification of his besetting weakness, to his safety.

As for Mr. Dodge, he had the American mania of hurry, and was one of the first to propose a general swarming, as soon as it was known the stranger could receive them. During the night, he had been actively employed in fomenting a party to "resolve" that prudence required the *Montauk* should be altogether abandoned, and even after this scheme failed, he had dwelt eloquently in corners (Mr. Dodge was too meek and too purely democratic ever to speak aloud, unless under the shadow of public opinion), on the propriety of Captain Truck's yielding his own judgment to that of the majority. He might as well have scolded against the late gale, in the expectation of outrailing the tempest, as to make such an attempt on the firm-set notions of the old seaman concerning his duty; for no sooner was the thing intimated to him than he growled a denial in a tone that he was little accustomed to use to his passengers, and one that effectually silenced remonstrance. When these two plans had failed, Mr. Dodge endeavored strenuously to show Sir George that his interests and safety were on the side of a removal; but with all his eloquence, and with the hold that incessant adulation had actually given him on the mind of the other, he was unable to overcome his love of ease, and chiefly the passion for the enjoyment of the hundred articles of comfort and curiosity in which the baronet so much delighted. The breeches might have been packed in a trunk, it is true, and so might the razors, and the dressing-case, and the pistols, and most of the other things; but Sir George loved to look at them daily, and as many as possible were constantly paraded before his eyes.

To the surprise of every one, Mr. Dodge, on finding it impossible to prevail on Sir George Templemore to leave the packet, suddenly announced his own intention to remain also. Few stopped to inquire into his motives in the hurry of such a moment. To his roommate he affirmed that the strong friendship he had formed for him, could alone induce him to relinquish the hope of reaching home previously to the autumn elections.

Nor did Mr. Dodge greatly color the truth in making this statement. He was an American demagogue precisely in obedience to those feelings and inclinations which would have made him a courtier anywhere else. It is true, he had traveled, or thought he had traveled, in a *diligence* with a countess or two, but from these he had been obliged to separate early on account of the force of things; while here he had got a *bona-fide* English baronet all to himself, in a confined state-

room, and his imagination reveled in the glory and gratification of such an acquaintance. What were the proud and distant Effinghams to Sir George Templemore! He even ascribed their reserve with the baronet to envy, a passion of whose existence he had very lively perceptions, and he found a secret charm in being shut up in so small an apartment with a man who could excite envy in an Effingham.

Rather than abandon his aristocratical prize, therefore, whom he intended to exhibit to all his democratic friends in his own neighborhood, Mr. Dodge determined to abandon his beloved hurry, looking for his reward in the future pleasure of talking of Sir George Templemore and his curiosities, and of his sayings and his jokes, in the circle at home. Odd, moreover, as it may seem, Mr. Dodge had an itching desire to remain with the Effinghams; for while he was permitting jealousy and a consciousness of inferiority to beget hatred, he was willing at any moment to make peace, provided it could be done by a frank admission into their intimacy. As to the innocent family that was rendered of so much account to the happiness of Mr. Dodge, it seldom thought of that individual at all, little dreaming of its own importance in his estimation, and merely acted in obedience to its own cultivated tastes and high principles in disliking his company. It fancied itself, in this particular, the master of its own acts, and this so much the more, that with the reserve of good-breeding its members seldom indulged in censorious personal remarks, and never in gossip.

As a consequence of these contradictory feelings of Mr. Dodge, and of the fastidiousness of Sir George Templemore, the interest her two admirers took in Eve, the devotion of Mr. Monday to sherry and champagne, and the decision of Mr. Effingham, these persons therefore remained the sole occupants of the cabins of the *Montauk*. Of the *oi polloi* who had left them, we have hitherto said nothing, because this separation was to remove them entirely from the interest of our incidents.

If we were to say that Captain Truck did not feel melancholy as the store-ship sunk beneath the horizon, we should represent that stout-hearted mariner as more stoical than he actually was. In the course of a long and adventurous professional life, he had encountered calamities before, but he had never before been compelled to call in assistance to deliver his passengers at the stipulated port, since he had commanded a packet. He felt the necessity, in the present instance, as a sort of stain upon his character as a seaman, though in fact the accident which had occurred was chiefly to be attributed to a concealed defect in the mainmast. The honest master sighed often, smoked nearly double the usual number of cigars in the course of the afternoon, and when the sun went down gloriously in the distant west, he stood gazing at the sky in melancholy silence, as long as any of the magnificent glory that accompanies the decline of day lingered among the vapors of the horizon. He then summoned Saunders to the quarter-deck, where the following dialogue took place between them—

"This is a devil of a category to be in, Master Steward!"

"Well, he might be better, sir. I only wish the good butter may endure until we get in."

"If it fail, I shall go nigh to see you clapped into the State's prison, or at least into that Gothic cottage on Blackwell's Island."

"There is an end to all things, Captain Truck, if you please, sir, even to butter. I presume, sir, Mr. Vattel, if he knew anything of cookery, will admit that."

"Harkee, Saunders, if you ever insinuate again that Vattel belonged to the coppers, in my presence, I'll take the liberty to land you on the coast here, where you may amuse yourself in stewing young monkeys for your own dinner. I saw you aboard the other ship, sir, overhauling her arrangements; what sort of a time will the gentlemen be likely to have in her?"

"Atrocious, sir! I give you my honor, as a real gentleman, sir. Why, would you believe it, Captain Truck, the steward is a downright nigger, and he wears earrings, and a red flannel shirt, without the

least edication. As for the cook, sir, he wouldn't pass an examination for Jemmy Ducks aboard here, and there is but one camboose, and one set of coppers."

"Well, the steerage-passengers, in that case, will fare as well as the cabin."

"Yes, sir, and the cabin as bad as the steerage; and for my part, I abomernate liberty and equality."

"You should converse with Mr. Dodge on that subject, Master Saunders, and let the hardest fend off in the argument. May I inquire, sir, if you happen to remember the day of the week?"

"Beyond controversy, sir; to-morrow will be Sunday, Captain Truck, and I think it a thousand pities we have not an opportunity to solicit the prayers and praises of the church, sir, in our behalf, sir."

"If to-morrow will be Sunday, to-day must be Saturday, Mr. Saunders, unless this last gale has deranged the calendar."

"Quite naturally, sir, and werry justly remarked. Everybody admits there is no better navigator than Captain Truck, sir."

"This may be true, my honest fellow," returned the captain, moodily, after making three or four heavy puffs at the cigar; "but I am sadly out of my road down here in the country of your amiable family, just now. If this be Saturday, there will be a Saturday night before long, and look to it that we have our 'sweethearts and wives.' Though I have neither myself, I feel the necessity of something cheerful, to raise my thoughts to the future."

"Depend on my discretion, sir, and I rejoice to hear you say it; for I think, sir, a ship is never so respectable and genteel as when she celebrates all the anniwersaries. You will be quite a select and agreeable party to-night, sir."

With this remark Mr. Saunders withdrew, to confer with Toast on the subject, and Captain Truck proceeded to give his orders for the night to Mr. Leach. The proud ship did indeed present a sight to make a seaman melancholy; for to the only regular sail that stood, the foresail, by this time was added a lower studding-sail, imperfectly rigged, and which would not resist a fresh-puff, while a very inartificial jury-topmast supported a topgallant-sail, that could only be carried in a free wind. Aft, preparations were making of a more permanent nature, it is true. The upper part of the mainmast had been cut away, as low as the steerage-deck, where an arrangement had been made to step a spare topmast. The spar itself was lying on the deck rigged, and a pair of sheers were in readiness to be hoisted, in order to sway it up; but night approaching, the men had been broken off, to rig the yards, bend the sails, and to fit the other spars it was intended to use, postponing the last act, that of sending all up, until morning.

"We are likely to have a quiet night of it," said the captain, glancing his eyes round at the heavens; "and at eight o'clock to-morrow let all hands be called, when we will turn-to with a will, and make a brig of the old hussey. This topmast will do to bear the strain of the spare main-yard, unless there come another gale, and by reefing the new mainsail we shall be able to make something out of it. The topgallant-mast will fit of course above, and we may make out, by keeping a little free, to carry the sail: at need, we may possibly coax the contrivance into carrying a studding-sail also. We have sticks for no more, though we'll endeavor to get up something aft, out of the spare spars obtained from the storeship. You may knock off at four bells, Mr. Leach, and let the poor fellows have their Saturday's night in peace. It is a misfortune enough to be dismasted, without having one's grog stopped."

The mate of course obeyed, and the evening shut in beautifully and placid, with all the glory of a mild night, in a latitude as low as that they were in. They who have never seen the ocean under such circumstances, know little of its charms in its moments of rest. The term of sleeping is well applied to its impressive stillness, for the long sluggish swells on which the ship rose and fell, hardly disturbed its surface. The moon did not rise until midnight, and Eve, accompanied by Mademoi-

selle Viefville and most of her male companions, walked the deck by the bright starlight, until fatigued with pacing their narrow bounds.

The song and the laugh rose frequently from the forecastle, where the crew were occupied with their Saturday-night; and occasionally a rude sentiment in the way of a toast was heard. But weariness soon got the better of merriment forward, and the hard-worked mariners who had the watch below, soon went down to their berths, leaving those whose duty it was to remain to doze away the long hours in such places as they could find on deck.

"A white squall," said Captain Truck, looking up at the uncouth sails that hardly impelled the vessel a mile in the hour through the water, "would soon furl all our canvas for us, and we are in the very place for such an interlude."

"And what would then become of us?" asked Mademoiselle Viefville quickly.

"You had better ask what would become of that apology for a topsail, mam'selle, and yonder stun'sail, which looks like an American in London without straps to his pantaloons. The canvas would play kite and we should be left to renew our inventions. A ship could scarcely be in better plight than we are at this moment to meet with one of these African flurries."

"In which case, captain," observed Mr. Monday, who stood by the skylight watching the preparations below, "we can go to our Saturday-night without fear; for I see the steward has everything ready, and the punch looks very inviting, to say nothing of the champagne."

"Gentlemen, we will not forget our duty," returned the captain; "we are but a small family, and so much the greater need that we should prove a jolly one. Mr. Effingham, I hope we are to have the honor of your company at 'sweethearts and wives.'"

Mr. Effingham had no wife, and the invitation coming under such peculiar circumstances, produced a pang that Eve, who felt his arm tremble, well understood. She mildly intimated her intention to go below, however; the whole party followed, and lucky it was for the captain's entertainment that she quitted the deck, as few would otherwise have been present at it. By pressing the passengers to favor him with their company, he succeeded in the course of a few minutes in getting all the gentlemen seated at the cabin table, with a glass of delicious punch before each man.

"Mr. Saunders may not be a conjurer or a mathematician, gentlemen," cried Captain Truck, as he ladled out the beverage; "but he understands the philosophy of sweet and sour, strong and weak; and I will venture to praise his liquor without tasting it. Well, gentlemen, there are better rigged ships on the ocean than this of ours; but there are few with more comfortable cabins, or stouter hulls, or better company. Please God we can get a few sticks aloft again, now that we are quit of our troublesome shadow, I think I may flatter myself with a reasonable hope of landing you, that do me the honor to stand by me, in New York, in less time than a common drogger would make the passage with all his legs and arms. Let our first toast be, if you please, 'A happy end to that which has had a disastrous beginning.'"

Captain Truck's hard face twitched a little while he was making this address, and as he swallowed the punch, his eyes glistened in spite of himself. Mr. Dodge, Sir George and Mr. Monday repeated the sentiment sonorously, word for word, while the other gentlemen bowed and drank it in silence.

The commencement of a regular scene of merriment is usually dull and formal, and it was some time before Captain Truck could bring any of his companions up to the point where he wished to see them; for though a perfectly sober man, he loved a social glass, and particularly at those times and seasons which conformed to the practice of his calling. Although Eve and the governess had declined taking their seats at the table, they consented to place themselves where they might be seen, and where they might share occasionally in the conversation.

"Here have I been drinking sweet-

hearts and wives of a Saturday-night, my dear young lady, these forty years and more," said Captain Truck, after the party had sipped their liquor for a minute or two, "without ever falling into luck's latitude, or furnishing myself with either: but, though so negligent of my own interests and happiness, I make it an invariable rule to advise all my young friends to get spliced before they are thirty. Many is the man who has come aboard my ship a determined bachelor in his notions, who has left it at the end of the passage ready to marry the first pretty young woman he fell in with."

As Eve had too much of the self-respect of a lady, and of the true dignity of her sex, to permit jokes concerning matrimony, or a treatise on love, to make a part of her conversation, and all the gentlemen of her party understood her character too well, to say nothing of their own habits, to second this attempt of the captain's, after a vapid remark or two from the others, this rally of the honest mariner produced no *suites*.

"Are we not unusually low, Captain Truck," inquired Paul Blunt, with a view to change the discourse, "not to have fallen in with the trades? I have commonly met with those winds on this coast as high as twenty-six or twenty-seven, and I believe you observed to-day, in twenty-four."

Captain Truck looked hard at the speaker, and when he had done, he nodded his head in approbation.

"You have traveled this road before, Mr. Blunt, I perceive. I have suspected you of being a brother chip, from the moment I saw you first put your foot on the side-cleets in getting out of the boat. You did not come aboard parrot-toed, like a country-girl waltzing; but set the ball of the foot firmly on the wood, and swung off the length of your arms, like a man who knows how to humor the muscles. Your present remark, too, shows you understand where a ship ought to be in her right place. As for the trades, they are a little uncertain, like a lady's mind when she has more than one good offer; for I've known them to blow as high as thirty, and then again, to fail a vessel as low as twenty-three, or even lower. It is my private opinion, gentlemen, and I gladly take this opportunity to make it public, that we are on the edge of the trades, or in those light baffling winds which prevail along their margin, as eddies play near the track of strong steady currents in the ocean. If we can force the ship fairly out of this trimming region—that is the word, I believe, Mr. Dodge—we shall do well enough; for a northeast, or an east wind, would soon send us up with the island, even under the rags we carry. We are very near the coast, certainly—much nearer than I could wish; but when we do get the good breeze, it will be all the better for us, as it will find us well to windward."

"But these trades, Captain Truck?" asked Eve: "if they always blow in the same direction, how is it possible that the late gale should drive a ship into the quarter of the ocean where they prevail?"

"Always, means sometimes, my dear young lady. Although light winds prevail near the edge of the trades, gales, and tremendous fellows too, sometimes blow there also, as we have just seen. I think we shall now have settled weather, and that our chance of a safe arrival, more particularly in some southern American port, is almost certain, though our chance for a speedy arrival be not quite as good. I hope, before twenty-four hours are passed, to see our decks white with sand."

"Is that a phenomenon seen here?" asked the father.

"Often, Mr. Effingham, when ships are close in with Africa, and are fairly in the steady winds. To say the truth, the country abreast of us, some twenty or thirty miles distant, is not the most inviting; and though it may not be easy to say where the garden of Eden is, it is not hazardous to say it is not there."

"If we are so very near the coast, why do we not see it?"

"Perhaps we might from aloft, if we had any aloft just now. We are to the southward of the mountains, however, and off a part of the country where the Great

Desert makes from the coast. And now, gentlemen, I perceive Mr. Monday finds all this sand arid, and I ask permission to give you, one and all, 'Sweethearts and wives.'"

Most of the company drank the usual toast with spirit, though both the Effinghams scarce wetted their lips. Eve stole a timid glance at her father, and her own eyes were filled with tears as she withdrew them; for she knew that every allusion of this nature revived in him mournful recollections. As for her cousin Jack, he was so confirmed a bachelor that she thought nothing of his want of sympathy with such a sentiment.

"You must have a care for your heart, in America, Sir George Templemore," cried Mr. Dodge, whose tongue loosened with the liquor he drank. "Our ladies are celebrated for their beauty, and are immensely popular, I can assure you."

Sir George looked pleased, and it is quite probable his thoughts ran on the one particular vestment of the six and thirty, in which he ought to make his first appearance in such a society.

"I allow the American ladies to be handsome," said Mr. Monday; "but I think no Englishman need be in any particular danger of his heart from such a cause, after having been accustomed to the beauty of his own island. Captain Truck, I have the honor to drink your health."

"Fairly said," cried the captain, bowing to the compliment; "and I ascribe my own hard fortune to the fact that I have been kept sailing between two countries so much favored in this particular, that I have never been able to make up my mind which to prefer. I have wished a thousand times there was but one handsome woman in the world, when a man would have nothing to do but fall in love with her; and make up his mind to get married at once, or hang himself."

"That is a cruel wish to us men," returned Sir George, "as we should be certain to quarrel for the beauty."

"In such a case," resumed Mr. Monday, "we common men would have to give way to the claims of the nobility and gentry, and satisfy ourselves with plainer companions; though an Englishman loves his independence, and might rebel. I have the honor to drink your health and happiness, Sir George."

"I protest against your principle, Mr. Monday," said Mr. Dodge, "which is an invasion on human rights. Perfect freedom of action is to be maintained in this matter as in all others. I acknowledge that the English ladies are extremely beautiful, but I shall always maintain the supremacy of the American fair."

"We will drink their healths, sir. I am far from denying their beauty, Mr. Dodge, but I think you must admit that they fade earlier than our British ladies. God bless them both, however, and I empty this glass to the two entire nations, with all my heart and soul."

"Perfectly polite, Mr. Monday; but as to the fading of the ladies, I am not certain that I can yield an unqualified approbation to your sentiment."

"Nay, sir, your climate, you will allow, is none of the best, and it wears out constitutions almost as fast as your states make them."

"I hope there is no real danger to be apprehended from the climate," said Sir George: "I particularly detest bad climates; and for that reason have always made it a rule never to go to Lincolnshire."

"In that case, Sir George, you had better have stayed at home. In the way of climate, a man seldom betters himself by leaving old England. Now this is the tenth time I've been in America, allowing that I ever reach there, and although I entertain a profound respect for the country, I find myself growing older every time I quit it. Mr. Effingham, I do myself the favor to drink to your health and happiness."

"You live too well when amongst us, Mr. Monday," said the captain; "there are too many soft crabs, hard clams, and canvas-backs; too much old Madeira and generous sherry, for a man of your well-known taste to resist them. Sit less time at table, and go oftener to church this

trip, and let us hear your report of the consequences a twelvemonth hence."

"You quite mistake my habits, Captain Truck, I give you my honor. Although a judicious eater, I seldom take anything that is compounded, being a plain roast and boiled man; a true old-fashioned Englishman in this respect, satisfying my appetite with solid beef and mutton, and turkeys and pork, and puddings and potatoes, and turnips and carrots, and similar simple food; and then I *never* drink.—Ladies, I ask the honor to be permitted to wish you a happy return to your native countries.—I ascribe all the difficulty, sir, to the climate, which will not permit a man to digest properly."

"Well, Mr. Monday, I subscribe to most of your opinions, and I believe few men cross the ocean together that are more harmonious in sentiment, in general, than has proved to be the case between you and Sir George, and myself," observed Mr. Dodge, glancing obliquely and pointedly at the rest of the party, as if he thought they were in a decided minority; "but in this instance, I feel constrained to record my vote in the negative. I believe America has as good a climate, and as good general digestion as commonly falls to the lot of mortals: more than this I do not claim for the country, and less than this I should be reluctant to maintain. I have traveled a little, gentlemen, not as much, perhaps, as the Messrs. Effinghams; but then a man can see no more than is to be seen, and I do affirm, Captain Truck, that in my poor judgment, which I know is good for nothing—"

"Why do you use it, then?" abruptly asked the straight-forward captain; "why not rely on a better?"

"We must use such as we have, or go without, sir; and I suspect, in my very poor judgment, which is probably poorer than that of most others on board, that America is a very good sort of a country. At all events, after having seen something of other countries, and governments, and people, I am of opinion that America, as a country, is quite good enough for me."

"You never said truer words, Mr. Dodge, and I beg you will join Mr. Monday and myself in a fresh glass of punch, just to help on the digestion. You have seen more of human nature than your modesty allows you to proclaim, and I dare say this company would be gratified if you would overcome all scruples, and let us know your private opinions of the different people you have visited. Tell us something of that *dittur* you made on the Rhine."

"Mr. Dodge intends to publish, it is to be hoped!" observed Mr. Sharp; "and it may not be fair to anticipate his matter."

"I beg, gentlemen, you will have no scruples on that score, for my work will be rather philosophical and general, than of the particular nature of private anecdotes. Saunders, hand me the manuscript journal you will find on the shelf of our stateroom, next to Sir George's patent toothpick case. This is the book; and now, gentlemen and ladies, I beg you to remember that these are merely the ideas as they arose, and not my more mature reflections."

"Take a little punch, sir," interrupted the captain, again, whose hard nor'west face was set in the most demure attention. "There is nothing like punch to clear the voice, Mr. Dodge; the acid removes the huskiness, the sugar softens the tones, the water mellows the tongue, and the Jamaica braces the muscles. With a plenty of punch, a man soon gets to be another—I forget the name of that great orator of antiquity—it wasn't Vattel, however."

"You mean Demosthenes, sir; and, gentlemen, I beg you to remark that this orator was a republican: but there can be no question that liberty is favorable to the encouragement of all the higher qualities. Would you prefer a few notes on Paris, ladies, or shall I commence with some extracts about the Rhine!"

"*Oh! de grace, monsieur,* be so very kind as not to overlook *Paris!*" said Mademoiselle Viefville.

Mr. Dodge bowed graciously, and turning over the leaves of his private journal, he alighted in the heart of the great city named. After some preliminary hemming, he commenced reading in a grave didactic

tone, that sufficiently showed the value he had attached to his own observations.

"'*Dejjuned* at ten, as usual, an hour that I find exceedingly unreasonable and improper, and one that would meet with general disapprobation in America. I do not wonder that a people gets to be immoral and depraved in their practices, who keep such improper hours. The mind acquires habits of impurity, and all the sensibilities become blunted, by taking the meals out of the natural seasons. I impute much of the corruption of France to the periods of the day in which the food is taken——'"

"*Voila une drole a'idee!*" ejaculated Mademoiselle Viefville.

"'—In which food is taken,'" repeated Mr. Dodge, who fancied the involuntary exclamation was in approbation of the justice of his sentiments. "'Indeed the custom of taking wine at this meal, together with the immorality of the hour, must be chief reasons why the French ladies are so much in the practice of drinking to excess.'"

"*Mais, monsieur!*"

"You perceive mademoiselle calls in question the accuracy of your facts," observed Mr. Blunt, who, in common with all the listeners, Sir George and Mr. Monday excepted, began to enjoy a scene which at first had promised nothing but *ennui* and disgust.

"I have it on the best authority, I give you my honor, or I would not introduce so grave a charge in a work of this contemplated importance. I obtained my information from an English gentleman who has resided twelve years in Paris; and he informs me that a very large portion of the women of fashion in that capital, let them belong to what country they will, are dissipated."

"*A la bonne heure, monsieur!—mais,* to drink, it is very different."

"Not so much so, mademoiselle, as you imagine," rejoined John Effingham. "Mr. Dodge is a purist in language as well as in morals, and he uses terms differently from us less-instructed prattlers. By dissipated, he understands a drunkard."

"*Comment!*"

"Certainly; Mr. John Effingham, I presume, will at least give us the credit in America in speaking our language better than any other known people. 'After dejjunying, took a *phyacre* and rode to the palace, to see the king and royal family leave for Nully.—'"

"*Pour ou?*"

"*Pour Neuilly, mademoiselle,*" Eve quietly answered.

"'—For Nully. His majesty went on horseback, preceding his illustrious family and all the rest of the noble party, dressed in a red coat, laced with white on the seams, wearing blue breeches and a cocked hat.'"

"*Ciel!*"

"'I made the king a suitable republican reverence as he passed, which he answered with a gracious smile, and a benignant glance of his royal eye. The Hon. Louis Phillippe Orleans, the present sovereign of the French, is a gentleman of portly and commanding appearance, and in his state attire, which he wore on this occasion, looks "every inch a king." He rides with grace and dignity, and sets an example of decorum and gravity to his subjects, by the solemnity of his air, that it is to be hoped will produce a beneficial and benign influence during this reign, on the manners of the nation. His dignity was altogether worthy of the schoolmaster of Haddonfield.'"

"*Par exemple!*"

"Yes, mam'selle, in the way of example, it is that I mean. Although a pure democrat, and every way opposed to exclusion, I was particularly struck with the royalty of his majesty's demeanor, and the great simplicity of his whole deportment. I stood in the crowd next to a very accomplished countess, who spoke English, and she did me the honor to invite me to pay her a visit at her hotel, in the vicinity of the Bourse."

"*Mon Dieu—mon Dieu—mon Dieu!*"

"After promising my fair companion to be punctual, I walked as far as Notter Dam—"

"I wish Mr. Dodge would be a little more distinct in his names," said mademoiselle Viefville, who had begun to take

an interest in the subject, that even valueless opinions excite in us concerning things that touch the affections.

"Mr. Dodge is a little profane, mademoiselle," observed the captain; "but his journal probably was not intended for the ladies, and you must overlook it. Well, sir, you went to that naughty place—"

"To Notter Dam, Captain Truck, if you please, and I flatter myself that is pretty good French."

"I think, ladies and gentlemen, we have a right to insist on a translation; for plain roast and boiled men, like Mr. Monday and myself, are sometimes weeping when we ought to laugh, so long as the discourse is in anything but old-fashioned English. Help yourself, Mr. Monday, and remember, you *never* drink."

"*Notter Dam*, I believe, ma'amselle, means our Mother; the Church of our Mother. Notter, or Noster, our; Dam, Mother: Notter Dam. 'Here I was painfully impressed with the irreligion of the structure, and the general absence of piety in the architecture. Idolatry abounded, and so did holy water. How often have I occasion to bless Providence for having made me one of the descendants of those pious ancestors who cast their fortunes in the wilderness in preference to giving up their hold on faith and charity! The building is much inferior in comfort and true taste to the commoner American churches, and met with my unqualified disapprobation.'"

"*Est il possible que cela soit vrai, ma chere!*"

"*Je l'espere, bien, mademoiselle.*"

"You may *despair bien*, cousin Eve," said John Effingham, whose fine curvilinear face curled even more than usual with contempt.

The ladies whispered a few explanations, and Mr. Dodge, who fancied it was only necessary to resolve to be perfect to achieve his end, went on with his comments, with all the self-satisfaction of a provincial critic.

"'From Notter Dam I proceeded in a *cabrioly* to the great national burying-ground, Père la Chaise, so termed from the circumstance that its distance from the capital renders chaises necessary for the *convoys*—'"

"How's this, how's this!" interrupted Mr. Truck; "is one obliged to sail under a convoy about the streets of Paris?"

"*Monsieur Dodge veut dire, convoi.* Mr. Dodge mean to say, *convoi*," kindly interposed Mademoiselle Viefville.

"Mr. Dodge is a profound republican, and is an advocate for rotation in language, as well as in office: I must accuse you of inconstancy, my dear friend, if I die for it. You certainly do not pronounce your words always in the same way, and when I had the honor of carrying you out this time six months, when you were practicing the continentals, as you call them, you gave very different sounds to many of the words I then had the pleasure and gratification of hearing you use."

"We all improve by traveling, sir, and I make no question that my knowledge of foreign language is considerably enlarged by practice in the countries in which they are spoken."

Here the reading of the journal was interrupted by a digression on language, in which Messrs. Dodge, Monday, Templemore, and Truck were the principal interlocutors, and during which the pitcher of punch was twice renewed. We shall not record much of this learned discussion, which was singularly commonplace, though a few of the remarks may be given as a specimen of the whole.

"I must be permitted to say," replied Mr. Monday to one of Mr. Dodge's sweeping claims to superiority in favor of his own nation, "that I think it quite extraordinary an Englishman should be obliged to go out of his own country in order to hear his own language spoken in purity; and as one who has seen your people, Mr. Dodge, I will venture to affirm that nowhere is English better spoken than in Lancashire. Sir George, I drink your health!"

"More patriotic than just, Mr. Monday; everybody allows that the American of the eastern states speaks the best English in

the world, and I think either of these gentlemen will concede that."

"Under the penalty of being nobody," cried Captain Truck; "for my own part, I think, if a man wishes to hear the language in perfection, he ought to pass a week or ten days in the river. I must say, Mr. Dodge, I object to many of your sounds, particularly that of inyon, which I myself heard you call onion, no later than yesterday."

"Mr. Monday is a little peculiar in fancying that the best English is to be met with in Lancashire," observed Sir George Templemore; "for I do assure you that, in town, we have difficulty in understanding gentlemen from your part of the kingdom."

This was a hard cut from one in whom Mr. Monday expected to find an ally, and that gentleman was driven to washing down the discontent it excited in punch.

"But all this time we have interrupted the *convoi*, or convoy, captain," said Mr. Sharp; "and Mr. Dodge, to say nothing of the mourners, has every right to complain. I beg that gentleman will proceed with his entertaining extracts."

Mr. Dodge hemmed, sipped a little more liquor, blew his nose, and continued—

"'The celebrated cemetery is, indeed, worthy of its high reputation. The utmost republican simplicity prevails in the interments, ditches being dug in which the bodies are laid, side by side, without distinction of rank, and with regard only to the order in which the convoys arrive.' I think this sentence, gentlemen, will have great success in America, where the idea of any exclusiveness is quite odious to the majority."

"Well, for my part," said the captain, "I should have no particular objection to being excluded from such a grave: one would be afraid of catching the cholera in so promiscuous a company."

Mr. Dodge turned over a few leaves, and gave other extracts.

"'The last six hours have been devoted to a profound investigation of the fine arts. My first visit was to the *gulityeen;* after which I passed an instructive hour or two in the galleries of the Musy.'—"

"*Ou, donc?*"

"*Le Musee, mademoiselle.*"

"—'Where I discovered several very extraordinary things in the way of sculpture and painting. I was particularly struck with the manner in which a plate was portrayed in the celebrated marriage of Cana, which might very well have been taken for real Delft, and there was one finger on the hand of a lady that seemed actually fitted to receive and to retain the hymeneal ring.'"

"Did you inquire if she were engaged?—Mr. Monday, we will drink her health."

"'Saint Michael and the Dragon is a *shefdowvry.*'—"

"*Un quoi?*"

"*Un chef-d'œuvre, mademoiselle.*"

"—'The manner in which the angel holds the dragon with his feet, looking exactly like a worm trodden on by the foot of a child, is exquisitely plaintive and interesting. Indeed these touches of nature abound in the works of the old masters, and I saw several fruit-pieces that I could have eaten. One really gets an appetite by looking at many things here, and I no longer wonder that a Raphael, a Titian, a Correggio, a Guide-o.'—"

"*Un quoi?*"

"*Un Guido, mademoiselle.*"

"Or a Cooley."

"And pray who may he be?" asked Mr. Monday.

"A young genius in Dodgetown, who promises one day to render the name of an American illustrious. He has painted a new sign for the store, that in its way is quite equal to the marriage of Cana. 'I have stood with tears over the despair of a Niobe,'" continuing to read, "'and witnessed the contortions of the snakes in the Laocoon with a convulsive eagerness to clutch them, that has made me fancy I could hear them hiss.' That sentence, I think, will be likely to be noticed even in the New-Old-New-Yorker, one of the very best reviews of our days, gentlemen."

"Take a little more punch, Mr. Dodge," put in the attentive captain; "this grows affecting, and needs alleviation, as Saunders would say. Mr. Monday, you will get a bad name for being too sober, if you

never empty your glass. Proceed, in the name of Heaven! Mr. Dodge."

"'In the evening I went to the Grand Opery.'—"

"*Ou, donc?*"

"*Au grand Hoppery, mademoiselle,*" replied John Effingham.

"—'To the *Grand Opery,*'" resumed Mr. Dodge, with emphasis, his eyes beginning to glisten by this time, for he had often applied to the punch for inspiration, "'where I listened to music that is altogether inferior to that which we enjoy in America, especially at the general trainings, and on the Sabbath. The want of science was conspicuous; and if *this* be music, then do I know nothing about it!'"

"A judicious remark!" exclaimed the captain. "Mr. Dodge has great merit as a writer, for he loses no occasion to illustrate his opinions by the most unanswerable facts. He has acquired a taste for Zip Coon and Long Tail Blue, and it is no wonder he feels a contempt for your inferior artists."

"'As for the dancing,'" continued the editor of the "Active Inquirer," "'it is my decided impression that nothing can be worse. The movement was more suited to a funeral than the ballroom, and I affirm, without fear of contradiction, that there is not an assembly in all America in which a *cotillion* would not be danced in one half the time that one was danced in the *bally* to-night.'"

"*Dans le quoi?*"

"I believe I have not given the real Parisian pronunciation to this word, which the French call *bal-lay,*" continued the reader, with great candor.

"Belay, or make all fast, as we say on shipboard. Mr. Dodge, as master of this vessel, I beg to return you the united, or as Saunders would say, the condensed thanks of the passengers, for this information; and next Saturday we look for a renewal of the pleasure. The ladies are getting to be sleepy, I perceive, and as Mr. Monday *never* drinks, and the other gentlemen have finished their punch, we may as well retire, to get ready for a hard day's work to-morrow."

Captain Truck made this proposal, because he saw that one or two of the party were *plenum punch,* and that Eve and her companion were becoming aware of the propriety of retiring. It was also true that he foresaw the necessity of rest in order to be ready for the exertions of the morning.

After the party had broken up, which it did very contrary to the wishes of Messrs. Dodge and Monday, Mademoiselle Viefville passed an hour in the stateroom of Miss Effingham, during which time she made several supererogatory complaints of the manner in which the editor of the "Active Inquirer" had viewed things in Paris, besides asking a good many questions concerning his occupation and character.

"I am not quite certain, my dear mademoiselle, that I can give you a very learned description of the animal you think worthy of all these questions, but by the aid of Mr. John Effingham's information, and a few words that have fallen from Mr. Blunt, I believe it ought to be something as follows:—America once produced a very distinguished philosopher, named Franklin—"

"*Comment, ma chere! Tout le monde le connait!*"

"This Monsieur Franklin commenced life as a printer; but living to a great age, and rising to high employments, he became a philosopher in morals, as his studies had made him one in physics. Now, America is full of printers, and most of them fancy themselves Franklins, until time and failures teach them discretion."

"*Mais* the world has not seen but *un seul Franklin!*"

"Nor is it likely to see another very soon. In America the young men are taught, justly enough, that by merit they may rise to the highest situations; and, always according to Mr. John Effingham, too many of them fancy that because they are at liberty to turn any high qualities they may happen to have to account, they are actually fit for anything. Even he allows this peculiarity of the country does much good, but he maintains that it also does much harm, by causing pret-

ers to start up in all directions. Of this class he describes Mr. Dodge to be. This person, instead of working at the mechanical part of a press, to which he was educated, has the ambition to control its intellectual, and thus edits the 'Active Inquirer.'"

"It must be a very useful journal!"

"It answers his purposes, most probably. He is full of provincial ignorance, and provincial prejudices, you perceive; and, I dare say, he makes his paper the circulator of all these, in addition to the personal rancor, envy, and uncharitableness, that usually distinguish a pretension that mistakes itself for ambition. My cousin Jack affirms that America is filled with such as he."

"And Monsieur Effingham?"

"Oh! my dear father is all mildness and charity, you know, mademoiselle, and he only looks at the bright side of the picture, for he maintains that a great deal of good results from the activity and elasticity of such a state of things. While he confesses to a great deal of downright ignorance that is paraded as knowledge; to much narrow intolerance that is offensively prominent in the disguise of principle and a love of liberty; and to vulgarity and personalities that wound all taste and every sentiment of right, he insists on it that the main result is good."

"In such a case there is need of an umpire. You mention the opinion of Mr. Blunt. *Comme ce jeune homme parle bien Francais!*"

Eve hesitated, and she changed color slightly, before she answered.

"I am not certain that the opinion of Mr. Blunt ought to be mentioned in opposition to those of my father and cousin Jack, on such a subject," she said. "He is very young, and it is now quite questionable whether he is even an American at all."

"*Tant mieux, ma chere.* He has been much in the country, and it is not the native that make the best judge when the stranger has many opportunities of seeing."

"On this principle, mademoiselle, you are, then, to give up your own judgment about France, on all those points in which I have the misfortune to differ from you," said Eve, laughing.

"*Pas tout a fait,*" returned the governess good humoredly. "Age and experience must pass *pour quelque chose. Et Monsieur Blunt?*——"

"Monsieur Blunt leans nearer to the side of cousin Jack, I fear, than to that of my dear father. He says men of Mr. Dodges's character, propensities, malignancy, intolerence, ignorance, vulgarity, and peculiar vices abound in and about the American press. He even insists that they do an incalculable amount of harm, by influencing those who have no better sources of information; by setting up low jealousies and envy in the place of principles and the right; by substituting—I use his own words, mademoiselle," said Eve, blushing with the consciousness of the fidelity of her memory—"by substituting uninstructed provincial notions for the true taste and liberality; by confounding the real principles of liberty with personal envies, and the jealousies of station; and by losing sight entirely of their duties to the public, in the effort to advance their own interests. He says that the government is in truth a *press-ocracy,* and a press-ocracy, too, that has not the redeeming merit of either principles, tastes, talents or knowledge."

"Ce Monsieur Blunt has been very explicit and *suffisamment eloquent,*" returned Mademoiselle Viefville, gravely; for the prudent governess did not fail to observe that Eve used language so very different from that which was habitual to her, as to make her suspect she quoted literally. For the first time the suspicion was painfully awakened, that it was her duty to be more vigilant in relation to the intercourse between her charge and the two agreeable young men whom accident had given them as fellow-passengers. After a short but amusing pause, she again adverted to the subject of their previous conversation.

"*Ce Monsieur Dodge, est il ridicule!*"

"On that point at least, my dear mademoiselle, there can be no mistake. And yet cousin Jack insists that this stuff will

be given to his readers, as views of Europe worthy of their attention."

"*Ce conte du roi!—mais, c'est trop fort!*"

"With the coat laced at the seams, and the cocked hat!"

"*Et l'honorable Louis Philippe d'Orleans!*"

"Orleans, mademoiselle; d'Orleans would be anti-republican."

Then the two ladies sat looking at each other a few moments in silence, when both, although of a proper *retenue* of manner in general, burst into a hearty and long-continued fit of laughter. Indeed, so long did Eve, in the buoyancy of her young spirits, and her keen perception of the ludicrous, indulge herself, that her fair hair fell about her rosy cheeks, and her bright eyes fairly danced with delight.

CHAPTER XVI.

"And there he went ashore without delay,
Having no custom-house or quarantine—
To ask him awkward questions on the way
About the time and place where he had been."
—BYRON.

CAPTAIN TRUCK was in a sound sleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. With the exception of the ladies, the others soon followed his example; and as the people were excessively wearied, and the night was so tranquil, ere long only a single pair of eyes were open on deck; those of the man at the wheel. The wind died away, and even this worthy was not innocent of nodding at his post.

Under such circumstances, it will occasion no great surprise that the cabin was aroused next morning with the sudden and startling information that the land was close aboard the ship. Every one hurried on deck, where, sure enough, the dreaded coast of Africa was seen, with a palpable distinctness, within two miles of the vessel. It presented a long broken line of sandhills, unrelieved by a tree, or by so few as almost to merit this description, and with a hazy background of remote mountains to the northeast. The margin of the actual coast nearest to the ship was indented with bays; and even rocks appeared in places; but the general character of the scene was that of a fierce and burning sterility. On this picture of desolation all stood gazing in awe and admiration for some minutes, as the day gradually brightened, until a cry arose from forward, of "a ship!"

"Whereaway?" sternly demanded Captain Truck; for the sudden and unexpected appearance of this dangerous coast had awakened all that was forbidding and severe in the temperament of the old master; "whereaway, sir?"

"On the larboard quarter, sir, and at anchor."

"She is ashore!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at the same instant, just as the words came from the last speaker. The glass soon settled this important point. At the distance of about a league astern of them, were, indeed, to be seen the spars of a ship, with the hull looming on the sands, in a way to leave no doubt of her being a wreck. It was the first impression of all that this, at last, was the *Foam;* but Captain Truck soon announced the contrary.

"It is a Swede, or a Dane," he said, "by his rig and his model. A stout, solid, compact sea-boat, that is high and dry on the sands, looking as if he had been built there. He does not appear even to have bilged, and most of his sails, and all of his yards, are in their places. Not a living soul is to be seen about her! Ha! there are signs of tents made of sails on shore, and broken bales of goods! Her people have been seized and carried into the desert, as usual, and this is a fearful hint that we must keep the *Montauk* off the bottom. Turn-to the people, Mr. Leach, and get up your sheets that we may step our jury-masts at once; the smallest breeze on the land would drive us ashore, without any after-sail."

While the mates and the crew set about completing the work they had prepared the previous day, Captain Truck and his passengers passed the time in ascertaining all they could concerning the wreck, and the reasons of their being themselves

in a position so very different from what they had previously believed.

As respects the first, little more could be ascertained; she lay absolutely high and dry on a hard sandy beach, where she had probably been cast during the late gale, and sufficient signs were made out by the captain to prove to him that she had been partly plundered. More than this could not be discovered at that distance, and the work of the *Montauk* was too urgent to send a boat manned with her own people to examine. Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Monday, and the servants of the two former, however, volunteering to pull the cutter, it was finally decided to look more closely into the facts, Captain Truck himself taking charge of the expedition.—While the latter is getting ready, a word of explanation will suffice to tell the reader the reason why the *Montauk* had fallen so much to leeward.

The ship being so near the coast, it became now very obvious she was driven by a current that set along the land, but which, it was probable, had set towards it more in the offing. The imperceptible drift between the observation of the previous day and the discovery of the coast had sufficed to carry the vessel a great distance; and to this simple cause, coupled perhaps with some neglect in the steerage during the past night, was her present situation to be solely attributed. Just at this moment the little air there was came from the land, and by keeping her head off shore, Captain Truck entertained no doubt of his being able to escape the calamity that had befallen the other ship in the fury of the gale. A wreck is always a matter of so much interest with mariners, therefore, that taking all these things into view, he had come to the determination we have mentioned, of examining into the history of the one in sight, so far as circumstances permitted.

The *Montauk* carried three boats; the launch, a large, safe, and well-constructed craft, which stood in the usual chucks between the foremast and mainmast: a jolly-boat, and a cutter. It was next to impossible to get the first into the water, deprived as the ship was of its mainmast; but the other hanging at davits, one on each quarter, were easily lowered. The packets seldom carry any arms beyond a light gun to fire signals with, the pistols of the master, and perhaps a fowling-piece or two. Luckily the passengers were better provided: all the gentlemen had pistols, Mr. Monday and Mr. Dodge excepted, if indeed they properly belonged to this category, as Captain Truck would say, and most of them had also fowling-pieces. Although a careful examination of the coast with the glasses offered no signs of the presence of any danger from enemies, these arms were carefully collected, loaded, and deposited in the boats, in order to be prepared for the worst. Provisions and water were also provided, and the party were about to proceed.

Captain Truck and one or two of the adventurers were still on the deck, when Eve, with that strange love of excitement and adventure that often visits the most delicate spirits, expressed an idle regret that she could not make one in the expedition.

"There is something so strange and wild in landing on an African desert," she said; "and I think a near view of the wreck would repay us, mademoiselle, for the hazard."

The young men hesitated between their desire to have such a companion, and their doubts of the prudence of the step: but Captain Truck declared there could be no risk, and Mr. Effingham consenting, the whole plan was altered so as to include the ladies, for there was so much pleasure in varying the monotony of a calm, and escaping the confinement of ship, that everybody entered into the new arrangement with zeal and spirit.

A single whip was rigged on the foreyard, a chair was slung, and in ten minutes both ladies were floating on the ocean in the cutter. This boat pulled six oars, which were manned by the servants of the two Messrs. Effingham, Mr. Blunt, and Mr. Sharp, together with the two latter gentlemen in person. Mr. Effingham steered. Captain Truck had the jolly-boat, of which he pulled an oar himself, aided by Saunders, Mr. Monday, and Sir

George Templemore; the mates and the regular crew being actively engaged in rigging their jury-mast. Mr. Dodge declined being of the party, feeding himself with the hope that the present would be a favorable occasion to peep into the state-rooms, to run his eye over forgotten letters and papers, and otherwise to increase the general stock of information of the editor of the "Active Inquirer."

"Look to your chains, and see all clear for a run of the anchors, Mr. Leach, should you set within a mile of the shore," called out the captain, as they pulled off from the vessel's side, "the ship is drifting along the land, but the wind you have will hardly do more than meet the send of the sea, which is on shore: should anything go wrong, show an ensign at the head of the jury-stick forward."

The mate waved his hand, and the adventurers passed without the sound of the voice. It was a strange sensation to most of those in the boats to find themselves in their present situation. Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville, in particular, could scarcely credit their senses, when they found the eggshells that held them heaving and setting like bubbles on those long sluggish swells, which had seemed of so little consequence while in the ship, but which now resembled the heavy respirations of a leviathan. The boats, indeed, though always gliding onward, impelled by the oars, appeared at moments to be sent helplessly back and forth like playthings of the mighty deep, and it was some minutes before either obtained a sufficient sense of security to enjoy her situation. As they receded fast from the *Montauk*, too, their situation seemed still more critical; and with all her sex's love of excitement, Eve heartily repented of her undertaking before they had gone a mile. The gentlemen, however, were all in good spirits, and as the boats kept near each other, Captain Truck enlivening their way with his peculiar wit, and Mr. Effingham, who was influenced by a motive of humanity in consenting to come, being earnest and interested, Eve soon began to entertain other ideas.

As they drew near the end of their little expedition, entirely new feelings got the mastery of the whole party. The solitary and gloomy grandeur of the coasts, the sublime sterility — for even naked sands may become sublime by their vastness—the heavy moanings of the ocean on the beach, and the entire spectacle of the solitude, blended as it was with the associations of Africa, time, and the changes of history, united to produce sensations of a pleasing melancholy. The spectacle of the ship, bringing with it the images of European civilization, as it lay helpless and deserted on the sands, too, heightened all.

This vessel, beyond a question, had been driven up on a sea during the late gale, at a point where the water was of sufficient depth to float her, until within a few yards of the very spot where she now lay; Captain Truck giving the following probable history of the affair:

"On all sandy coasts," he said, "the return waves that are cast on the beach form a bar, by washing back with them a portion of the particles. This bar is usually within thirty or forty fathoms of the shore, and there is frequently sufficient water within it to float a ship. As this bar, however, prevents the return of all the water, on what is called the undertow, narrow channels make from point to point, through which this excess of the element escapes. These channels are known by the appearance of the water over them, the seas breaking less at those particular places than in the spots where the bottom lies nearer to the surface, and all experienced mariners are aware of the fact. No doubt, the unfortunate master of this ship, finding himself reduced to the necessity of running ashore to save the lives of his crew, has chosen such a place, and has consequently forced his vessel up to a spot where she has remained dry as soon as the sea fell. So worthy a fellow deserved a better fate; for this wreck is not three days old, and yet no signs are to be seen of any who were in that stout ship."

These remarks were made as the crew of the two boats lay on their oars, at a short distance without the line on the

water, where the breaking of the sea pointed out the position of the bar. The channel, also, was plainly visible directly astern of the ship, the sea merely rising and falling in it without combing. A short distance to the southward, a few bold black rocks thrust themselves forward, and formed a sort of bay, in which it was practicable to land without risk; for they had come on the coast in a region where the monotony of the sands, as it appeared when close in, was little relieved by the presence of anything else.

"If you will keep the cutter just without the breakers, Mr. Effingham," Captain Truck continued, after standing up awhile and examining the shore, "I will pull into the channel, and land in yonder bay. If you feel disposed to follow, you may do so by giving the tiller to Mr. Blunt, on receiving a signal to that effect from me. Be steady, gentlemen, at your oars, and look well to the arms on landing, for we are in a knavish part of the world. Should any of the monkeys or ouran-outangs claim kindred with Mr. Saunders, we may find it no easy matter to persuade them to leave us the pleasure of his society."

The captain made a sign, and the jolly-boat entered the channel. Inclining south, it was seen rising and falling just within the breakers, and then it was hid by the rocks. In another minute, Mr. Truck, followed by all but Mr. Monday, who stood sentinel at the boat, was on the rocks, making his way towards the wreck. On reaching the latter he ascended swiftly even to the main cross-trees. Here a long examination of the plain, beyond the bank that hid it from the view of all beneath, succeeded, and then the signal to come on was made to those who were still in the boat.

"Shall we venture?" cried Paul Blunt, soliciting an assent by the very manner in which he put the question.

"What say you, dear father?"

"I hope we may not yet be too late to succor some Christain in distress, my child. Take the tiller, Mr. Blunt, and in Heaven's good name, and for humanity's sake, let us proceed!"

The boat advanced, Paul Blunt standing erect to steer; his ardor to proceed corrected by apprehensions on account of her precious freight. There was an instant when the ladies trembled, for it seemed as if the light boat was about to be cast upon the shore, like the froth of the sea that shot past them; but the steady hand of him who steered averted the danger, and in another minute they were floating at the side of the jolly-boat. The ladies got ashore without much difficulty, and stood on the summit of the rocks.

"*Nous voici donc en Afrique,*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Viefville, with that sensation of singularity that comes over all when they first find themselves in situations of extraordinary novelty.

"The wreck—the wreck," murmured Eve; "let us go to the wreck. There may be yet a hope of saving some wretched sufferer."

Toward the wreck they all proceeded, after leaving two of the servants to relieve Mr. Monday on his watch.

It was an impressive thing to stand at the side of a ship on the sands of Africa, a scene in which the desolation of an abandoned vessel was heightened by the desolation of a desert. The position of the vessel, which stood nearly erect, imbedded in the sands, rendered it less difficult than might be supposed for the ladies to ascend to, and to walk her decks, a rude staging having been made already to facilitate the passage. Here the scene became thrice exciting, for it was the very type of a hastily deserted and cherished dwelling.

Before Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville gained the deck, the other party had ascertained that no living soul remained. The trunks, chests, furniture, and other appliances of the cabin had been rummaged, and many boxes had been raised from the hold, and plundered, a part of their contents still lying scattered on the decks. The ship, however, had been lightly freighted, and the bulk of her cargo, which was salt, was apparently untouched. A Danish ensign was found bent to the halyards, a proof that Captain Truck's original conjecture concerning

the character of the vessel was accurate. Her name, too, was ascertained to be the *Carrier*, as translated into English, and she belonged to Copenhagen. More than this it was not easy to ascertain. No papers were found, and her cargo, or as much of it as remained, was so mixed, and miscellaneous, as Saunders called it, that no plausible guess could be given as to the port where it had been taken in, if indeed it had all been received on board at the same place.

Several of the light sails had evidently been carried off, but all the heavy canvas was left on the yards which remained in their places. The vessel was large, exceedingly strong, as was proved by the fact that she had not bilged in beaching, and apparently well found. Nothing was wanting to launch her into the ocean but machinery and force, and a crew to sail her, when she might have proceeded on her voyage as if nothing unusual had occurred. But such a restoration was hopeless, and this admirable machine, like a man cut off in his youth and vigor, had been cast upon the shores of this inhospitable region to moulder where it lay, unless broken up for wood and iron by the wanderers of the desert.

There was no object more likely to awaken melancholy ideas in a mind resembling that of Captain Truck than a spectacle of this nature. A fine ship, complete in nearly all her parts, virtually uninjured, and yet beyond the chance of further usefulness, in his eyes was a picture of the most cruel loss. He cared less for the money it had cost than for the qualities and properties that were thus destroyed.

He examined the bottom, which he pronounced capital for stowing, and excellent as that of a sea boat; he admired the fastenings; applied his knife to try the quality of the wood, and pronounced the Norway pine of the spars to be almost equal to anything that could be found in our own southern woods. The rigging, too, he regarded as one loves to linger over the regretted qualities of a deceased friend.

The tracks of camels and horses were abundant on the sands around the ship, and especially at the bottom of the rude staging by which the party had ascended, and which had evidently been hastily made in order to carry articles from the vessel to the backs of the animals that were to bear them into the desert. The footprints of men were also to be seen, and there was a startling and mournful certainty in distinguishing the marks of shoes, as well as those of the naked foot.

Judging from all these signs, Captain Truck was of opinion the wreck must have taken place but two or three days before, and that the plunderers had not left the spot many hours.

"They probably went off with what they could carry at sunset last evening, and there can be no doubt that before many days, they, or others in their places, will be back again. God protect the poor fellows who have fallen into this miserable bondage? What an occasion would there now be to rescue one of them, should he happen to be hid near this spot!"

The idea seized the whole party at once, and all eagerly turned to examine the high bank, which rose nearly to the summit of the masts, in the hope of discovering some concealed fugitive. The gentlemen went below again, and Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt called out in German, and English, and French, to invite any one who might be secreted to come forth. No sound answered these friendly calls. Again Captain Truck went aloft to look into the interior, but he beheld nothing more than the broad and unpeopled desert.

A place where the camels had descended to the beach was at no great distance, and thither most of the party proceeded, mounting to the level of the plain beyond. In this little expedition, Paul Blunt led the advance, and as he rose over the brow of the bank, he cocked both barrels of his fowling-piece, uncertain what might be encountered. They found, however, a silent waste, almost without vegetation, and nearly as trackless as the ocean that lay behind them. At the distance of a hundred rods, an object was just discernible, lying on the plain half-buried in sand,

and thither the young men expressed a wish to go, first calling to those in the ship to send a man aloft to give the alarm, in the event of any party of the Mussulmans being seen. Mr. Effingham, too, on being told their intention, had the precaution to cause Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville to get into the cutter, which he manned, and caused to pull over the bar, where she lay waiting the issue.

A camel's path, of which the tracks were nearly obliterated by the sands, led to the object; and after toiling along it, the adventurers soon reached the desired spot. It proved to be the body of a man who had died by violence. His dress and person denoted that of a passenger rather than that of a seaman, and he had evidently been dead but a very few hours, probably not twelve. The cut of a saber had cleft his skull. Agreeing not to acquaint the ladies with this horrible discovery, the body was hastily covered with sand, the pockets of the dead man having been first examined; for, contrary to usage, his person had not been stripped. A letter was found, written by a wife to her husband, and nothing more. It was in German, and its expressions and contents, though simple, were endearing and natural. It spoke of the traveler's return; for she who wrote it little thought of the miserable fate that awaited her beloved in this remote desert.

As nothing else was visible, the party returned hastily to the beach, where they found that Captain Truck had ended his investigation, and was impatient to return. In the interest of the scene the *Montauk* had disappeared behind a headland, towards which she had been drifting when they left her. Her absence created a general sense of loneliness, and the whole party hastened into the jolly-boat, as if fearful of being left. When without the bar again, the cutter took in her proper crew, and the boats pulled away, leaving the Dane standing on the beach in his solitary desolation—a monument of his own disaster.

As they got further from the land the *Montauk* came in sight again, and Captain Truck announced the agreeable intelligence that the jury mainmast was up, and that the ship had an after-sail set, diminutive and defective as it might be. Instead of heading to the southward, however, as heretofore, Mr. Leach was apparently endeavoring to get back again to the northward of the headland that had shut in the ship, or was trying to retrace his steps. Mr. Truck rightly judged that this was proof his mate disliked the appearance of the coast astern of him, and that he was anxious to get an offing. The captain in consequence urged his men to row, and in little more than an hour the whole party were on the deck of the *Montauk* again, and the boats were hanging at the davits.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement." —TEMPEST.

IF Captain Truck distrusted the situation of his own ship when he saw that the mate had changed her course, he liked it still less after he was on board, and had an opportunity to form a more correct judgment. The current had set the vessel not only to the southward, but inshore, and the send of the ground-swell was gradually, but inevitably, heaving her in towards the land. At this point the coast was more broken than at the spot where the Dane had been wrecked, some signs of trees appearing, and rocks running off in irregular reefs into the sea. More to the south, these rocks were seen without the ship, while directly astern they were not half a mile distant. Still the wind was favorable, though light and baffling, and Mr. Leach had got up every stitch of canvas that circumstances would at all allow; the lead, too, had been tried, and the bottom was found to be a hard sand mixed with rocks, and the depth of the water such as to admit of anchoring. It was a sign that Captain Truck did not absolutely despair after ascertaining all these facts, that he caused Mr. Saunders to be summoned; for, as yet, none of those who had been in the boats had breakfasted.

"Step this way, Mr. Steward," said the captain; "and report the state of the coppers. You were rummaging, as usual, among the lockers of yonder unhappy Dane, and I desire to know what discoveries you have made! You will please to recollect, that on all public expeditions of this nature, there must be no peculation or private journal kept. Did you see any stock-fish?"

"Sir, I should deem this ship disgraced by the admission into her pantry of such an article, sir. We have tongues and sounds in plenty, Captain Truck, and no gentleman that has such diet need ambition a stock-fish!"

"I am not quite of your way of thinking; but the earth is not made of stock-fish. Did you happen to fall in with any butter?"

"Some, sir, that is scarcely fit to slush a mast with, and I do think one of the most atrocious cheeses, sir, it was ever my bad fortune to meet with. I do not wonder the Africans left the wreck."

"You followed their example, of course, Mr. Saunders, and left the cheese."

"I followed my own judgment, sir, for I would not stay in a ship with such a cheese, Captain Truck, sir, even to have the honor of serving under so great a commander as yourself. I think it no wonder that vessel was wrecked! Even the sharks would abandon her. The very thoughts of her impurities, sir, make me feel unsettled in the stomach."

The captain nodded his head in approbation of this sentiment, called for a coal, and then ordered breakfast. The meal was silent, thoughtful, and even sad; every one was thinking of the poor Danes and their sad fate, while they who had been on the plain had the additional subject of the murdered man for their contemplation.

"Is it possible to do nothing to redeem these poor people, father, from captivity?" Eve at length demanded.

"I have been thinking of this, my child; but I see no other method than to acquaint their government of their situation."

"Might we not contribute something from our own means to that effect? Money, I fancy, is the chief thing necessary."

The gentlemen looked at each other in approbation, though a reluctance to be the first to speak kept most of them silent.

"If a hundred pounds, Miss Effingham, will be useful," Sir George Templemore said, after the pause had continued an awkward minute, laying a bank note of that amount on the table, "and you will honor us by becoming the keeper of the redemption money, I have great pleasure in making the offer."

This was handsomely said, and as Captain Truck afterwards declared, handsomely done, too, though it was a little abrupt, and caused Eve to hesitate and redden.

"I shall accept your gift, sir," she said; "and with your permission will transfer it to Mr. Effingham, who will better know what use to put it to, in order to effect our benevolent purpose. I think I can answer for as much more from himself."

"You may, with certainty, my dear—and twice as much if necessary. John, this is a proper occasion for your interference."

"Put me down at what you please," said John Effingham, whose charities in a pecuniary sense were as unlimited, as in feeling they were apparently restrained. "One hundred or one thousand, to rescue that poor crew!"

"I believe, sir, we must all follow so good an example," Mr. Sharp observed; "and I sincerely hope that this scheme will not prove useless. I think it may be effected by means of some of the public agents at Mogadore."

Mr. Dodge raised many objections, for it really exceeded his means to give so largely, and his character was formed in a school too envious and jealous to confess an inferiority on a point even as worthless as that of money. Indeed, he had so long been accustomed to maintain that "one man was as good as another," in opposition to his senses, that, like most of those who belong to this impracticable school, he had tacitly admitted in his own mind

the general and vulgar ascendency of mere wealth; and, quite as a matter of course, he was averse to confessing his own inferiority on a point that he had made to be all in all, while loudest in declaiming against any inferiority whatever. He walked out of the cabin, therefore, with strong heart-burnings and jealousies, because others had presumed to give that which it was not really in his power to bestow.

On the other hand, both Mademoiselle Viefville and Mr. Monday manifested the superiority of the opinions in which they had been trained. The first quietly handed a napoleon to Mr. Effingham, who took it with as much attention and politeness as he received any of the larger contributions; while the latter produced a five-pound note, with a hearty good will that redeemed the sin of many a glass of punch in the eyes of his companions.

Eve did not dare to look towards Paul Blunt, while this collection was making; but she felt regret that he did not join in it. He was silent and thoughtful, and even seemed pained, and she wondered if it were possible that one, who certainly lived in a style to prove that his income was large, could be so thoughtless as to have deprived himself of the means of doing that which he so evidently desired to do. But most of the company was too well-bred to permit the matter to become the subject of conversation, and they soon rose from table in a body. The mind of Eve, however, was greatly relieved when her father told her that the young man had put a hundred sovereigns in gold into his hands as soon as possible, and that he had seconded this offering with another, of embarking for Mogadore in person, should they get into the Cape de Verdes, or the Canaries, with a view of carrying out the charitable plan with the least delay.

"He is a noble-hearted young man," said the pleased father, as he communicated this fact to his daughter and cousin; "and I shall not object to the plan."

"If he offer to quit this ship one minute sooner than is necessary, he does, indeed, deserve a statue of gold," said John Effingham; "for it has all that can attract a young man like him, and all too that can awaken his jealousy."

"Cousin Jack!" exclaimed Eve reproachfully, quite thrown off her guard by the abruptness and plainness of this language.

The quiet smile of Mr. Effingham proved that he understood both, but he made no remark. Eve instantly recovered her spirits, and angry at herself for the girlish exclamation that had escaped her, she turned on her assailant. "I do not know that I ought to be seen in an aside with Mr. John Effingham," she said, "even when it is sanctioned with the presence of my own father."

"And may I ask why so much sudden reserve, my offended beauty?"

"Merely that the report is already active, concerning the delicate relation in which we stand towards each other."

John Effingham looked surprised, but he suppressed his curiosity from a long habit of affecting an indifference he did not always feel. The father was less dignified, for he quietly demanded an explanation.

"It would seem," returned Eve, assuming a solemnity suited to a matter of interest, "that our secret is discovered. While we were indulging our curiosity about this unfortunate ship, Mr. Dodge was gratifying the laudable industry of the 'Active Inquirer,' by prying into our staterooms."

"This meanness is impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Effingham.

"Nay," said John, "no meanness is impossible to a demagogue—a pretender to things of which he has even no just conception—a man who lives to envy and traduce; in a word, a *quasi* gentleman. Let us hear what Eve has to say."

"My information is from Ann Sidley, who saw him in the act. Now the kind letter you wrote my father, cousin Jack, just before we left London, and which you wrote because you would not trust that honest tongue of yours to speak the feelings of that honest heart, is the subject of my daily study; not on account of its promises, you will believe me, but on ac-

count of the strong affection it displays to a girl who is not worthy of one half you feel and do for her."

"Pshaw!"

"Well, let it then be pshaw! I had read that letter this very morning, and carelessly left it on my table. This letter Mr. Dodge, in his undying desire to lay everything before the public, as becomes his high vocation, and as in duty bound, has read; and misconstruing some of the phrases, as will sometimes happen to a zealous circulator of news, he has drawn the conclusion that I am to be made a happy woman as soon as we reach America, by being converted from Miss Eve Effingham into Mrs. John Effingham."

"Impossible! No man can be such a fool, or quite so great a miscreant!"

"I should rather think, my child," added the milder father, "that injustice has been done Mr. Dodge. No person, in the least approximating to the station of a gentleman, could even think of an act so base as this you mention."

"Oh! if this be all your objection to the tale," observed the cousin, "I am ready to swear to its truth. But Eve has caught a little of Captain Truck's spirit of mystifying, and is determined to make a character by a bold stroke in the beginning. She is clever, and in time may rise to be a quiz."

"Thank you for the compliment, cousin Jack, which, however, I am forced to disclaim, as I never was more serious in my life. That the letter was read, Nanny, who is truth itself, affirms she saw. That Mr. Dodge has since been industriously circulating the report of my great good fortune, she has heard from the mate, who had it from the highest source of information direct, and that such a man would be likely to come to such a conclusion, you have only to recall the terms of the letter yourself, to believe."

"There is nothing in my letter to justify any notion so silly."

"An Active Inquirer might make discoveries you little dream of, dear cousin Jack. You speak of its being time to cease roving, of settling yourself at last, of never parting, and prodigal as you are, of making Eve the future mistress of your fortune. Now to all this, recreant, confess, or I shall never again put faith in man."

John Effingham made no answer, but the father warmly expressed his indignation that any man of the smallest pretensions to be admitted among gentlemen should be guilty of an act so base.

"We can hardly tolerate his presence, John, and it is almost a matter of conscience to send him to Coventry."

"If you entertain such notions of decorum, your wisest way, Edward, will be to return to the place whence you have come; for, trust me, you will find scores of such gentlemen where you are going!"

"I shall not allow you to persuade me I know my own country so little. Conduct like this will stamp a man with disgrace in America as well as elsewhere."

"Conduct like this would, but it will no longer. The pell-mell that rages has brought honorable men into a sad minority, and even Mr. Dodge will tell you the majority must rule. Were he to publish my letter, a large portion of his readers would fancy he was merely asserting the liberty of the press. Heavens save us! You have been dreaming abroad, Ned Effingham, while your country has retrograded, in all that is respectable and good, a century in a dozen years!"

As this was the usual language of John Effingham, neither of his listeners thought much of it, though Mr. Effingham more decidedly expressed an intention to cut off even the slight communication with the offender he had permitted himself to keep up, since they had been on board.

"Think better of it, dear father," said Eve; "for such a man is scarcely worthy of even your resentment. He is too much your inferior in principles, manners, character, station, and everything else, to render him of so much account; and then, were we to clear up this masquerade into which the chances of a ship have thrown us, we might have our scruples concerning others, as well as concerning this wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Say rather an ass, shaved and painted to resemble a zebra," muttered

John. "The fellow has no property as respectable as the basest virtue of a wolf."

"He has at least rapacity."

"And can howl in a pack. This much, then, I will concede to you; but I agree with Eve, we must either punish him affirmatively, by pulling his ears, or treat him with contempt, which is always negative or silent. I wish he had entered the state-room of that fine young fellow, Paul Blunt, who is of an age and a spirit to give him a lesson that might make a paragraph for his 'Active Inquirer,' if not a scissors' extract of himself."

Eve knew that the offender had been there too, but she had too much prudence to betray him.

"This will only so much the more oblige him," she said, laughingly; "for Mr. Blunt, in speaking of the editor of the 'Active Inquirer,' said that he had the failing to believe that this earth and all it contained was created merely to furnish materials for newspaper paragraphs."

The gentlemen laughed with the amused Eve, and Mr. Effingham remarked, that "there did seem to be men so perfectly selfish, so much devoted to their own interests, and so little sensible of the rights and feelings of others, as to manifest a desire to render the press superior to all other power. Not," he concluded, "in the way of argument, or as an agent of reason, but as a master, coarse, corrupt, tyrannical and vile; the instrument of selfishness, instead of the right, and when not employed as the promotor of personal interests, to be employed as the tool of personal passions."

"Your father will become a convert to my opinions, Miss Effingham," said John, "and he will not be home a twelvemonth before he will make the discovery that the government is a press-ocracy, and its ministers, self-chosen and usurpers, composed of those who have the least at stake, even as to character."

Mr. Effingham shook his head in dissent, but the conversation changed in consequence of a stir in the ship. The air from the land had freshened, and even the heavy canvas on which the *Montauk* was now compelled principally to rely, had been asleep, as mariners term it, or had blown out from the mast, where it stood inflated and steady, a proof at sea, where the water is always in motion, that the breeze is getting to be fresh. Aided by this power, the ship had overcome the united action of the heavy ground-swell and of the current, and was stealing out from under the land, when the air murmured for an instant, as if about to blow still fresher, and then all the sails flapped. The wind had passed away like a bird, and a dark line to seaward denoted the approach of the breeze from the ocean. The stir in the vessel was occasioned by the preparations to meet this change.

The new wind brought little with it beyond the general danger of blowing on shore. The breeze was light, and not more than sufficient to force the vessel through the water, in her present condition, a mile and a half in the hour, and this too in a line nearly parallel with the coast. Captain Truck saw therefore at a glance that he should be compelled to anchor. Previously, however, to doing this, he had a long talk with his mates, and a boat was lowered.

The lead was cast, and the bottom was found to be still good, though a hard sand, which is not the best holding ground.

"A heavy sea would cause the ship to drag," Captain Truck remarked, "should it come on to blow, and the lines of dark rocks astern of them would make chips of the *Pennsylvanian* in an hour, were that great ship to lie on it."

He entered the boat, and pulled along the reefs to examine an inlet that Mr. Leach reported to have been seen, before he got the ship's head to the northward. Could an entrance be found at this point, the vessel might possibly be carried within the reef, and the favorite scheme of the captain's could be put in force, one to which he now attached the highest importance. A mile brought the boat up to the inlet, where Mr. Truck found the following appearances: The general formation of the coast in sight was that of a slight curvature, within which the ship had so far drifted as to be materially in-

side a line drawn from headland to headland. There was, consequently, little hope of urging a vessel, crippled like the *Montauk*, against wind, sea and current, out again into the ocean. For about a league abreast of the ship the coast was rocky, though low, the rocks running off from the shore quite a mile in places, and everywhere fully half that distance. The formation was irregular, but it had the general character of a reef, the position of which was marked by breakers, as well as by the black heads of rocks that here and there showed themselves above the water. The inlet was narrow, crooked, and so far environed by rocks as to render it questionable whether there was a passage at all, though the smoothness of the water had raised hopes to that effect in Mr. Leach.

As soon as Captain Truck arrived at the mouth of this passage, he felt so much encouraged by the appearance of things that he gave the concerted signal for the ship to veer round and to stand to the southward. This was losing ground in the way of offing, but tack the *Montauk* could not with so little wind, and the captain saw by the drift she had made since he left her that promptitude was necessary. The ship might anchor off the inlet, as well as anywhere else, if reduced to anchoring outside at all, and then there was always the chance of entering.

As soon as the ship's head was again to the southward, and Captain Truck felt certain that she was lying along the reef at a reasonably safe distance, and in as good a direction as he could hope for, he commenced his examination. Like a discreet seaman he pulled off from the rocks to a suitable distance, for should an obstacle occur outside he well knew any depth of water further in would be useless. The day was so fine, and in the absence of rivers the ocean so limpid in that low latitude, that it was easy to see the bottom at a considerable depth. But to this sense, of course, the captain did not trust, for he kept the lead going constantly, although all eyes were also employed in searching for rocks.

The first cast of the lead was in five fathoms, and these soundings were held nearly up to the inlet, where the lead struck a rock in three fathoms and a half. At this point, then, a more careful examination was made, but three and a half was the shallowest cast. As the *Montauk* drew nearly a fathom less than this, the cautious old master proceeded closer in. Directly in the mouth of the inlet was a large flat rock that rose nearly to the surface of the sea, and which, when the tide was low, was probably bare. This rock Captain Truck at first believed would defeat his hopes of success, which by this time were strong; but a closer examination showed him that on one side of it was a narrow passage, just wide enough to admit a ship.

From this spot the channel became crooked, but it was sufficiently marked by the ripple on the reef; and after a careful investigation, he found it was possible to carry three fathoms quite within the reef, where a large space existed that was gradually filling up with sand, but which was nearly all covered with water when the tide was in, as was now the case, and which had channels, as usual, between the banks. Following one of these channels a quarter of a mile, he found a basin of four fathoms of water, large enough to take a ship in, and, fortunately, it was in close proximity to a portion of the reef that was always bare, when a heavy sea was not beating over it. Here he dropped a buoy, for he had come provided with several fragments of spars for this purpose; and, on his return, the channel was similarly marked off, at all the critical points. On the flat rock, in the inlet, one of the men was left standing up to his waist in the water, it being certain that the tide was falling.

The boat now returned to the ship, which it met at the distance of half a mile from the inlet. The current setting southwardly, her progress had been more rapid than when heading north, and her drift had been less towards the land. Still there was so little wind, so steady a ground-swell, and it was possible to carry so little after-sail, that great doubts were entertained of being able to weather the

rocks sufficiently to turn into the inlet. Twenty times in the next half hour was the order to let go the anchor on the point of being given, as the wind baffled, and as often was it countermanded, to take advantage of its reviving. These were feverish moments, for the ship was now so near the reef as to render her situation very insecure in the event of the wind's rising, or of a sea's getting up, the sand of the bottom being too hard to make good holding-ground. Still, as there was a possibility, in the present state of the weather, of kedging the ship off a mile into the offing, if necessary, Captain Truck stood on with a boldness he might not otherwise have felt. The anchor hung suspended by a single turn of the stopper, ready to drop at a signal, and Mr. Truck stood between the knight-heads, watching the slow progress of the vessel, and accurately noticing every foot of leeward set she made, as compared with the rocks.

All this time the poor fellow stood in the water, awaiting the arrival of his friends, who, in their turn, were anxiously watching his features, as they gradually grew more distinct.

"I see his eyes," cried the captain cheerily; "take a drag at the bowlines, and let her head up as much as she will, Mr. Leach, and never mind those sham topsails. Take them in at once, sir; they do us, now, more harm than good."

The clewline blocks rattled, and the top-gallant-sails which were made to do the duty of topsails, but which would hardly spread to the lower yards, so as to set on a wind, came rapidly in. Five minutes of intense doubt followed, when the captain gave the animating order to—

"Man the main-clew garnets, boys, and stand by to make a run of it!"

This was understood to be a sign that the ship was far enough to windward, and the command to "in mainsail," which soon succeeded, was received with a shout.

"Hard up with the helm, and stand by to lay the fore-yard square," cried Captain Truck, rubbing his hands. "Look ·oth bowers are clear for a run; and you, Toast, bring me the brightest coal in the galley."

The movements of the *Montauk* were necessarily slow; but she obeyed her helm, and fell off until her bows pointed in towards the sailor in the water. This fine fellow, the moment he saw the ship approaching, waded to the verge of the rock, where it went off perpendicularly to the bottom, and waved to them to come on without fear.

"Come within ten feet of me," he shouted. "There is nothing to spare on the other side."

As the captain was prepared for this, the ship was steered accordingly, and as she hove slowly past on the rising and falling water, a rope was thrown to the man, who was hauled on board.

"Port!" cried the captain, as soon as the rock was passed; "port your helm, sir, and stand for the first buoy."

In this manner the *Montauk* drove slowly but steadily on, until she had reached the basin, where one anchor was let go almost as soon as she entered. The chain was paid out until the vessel was forced over to some distance, and then the other bower was dropped. The fore-sail was hauled up and handed, and chain was given the ship, which was pronounced to be securely moored.

"Now," cried the captain, all his anxiety ceasing with the responsibility, "I expect to be made a member of the New York Philosophical Society at least, which is learned company for a man who has never been at college, for discovering a port on the coast of Africa, which harbor, ladies and gentlemen, without too much vanity, I hope to be permitted to call Port Truck. If Mr. Dodge, however, should think this too anti-republican, we will compromise the matter by calling it Port Truck and Dodge; or the town that no doubt will sooner or later arise on its banks may be called Dodgeborough, and I will keep the harbor to myself."

"Should Mr. Dodge consent to this arrangement, he will render himself liable to the charge of aristocracy," said Mr. Sharp; for as all felt relieved by finding themselves in a place of security, so all

felt disposed to join in the pleasantry. "I dare say his modesty would prevent his consenting to the plan."

"Why, gentlemen," returned the subject of these remarks, "I do not know that we are to refuse honors that are fairly imposed on us by the popular voice; and the practice of naming towns and counties after distinguished citizens is by no means uncommon with us. A few of my own neighbors have been disposed to honor me in this way already, and my paper is issued from a hamlet that certainly does bear my own unworthy name. So you perceive there will be no novelty in the appellation."

"I would have made oath to it," cried the captain, "from your well-established humility. Is the place as large as London?"

"It can boast of little more than my own office, a tavern, a store, and a blacksmith's shop, captain, as yet; but Rome was not built in a day."

"Your neighbors, sir, must be people of extraordinary discernment; but the name!"

"That is not absolutely decided. At first it was called Dodgetown, but this did not last long, being thought vulgar and commonplace. Six or eight weeks afterwards, we—"

"We, Mr. Dodge!"

"I mean the people, sir—I am so much accustomed to connect myself with the people, that whatever they do, I think I had a hand in."

"And very properly, sir," observed John Effingham, "as probably without you, there would have been no peopleat all."

"What may be the population of Dodgetown, sir?" asked the persevering captain, on this hint.

"At the census of January, it was seventeen; but by the census of March, there were eighteen. I have made a calculation that shows, if we go on at this rate, or by arithmetical progression, it will be a hundred in about ten years, which will be a very respectable population for a country place. I beg pardon, sir, the people, six or eight weeks afterwards, altered the name to Dodgeborough; but a new family coming in that summer, a party was got up to change it to Dodge-ville, a name that was immensely popular, as ville means city in Latin; but it must be owned the people like change, or rotation in names, as well as in office, and they called the place Butterfield Hollow, for a whole month, after the new inhabitant, whose name is Butterfield. He moved away in the fall; and so, after trying Belindy (*Anglice*, Belinda), Nineveh, Grand Cairo, and Pumpkin Valley, they made me the offer to restore the ancient name, provided some *addendum* more noble and proper could be found than town, or ville, or borough; it is not yet determined what it shall be, but I believe we shall finally settle down in Dodgeople, or Dodgeopolis."

"For the season; and a very good name it will prove for a short cruise, I make no question. The Butterfield Hollow *was* a little like rotation in office, in truth, sir."

"I didn't like it, captain, so I gave Squire Butterfield to understand, privately; for as he had a majority with him, I didn't approve of speaking too strongly on the subject. As soon as I got him out of the tavern, however, the current set the other way."

"You fairly uncorked him!"

"That I did, and no one ever heard of him, or of his hollow, after his retreat. There are a few discontented and arrogant innovators, who affect to call the place by its old name of Morton; but these are the mere vassals of a man who once owned the patent, and who has now been dead these forty years. We are not the people to keep his old musty name, or to honor dry bones."

"Served him right, sir, and like men of spirit! If he wants a place called after him, let him live, like other people. A dead man has no occasion for a name, and there should be a law passed, that when a man slips his cables, he should bequeath his name to some honest fellow who has a worse one. It might be well to compel all great men, in particular, to leave their renown to those who cannot get any for themselves."

"I will venture to suggest an improvement on the name, if Mr. Dodge will permit me," said Mr. Sharp, who had been an amused listener to the short dialogue. "Dodgeople is a little short, and may be offensive by its *brusquerie*. By inserting a single letter, it will become Dodge-people; or, there is the alternative of Dodge-adrianople, which will be a truly sonorous and republican title. Adrian was an emperor, and even Mr. Dodge might not disdain the conjunction."

By this time, the editor of the "Active Inquirer" began to be extremely elevated—for this was assailing him on his weakest side—and he laughed and rubbed his hands, as if he thought the joke particularly pleasant. This person had also a peculiarity of judgment that was singularly in opposition to all his open professions, a peculiarity, however, that belongs rather to his class than to the individual member of it. Ultra as a democrat and an American, Mr. Dodge had a sneaking predilection in favor of foreign opinions. Although practice had made him intimately acquainted with all the frauds, deceptions, and vileness of the ordinary arts of paragraph-making, he never failed to believe religiously in the veracity, judgment, good faith, honesty and talents of anything that was imported in the form of types. He had been weekly, for years, accusing his nearest brother of the craft, of lying, and he could not be altogether ignorant of his own propensity in the same way; but, notwithstanding all this experience in the secrets of the trade, whatever reached him from a European journal he implicitly swallowed whole. One, who knew little of the man, might have supposed he feigned credulity to answer his own purposes; but this would be doing injustice to his faith, which was perfect, being based on that provincial admiration, and provincial ignorance, that caused the countryman, who went to London for the first time, to express astonishment at finding the king a man. As was due to his colonial origin, his secret awe and reverence for an Englishman was exactly in proportion to his protestation of love for the people, and his deference for rank was graduated on a scale suited to the heartburning and jealousies he entertained for all whom he felt to be his superiors. Indeed, one was the cause of the other; for they who really are indifferent to their own social position, are usually equally indifferent to that of others, so long as they are not made to feel the difference by direct assumptions of superiority.

When Mr. Sharp, whom even Mr. Dodge had discovered to be a gentleman—and an English gentleman of course—entered into the trifling of the moment, therefore, so far from detecting the mystification, the latter was disposed to believe himself a subject of interest with this person, against whose exclusiveness and haughty reserve, notwithstanding, he had been making side-hits ever since the ship had sailed. But the avidity with which the Americans of Mr. Dodge's temperament are apt to swallow the crumbs of flattery that fall from the Englishman's table is matter of history, and the editor himself was never so happy as when he could lay hold of a paragraph to republish, in which a few words of comfort were doled out by the condescending mother to the never-dying faith of the daughter. So far, therefore, from taking umbrage at what had been said, he continued the subject long after the captain had gone to his duty, and with so much perseverance that Paul Blunt, as soon as Mr. Sharp escaped, took an occasion to compliment that gentleman on his growing intimacy with the refined and single-minded champion of the people. The other admitted his indiscretion; and if the affair had no other consequences, it afforded these two fine young men a moment's merriment, at a time when anxiety had been fast getting the ascendency over their more cheerful feelings. When they endeavored to make Miss Effingham share in the amusement, however, that young lady heard them with gravity; for the meanness of the act discovered by Nanny Sidley had indisposed her to treat the subject of their comments with the familiarity of even ridicule. Perceiving this, though unable to account for it, the gentlemen changed the discourse, and soon became sufficiently

grave by contemplating their own condition.

The situation of the *Montauk* was now certainly one to excite uneasiness in those who were little acquainted with the sea, as well as in those who were. It was very much like that for which Miss Effingham's nurse had pined, having many rocks and sands in sight, with the land at no great distance. In order that the reader may understand it more clearly, we shall describe it with greater minuteness.

To the westward of the ship lay the ocean, broad, smooth, glittering, but heaving and setting, with its eternal breathings, which always resemble the respiration of some huge monster. Between the vessel and this waste of water, and within three hundred feet of the first, stretched an irregular line of ripple, dotted here and there with the heads of low, naked rocks, marking the presence and direction of the reef.

This was all that would interpose between the basin and the raging billows, should another storm occur; but Captain Truck thought this would suffice so far to break the waves as to render the anchorage sufficiently secure. Astern of the ship, however, a rounded ridge of sand began to appear as the tide fell, within forty fathoms of the vessel, and as the bottom was hard, and difficult to get an anchor into it, there was the risk of dragging on this bank. We say that the bottom was hard, for the reader should know that it is not the weight of the anchor that secures the ship, but the hold its pointed fluke and broad palm get of the ground. The coast itself was distant less than a mile, and the entire basin within the reef was fast presenting spits of sand, as the water fell on the ebb. Still there were many channels, and it would have been possible, for one who knew their windings, to have sailed a ship several leagues among them, without passing the inlet; these channels forming a sort of intricate net-work, in every direction from the vessel.

When Captain Truck had coolly studied all the peculiarities of his position, he set about the duty of securing his ship, in good earnest. The two light boats were brought under the bows, and the stream anchor was lowered and fastened to a spar that lay across both. This anchor was carried to the bank astern, and, by dint of sheer strength, it was laid over its summit with a fluke buried to the shank in the hard sand. By means of a hawser, and a purchase applied to its end, the men on the banks next roused the chain out, and shackled it to the ring. The bight was hove in, and the ship secured astern, so as to prevent a shift of wind off the land from forcing her on the reef. As no sea could come from this quarter, the single anchor and chain were deemed sufficient for this purpose. As soon as the boats were at liberty, and before the chain had been got ashore, two kedges were carried to the reef and laid among the rocks in such a way that their flukes and stocks equally got hold of the projections. To these kedges lighter chains were secured; and when all the bights were hove in to as equal a strain as possible, Captain Truck pronounced his ship in readiness to ride out any gale that would be likely to blow. So far as the winds and waves might affect her, the *Montauk* was, in truth, reasonably safe; for on the side where danger was most to be apprehended, she had two bowers down, and four parts of smaller chain were attached to the two kedges. Nor had Captain Truck fallen into the common error of supposing he had so much additional strength in his fastenings by simply running the chains through the rings, but he had caused each to be separately fastened, both inboard and to the kedges, by which means each length of the chain formed a distinct and independent fastening of itself.

So absolute is the sovereignty of a ship, that no one had presumed to question the master as to his motives for all this extraordinary precaution, though it was the common impression that he intended to remain where they were until the wind became favorable, or at least until all danger of being thrown upon the coast from the current and the ground-swell should have ceased. Paul Blunt observed that he fancied it was the intention to take advantage of the smooth water

within the reef to get up a better and a more efficient set of jury-masts. But Captain Truck soon removed all doubts by letting the truth be known. While on board the Danish wreck he had critically examined her spars, sails, and rigging, and, though adapted for a ship two hundred tons smaller than the *Montauk*, he was of opinion they might be fitted to the latter vessel, and made to answer all the necessary purposes for crossing the ocean, provided the Mussulmans and the weather would permit the transfer.

"We have smooth water and light airs," he said, when concluding his explanation, "and the current sets southwardly along this coast; by means of all our force, hard working, a kind Providence, and our own enterprise, I hope yet to see the *Montauk* enter the port of New York with royals set, and ready to carry sail on a wind. The seaman who cannot rig his ship with sticks and ropes and blocks enough, might as well stay ashore, Mr. Dodge, and publish an hebdomadal. And so, my dear young lady, by looking along the land, the day after to-morrow, in the northern board here, you may expect to see a raft booming down upon you that will cheer your heart, and once more raise the hope of a Christmas dinner in New York, in all lovers of good fare."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up—" —LEAR.

HIS mind made up, his intentions announced, and his ship in readiness, Captain Truck gave his orders to proceed with promptitude and clearness. The ladies remaining behind, he observed that the two Messrs. Effingham, as a matter of course, would stay with them as protectors, though little could harm them where they were.

"I propose to leave the ship in the care of Mr. Blunt," he said, "for I perceive something about that gentleman which denotes a nautical instinct. If Mr. Sharp choose to remain also, your society will be the more agreeable, and in exchange, gentlemen, I ask the favor of the strong arms of all your servants. Mr. Monday is my man in fair or foul, and so, I flatter myself, will be Sir George Templemore; and as for Mr. Dodge, if he stay behind, why the 'Active Inquirer' will miss a notable paragraph, for there shall be no historian to the expedition, but one of my own appointing. Mr. Saunders shall have the honor of cooking for you in the meanwhile, and I propose taking every one else to the Dane."

As no serious objections could be made to this arrangement, within an hour of the time when the ship was fastened both the cutter and jolly-boat departed, it being the intention of Captain Truck to reach the wreck that evening, in season to have his sheers ready to raise by daylight in the morning; for he hoped to be back again in the course of the succeeding day. No time was to be lost, he knew, the return of the Arabs being hourly expected, and the tranquillity of the open sea being at all times a matter of the greatest uncertainty. With the declared view of making quick work, and with the secret apprehension of a struggle with the owners of the country, the captain took with him every officer and man on the ship that could possibly be spared, and as many of the passengers as he thought might be useful. As numbers might be important in the way of intimidation, he cared almost as much for appearances as for anything else, or certainly he would not have deemed the presence of Mr. Dodge of any great moment; for, to own the truth, he expected the editor of the "Active Inquirer" would prove the quality implied by the first word of the title of his journal, as much in any other way as in fighting.

Neither provisions nor water, beyond what might be necessary in pulling to the wreck, nor ropes, nor blocks, nor anything but arms and ammunition, were taken in the boats; for the examination of the morning had shown the captain, that, notwithstanding so much had been plundered, a sufficiency still remained in the stranded vessel. Indeed, the fact that so much had been left was one of his reasons for hast-

ening off himself, as he deemed it certain that they who had taken away what was gone would soon return for the remainder. The fowling-pieces and pistols, with all the powder and ball in the ship, were taken: a light gun that was on board, for the purpose of awaking sleepy pilots, being left loaded, with the intention of serving for a signal of alarm, should any material change occur in the situation of the ship.

The party included thirty men, and as most had firearms of one sort or another, they pulled out of the inlet with spirit and great confidence in their eventual success. The boats were crowded, it is true, but there was room to row, and the launch had been left in its place on deck, because it was known that two boats were to be found in the wreck, one of which was large: in short, as Captain Truck had meditated this expedient from the moment he ascertained the situation of the Dane, he now set about carrying it into effect with method and discrimination. We shall first accompany him on his way, leaving the small party in the *Montauk* for our future attention in another chapter.

The distance between the two vessels was about four leagues, and a headland intervening, those in the boats in less than an hour lost sight of their own ship, as she lay shorn of her pride anchored within the reef. At almost the same moment, the wreck came into view, and Captain Truck applied his glass with great interest, in order to ascertain the state of things in that direction. All was tranquil—no signs of any one having visited the spot since morning being visible. This intelligence was given to the people, who pulled at their oars the more willingly under the stimulus of probable success, driving the boats ahead with increasing velocity.

The sun was still some distance above the horizon, when the cutter and jolly-boat rowed through the narrow channel astern of the wreck, and brought up, as before, by the side of the rocks. Leaping ashore, Captain Truck led the way to the vessel, and, in five minutes, he was seen in the forward cross-trees, examining the plain with his glass. All was as solitary and deserted as when before seen, and the order was immediately given to commence operations without delay.

A gang of the best seamen got on the spare topmast and lower-yard of the Dane, and set about fitting a pair of sheers, a job that would be likely to occupy them several hours. Mr. Leach led a party up forward, and the second mate went up with another further aft, each proceeding to send down its respective top-gallant-mast, topsail-yard, and topmast; while Captain Truck, from the deck, superintended the same work on the mizzen-mast. As the men worked with spirit, and a strong party remained below to give the drags, and to come up the lanyards, spar came down after spar with rapidity, and just as the sun dipped into the ocean to the westward, everything but the lower-masts was lying on the sands, alongside of the ship: nothing having been permitted to touch the decks in descending. Previously, however, to sending down the lower-yards, the launch had been lifted from its bed and landed also by the side of the vessel.

All hands were now mustered on the sands, and the boat was launched, an operation of some delicacy, as heavy rollers were occasionally coming in. As soon as it floated, this powerful auxiliary was swept up to the rocks, and then the men began to load it with the standing rigging and the sails, the latter having been unbent, as fast as each spar came down. Two kedges were found, and a hawser was bent to one, when the launch was carried outside of the bar and anchored. Lines being brought in, the yards were hauled out to the same place, and strongly lashed together for the night. A great deal of running rigging, many blocks, and divers other small articles, were put into the boat of the *Montauk*, and the jolly-boat of the wreck, which was still hanging at her stern, was also lowered and got into the water. With these acquisitions, the party had now four boats, one of which was heavy and capable of carrying a considerable freight.

By this time it was so late and so dark that Captain Truck determined to suspend his labors until morning. In the course of a few hours of active toil, he had secured all the yards, the sails, the standing and running rigging, the boats, and many of the minor articles of the Dane; and nothing of essential importance remained but the three lower masts. These, it is true, were all in all to him, for without them he would be but little better off than he was before, since his own ship had spare canvas and spare yards enough to make a respectable show above the foundation. This foundation, however, was the great requisite, and his principal motive in taking the other things was to have a better fit than could be obtained by using spars and sails that were not intended to go together.

At eight o'clock, the people got their suppers, and prepared to turn in for the night. Some conversation passed between Captain Truck and his mates, concerning the manner of disposing of the men while they slept, which resulted in the former's keeping a well-armed party of ten with him in the ship, while the remainder were put in the boats, all of which were fastened to the launch, as she lay anchored off the bar. Here they made beds of the sails, and, setting a watch, the greater portion of both gangs were soon as quietly asleep as if lying in their own berths on board the *Montauk*. Not so with Captain Truck and his mates. They walked the deck of the Dane fully an hour after the men were silent, and for some time after Mr. Monday had finished the bottle of wine he had taken the precaution to bring with him from the packet, and had bestowed his person among some old sails in the cabin. The night was a bright starlight, but the moon was not to be expected until near morning. The wind came off the sands of the interior in hot puffs, but so lightly as to sound, that it breathed past them like the sighings of the desert.

"It is lucky, Mr. Leach," said the captain, continuing the discourse he had been holding with his mate in a low voice, under the sense of the insecurity of their situation; "it is lucky, Mr. Leach, that we got out the stream anchor astern, else we should have had the ship rubbing her copper against the corners of the rocks. This air seems light, but under all her canvas, the *Montauk* would soon flap her way out from this coast, if all were ready."

"Ay, ay, sir, if all were ready!" repeated Mr. Leach, as if he knew how much honest labor was to be expended before that happy moment could arrive.

"If all were ready. I think we may be able to whip these three sticks out of this fellow by breakfast-time in the morning, and then a couple of hours will answer for the raft; after which, a pull of six or eight more will take us back to our own craft."

"If all goes well, it may be done, sir."

"Well or ill, it must be done. We are not in a situation to play at Jack-straws!"

"I hope it may be done, sir."

"Mr. Leach!"

"Captain Truck!"

"We are in a d——le category, sir, if the truth must be spoken."

"That is a word I am not much acquainted with, but we have an awkward berth of it here, if that be what you mean!"

A long pause, during which these two seamen, one of whom was old, the other young, paced the deck diligently.

"Mr. Leach!"

"Captain Truck!"

"Do you ever pray?"

"I have done such a thing in my time, sir; but, since I have sailed with you, I have been taught to work first and pray afterwards; and when the difficulty has been gotten over by the work, the prayers have commonly seemed surplusage."

"You should take to your thanksgivings. I think your grandfather was a parson, Leach."

"Yes, he was, sir, and I have been told your father followed the same trade."

"You have been told the truth, Mr. Leach. My father was as meek, and pious, and humble a Christian as ever thumped a pulpit. A poor man, and, if truth must be spoken, a poor preacher too; but a zealous one, and thoroughly devout. I ran away from him at twelve, and never

passed a week at a time under his roof afterwards. He could not do much for me, for he had little education and no money, and, I believe, carried on the business pretty much by faith. He was a good man, Leach, notwithstanding there might be a little of a take-in for such a person to set up as a teacher; and, as for my mother, if there ever was a pure spirit on earth it was in her body!"

"Ay, that is the way commonly with the mothers, sir."

"She taught me to pray," added the captain, speaking a little thick, "but since I've been in this London line, to own the truth, I find but little time for anything but hard work, until, for want of practice, praying has got to be among the hardest things I can turn my hand to."

"That is the way with all of us; it is my opinion, Captain Truck, these London and Liverpool liners will have a good many lost souls to answer for."

"Ay, ay, if we could put it on them, it would do well enough; but my honest old father always maintained, that every man must stand in the gap left by his own sins; though he did assert, also, that we were all fore-ordained to shape our courses starboard or port, even before we were launched."

"That doctrine makes an easy tide's-way of life; for I see no great use in a man's carrying sail and jamming himself up in the wind, to claw off immoralities, when he knows he is to fetch up upon them after all his pains."

"I have worked all sorts of traverses to get hold of this matter, and never could make anything of it. It is harder than logarithms. If my father had been the only one to teach it, I should have thought less about it, for he was no scholar, and might have been paying it out just in the way of business; but then my mother believed it, body and soul, and she was too good a woman to stick long to a course that had not truth to back it."

"Why not believe it heartily, sir, and let the wheel fly? One gets to the end of the v'y'ge on this tack as well as on another."

"There is no great difficulty in working up to or even through the passage of death, Leach, but the great point is to know the port we are to moor in finally. My mother taught me to pray, and when I was ten I had underrun all the Commandments, knew the Lord's Creed and the Apostles' Prayer, and had made a handsome slant into the Catechism; but, dear me, dear me, it has all oozed out of me, like the warmth from a Greenlander."

"Folks were better educated in your time, Captain Truck, than they are nowadays, by all I can learn."

"No doubt of that in the world. In my time yonkers were taught respect for their betters, and for age, and their Catechism, and piety, and the Apostles' Prayer, and all those sort of things. But America has fallen astern sadly in manners within the last fifty years. I do not flatter myself with being as good as I was when under my excellent dear mother's command, but there are worse men in the world, and out of Newgate, too, than John Truck. Now, in the way of vices, Leach, I never swear."

"Not you, sir; and Mr. Monday *never* drinks."

As the protestation of sobriety on the part of their passenger had got to be a joke with the officers and men of the ship, Captain Truck had no difficulty in understanding his mate, and though nettled at a retort that was like usurping his own right to the exclusive quizzing of the vessel, he was in a mood much too sentimental and reflecting to be angry. After a moment's pause, he resumed the dialogue, as if nothing had been said to disturb its harmony.

"No, I *never* swear; or, if I do, it is in a small gentlemanly way, and with none of your foul-mouthed oaths, such as are used by the horse-jockeys that formerly sailed out of the river."

"Were they hard swearers?"

"Is a nor'wester a hard wind? Those fellows, after they have been choked off and jammed by the religion ashore for a month or two, would break out like a hurricane when they had made an offing, and were once fairly out of hearing of the parsons and deacons. It is said that old Joe

captain; "you see his crooked neck, with the head tossing at moments. The fellow is not fifty yards from the body of the poor German! Now let us follow along this line of bushes, and keep a sharp look-out for the rider."

They proceeded in the manner mentioned until they came to a point where the bushes ceased, and there was an opening that overlooked the beach quite near the wreck.

"Do you see the boats, Leach, hereaway, in a line with the starboard davit of the Dane? They look like dark spots on the water, and an ignorant Arab might be excused for taking them for rocks."

"Except that they rise and fall with the rollers; he must be doubly a Turk who could make such a blunder!"

"Your wanderers of the desert are not so particular. The wreck has certainly undergone some changes since yesterday, and I should not wonder if even a Mussulman found them out, but——"

The gripe of Mr. Leach, whose fingers almost entered the flesh of his arm, and a hand pointed towards the bushes on the other side of the opening, silenced the captain's whisper. A human form was seen standing on the fringe of the bank, directly opposite the jib-boom. It was swaddled in a sort of cloak, and the long musket that was borne in a hollow of an arm was just discernible, diverging from the line of the figure. The Arab, for such it could only be, was evidently gazing on the wreck, and presently he ventured out more boldly, and stood on the spot that was clear of bushes. The death-like stillness on the beach deceived him, and he advanced with less caution towards the spot where the two officers were in ambush, still keeping his own eye on the ship. A few steps brought him within reach of Captain Truck, who drew back his arm until the elbow reached his own hip, when he darted it forward, and dealt the incautious barbarian a severe blow between the eyes. The Arab fell like a slaughtered ox, and before his senses were fairly recovered, he was bound hands and feet, and rolled over the bank, down upon the beach, with little ceremony, his fire-arms remaining with his captors.

"That lad is in a category," whispered the captain; "it now remains to be seen if there is another."

A long search was not rewarded with success, and it was determined to lead the camel down the path, with a view to prevent his being seen by any wanderer in the morning.

"If we get the lower masts out betimes," continued the captain, "these land pirates will have no beacons in sight to steer by, and, in a country in which one grain of sand is so much like another, they might hunt a week before they made a happy landfall."

The approach of the two towards the camel was made with less caution than usual, the success of their enterprise throwing them off their guard, and exciting their spirits. They believed, in short, that their captive was either a solitary wanderer, or that he had been sent ahead as a scout, by some party that would be likely to follow in the morning.

"We must be up and at work before the sun, Mr. Leach," said the captain, speaking clearly, but in a low tone, as they approached the camel. The head of the animal was tossed; then it seemed to snuff the air, and it gave a shriek. In the twinkling of an eye an Arab sprang from the sand, on which he had been sleeping, and was on the creature's back. He was seen to look around him, and before the startled mariners had time to decide on their course, the beast, which was a dromedary trained to speed, was out of sight in the darkness. Captain Truck had thrown forward his fowling-piece, but he did not fire.

"We have no right to shoot the fellow," he said, "and our hope is now in the distance he will have to ride to join his comrades. If we have got a chief, as I suspect, we will make a hostage of him, and turn him to as much account as he can possibly turn one of his own camels. Depend on it, we shall see no more of them for several hours, and we will seize the opportunity to get a little sleep. A man must have his watch below, or he

In the twinkling of an eye an Arab sprang from the sand, on which he had been sleeping, and was on the creature's back."—*Homeward Bound.*

gets to be as dull and as obstinate as a top-maul!"

The captain having made up his mind to this plan was not slow in putting it in execution. Returning to the beach they liberated the legs of their prisoner, whom they found lying like a log on the sands, and made him mount the staging to the deck of the ship. Leading the way into the cabin, Mr. Truck examined the fellow by a light, turning him round and commenting on his points very much as he might have done had the captive been any other animal of the desert.

The Arab was a swarthy, sinewy man of forty, with all his fibers indurated and worked down to the whip-cord meagerness and rigidity of a racer, his frame presenting a perfect picture of the sort of being one would fancy suited to the exhausting motion of a dromedary, and to the fare of a desert. He carried a formidable knife, in addition to the long musket of which he had been deprived, and his principal garment was the coarse mantle of camel's hair that served equally for cap, coat and robe. His wild dark eyes gleamed, as Captain Truck passed the lamp before his face, and it was sufficiently apparent that he fancied a very serious misfortune had befallen him. As any verbal communication was out of the question, some abortive attempts were essayed by the two mariners to make themselves understood by signs, which, like some men's reasoning, produced results exactly contrary to what had been expected.

"Perhaps the poor fellow fancies we mean to eat him, Leach," observed the captain, after trying his skill in pantomime for some time without success; "and he has some grounds for the idea, as he was felled like an ox that is bound to the kitchen. Try and let the miserable wretch understand, at least, that we are not cannibals."

Hereupon the mate commenced an expressive pantomime, which described with sufficient clearness the process of skinning, cutting up, cooking, and eating the carcass of the Arab, with the humane intention of throwing a negative over the whole proceeding by a strong sign of dissent at the close; but there are no proper substitutes for the little monosyllables of "yes" and "no," and the meaning of the interpreter got to be so confounded that the captain himself was mystified.

"D—n it, Leach," he interrupted, "the man fancies that he is not good eating, you make so many wry and out-of-the-way contortions. A sign is a jury-mast for the tongue, and every seaman ought to know how to practice them, in case he should be wrecked on a savage and unknown coast. Old Joe Bunk had a dictionary of them, and in calm weather he used to go among his horses and horned cattle, and talk with them by the hour. He made a diagram of the language, and had it taught to all us younkers who were exposed to the accidents of the sea. Now, I will try my hand on this Arab, for I could never go to sleep while the honest black imagined we intended to breakfast on him."

The captain now recommenced his own explanations in the language of nature. He too described the process of cooking and eating the prisoner—for this he admitted was indispensable by way of preface—and then, to show his horror of such an act, he gave a very good representation of a process he had often witnessed among his seasick passengers, by way of showing his loathing of cannibalism in general, and of eating this Arab in particular. By this time the man was thoroughly alarmed, and by way of commentary on the captain's eloquence, he began to utter wailings in his own language, and groans that were not to be mistaken. To own the truth, Mr. Truck was a good deal mortified with this failure, which, like all other unsuccessful persons, he was ready to ascribe to anybody but himself.

"I begin to think, Mr. Leach," he said, "that this fellow is too stupid for a spy or a scout, and that, after all, he is no more than a driveler who has strayed from his tribe, from a want of sense to keep the road in a desert. A man of the smallest information must have understood me, and yet you perceive by his lamentations and outcries that he knows no more what

I said than if he were in another parallel of latitude. The chap has quite mistaken my character; for if I really did intend to make a beast of myself, and devour my species, no one of the smallest knowledge of human nature would think I'd begin on a nigger! What is your opinion of the man's mistake, Mr. Leach?"

"It is very plain, sir, that he supposes you mean to broil him, and then to eat so much of his steaks that you will be compelled to heave up like a marine two hours out; and, if I must say the truth, I think most people would have inferred the same thing from your signs, which are as plainly cannibal as anything of the sort I ever witnessed."

"And what the devil did he make of yours, Master Cookery-Book?" cried the captain with some heat. "Did he fancy you meant to mortify the flesh with a fortnight's fast? No, no, sir; you are a very respectable first officer, but are no more acquainted with Joe Bunk's principles of signs than this editor here knows of truth and propriety. It is your blundering manner of soliloquizing that has set the lad on a wrong traverse. He has just grafted your own idea on my communication, and has got himself into a category that a book itself would not reason him out of, until his fright is passed. Logic is thrown away on all 'skeary animals,' said old Joe Bunk. Hearkee, Leach, I've a mind to set the rascal adrift, condemning the gun and the knife for the benefit of the captors. I think I should sleep better for the certainty that he was trudging along the sand, satisfied he was not to be barbecued in the morning."

"There is no use in detaining him, sir, for his messmate, who went off on the dromedary, will sail a hundred feet to his one, and if an alarm is really to be given to their party, it will not come from this chap. He will be unarmed, and by taking away his pouch we shall get some ammunition for this gun of his, which will throw a shot as far as Queen Anne's pocket-piece. For my part, sir, I think there is no great use in keeping him, for I do not think he would understand us, if he stayed a month, and went to school the whole time."

"You are quite right, and as long as he is among us we shall be liable to unpleasant misconceptions; so cut his lashings, and set him adrift, and be d——d to him."

The mate, who by this time was drowsy, did as desired, and in a moment the Arab was at liberty. At first the poor creature did not know what to make of his freedom, but a smart application, *a posteriori*, from the foot of Captain Truck, whose humanity was of the rough quality of the seas, soon set him in motion up the cabin-ladder. When the two mariners reached the deck, their prisoner was already leaping down the staging, and in another minute his active form was obscurely seen clambering up the bank, on gaining which he plunged into the desert, and was seen no more.

None but men indurated in their feelings by long exposure would be likely to sleep under the circumstances in which these two seamen were placed, but they were both too cool, and too much accustomed to arouse themselves on sudden alarms, to lose the precious moments in womanish apprehensions, when they knew that all their physical energies would be needed on the morrow, whether the Arabs arrived or not. They accordingly regulated the look-outs, gave strong admonitions of caution to be passed from one to another, and then the captain stretched in the berth of the poor Dane who was now a captive in the desert, while Mr. Leach got into the jolly-boat, and was pulled off to the launch. Both were sound asleep in less than five minutes after their heads touched their temporary pillows.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed,
And so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but
I do it more natural." —TWELFTH NIGHT.

THE sleep of the weary is sweet. Of all the party that lay thus buried in sleep, on the verge of the Great Desert, exposed at any moment to an assault from its

ruthless and predatory occupants, but one bethought him of the danger; though *he* was, in truth, so little exposed as to have rendered it of less moment to himself than to most of the others, had he not been the possessor of a fancy that served oftener to lead him astray than for any purposes that were useful or pleasing. This person was in one of the boats, and as they lay at a reasonable distance from the land, and the barbarians would not probably have known how to use any craft had they even possessed one, he was consequently safe from everything but a discharge from their long muskets. But this remote risk sufficed to keep him awake, it being very different things to foster malice, circulate gossip, write scurrilous paragraphs, and cant about the people, and to face a volley of firearms. For the one employment, nature, tradition, education, and habit, had expressly fitted Mr. Dodge; while for the other, he had not the smallest vocation.

Although Mr. Leach, in setting his lookouts on board the boats, had entirely overlooked the editor of the "Active Inquirer," never before had that vigilant person's inquiries been more active than they were throughout the whole of that long night, and twenty times would he have aroused the party on false alarms, but for the cool indifference of the phlegmatic seamen, to whom the duty more properly belonged. These brave fellows knew too well the precious qualities of sleep to allow that of their shipmates to be causelessly disturbed by the nervous apprehensions of one who carried with him an everlasting stimulant to fear in the consciousness of demerit. The night passed away undisturbed, therefore, nor was the order of the regular watch broken until the lookouts in the wreck, agreeably to their orders, awoke Captain Truck and his mates.

It was now precisely at the moment when the first, and as it might be the fugitive, rays of the sun glide into the atmosphere, and, to use a quaint expression, "dilute its darkness." One no longer saw by starlight, or by moonlight, though a little of both were still left; but objects, though indistinct and dusky, had their true outlines, while every moment rendered their surfaces more obvious.

When Captain Truck appeared on deck, his first glance was at the ocean; for, were its tranquillity seriously disturbed, it would be a deathblow to all his hopes. Fortunately, in this particular, there was no change.

"The winds seem to have put themselves out of breath in the last gale, Mr. Leach," he said, "and we are likely to get the spars round as quietly as if they were so many saw-logs floated in a mill-pond. Even the ground-swell has lessened, and the breakers on the bar look like the ripple of a wash-tub. Turn the people up, sir, and let us have a drag at these sticks before breakfast or we may have to broil an Arab yet."

Mr. Leach hailed the boats and ordered them to send their gang of laborers on shore. He then gave the accustomed raps on the deck, and called "all hands" in the ship. In a minute the men began to appear, yawning and stretching their arms—for no one had thrown aside his clothes—most of them launching their sea-jokes right and left, with as much indifference as if they lay quietly in the port to which they were bound. After some eight or ten minutes to shake themselves, and to get "aired," as Mr. Leach expressed it, the whole party was again mustered on the deck of the Dane, with the exception of a hand or two in the launch, and Mr. Dodge. The latter had assumed the office of sentinel over the jolly-boat, which, as usual, lay at the rocks, to carry such articles off as might be wanted.

"Send a hand up into the foretop, Mr. Leach," said the captain, gaping like a greyhound; "a fellow with sharp eyes; none of your chaps who read with their noses down in the cloudy weather of an almanac; and let him take a look at the desert, in search of Arabs."

Although the lower rigging was down and safe in the launch, a girt-line, or as Captain Truck in the true Doric of his profession pronounced it, a "*gunt*-line," was rove at each mast, and a man was

accordingly hauled up forward as soon as possible. As it was still too dusky to distinguish far with accuracy, the captain hailed him, and bade him stay where he was until ordered down, and to keep a sharp lookout.

"We had a visit from one chap in the night," he added, "and as he was a hungry-looking rascal, he is a greater fool than I think him, or he will be back before long, after some of the beef and stock-fish of the wreck. Keep a bright lookout."

The men, though accustomed to their commander's manner, looked at each other more seriously, glanced around at their arms, and then the information produced precisely the effect that had been intended, that of inducing them to apply to their work with threefold vigor.

"Let the boys chew upon that, instead of tobacco," observed the captain to Mr. Leach, as he hunted for a good coal in the galley to light his cigar with. "I'll warrant you the sheers go up none the slower for the information, desperate philosophers as some of these gentry are!"

This prognostic was true enough, for instead of gaping and stretching themselves about the deck, as had been the case with most of them a minute before, the men now commenced their duty in good earnest, calling to each other to come to the falls and the capstan-bars, and to stand by the heels of the sheers.

"Heave away!" cried the mate, smiling to see how quick the captain's hint had been taken; "heave round with a will, men, and let us set these legs on end, that they may walk."

As the order was obeyed to the letter, the day had not fairly opened when the sheers were in their places and secured. Every man was all activity, and as their work was directed by those whose knowledge was never at fault, a landsman would have been surprised at the readiness with which the crew next raised a spar as heavy as the mainmast, and had it suspended, top and all, in the air, high enough to be borne over the side. The lowering was a trifling affair, and the massive stick was soon lying at its length on the sands. Captain Truck well knew the great importance of this particular spar, for he might make out with the part of the foremast that remained in the packet, whereas, without this mast he could not possibly rig anything of much available use aft. He called out to the men, therefore, as he sprang upon the staging, to follow him and to launch the spar into the water before they breakfasted.

"Let us make sure of this fellow, men," he added, "for it is our mainstay. With this stick fairly in our raft, we may yet make a passage; no one must think of his teeth till it is out of all risk. This stick we must have, if we make war on the Emperor of Morocco for its possession."

The people knew the necessity for exertion, and they worked accordingly. The top was knocked off and carried down to the water; the spar was then cut round, and rolled after it, not without trouble, however, as the trestle-trees were left on; but the descent of the sands favored the labor. When on the margin of the sea, by the aid of hand-spikes, the head was got afloat, or so nearly so, as to require but little force to move it, when a line from the boats was fastened to the outer end, and the top was secured alongside.

"Now, clap your hand-pikes under it, boys, and heave away!" cried the captain. "Heave together and keep the stick straight—heave, and his head is afloat! Haul, haul away in the boat!—heave all at once, and as if you were giants!—you gained three feet that tug, my hearties—try him again, gentlemen, as you are—and move together, like girls in a *cotillion*—away with it! What the devil are you staring at, in the fore-top there? Have you nothing better to do than to amuse yourself in seeing us heave our insides out?"

The intense interest attached to the securing of this spar had extended to the look-out in the top, and instead of keeping his eye on the desert, as ordered, he was looking down at the party on the beach, and betraying his sympathy in their efforts by bending his body, and appearing to heave in common with his

messmates. Admonished of his neglect by this sharp rebuke, he turned round quickly towards the desert, and gave the fearful alarm of "The Arabs!"

Every man ceased his work, and the whole were on the point of rushing in a body towards their arms, when the greater steadiness of Captain Truck prevented it.

"Whereaway?" he demanded sternly.

"On the most distant hillock of sand, maybe a mile and a half inland."

"How do they head?"

"Dead down upon us, sir."

"How do they travel?"

"They have camels and horses: all are mounted, sir."

"What is their number?"

The man paused as if to count, and then he called out—

"They are strong-handed, sir; quite a hundred, I think. They have brought up, sir, and seem to be sounding about them for an anchorage."

Captain Truck hesitated, and he looked wistfully at the mast.

"Boys!" said he, shaking his hand over the bit of massive wood, with energy, "this spar is of more importance to us than our mother's milk in infancy. It is our victuals and drink, life and hopes. Let us swear to have it in spite of a thousand Arabs. Stoop to your hand-spikes, and heave at the word—heave as if you had a world to move—heave, men, heave!"

The people obeyed, and the mast advanced more than half the necessary distance into the water. But the man now called out that the Arabs were advancing swiftly towards the ship.

"One more effort, men," said Captain Truck, reddening in the face with anxiety and throwing down his hat to set the example in person—"heave!"

The men hove, and the spar floated.

"Now to your arms, and you, sir, in the top, keep yourself hid behind the head of the mast. We must be ready to show these gentry we are not afraid of them." A sign of the hand told the men in the launch to haul away, and the all-important spar floated slowly across the bar, to join the raft.

The men now hurried up to the ship, a post that Captain Truck declared he could maintain against a whole tribe, while Mr. Dodge began incontinently to scull the jolly-boat, in the best manner he could, off to the launch. All remonstrance was useless, as he had got as far as the bar before he was perceived. Both Sir George Templemore and Mr. Monday loudly denounced him for deserting the party on the shore in this scandalous manner, but quite without effect. Mr. Dodge's skill, unfortunately for his success, did not quite equal his zeal; and finding, when he got on the bar, that he was unable to keep the boat's head to the sea, or indeed to manage it at all, he fairly jumped into the water and swam lustily towards the launch. As he was expert at this exercise, he arrived safely, cursing in his heart all traveling, the desert, the Arabs, and mankind in general, wishing himself quietly back in Dodgeopolis again, among his beloved people. The boat drove upon the sands, of course, and was eventually taken care of by two of the *Montauk's* crew.

As soon as Captain Truck found himself on the deck of the Dane, the arms were distributed among the people. It was clearly his policy not to commence the war, for he had nothing, in an affirmative sense, to gain by it, though, without making any professions, his mind was fully made up not to be taken alive, as long as there was a possibility of averting such a disaster. The man aloft gave constant notice of the movements of the Arabs, and he soon announced that they had halted at a pistol's shot from the bank, where they were securing their camels, and that his first estimate of their force was true.

In the meantime, Captain Truck was far from satisfied with his position. The bank was higher than the deck of the ship, and so near it as to render the bulwarks of little use, had those of the Dane been of any available thickness, which they were not. Then, the position of the ship, lying a little on one side, with her bows towards the land, exposed her to being swept by raking fire; a cunning enemy having it in his power, by making

a cover of the bank, to pick off his men, with little or no exposure to himself. The odds were too great to sally upon the plain, and although the rocks offered a tolerable cover towards the land, they had none towards the ship. Divide his force he dared not do—and by abandoning the ship he would allow the Arabs to seize her, thus commanding the other position, besides the remainder of the stores, which he was desirous of securing.

Men think fast in trying circumstances, and although the captain was in a situation so perfectly novel, his practical knowledge and great coolness rendered him an invaluable commander to those under his orders.

"I do not know, gentlemen," he said, addressing his passengers and mates, "that Vattel has laid down any rule to govern this case. These Arabs, no doubt, are the lawful owners of the country, in one sense; but it is a desert—and a desert, like a sea, is common property for the time being, to all who find themselves in it. There are no wreck-masters in Africa, and probably no law concerning wrecks, but the law of the strongest. We have been driven in here, moreover, by stress of weather—and this is a category on which Vattel has been very explicit. We have a *right* to the hospitality of these Arabs, and if it be not freely accorded, d——n me, gentlemen, but I feel disposed to take just as much of it as I find I shall have occasion for! Mr. Monday, I should like to hear your sentiments on the subject."

"Why, sir," returned Mr. Monday, "I have the greatest confidence in your knowledge, Captain Truck, and am equally ready for peace or war, although my calling is for the first. I should try negotiation to begin with, sir, if it be practicable, and you will allow me to express an opinion; after which I would offer war."

"I am quite of the same mind, sir; but in what way are we to negotiate with a people we cannot make understand a word we say? It is true, if they were versed in the science of signs, one might do something with them; but I have reason to know that they are as stupid as boobies on all such subjects. We shall get ourselves into a category at the first *protocol*, as the writers say."

Now, Mr. Monday thought there was a language that any man might understand, and he was strongly disposed to profit by it. In rummaging the wreck, he had discovered a case of liquor, besides a cask of Hollands, and he thought an offering of these might have the effect to put the Arabs in good humor at least.

"I have known men, who, treated with dry, in matters of trade, were as obstinate as mules, become reasonable and pliable, sir, over a bottle," he said, after explaining where the liquor was to be found; "and I think, if we offer the Arabs this, after they have been in possession a short time we shall find them better disposed towards us. If it should not prove so, I confess, for one, I should feel less reluctance in shooting them than before."

"I have somewhere heard that the Mussulmans never drink," observed Sir George; "in which case we shall find our offering despised. Then there is the difficulty of a first possession; for, if these people are the same as those that were here before, they may not thank us for giving them so small a part of that, of which they may lay claim to all. I'm very sure, were any one to offer me my patent pistols, as a motive for letting him carry away my patent razors, or the East India dressing-case, or anything else I own, I should not feel particularly obliged to him."

"Capitally put, Sir George, and I should be quite of your way of thinking, if I did not believe these Arabs might really be mollified by a little drink. If I had a proper ambassador to send with the offering, I would resort to the plan at once."

Mr. Monday, after a moment's hesitation, spiritedly offered to be one of two, to go to the Arabs, with the proposal, for he had sufficient penetration to perceive that there was little danger of his being seized, while an armed party of so much strength remained to be overcome—and he had sufficient nerve to encounter the risk. All he asked was a companion, and Captain

Truck was so much struck with the spirit of the volunteer that he made up his mind to accompany him himself. To this plan, however, both the mates and all the crew stoutly but respectfully objected. They felt his importance too much to consent to this exposure, and neither of the mates even would be allowed to go on an expedition of so much hazard, without a sufficient motive. They might fight, if they pleased, but they should not run into the mouth of the lion unarmed and unresisting.

"It is of no moment," said Mr. Monday; "I could have liked a gentleman for my companion; but no one of the brave fellows will have any objection to passing an hour in company with an Arab Sheik over a bottle. What say you, my lads, will any one of you volunteer?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried a dozen in a breath.

"This will never do," interrupted the captain; "I have need of the men, for my heart is still set on these two sticks that remain, and we have a head-sea and a stiff breeze to struggle with in getting back to the ship. By George, I have it! What do you say to Mr. Dodge for a companion, Mr. Monday? He is used to committees, and likes the service: and then he has need of some stimulant, after the ducking he has received. Mr. Leach, take a couple of hands, and go off in the jolly-boat and bring Mr. Dodge on shore. My compliments to him, and tell him he has been unanimously chosen to a most honorable and lucrative—ay, and a popular employment."

As this was an order, the mate did not scruple about obeying it. He was soon afloat, and on his way towards the launch. Captain Truck now hailed the top, and inquired what the Arabs were about. The answer was satisfactory, as they were still busy with their camels and in pitching their tents. This did not look much like an immediate war, and bidding the man aloft to give timely notice of their approach, Mr. Truck fancied he might still have time to shift his sheers, and to whip out the mizzen-mast, and he accordingly set about it without further delay.

As every one worked, as it might be for life, in fifteen minutes this light spar was suspended in the falls. In ten more its heel was clear of the bulwarks, and it was lowered on the sands almost by the run. To knock off the top and roll it down to the water took but a few minutes longer, and then the people were called to their breakfast; the sentinel aloft reporting that the Arabs were employed in the same manner, and in milking their camels. This was a fortunate relief, and everybody ate in peace, and in the full assurance that those whom they so much distrusted were equally engaged in the same pacific manner.

Neither the Arabs nor the seamen, however, lost any unnecessary time at the meal. The former was soon reported to be coming and going in parties of fifteen or twenty, arriving and departing in an eastern direction. Occasionally a single runner went or came alone, on a fleet dromedary, as if communications were held with other bodies which lay deeper in the desert. All this intelligence rendered Captain Truck very uneasy, and he thought it time seriously to take some decided measures to bring this matter to an issue. Still, as time gained was all in his favor if improved, he first ordered the men to begin to shift the sheers forward, in hopes of being yet able to carry off the foremast; a spar that would be exceedingly useful, as it would save the necessity of fishing a new head to the one which still stood in the packet. He then went aside with his two ambassadors, with a view to give his instructions.

Mr. Dodge had no sooner found himself safe in the launch than he felt his courage revive, and with his courage, his ingenuity, self-love and assurance. While in the water, a meeker man there was not on earth; he had even some doubts as to the truth of all his favorite notions of liberty and equality, for men think fast in danger, and there was an instant when he might have been easily persuaded to acknowledge himself a demagogue and a hypocrite in his ordinary practice; one whose chief motive was self, and whose besetting passions were envy, distrust and

malice; or, in other words, very much the creature he was. Shame came next, and he eagerly sought an excuse for the want of manliness he had betrayed; but passing over the language he had held in the launch, and the means Mr. Leach found to persuade him to land again, we shall give his apology in his own words, as he now somewhat hurriedly delivered it to Captain Truck, in his own person.

"I must have misunderstood your arrangement, captain," he said; "for somehow, though *how* I do not exactly know—but *somehow* the alarm of the Arabs was no sooner given than I felt as if I *ought* to be in the launch to be at my post; but I suppose it was because I knew that the sails and spars that brought us here are mostly there, and that this was the spot to be most resolutely defended. I *do* think, if they had waded off to us, I should have fought like a tiger!"

"No doubt you would, my dear sir, and like a wild cat too! We all make mistakes in judgment, in war, and in politics, and no fact is better known than that the best soldiers in the end are they who give a little ground at the first attack. But Mr. Leach has explained to you the plan of Mr. Monday, and I rely on your spirit and zeal, which there is now an excellent opportunity to prove, as before it was only demonstrated."

"If it were only an opportunity of meeting the Arabs sword in hand, captain."

"Pooh! pooh! my dear friend, take *two* swords if you choose. One who is full of fight can never get the battle on his own terms. Fill the Arabs with the *schnaps* of the poor Dane, and if they should make the smallest symptom of moving down towards us, I rely on you to give the alarm, in order that we may be ready for them. Trust to us for the *overture* of the *piece*, as I trust to you for the overtures of peace."

"In what way can we possibly do this, Mr. Monday? How *can* we give the alarm in season?"

"Why," interposed the unmoved captain, "you may just shoot the sheik, and that will be killing two birds with one stone; you will take your pistols, of course, and blaze away upon them, starboard and larboard; rely on it, we shall hear you."

"Of that I make no doubt, but I rather distrust the prudence of the step. That is, I declare, Mr. Monday, it looks awfully like tempting Providence! I begin to have conscientious scruples. I hope you are quite certain, captain, there is nothing in all this against the laws of Africa? Good moral and religious influences are not to be overlooked. My mind is quite exercised in the premises!"

"You are much too conscientious for a diplomatic man," said Mr. Truck, between the puffs at a fresh cigar. "You need not shoot any of the women, and what more does a man want? Come, no more words, but to the duty heartily. Every one expects it of you, since no one can do it half so well; and if you ever get back to Dodgeopolis, there will be matter for a paragraph every day of the year for the next six months. If anything serious happen to you, trust to me to do your memory justice."

"Captain, captain, this trifling with the future is blasphemous! Men seldom talk of death with impunity, and it really hurts my feelings to touch on such awful subjects so lightly. I will go, for I do not well see how the matter is to be helped; but let us go amicably, and with such presents as will secure a good reception and a safe return."

"Mr. Monday takes the liquor-case of the Dane, and you are welcome to anything that is left, but the foremast. *That* I shall fight for, even if lions come out of the desert to help the Arabs."

Mr. Dodge had many more objections, some of which he urged openly, and more of which he felt in his inmost spirit. But for the unfortunate dive into the water, he certainly would have pleaded his immunities as a passenger, and plumply refused to be put forward on such an occasion; but he felt that he was a disgraced man, and that some decided act of spirit was necessary to redeem his character. The neutrality observed by the Arabs, moreover, greatly encouraged him; for he leaned to an opinion Captain Truck had expressed, that so long as a

strong-armed party remained in the wreck, the sheik, if a man of any moderation and policy, would not proceed to violence.

"You may tell him, gentlemen," continued Mr. Truck, "that as soon as I have whipped the foremast out of the Dane I will evacuate, and leave him the wreck and all it contains. The stick can do him no good, and I want it in my heart's core. Put this matter before him plainly, and there is no doubt we shall part the best of friends in the world. Remember one thing, however, we shall set about lifting the spar the moment you quit us, and should there be any signs of an attack, give us notice in season, that we may take to our arms."

By this reasoning Mr. Dodge suffered himself to be persuaded to go on the mission, though his ingenuity and fears supplied an additional motive that he took very good care not to betray. Should there be a battle he knew he would be expected to fight, if he remained with his own party, and if with the other, he might plausibly secrete himself until the affair was over; for, with a man of his temperament, eventual slavery had less horrors than immediate death.

When Mr. Monday and his co-commissioner ascended the bank, bearing the case of liquors and a few light offerings, that the latter had found in the wreck, it was just as the crew, assured that the Arabs still remained tranquil, had seriously set about pursuing their great object. On the margin of the plain, Captain Truck took his leave of the ambassadors, though he remained some time to reconnoiter the appearance of things in the wild-looking camp, which was placed within two hundred yards of the spot on which he stood. The number of Arabs had not certainly been exaggerated, and what gave him the most uneasiness was the fact that parties appeared to be constantly communicating with more, who probably lay behind a ridge of sand that bounded the view less than a mile distant inland, as they all went and came in that direction. After waiting to see his two *envoyes* in the very camp, he stationed a lookout on the bank, and returned to the wreck, to hurry on the all-important work.

Mr. Monday was the efficient man of the two commissioners, so soon as they were fairly embarked in their enterprise. He was strong of nerves, and without imagination to fancy dangers where they were not very obvious, and had a great faith in the pacific virtues of the liquor-case. An Arab advanced to meet them, when near the tents; and although conversation was quite out of the question, by pure force of gesticulations, aided by the single word "sheik," they succeeded in obtaining an introduction to that personage.

The inhabitants of the desert have been so often described that we shall assume they are known to our readers, and proceed with our narrative the same as if we had to do with Christians. Much of what has been written of the hospitality of the Arabs, if true of any portion of them, is hardly true of those tribes which frequent the Atlantic coast, where the practice of wrecking would seem to have produced the same effect on their habits and morals that it is known to produce elsewhere. But a ship protected by a few weatherworn and stranded mariners, and a ship defended by a strong and armed party, like that headed by Captain Truck, presented very different objects to the cupidity of these barbarians. They knew the great advantage they possessed by being on their own ground, and were content to await events in preference to risking a doubtful contest. Several of the party had been at Mogadore, and other parts, and had acquired tolerably accurate ideas of the power of vessels; and as they were confident the men now at work at the wreck had not the means of carrying away the cargo, their own principal object, curiosity and caution, connected with certain plans that were already laid among their leaders, kept them quiet, for the moment at least.

These people were not so ignorant as to require to be told that some other vessel was at no great distance, and their scouts had been out in all directions to ascertain the fact previously to taking their ultimate

measures; for the sheik himself had some pretty just notions of the force of a vessel of war, and of the danger of contending with one. The result of his policy, therefore, will better appear in the course of the narrative.

The reception of the two envoys of Captain Truck was masked by that smiling and courteous politeness which seems to diminish as one travels west, and to increase as he goes eastward; though it was certainly less elaborate than would have been found in the palace of an Indian rajah. The sheik was not properly a sheik, nor was the party composed of genuine Arabs, though we have thus styled them from usage. The first, however, was a man in authority, and he and his followers possessed enough of the origin and characteristics of the tribes east of the Red Sea, to be sufficiently described by the appellation we have adopted.

Mr. Monday and Mr. Dodge were invited by signs to be seated, and refreshments were offered. As the last were not particularly inviting, Mr. Monday was not slow in producing his own offering, and in recommending its quality, by setting an example of the way in which it ought to be treated. Although Mussulmans, the hosts did not scruple about tasting the cup, and ten minutes of pantomime, potations, and grimaces, brought about a species of intimacy between the parties.

The man who had been so unceremoniously captured the previous night by Captain Truck was now introduced, and much curiosity was manifested to know whether his account of the disposition in the strangers to eat their fellow-creatures was true. The inhabitants of the desert, in the course of ages, had gleaned certain accounts of mariners eating their shipmates, from their different captives, and vague traditions to that effect existed among them, which the tale of this man had revived. Had the sheik kept a journal, like Mr. Dodge, the result of these inquiries would probably have been some entries concerning the customs and characters of the Americans, that were quite as original as those of the editor of the "Active Inquirer" concerning the different nations he had visited.

Mr. Monday paid great attention to the pantomime of the Arab, in which that worthy endeavored to explain the disposition of Captain Truck to make a barbecue of him: when it was ended, he gravely informed his companions that the sheik had invited them to stay for dinner—a proposition that he was disposed to accept; but the sensitiveness of Mr. Dodge viewed the matter otherwise, for, with a conformity of opinion that really said something in favor of the science of signs, he arrived at the same conclusion as the poor Arab himself—with the material difference, that he fancied that the Arabs were disposed to make a meal of himself.

Mr. Monday, who was a hearty beef and brandy personage, scouted the idea, and thought the matter settled, by pointing to two or three young camels, and asking the editor if he thought any man, Turk or Christian, would think of eating one so lank, meager, and uninviting, as himself, when they had so much capital food of another sort at their elbow. "Take your share of the liquor while it is passing, man, and set your heart at ease as to the dinner, which I make no doubt will be substantial and decent. Had I known of the favor intended us, I should have brought out the sheik a service of knives and forks from Birmingham; for he really seems a well-disposed and gentleman-like man. A very capital fellow, I dare say, we shall find him, after he has had a few camel's steaks, and a proper allowance of *schnaps*. Mr. Sheik, I drink your health with all my heart."

The accidents of life could scarcely have brought together, in circumstances so peculiar, men whose characters were more completely the converse of each other than Mr. Monday and Mr. Dodge. They were perfect epitomes of two large classes in their respective nations, and so diametrically opposed to each other that one could hardly recognize in them scions from a common stock. The first was dull, obstinate, straightforward, hearty in his manners, and not without sincerity, though wily in a bargain, with all his

seeming frankness; the last, distrustful, cunning rather than quick of comprehension, insincere, fawning when he thought his interests concerned, and jealous and detracting at all other times, with a coldness of exterior that had at least the merit of appearing to avoid deception. Both were violently prejudiced, though in Mr. Monday it was the prejudice of old dogmas, in religion, politics, and morals; and in the other it was the vice of provincialism, and an education that was not entirely free from the fanaticism of the seventeenth century. One consequence of this discrepancy of character was a perfectly opposite manner of viewing matters in this interview. While Mr. Monday was disposed to take things amicably, Mr. Dodge was all suspicion; and had they then returned to the wreck, the last would have called to arms, while the first would have advised Captain Truck to go out and visit the sheik, in the manner one would visit a respectable and agreeable neighbor.

CHAPTER XX.

"'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain!
Oh, let it not elude thy grasp!" —COTTON.

THINGS were in this state, the sheik and his guests communicating by signs, in such a way as completely to mystify each other; Mr. Monday drinking, Mr. Dodge conjecturing, and parties quitting the camp and arriving every ten minutes, when an Arab pointed eagerly with his finger in the direction of the wreck. The head of the foremast was slowly rising, and the lookout in the top was clinging to the spar, which began to cant, in order to keep himself from falling. The sheik affected to smile; but he was evidently disturbed, and two or three messengers were sent out into the camp. In the meanwhile, the spar began to lower, and was soon entirely concealed beneath the bark.

It was now apparent that the Arabs thought the moment had arrived when it was their policy to interfere. The sheik, therefore, left his guests to be entertained by two or three others who had joined in the potations, and making the best assurances he could by means of signs, of his continued amity, he left the tent. Laying aside all his arms, attended by two or three old men like himself, he went boldly to the plank, and descended quietly to the sands, where he found Captain Truck busied in endeavoring to get the spar into the water. The top was already afloat, and the stick itself was cut round in the right position for rolling, when the foul but grave-looking barbarians appeared among the workmen. As the latter had been apprised of their approach, and of the fact of their being unarmed, no one left his employment to receive them, with the exception of Captain Truck himself.

"Bear a hand with the spar, Mr. Leach," he said, "while I entertain these gentlemen. It is a good sign that they come to us without arms, and it shall never be said that we are behind them in civility. Half an hour will settle our affairs, when these gentry are welcome to what will be left of the Dane.—Your servant, gentlemen; I'm glad to see you, and beg the honor to shake hands with all of you, from the oldest to the youngest."

Although the Arabs understood nothing that was said, they permitted Captain Truck to give each of them a hearty shake of the hand, smiling and muttering their own compliments with as much apparent good will as was manifested by the old seaman himself.

"God help the Danes, if they have fallen into servitude among these blackguards!" said the captain, aloud, while he was shaking the sheik a second time most cordially by the hand, "for a fouler set of thieves I never laid eyes on, Leach. Mr. Monday has tried the virtue of the *schnaps* on them, notwithstanding, for the odor of gin is mingled with that of grease, about the old scoundrel.—Roll away at the spar, boys! half-a-dozen more such heaves, and you will have him in his native element, as the newspapers call it.—I'm glad to see you, gentlemen; we are badly off as to chairs, on this beach, but to such as we have you are

heartily welcome.—Mr. Leach, the Arab sheik;—Arab sheik, Mr. Leach.—On the bank there?"

"Sir."

"Any movement among the Arabs?"

"About thirty have just ridden back into the desert, mounted on camels, sir; nothing more."

"No signs of our passengers?"

"Ay, ay, sir. Here comes Mr. Dodge under full sail, heading for the bank, as straight as he can lay his course!"

"Ha!—Is he pursued?"

The men ceased their work, and glanced aside at their arms.

"Not at all, sir. Mr. Monday is calling after him, and the Arabs seem to be laughing. Mr. Monday is just splicing the main-brace with one of the rascals."

"Let the Atlantic ocean, then, look out for itself, for Mr. Dodge will be certain to run over it. Heave away, my hearties, and the stick will be afloat yet before that gentleman is fairly docked."

The men worked with good will, but their zeal was far less efficient than that of the editor of the "Active Inquirer," who now broke through the bushes and plunged down the bank with a velocity which, if continued, would have carried him to Dodgeopolis itself within the month. The Arabs started at this sudden apparition, but perceiving that those around them laughed, they were disposed to take the interruption in good part. The lookout now announced the approach of Mr. Monday, followed by fifty Arabs; the latter, however, being without arms, and the former without his hat. The moment was critical, but the steadiness of Captain Truck did not desert him. Issuing a rapid order to the second mate, with a small party previously selected for that duty, to stand by the arms, he urged the rest of the people to renewed exertions. Just as this was done, Mr. Monday appeared on the bank, with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, calling aloud to Mr. Dodge to return and drink with the Arabs.

"Do not disgrace Christianity in this unmannerly way," he said; "but show these gentlemen of the desert that we know what propriety is. Captain Truck, I beg of you to urge Mr. Dodge to return. I was about to sing the Arabs, 'God save the King,' and in a few more minutes we should have had 'Rule Britannia,' when we should have been the best friends and companions in the world. Captain Truck, I've the honor to drink your health."

But Captain Truck viewed the matter differently. Both his ambassadors were now safely back, for Mr. Monday came down upon the beach, followed, it is true, by all the Arabs, and the mast was afloat. He thought it better, therefore, that Mr. Dodge should remain, and that the two parties should be as quietly, but as speedily as possible, separated. He ordered the hauling line to be fastened to the mast, and as the stick was slowly going out through the surf, he issued the order for the men to collect their implements, take their arms, and to assemble in a body at the rocks where the jolly boat still lay.

"Be quick, men, but be steady; for there are a hundred of these rascals on the beach already, and all the last-comers are armed. We might pick up a few more useful things from the wreck, but the wind is coming in from the westward, and our principal concern now will be to save what we have got. Lead Mr. Monday along with you, Leach, for he is so full of diplomacy and *schnaps* just now that he forgets his safety. As for Mr. Dodge, I see he is stowed away in the boat already, as snug as the ground-tier in a ship loaded with molasses. Count the men off, sir, and see that no one is missing."

By this time, the state of things on the beach had undergone material changes. The wreck was full of Arabs, some of whom were armed and some not; while mauls, crows, hand spikes, purchases, coils of rigging, and martling-spikes, were scattered about on the sand, just where they had been dropped by the seamen. A party of fifty Arabs had collected around the rocks, where, by this time, all the mariners were assembled, intermingling with the latter, and apparently endeavoring to maintain the friendly rela-

tions which had been established by Mr. Monday. As a portion of these men were also armed, Captain Truck disliked their proceedings; but the inferiority of his numbers, and the disadvantage under which he was placed, compelled him to resort to management rather than force, in order to extricate himself.

The Arabs now crowded around and intermingled with the seamen, thronged the ship, and lined the bank, to the number of more than two hundred. It became evident that their true force had been underrated and that additions were constantly making to it, from those who lay behind the ridges of sand. All those who appeared last had arms of one kind or another, and several brought firearms, which they gave to the sheik, and to those who had first descended to the beach. Still, every face seemed amicable, and the men were scarcely permitted to execute their orders, from the frequent interruptions to exchange tokens of friendship.

But Captain Truck fully believed that hostilities were intended, and although he had suffered himself in some measure to be surprised, he set about repairing his error with great judgment and admirable steadiness. His first step was to extricate his own people from those who pressed upon them, a thing that was effected by causing a few to take a position, that might be defended, higher among the rocks, as they afforded a good deal of cover, and which communicated directly with the place where they had landed; and then ordering the remainder of the men to fall back singly. To prevent an alarm, each man was called off by name, and in this manner the whole party had got within the prescribed limits before the Arabs, who were vociferating and talking altogether, seemed to be aware of the movement. When some of the latter attempted to follow they were gently repulsed by the sentinels. All this time Captain Truck maintained the utmost cordiality towards the sheik, keeping near him, and amongst the Arabs himself. The work of plunder, in the meantime, had begun in earnest in the wreck, and this he thought a favorable symptom, as the men thus employed would be less likely to make a hostile attack. Still he knew that prisoners were of great account among these barbarians, and that an attempt to tow the raft off from the land, in open boats, where his people would be exposed to every shot from the wreck, would subject them to the greatest danger of defeat, were the former disposed to prevent it.

Having reflected a few minutes on this situation, Captain Truck issued his final orders. The jolly-boat might carry a dozen men at need, though they would be crowded and much exposed to fire; and he, therefore, caused eight to get into her, and to pull out to the launch. Mr. Leach went with this party, for the double purpose of directing its movements, and of being separated from his commander, in order that one of those who were of so much importance to the packet might at least stand a chance of being saved. This separation also was effected without alarming the Arabs, though Captain Truck observed that the sheik watched the proceedings narrowly.

As soon as Mr. Leach had reached the launch, he caused a light kedge to be put into the jolly-boat, and coils of the lightest rigging he had were laid on the top of it, or were made on the bows of the launch. As soon as this was done, the boat was pulled a long distance off from the land, paying out the ropes first from the launch, and then from the boat itself, until no more of the latter remained. The kedge was then dropped, and the men in the launch began to haul in upon the ropes that were attached to it. As the jolly-boat returned immediately, and her crew joined in the work, the line of boats, the kedge by which they had previously ridden having been first raised, began slowly to recede from the shore.

Captain Truck had rightly conjectured the effect of this movement. It was so unusual and so gradual, that the launch and the raft were warped up to the kedge before the Arabs fully comprehended its nature. The boats were now more than a quarter of a mile from the wreck, for Mr. Leach had run out quite

two hundred fathoms of small rope, and, of course, so distant as greatly to diminish the danger from the muskets of the Arabs, though still within reach of their range. Near an hour was passed in effecting this point, which, as the sea and wind were both rising, could not probably have been effected in any other manner, half as soon, if at all.

The state of the weather, and the increasing turbulence of the barbarians, now rendered it extremely desirable to all on the rocks to be in their boats again. A very moderate blow would compel them to abandon their hard-earned advantages, and it began to be pretty evident, from the manners of those around them, that amity could not much longer be maintained. Even the old sheik retired, and instead of going to the wreck, he joined the party on the beach, where he was seen in earnest conversation with several other old men, all of whom gesticulated vehemently, as they pointed towards the boats and to the party on the rocks.

Mr. Leach now pulled in towards the bar, with both the jolly-boats and the cutter, having only two oars each, half his men being left in the launch. This was done that the people might not be crowded at the critical moment, and that, at need, there might be room to fight as well as to row: all these precautions having been taken in consequence of Captain Truck's previous orders. When the boats reached the rocks, the people did not hurry into them; but a quarter of an hour was passed in preparations, as if they were indifferent about proceeding, and even then the jolly-boat alone took in a portion, and pulled leisurely without the bar. Here she lay on her oars, in order to cover the passage of the other boats, if necessary, with her fire. The cutter imitated this maneuver, and the boat of the wreck went last. Captain Truck quitted the rock after all the others, though his embarkation was made rapidly by a prompt and sudden movement.

Not a shot was fired, however, and, contrary to his own most ardent hopes, the captain found himself at the launch, with all his people unhurt, and with all the spars he had so much desired to obtain. The forbearance of the Arabs was a mystery to him, for he had fully expected hostilities would commence, every moment, for the last two hours. Nor was he yet absolutely out of danger, though there was time to pause and look about him, and to take his succeeding measures more deliberately. The first report was a scarcity of both food and water. For both these essentials the men had depended on the wreck, and, in the eagerness to secure the foremast, and subsequently to take care of themselves, these important requisites had been overlooked, quite probably, too, as much from a knowledge that the *Montauk* was so near, as from hurry. Still both were extremely desirable, if not indispensable, to men who had the prospect of many hours' hard work before them; and Captain Truck's first impulse was to dispatch a boat to the ship for supplies. This intention was reluctantly abandoned, however, on account of the threatening appearance of the weather.

There was no danger of a gale, but a smart sea breeze was beginning to set in, and the surface of the ocean was, as usual, getting to be agitated. Changing all his plans, therefore, the captain turned his immediate attention to the safety of the all-important spars.

"We can eat to-morrow, men," he said; "but if we lose these sticks, our chance for getting any more will indeed be small. Take a gang on the raft, Mr. Leach, and double all the lashings, while I see that we get an offing. If the wind rises any more, we shall need it, and even then be worse off than we could wish."

The mate passed upon the raft, and set about securing all the spars by additional fastenings; for the working, occasioned by the sea, already rendered them loose, and liable to separate. While this was in train, the two jolly-boats took in lines and kedges, of which, luckily, they had one that was brought from the packet, besides two found in the wreck, and pulled off into the ocean. As soon as one kedge was dropped, that by which the launch rode was tripped, and the boats were hauled up to it, the jolly-boat proceeding

on to renew the process. In this manner, in the course of two more hours, the whole, raft and all, were warped broad off from the land, and to windward, quite two miles, when the water became so deep that Captain Truck reluctantly gave the order to cease.

"I would gladly work our way into the offing in this mode, three or four leagues," he said, "by which means we might make a fair wind of it. As it is, we must get all clear, and do as well as we can. Rig the masts in the launch, Mr. Leach, and we will see what can be done with this dull craft we have in tow."

While this order was in course of execution, the glass was used to ascertain the manner in which the Arabs were occupied. To the surprise of all in the boats, every soul of them had disappeared. The closest scrutiny could not detect one near the wreck, on the beach, nor even at the spot where the tents had so lately stood.

"They are all off, by George!" cried Captain Truck, when fully satisfied of the fact. "Camels, tents, and Arabs! The rascals have loaded their beasts already, and most probably have gone to hide their plunder, that they may be back and make sure of a second haul, before any of their precious brother vultures, up in the sands, get a scent of the carrion. D——n the rogues; I thought at one time they had me in a category! Well, joy be with them! Mr. Monday, I return you my hearty thanks for the manly, frank, and diplomatic manner in which you have discharged the duties of your mission. Without you, we might not have succeeded in getting the foremast. Mr. Dodge, you have the high consolation of knowing that, throughout this trying occasion, you have conducted yourself in a way no other man of the party could have done."

Mr. Monday was sleeping off the fumes of the *schnaps*, but Mr. Dodge bowed to the compliment, and foresaw many capital things for the journal, and for the columns of the "Active Inquirer." He even began to meditate a book.

Now commenced much the most laborious and critical part of the service that Captain Truck had undertaken, if we except the collision with the Arabs—that of towing all the heavy spars of a large ship, in one raft, in the open sea, near a coast, and with the wind blowing on shore. It is true he was strong-handed, being able to put ten oars in the launch, and four in all the other boats; but, after making sail, and pulling steadily for an hour, it was discovered that all their exertions would not enable them to reach the ship, if the wind stood, before the succeeding day. The drift to leeward, or towards the beach was seriously great, every heave of the sea setting them bodily down before it; and by the time they were half a mile to the southward, they were obliged to anchor, in order to keep clear of the breakers, which by this time extended fully a mile from shore.

Decision was fortunately Captain Truck's leading quality. He foresaw the length and severity of the struggle that was before them, and the men had not been pulling ten minutes, before he ordered Mr. Leach, who was in the cutter, to cast off his line and come alongside the launch.

"Pull back to the wreck, sir," he said, "and bring off all you can lay hands on, in the way of bread, water, and other comforts. We shall make a night of it, I see. We will keep a lookout for you, and if any Arabs heave in sight on the plain, a musket will be fired; if so many as to render a hint to abscond necessary, two muskets will be fired, and the mainsail of the launch will be furled for two minutes; more time than that we cannot spare you."

Mr. Leach obeyed this order, and with great success. Luckily the cook had left the coppers full of food, enough to last twenty-four hours, and this had escaped the Arabs, who were ignorant where to look for it. In addition, there was plenty of bread and water, and "a bull of Jamaica" had been discovered, by the instinct of one of the hands, which served admirably to keep the people in good humor. This timely supply had arrived just as the launch anchored, and Mr. Truck welcomed it with all his heart; for without it he foresaw he should soon be obliged to abandon his precious prize.

When the people were refreshed, the long and laborious process of warping off the land was resumed, and, in the course of two hours more, the raft was got fully a league into the offing, a shoal permitting the kedges to be used farther out this time than before. Then sail was again made, and the oars were once more plied. But the sea still proved their enemy, though they had struck the current which began to set them south. Had there been no wind and sea, the progress of the boats would now have been comparatively easy and quick; but these two adverse powers drove them in towards the beach so fast that they had scarcely made two miles from the wreck when they were compelled a second time to anchor.

No alternative remained but to keep warping off in this manner, and then to profit by the offing they had made as well as they could, the result bringing them at sunset nearly up with the headland that shut out the view of their own vessel, from which Captain Truck now calculated that he was distant a little less than two leagues. The wind had freshened, and though it was not by any means so strong as to render the sea dangerous, it increased the toil of the men to such a degree that he reluctantly determined to seek out a proper anchorage, and to give his wearied people some rest.

It was not in the power of the seamen to carry their raft into any haven, for to the northward of the headland, or on the side on which they were, there was no reef, nor any bay to afford them shelter. The coast was one continued waving line of sand-banks, and, in most places, when there was a wind, the water broke at the distance of a mile from the beach; the precise spot where the Dane had stranded his vessel, having most probably been chosen for that purpose, with a view to save the lives of the people. Under these circumstances nothing remained but to warp off again to a safe distance, and to secure the boats as well as they could for the night. This was effected by eight o'clock, and Captain Truck gave the order to let go two additional kedges, being determined not to strike adrift in the darkness, if it was in his power to prevent it. When this was done, the people had their suppers, a watch was set, and the remainder went to sleep.

As the three passengers had been exempted from the toil, they volunteered to look out for the safety of the boats until midnight, in order that the men might obtain as much rest as possible; and half an hour after the crew were lost in the deep slumber of seamen, Captain Truck and these gentlemen were seated in the launch, holding a dialogue on the events of the day.

"You found the Arabs conversable and ready at the cup, Mr. Monday?" observed the captain, lighting a cigar, which with him was a never-failing sign for a gossip. "Men that, if they had been sent to school young, taught to dance, and were otherwise civilized, might make reasonably good shipmates, in this roving world of ours!"

"Upon my word, sir, I look upon the sheik as uncommon gentlemanlike, and altogether as a good fellow. He took his glass without any grimaces, smiled whenever he said anything, though I could not understand a word he said, and answered all my remarks quite as civilly as if he spoke English. I must say, I think Mr. Dodge manifested a want of consideration in quitting his company with so little ceremony. The gentleman was hurt, I'll answer for it, and he would say as much if he could only make out to explain himself on the subject. Sir George, I regret we had not the honor of your company on the occasion, for I have been told these Arabs have a proper respect for the nobility and gentry. Mr. Dodge and myself were but poor substitutes for a gentleman like yourself."

The trained humility of Mr. Monday was little to the liking of Mr. Dodge, who by the sheer force of the workings of envy had so long been endeavoring to persuade others that he was the equal of any and every other man—a delusion, however, which he could not succeed in persuading himself to fall into—and he was not slow in exhibiting the feeling it awakened.

"Sir George Templemore has too just

a sense of the rights of nations to make this distinction, Mr. Monday," he said. "If I left the Arab sheik a little abruptly, it was because I disliked his ways; for I take it Africa is a free country, and that no man is obliged to remain longer in a tent than it suits his own convenience. Captain Truck knows that I was merely running down the beach to inform him that the sheik intended to follow, and he no doubt appreciates my motives."

"If not, Mr. Dodge," put in the captain, "like other patriots, you must trust to posterity to do you justice. The joints and sinews are so differently constructed in different men, that one never knows exactly how to calculate on speed; but this much I will make affidavit to, if you wish it, on reaching home, and that is, that a better messenger could not be found than Mr. Steadfast Dodge, for a man in a hurry. Sir George Templemore, we have had but a few of your opinions since you came out on this expedition, and I should be gratified to hear your sentiments concerning the Arabs, and anything else that may suggest itself at the moment."

"Oh, captain! I think the wretches odiously dirty, and, judging from appearances, I should say sadly deficient in comforts."

"In the way of breeches in particular; for I am inclined to think, Sir George, you are master of more than are to be found in their whole nation. Well, gentlemen, one must certainly travel who wishes to see the world; but for this sheer down here upon the coast of Africa, neither of us might have ever known how an Arab lives, and what a nimble wrecker he makes. For my own part, if the choice lay between filling the office of Jemmy Ducks, on board the *Montauk*, and that of sheik in this tribe, I should, as we say in America, Mr. Dodge, leave it to the people, and do all in my power to obtain the first situation. Sir George, I'm afraid all these *county tongues*, as Mr. Dodge calls them, in the way of wind and weather, will quite knock the buffalo hunt on the prairies in the head, for this fall at least."

"I beg, Captain Truck, you will not discredit my French in this way. I do not call a disappointment '*county tongues*,' but '*contra toms*;' the phrase probably coming from some person of the name of *tom*, who was *contra*, or opposed to every one else."

"Perfectly explained, and as clear as bilge-water. Sir George, has Mr. Dodge mentioned to you the manner in which these Arabs enjoy life? The gentlemen, by way of saving dish-water, eat half-a-dozen at a time out of the same plate. Quite republican, and altogether without pride, Mr. Dodge, in their notions!"

"Why, sir, many of their habits struck me as being simple and praiseworthy, during the short time I remained in their country; and I daresay, one who had leisure to study them might find materials for admiration. I can readily imagine situations in which a man has no right to appropriate a whole dish to himself."

"No doubt, and he who wishes a thing so unreasonable must be a great hog! What a thing is sleep! Here are these fine fellows as much lost to their dangers and toils as if at home, and tucked in by their careful and pious mothers. Little did the good souls who nursed them, and sung pious songs over their cradles, fancy the hardships they were bringing them up to! But we never know our fates, or miserable dogs most of us would be. Is it not so, Sir George?"

The baronet started at this appeal, which crossed the quaint mind of the captain as a cloud darkens a sunny view, and he muttered a hasty expression of hope that there was now no particular reason to expect any more serious obstacles to their reaching the ship.

"It is not an easy thing to tow a heavy raft in light boats like these, exactly in the direction you wish it to go," returned the captain, gaping. "He who trusts to the winds and waves, trusts an uncertain friend, and one who may fail him at the very moment when there is most need of their services. Fair as things now seem, I would give a thousand dollars of a small stock, in which no single dollar has been

lightly earned, to see these spars safely on board the *Montauk*, and snugly fitted to their proper places. Sticks, gentlemen, are to a ship what limbs are to a man. Without them she rolls and tumbles about as winds, currents, and seas will; while with them she walks, and dances, and jumps Jim Crows; ay, almost talks. The standing rigging are the bones and gristle; the running gear the veins in which her life circulates; and the blocks the joints."

"And which is the heart?" asked Sir George.

"Her heart is the master. With a sufficient commander no stout ship is ever lost, so long as she has a foot of water beneath her false keel, or a ropeyarn left to turn to account."

"And yet the Dane had all these."

"All but the water. The best craft that was ever launched is of less use than a single camel, if laid high and dry on the sands of Africa. These poor wretches truly! And yet their fate might have been ours though I thought little of the risk while we were in the midst of the Arabs. It is still a mystery to me why they let us escape, especially as they so soon deserted the wreck. They were strong-handed, too; counting all who came and went, I think not less than several hundreds."

The captain now became silent and thoughtful, and, as the wind continued to rise, he began to feel uneasiness about his ship. Once or twice he expressed a half-formed determination to pull to her in one of the light boats, in order to look after her safety in person, and then he abandoned it, as he witnessed the rising of the sea, and the manner in which the massive raft caused the cordage by which it was held to strain. At length he too fell asleep, and we shall leave him and his party for awhile, and return to the *Montauk*, to give an account of what occurred on board that ship.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Nothing beside remains! Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."
—SHELLEY.

As Captain Truck was so fully aware of the importance of rapid movements to the success of his enterprise, it will be remembered that he left in the ship no seaman, no servant, except Saunders, the steward, and, in short, no men but the two Messrs. Effingham, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt, and the other person just mentioned. If to these be added Eve Effingham, Mademoiselle Viefville, Ann Sidley, and a French *femme de chambre*, the whole party will be enumerated. At first, it had been the intention of the master to leave one of his mates behind him, but encouraged by the secure berth he had found for his vessel, the great strength of his moorings, the little hold the winds and waves could get of spars so robbed of their proportions, and of a hull so protected by the reef, and feeling a certain confidence in the knowledge of Mr. Blunt, who several times during the passage had betrayed a great familiarity with ships, he came to the decision named, and had formally placed the last named gentleman in full charge, *ad interim*, of the *Montauk*.

There was a solemn and exciting interest in the situation of those who remained in the vessel, after the party of bustling seamen had left them. The night came in bland and tranquil, and although there was no moon, they walked the deck for hours with strange sensations of enjoyment, mingled with those of loneliness and desertion. Mr. Effingham and his cousin retired to their rooms long before the others, who continued their exercise with a freedom and an absence of restraint that they had not before felt, since subjected to the confinement of the ship.

"Our situation is at least novel," Eve observed, "for a party of Parisians, Viennois, Romans, or by whatever name we may be properly styled."

"Say Swiss then," returned Mr. Blunt; "for I believe that even the cosmopolite

has a claim to choose his favorite residence."

Eve understood the allusion, which carried her back to the weeks they had passed in company, among the grand scenery of the Alps; but she would not betray the consciousness, for, whatever may be the ingenuousness of a female, she seldom loses her sensitiveness on the subject of her more cherished feelings.

"And do you prefer Switzerland to all the other countries of your acquaintance?" asked Mr. Sharp: "England I leave out of the question, for, though we, who belong to the island, see so many charms in it, it must be conceded that strangers seldom join us very heartily in its praises. I think most travelers would give the palm to Italy."

"I am quite of the same opinion," returned the other; "and were I to be confined to a choice of a residence for life, Italy should be my home. Still, I think, that we like change in our residence, as well as in the seasons. Italy is summer, and one, I fear, would weary of even an eternal June."

"Is not Italy rather autumn, a country in which the harvest is gathered, and where one begins already to see the fall of the leaf?"

"To me," said Eve, "it would be an eternal summer; as things are eternal with young ladies. My ignorance would be always receiving instruction, and my tastes improvement. But, if Italy be summer, or autumn, what is poor America?"

"Spring, of course," civilly answered Mr. Sharp.

"And do you, Mr. Blunt, who seem to know all parts of the world equally well, agree in giving *our* country, *my* country, at least, this encouraging title?"

"It is merited in many respects, though there are others in which the term winter would, perhaps, be better applied. America is a country not easily understood; for, in some particulars, like Minerva, it has been born full-grown, while, in others, it is certainly still an infant."

"In what particulars do you especially class it with the latter?" inquired Mr. Sharp.

"In strength, to commence," answered the other, slightly smiling, "in opinion, too, and in tastes, and perhaps in knowledge. As to the latter essential, however, and practical things as well as in the commoner comforts, America may well claim to be in midsummer, when compared with other nations. I do not think you Americans, Miss Effingham, at the head of civilization, certainly, as so many of your own people fancy; nor at the bottom, as so many of those of Mademoiselle Viefville and Mr. Sharp so piously believe."

"And what are the notions of the countrymen of Mr. Blunt on the subject?"

"As far from the truth, perhaps, as any other. I perceive there exist some doubts as to the place of my nativity," he added, after a pause that denoted a hesitation, which all hoped was to end in his setting the matter at rest, by a simple statement of the fact; "and I believe I shall profit by the circumstance to praise and condemn at pleasure, since no one can impeach my candor, or impute either to partialities or prejudices."

"That must depend on the justice of your judgments. In one thing, however, you will have me on your side, and that is in giving the *pas* to delicious, dreamy Italy? Though Mademoiselle Viefville will set this down as *lese majeste* against *cher Paris;* and I fear, Mr. Sharp will think even London injured."

"Do you really hold London so cheap?" inquired the latter gentleman, with more interest than he himself was quite aware of betraying.

"Indeed, no. This would be to discredit my own tastes and knowledge. In a hundred things, I think London quite the finest town of Christendom. It is not Rome, certainly, and were it in ruins fifteen centuries, I question if people would flock to the banks of the Thames to dream away existence among its crumbling walls; but in conveniences, beauty of verdure, a mixture of park-like scenery and architecture, and in magnificence of a certain sort, one would hardly know where to go to find the equal of London."

"You say nothing of its society, Miss Effingham?"

"It would be presuming, in a girl of my limited experience, to speak of this. I hear so much of the good sense of the nation, that I dare not say aught against its society, and it would be affectation for me to pretend to commend it; but as for your females, judging by my own poor means, they strike me as being singularly well cultivated and accomplished; and yet——"

"Go on, I entreat you. Recollect we have solemnly decided in a general congress of states to be cosmopolites, until safe within Sandy Hook, and that *la franchise* is the *mot d'ordre.*"

"Well, then, I should not certainly describe you English as a talking people," continued Eve, laughing. "In the way of society, you are quite as agreeable as a people, who never laugh and seldom speak, can possibly make themselves."

"*Et les jeunes Americaines?*" said Mademoiselle Viefville laconically.

"My dear Mademoiselle, your question is terrific! Mr. Blunt has informed me that *they* actually giggle!"

"*Quelle horreur!*"

"It is bad enough, certainly; but I ascribe the report to calumny. No; if I must speak, let me have Paris for its society, and Naples for its nature. As respects New York, Mr. Blunt, I suspend my judgment."

"Whatever may be the particular merit which shall most attract your admiration in favor of the great emporium, as the grandiloquent writers term the capital of your own State, I think I can venture to predict it will be neither of those just mentioned. Of society, indeed, New York has positively none: like London, it has plenty of company, which is disciplined something like a regiment of militia composed of drafts from different brigades, and which sometimes mistakes the drum-major for the colonel."

"I had fancied you a New Yorker, until now," observed Mr. Sharp.

"And why not now? Is a man to be blind to facts as evident as the noonday sun, because he was born here or there? If I have told you an unpleasant truth, Miss Effingham, you must accuse *la franchise* of the offense. I believe *you* are not a Manhattanese!"

"I am a mountaineer; having been born at my father's country residence."

"This gives me courage then, for no one here will have his filial piety shocked."

"Not even yourself?"

"As for myself," returned Paul Blunt, "it is settled I am a cosmopolite in fact, while you are only a cosmopolite by convention. Indeed, I question if I might take the same liberties with either Paris or London that I am about to take with palmy Manhattan. I should have little confidence in the forbearance of my auditors: Mademoiselle Viefville would hardly forgive me, were I to attempt a criticism on the first, for instance."

"*C'est impossible!* you could not, Monsieur Blunt; *vous parlez trop bien Francais* not to love *Paris.*"

"I *do* love *Paris,* mademoiselle; and, what is more, I love *Londres,* or even *la Nouvelle Yorck.* As a cosmopolite, I claim this privilege, at least, though I can see defects in all. If you will recollect, Miss Effingham, that New York is a social bivouac, a place in which families encamp instead of troops, you will see the impossibility of its possessing a graceful, well-ordered, and cultivated society. Then the town is commercial; and no place of mere commerce can well have a reputation for its society. Such an anomaly, I believe, never existed. Whatever may be the usefulness of trade, I fancy few will contend that is very graceful."

"Florence of old?" said Eve.

"Florence and her commerce were peculiar, and the relations of things change with circumstances. When Florence was great, trade was a monopoly, in a few hands, and so conducted as to remove the principles from immediate contact with its affairs. The Medici traded in spices and silks, as men traded in politics, through agents. They probably never saw their ships, or had any further connection with their commerce, than to direct its spirit. They were more like the legislator who enacts laws to regulate trade, than the dealer who fingers a

sample, smells at a wine, or nibbles a grain. The Medici were merchants, a class of men altogether different from the mere factors, who buy of one to sell to another, at a stated advance in price, and all of whose enterprise consists in extending the list of safe customers, and of doing what is called a 'regular business.' Monopolies do harm on the whole, but they certainly elevate the favored few. The Medici and the Strozzi were both princes and merchants, while those around them were principally dependents. Competition, in our day, has let in thousands to share in the benefits; and the pursuit, while it is enlarged as a whole, has suffered in its parts by division."

"You surely do not complain that a thousand are comfortable and respectable to-day, for one that was *il magnifico* three hundred years since?"

"Certainly not. I rejoice in the change; but we must not confound names with things. If we have a thousand mere factors for one merchant, society, in the general signification of the word, is clearly a gainer; but if we had one Medici for a thousand factors, society, in its particular signification, might also be a gainer. All I mean is, that, in lowering the pursuit, we have necessarily lowered its qualifications; in other words, every man in trade in New York is no more a Lorenzo, than every printer's devil is a Franklin."

"Mr. Blunt cannot be an American!" cried Mr. Sharp; "for these opinions would be heresy."

"*Jamais, jamais,*" joined the governess.

"You constantly forget the treaty of cosmopolitism. But a capital error is abroad concerning America on this very subject of commerce. In the way of merchandise alone, there is not a Christian maritime nation of any extent that has a smaller portion of its population engaged in trade of this sort than the United States of America. The nation, as a nation, is agricultural, though the state of transition, in which a country in the course of rapid settlement must always exist, causes more buying and selling of real property than is usual. Apart from this peculiarity, the Americans, as a whole people, have not the common European proportions of ordinary dealers."

"This is not the prevalent opinion," said Mr. Sharp.

"It is not, and the reason is, that all American towns, or nearly all that are at all known in other countries, are purely commercial towns. The trading portion of a community is always the concentrated portion, too, and of course, in the absence of a court, of a political, or of a social capital, it has the greatest power to make itself heard and felt, until there is a direct appeal to the other classes. The elections commonly show quite as little sympathy between the majority and the commercial class as is consistent with the public welfare. In point of fact, America has but a very small class of real merchants, men who are the cause and not a consequence of commerce, though she has exceeding activity in the way of ordinary traffic. The portion of her people who are engaged as factors —for this is the true calling of the man who is a regular agent between the common producer and the common consumer —are of *a* high class as factors, but not of *the* high class of merchants. The man who orders a piece of silk to be manufactured at Lyons, at three francs a yard, to sell it in the regular course of the season to the retailer at three francs and a half, is no more a true merchant than the attorney who goes through the prescribed forms of the court in his pleadings is a barrister."

"I do not think these sentiments will be very popular at home, as Mr. Dodge says," Eve laughingly remarked; "but when shall we reach that home! While we are talking of these things, here are we, in an almost deserted ship, within a mile of the great Desert of Sahara! How beautiful are the stars, mademoiselle! we have never before seen a vault so studded with brilliants."

"That must be owing to the latitude," Mr. Sharp observed.

"Certainly. Can any one say in what latitude we are precisely?" As Eve asked this question, she unconsciously

turned towards Mr. Blunt; for the whole party had silently come to the conclusion that he knew more of ships and navigation than all of them united.

"I believe we are not far from twenty-four, which is bringing us near the tropics, and places us quite sixteen degrees to the southward of our port. These two affairs of the chase and of the gale have driven us fully twelve hundred miles from the course we ought to have taken."

"Fortunately, mademoiselle, there are none to feel apprehensions on our account, or, none whose interest will be so keen as to create a very lively distress. I hope, gentlemen, you are equally at ease on this score?"

This was the first time Eve had ever trusted herself to put an interrogatory that might draw from Paul Blunt any communication that would directly touch upon his connections. She repented of the speech as soon as made, but causelessly, as it drew from the young man no answer. Mr. Sharp observed that his friends in England could scarcely know of their situation, until his own letters would arrive to relieve their minds. As for Mademoiseile Viefville, the hard fortune which reduced her to the office of a governess had almost left her without natural ties.

"I believe we are to have watch and ward to-night," resumed Eve, after the general pause had continued some little time. "Is it not possible for the elements to put us in the same predicament as that in which we found the poor Dane?"

"Possible, certainly, but scarcely probable," returned Mr. Blunt. "The ship is well moored, and this narrow ledge of rocks between us and the ocean serves admirably for a breakwater. One would not like to be stranded, helpless as we are at this moment, on a coast like this!"

"Why so particularly helpless? You allude to the absence of our crew?"

"To that, and to the fact that, I believe, we could not muster as much as a pocket-pistol to defend ourselves with, everything in the shape of firearms having been sent with the party in the boats."

"Might we not lie on the beach here for days, even weeks," inquired Mr. Sharp, "without being discovered by the Arabs?"

"I fear not. Mariners have told me that the barbarians hover along the shores, especially after gales, in the hope of meeting with wrecks, and that it is surprising how soon they gain intelligence of any disaster. It is seldom there is even an opportunity to escape in a boat."

"I hope here, at least, we are safe?" cried Eve, in a little terror, and shuddering, as much in playfulness as in real alarm.

"I see no grounds of concern where we are, so long as we can keep the ship off the shore. The Arabs have no boats, and if they had, they would not dare to attack a vessel that floated, in one, unless aware of her being as truly helpless as we happen at this moment to be."

"This is a chilling consolation, but I shall trust in your good care, gentlemen. Mademoiselle, it is drawing near midnight, I believe."

Eve and her companion then courteously wished the two young men good night, and retired to their staterooms; Mr. Sharp remained an hour longer with Mr. Blunt, who had undertaken to watch the first few hours, conversing with a light heart, and gayly; for, though there was a secret consciousness of rivalry between these two young men on the subject of Eve's favor, it was a generous and manly competition, in which each did the other ample justice. They talked of their travels, their views of customs and nations, their adventures in different countries, and of the pleasure each had felt in visiting spots renowned by association or the arts; but not a word was hazarded by either concerning the young creature who had just left them, and whom each still saw in his mind's eye, long after her light and graceful form had disappeared. At length Mr. Sharp went below, his companion insisting on being left alone, under the penalty of remaining up himself during the second watch. From this time, for several hours, there was no other noise in the ship than the tread of the solitary

watchman. At the appointed period of the night, a change took place, and he who had watched slept, while he who had slept watched. Just as day dawned, however, Paul Blunt, who was in a deep sleep, felt a shake at his shoulder.

"Pardon me," cautiously whispered Mr. Sharp: "I fear we are about to have a most unpleasant interruption to our solitude."

"Heavenly powers!—Not the Arabs?"

"I fear no less: but it is still too dark to be certain of the fact. If you will rise, we can consult on the situation in which we are placed. I beg you to be quick."

Paul Blunt had hastily risen on an arm, and he now passed a hand over his brow, as if to make certain that he was awake. He had not undressed himself, and in another moment he stood on his feet in the middle of the stateroom.

"This is too serious to allow of mistake. We will not alarm her then; we will not give any alarm, sir, until certain of the calamity."

"In that I entirely agree with you," returned Mr. Sharp, who was perfectly calm, though evidently distressed. "I may be mistaken, and wish your opinion. All on board but us two are in a profound sleep."

The other drew on his coat, and in a minute both were on deck. The day had not yet dawned, and the light was scarce sufficient to distinguish objects even near as those on the reef, particularly when they were stationary. The rocks, themselves, however, were visible in places, for the tide was out, and most of the upper portion of the ledge was bare. The two gentlemen moved cautiously to the bows of the vessel, and, concealed by the bulwarks, Mr. Sharp pointed out to his companion the objects that had given him the alarm.

"Do you see the pointed rock a little to the right of the spot where the kedge is placed?" he said, pointing in the direction that he meant. "It is now naked, and I am quite certain there was an object on it, when I went below, that has since moved away."

"It may have been a sea-bird; for we are so near the day, some of them are probably in motion. Was it large?"

"Of the size of a man's head, apparently; but this is by no means all. Here, farther to the north, I distinguished three objects in motion, wading in the water, near the point where the rocks are never bare."

"They may have been herons; the bird is often found in these low latitudes, I believe. I can discover nothing."

"I would to God, I may have been mistaken, though I do not think I could be so much deceived."

Paul Blunt caught his arm, and held it like one who listened intently.

"You heard that?" he whispered hurriedly.

"It sounded like the clanking of iron."

Looking around, the other found a hands-pike, and passing swiftly up the heel of the bowsprit, he stood between the knightheads. Here he bent forward and looked intently towards the lines of chains which lay over the bulwarks, as bowfasts. Of these chains the parts led quite near each other, in parallel lines, and as the ship's moorings were taut, they were hanging in merely a slight curve. From the rocks, or the place where the kedges were laid to a point within thirty feet of the ship, these chains were dotted with living beings crawling cautiously upward. It was even easy, at a second look, to perceive that they were men stealthily advancing on their hands and feet.

Raising the handspike, Mr. Blunt struck the chains several violent blows. The effect was to cause the whole of the Arabs—for it could be no others—suddenly to cease advancing and to seat themselves astride the chains.

"This is fearful," said Mr. Sharp; "but we must die, rather than permit them to reach the ship."

"We must. Stand you here, and if they advance, strike the chains. There is not an instant to lose."

Paul Blunt spoke hurriedly, and, giving the other the handspike, he ran down to the bitts, and commenced loosening the chains from their fastenings. The Arabs

heard the clanking of the iron-rings, as he threw coil after coil on the deck, and they did not advance. Presently two parts yielded together beneath them, and then two more. These were the signals for a common retreat, and Mr. Sharp now plainly counted fifteen human forms as they scrambled back towards the reef, some hanging by their arms, some half in the water, and others lying along the chains, as best they might. Mr. Blunt having loosened the chains, so as to let their bights fall into the sea, the ship slowly drifted astern, and rode by her cables. When this was done, the two young men stood together in silence on the forecastle, as if each felt that all which had just occurred was some illusion.

"This is indeed terrible," exclaimed Paul Blunt. "We have not even a pistol left! No means of defense—nothing but this narrow belt of water between us and these barbarians! No doubt, too, they have firearms; and, as soon as it is light, they will render it unsafe to remain on deck."

Mr. Sharp took the hand of his companion and pressed it fervently. "God bless you!" he said in a stifled voice. "God bless you, for even this brief delay. But for this happy thought of yours, Miss Effingham—the others—we should *all* have been, by this time, at the mercy of these remorseless wretches. This is not a moment for false pride or pitiful deceptions. I think either of us would willingly die to rescue that beautiful and innocent creature from a fate like this which threatens her in common with ourselves?"

"Cheerfully would I lay down my life to be assured that she was, at this instant, safe in a civilized and Christian country."

These generous young men squeezed each other's hands, and at that moment no feeling of rivalry, or of competition even, entered the heart of either. Both were influenced by a pure and ardent desire to serve the woman they loved, and it would be true to say, that scarce a thought of any but Eve was uppermost in their minds. Indeed so engrossing was their common care in her behalf, so much more terrible than that of any other person did her fate appear on being captured, that they forgot, for the moment, there were others in the ship, and others, too, who might be serviceable in arresting the very calamity they dreaded.

"They may not be a strong party," said Paul Blunt, after a little thought, "in which case, failing of a surprise, they may not be able to muster a force sufficient to hazard an open attack until the return of the boats. We have, God be praised! escaped being seized in our sleep, and made unconscious victims of so cruel a fate. Fifteen or twenty will scarcely dare attempt a ship of this size, without a perfect knowledge of our feebleness, and particularly of our want of arms. There is a light gun on board, and it is loaded; with this, too, we may hold them at bay, by not betraying our weakness. Let us awake the others, for this is not a moment for sleep. We are safe at least for an hour or two; since, without boats, they cannot possibly find the means to board us in less than that time."

The two young men went below, unconsciously treading lightly, like those who moved about in the presence of an impending danger. Paul Blunt was in advance, and to his great surprise he met Eve at the door of the ladies' cabin, apparently awaiting their approach. She was dressed, for apprehension, and the novelty of their situation, had caused her to sleep in most of her clothes, and a few moments had sufficed for a hasty adjustment of the toilet. Miss Effingham was pale, but a concentration of all her energies seemed to prevent the exhibition of any womanly terror.

"Something is wrong!" she said, trembling in spite of herself, and laying her hand unwittingly on the arm of Paul Blunt: "I heard the heavy fall of iron on the deck."

"Compose yourself, dearest Miss Effingham, compose yourself, I entreat you. I mean, that we have come to awaken the gentlemen."

"Tell me the worst, Powis, I implore you. I am equal—I think I am equal, to hearing it."

"I fear your imagination has exaggerated the danger."

"The coast?"

"Of that there is no cause for apprehension. The sea is calm and our fasts are perfectly good."

"The boats?"

"Will doubtless be back in good time."

"Surely—surely," said Eve, recoiling a step, as if she saw a monster, "not the Arabs?"

"They cannot enter the ship, though a few of them are hovering about us. But for the vigilance of Mr. Sharp, indeed, we might have all been captured in our sleep. As it is, we have warning, and there is now little doubt of our being able to intimidate the few barbarians who have shown themselves, until Captain Truck shall return."

"Then from my soul, I thank you, Sir George Templemore, and for this good office will you receive the thanks of a father, and the prayers of all whom you have so signally served."

"Nay, Miss Effingham, although I find this interest in me so grateful that I have hardly the heart to lessen your gratitude, truth compels me to give it a juster direction. But for the promptitude of Mr. Blunt—or as I now find I ought to address him, Mr. Powis—we should truly have all been lost."

"We will not dispute about your merits, gentlemen. You have both deserved our most heartfelt thanks, and if you will awaken my father and Mr. John Effingham, I will arouse Mademoiselle Viefville and my own women. Surely, surely, this is no time to sleep!"

The summons was given at the stateroom doors, and the two young men returned to the deck, for they felt it was not safe to leave it long at such a moment. All was quite tranquil above, however, nor could the utmost scrutiny now detect the presence of any person on the reef.

"The rocks are cut off from the shore, farther to the southward, by deeper water," said Paul Blunt—for we shall continue to call both gentlemen, except on particular occasions, by their *noms de guerre*—"and when the tide is up the place cannot be forded. Of this the Arabs are probably aware; and having failed in their first attempt, they will probably retire to the beach as the water is rising, for they might not like to be left on the riband of rock that will remain in face of the force that would be likely to be found in such a vessel."

"May they not be acquainted with the absence of most of our people, and be bent upon seizing the vessel before they can return?"

"That indeed is the gloomy side of the conjecture, and it may possibly be too true; but as the day is beginning to break we shall soon learn the worst, and anything is better than vague distrust."

For some time the two gentlemen paced the quarter-deck together in silence. Mr. Sharp was the first to speak.

"The emotions natural to such an alarm," he said, "have caused Miss Effingham to betray an incognito of mine that I fear you find sufficiently absurd. It was quite accidental, I do assure you; as much so, perhaps, as it was motiveless."

"Except as you might distrust American democracy," returned Paul, smiling, "and feel disposed to propitiate it by a temporary sacrifice of rank and title."

"I declare you do me injustice. My man, whose name *is* Sharp, had taken the stateroom, and, finding myself addressed by his appellation, I had the weakness to adopt it, under the impression it might be convenient in a packet. Had I anticipated, in the least, meeting with the Effinghams, I should not have been guilty of the folly, for Mr. and Miss Effingham are old acquaintances."

"While you are thus apologizing for a venial offense, you forget it is to a man guilty of the same error. I knew your person, from having seen you on the Continent; and finding you disposed to go by the homely name of Sharp, in a moment of thoughtlessness, I took its counterpart, Blunt. A traveling name is sometimes

convenient, though sooner or later I fancy all deceptions bring with them their own punishments."

"It is certain that falsehood requires to be supported by falsehood. Having commenced in untruth, would it not be expedient to persevere until we reach America? I, at least, cannot now assert a right to my proper name, without deposing an usurper?"

"It *will* be expedient for you, certainly, if it be only to escape the homage of that double-distilled democrat, Mr. Dodge. As for myself, few care enough about me to render it a matter of moment how I am styled; though, on the whole, I should prefer to let things stand as they are, for reasons I cannot well explain."

No more was said on the subject, though both understood that the old appellations were to be temporarily continued. Just as this brief dialogue ended, the rest of the party appeared on deck. All preserved a forced calmness, though the paleness of the ladies betrayed the intense anxiety they felt. Eve struggled with her fears on account of her father, who had trembled so violently, when the truth was first told him, as to be quite unmanned, but who now comported himself with dignity, though oppressed with apprehensions almost to anguish. John Effingham was stern, and in the bitterness of his first sensations he had muttered a few imprecations on his own folly, in suffering himself to be thus caught without arms. Once the terrible idea of the necessity of sacrificing Eve, in the last resort, as an expedient preferable to captivity, had flashed across his mind; but the real tenderness he felt for her, and his better nature, soon banished the unnatural thought. Still, when he joined the party on deck, it was with a general but vague impression that the moment was at hand when circumstances had required that they were all to die together. No one was more seemingly collected than Mademoiselle Viefville. Her life had been one of sacrifices, and she had now made up her mind that it was to pass away in a scene of violence; and, with a species of heroism that is natural, her feelings had been aroused to a sort of Roman firmness, and she was prepared to meet her fate with a composure equal to that of the men.

These were the first feelings and impressions of those who had been awakened from the security of the night, to hear the tale of their danger; but they lessened as the party collected in the open air, and began to examine into their situation by means of the steadily increasing light. As the day advanced, Paul Blunt, in particular, carefully examined the rocks near the ship, even ascending to the foretop, from which elevation he overlooked the whole line of the reef; and something like hope revived in every bosom when he proclaimed the joyful intelligence that nothing having life was visible in that direction.

"God be praised!" he said with fervor, as his foot touched the deck again on descending; "we have at least a respite from the attacks of these barbarians. The tide has risen so high that they dare not stay on the rocks, lest they might be cut off; for they probably think us stronger than we are, and armed. The light gun on the forecastle is loaded, gentlemen, though not shotted; for there are no shot in the vessel, Saunders tells me; and I would suggest the propriety of firing it, both to alarm the Arabs and as a signal to our friends. The distance from the wreck is not so great but it might be heard, and I think they would at least send a boat to our relief. Sound flies fast, and a short time may bring us succor. The water will not be low enough for our enemies to venture on the reef again under six or eight hours, and all may yet be well."

This proposal was discussed, and it proving, on inquiry, that all the powder in the ship, after loading the gun for this very purpose of firing a signal, had been taken in the boats, and that no second discharge could be made, it was decided to lose no more time, but to let their danger be known to their friends at once, if it were possible to send the sound so far. When this decision was come to, Mr. Blunt, aided by Mr. Sharp, made the necessary preparations without delay.

The latter, though doing all he could to assist, envied the readiness, practical skill and intelligence with which his companion, a man of cultivated and polished mind in higher things, performed every requisite act that was necessary to effect their purpose. Instead of hastily discharging the piece, an iron four-pound gun, Mr. Blunt first doubled the wad, which he drove home with all his force, and then he greased the muzzle, as he said, to increase the report.

"I shall not attempt to explain the philosophy of this," he added with a mournful smile, "but all lovers of salutes and salvos will maintain that it is useful; and be it so or not, too much depends on our making ourselves heard, to neglect anything that has even a chance of aiding that one great object. If you will now assist me, Sir George, we will run the gun over to starboard, in order that it may be fired on the side next the wreck."

"Judging from the readiness you have shown on several occasions, as well as your familiarity with the terms, I should think you had served," returned the real baronet, as he helped his companion to place the gun at a port on the northern side of the vessel.

"You have not mistaken my trade. I was certainly bred, almost born, a seaman; and though as a traveler I have now been many years severed from my early habits, little of what I knew has been lost. Were there five others here, who had as much familiarity as myself with vessels, I think we could carry the ship outside the reef, crippled as she is, and set the Arabs at defiance. Would to God our worthy captain had never brought her inside."

"He did all for the best, no doubt?"

"Beyond a question; and no more than a commendable prudence required. Still he has left us in a most critical position. This priming is a little damp, and I distrust it. The coal, if you please."

"Why do you not fire?"

"At the last moment, I almost repent of my own expedient. Is it quite certain no pistols remain among any of our effects?"

"I fear not. Saunders reports that all, even to those of the smallest size, were put in requisition for the boats."

"The charge in this gun might serve for many pistols, or for several fowling-pieces. I might even sweep the reef, on an emergency, by using old iron for shot! It appears like parting with a last friend, to part with this single precious charge of gunpowder?"

"Nay, you certainly know best; though I rather think the Messrs. Effingham are of your first opinion."

"It is puerile to waver on such a subject, and I will hesitate no longer. There are moments when the air seems to float in the direction of our friends; on the first return of one of those currents, I will fire."

A minute brought the opportunity, and Paul Blunt, or Paul Powis, as his real name would now appear to be, applied the coal. The report was sharp and lively; but as the smoke floated away, he again expressed his doubts of the wisdom of what had just been done. Had he then known that the struggling sounds had diffused themselves in their radii, without reaching the wreck, his regrets would have been increased fourfold. This was a fact, however, that could not be then ascertained, and those in the packet were compelled to wait two or three hours before they even got the certainty of their failure.

As the light increased a view was obtained of the shore, which seemed as silent and deserted as the reef. For half an hour the whole party experienced the revulsion of feeling that accompanies all great changes of emotion, and the conversation had even got to be again cheerful, and to turn into its former channels, when suddenly a cry from Saunders renewed the alarm. The steward was preparing the breakfast in the galley, from which he gave occasional glances towards the land, and his quick eye had been the first to detect a new and still more serious danger that now menaced them.

A long train of camels was visible, traveling across the desert, and holding its way towards the part of the reef which touched the shore. At this point, too,

were now to be seen some twenty Arabs, waiting the arrival of their friends; among whom it was fair to conclude were those who had attempted to carry the ship by surprise. As the events which next followed were closely connected with the policy and forbearance of the party of barbarians near the wreck, this will be a suitable occasion to explain the motives of the latter in not assailing Captain Truck, and the real state of things among these children of the desert.

The Dane had been driven ashore, as conjectured, in the last gale, and the crew had immediately been captured by a small wandering party of the Arabs, with whom the coast was then lined; as is usually the case immediately after tempestuous weather. Unable to carry off much of the cargo, this party had secured the prisoners, and hurried inland to an oasis, to give the important intelligence to their friends; leaving scouts on the shore, however, that they might be early apprised of any similar disaster, or of any change in the situation of their present prize. These scouts had discovered the *Montauk* drifting along the coast, dismasted and crippled, and they had watched her to her anchorage within the reef. The departure of her boats had been witnessed, and though unable to foresee the whole object of this expedition, the direction taken pointed out the wreck as the point of destination. All this, of course, had been communicated to the chief men of the different parties on the coast, of which there were several, who had agreed to unite their forces to secure the second ship, and then to divide the spoils.

When the Arabs reached the coast near the wreck, that morning, the elders among them were not slow in comprehending the motives of the expedition; and having gained a pretty accurate idea of the number of men employed about the Dane, they had come to the just conclusion that few were left in the vessel at anchor. They had carried off the spy-glass of their prize, too, and several among them knew its use, from having seen similar things in other stranded ships. By means of this glass, they discovered the number and quality of those on board the *Montauk*, as soon as there was sufficient light, and directed their own operations accordingly. The parties that had appeared and disappeared behind the sandy ridges of the desert, about the time at which we have now arrived in the narrative, and those who have been already mentioned in a previous chapter, were those who came from the interior, and those who went in the direction of the reef; the first of the latter of which Saunders had just discovered. Owing to the rounded formation of the coast, and to the intervention of a headland, the distance by water between the two ships was quite double that by land between the two encampments, and those who now arrived abreast of the packet deliberately pitched their tents, as if they depended more on a display of their numbers for success than on concealment, and as if they felt no apprehension of the return of the crew.

When the gentlemen had taken a survey of this strong party, which numbered more than a hundred, they held a consultation of the course it would be necessary to pursue. To Paul Blunt, as an avowed seaman, and as one who had already shown the promptitude and efficiency of his resources, all eyes were turned in expectation of an opinion.

"So long as the tide keeps in," this gentleman observed, "I see no cause for apprehensions. We are beyond the reach of musketry, or at all events, any fire of the Arabs, at this distance, must be uncertain and harmless; and we have always the hope of the arrival of the boats. Should this fail us, and the tide fall this afternoon as low as it fell in the morning, our situation will indeed become critical. The water around the ship may possibly serve as a temporary protection, but the distance to the reef is so small that it might be passed by swimming."

"Surely we could make good the vessel against men raising themselves out of the water, and clambering up a vessel's side?" said Mr. Sharp.

"It is probable we might, if unmolested from the shore. But, imagine twenty or thirty resolute swimmers to put off to-

gether for different parts of the vessel, protected by the long muskets these Arabs carry, and you will easily conceive the hopelessness of any defense. The first man among us, who should show his person to meet the boarders, would be shot down like a dog."

"It was a cruel oversight to expose us to this horrible fate!" exclaimed the appalled father.

"This is easier seen now than when the mistake was committed," observed John Effingham. "As a seaman, and with his important object in view, Captain Truck acted for the best, and we should acquit him of all blame, let the result be what it may. Regrets are useless, and it remains for us to devise some means to arrest the danger by which we are menaced, before it be too late. Mr. Blunt, you must be our leader and counselor; is it not possible for us to carry the ship outside of the reef, and to anchor her beyond the danger of our being boarded?"

"I have thought of this expedient, and if we had a boat it might possibly be done, in this mild weather; without a boat, it is impossible."

"But we have a boat," glancing his eye towards the launch that stood in the chocks or chucks.

"One that would be too unwieldy for our purposes, could it be got into the water; a thing in itself that would be almost impracticable for us to achieve."

A long silence succeeded, during which the gentlemen were occupied in the bootless effort of endeavoring to devise expedients to escape the Arabs; bootless, because, on such occasions, the successful measure is commonly the result of a sort of sudden inspiration, rather than of continued and laborious thought.

CHAPTER XXII.

"With religious awe
Grief heard the voice of Virtue. No complaint
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceased to flow."
—GLOVER.

HOPE is the most treacherous of all human fancies. So long as there is a plausible ground to expect relief from any particular quarter, men will relax their exertions in the face of the most eminent danger, and they cling to their expectations long after reason has begun to place the chances of success on the adverse side of the scale. Thus it was with the party in the *Montauk*. Two or three precious hours were lost in the idle belief that the gun would be heard by Captain Truck, and that they might momentarily look for the appearance of, at least, one of the boats.

Paul Blunt was the first to relinquish this delusion. He knew that, if it reached their friends at all, the report must have been heard in a few seconds, and he knew, also, that it peculiarly belonged to the profession of a seaman to come to quick decisions. An hour of smart rowing would bring the cutter from the wreck to the headland, where it would be visible by means of a glass, from the foretop. Two hours had now passed away and no signs of any boat were to be discovered, and the young man felt reluctantly compelled to yield all the strong hopes of timely aid that he had anticipated from this quarter. John Effingham, who had much more energy of character than his kinsman, though not more personal fortitude and firmness, was watching the movements of their young leader, and he read the severe disappointment in his face, as he descended the last time from the top, where he had often been since the consultation, to look out for the expected succor.

"I see it in your countenance," said that gentleman; "we have nothing to look for from the boats. Our signal has not been heard."

"There is no hope, and we are now thrown altogether on our own exertions, aided by the kind providence of God."

"This calamity is so sudden and so dire, that I can scarcely credit it! Are we then truly in danger of becoming prisoners to barbarians? Is Eve Effingham, the beautiful, innocent, good, angelic daughter of my cousin, to be their victim! —perhaps the inmate of a seraglio!"

"There is the pang! Had I a thousand bodies, a thousand lives, I could give all of the first to unmitigated suffering,

lay down all the last to avert so shocking a calamity. Do you think the ladies are sensible of their real situation?"

"They are uneasy rather than terrified. In common with us all, they have strong hopes from the boats, though the continued arrival of the barbarians, who are constantly coming into their camp, has helped to render them a little more conscious of the true nature of the danger."

Here Mr. Sharp, who stood on the hurricane-house, called out for the glass in order to ascertain what a party of Arabs, who were collected near the in-shore end of the reef, were about. Paul Blunt went up to him, and made the examination. His countenance fell as he gazed, and an expression like that of hopelessness was again apparent on his fine features, when he lowered the glass.

"Here is some new cause of uneasiness!"

"The wretches have got a number of spars, and are lashing them together to form a raft. They are bent on our capture, and I see no means of preventing it."

"Were we alone, men only, we might have the bitter consolation of selling our lives dearly; but it is terrible to have those with us whom we can neither save nor yet devote to a common destruction with our enemies!"

"It is indeed terrible, and the helplessness of our situation adds to its misery."

"Can we not offer terms?—Might not a promise of ransom, with hostages, do something! I would cheerfully remain in the hands of the barbarians, in order to effect the release of the rest of the party."

Mr. Blunt grasped his hand, and for a moment he envied the other the generous thought. But smiling bitterly, he shook his head, as if conscious of the futility of even this desperate self-devotion.

"Gladly would I be your companion; but the project is, in every sense, impracticable. Ransom they might consent to receive with us all in their power, but not on the condition of our being permitted to depart. Indeed, no means of quitting them would be left; for, once in possession of the ship, as in a few hours they must be, Captain Truck, though having the boats, will be obliged to surrender for want of food, or to run the frightful hazard of attempting to reach the islands, on an allowance scarcely sufficient to sustain life under the most favorable circumstances. These flint-hearted monsters are surrounded by the desolation of their desert, and they are aware of all their appalling advantages."

"The real state of things ought to be communicated to our friends, in order that they may be prepared for the worst."

To this Mr. Blunt agreed, and they went together to inform John Effingham of the new discovery. This stern-minded man was, in a manner, prepared for the worst, and he now agreed on the melancholy propriety of letting his kinsman know the actual nature of the new danger that threatened them.

"I will undertake this unpleasant office," he said, "though I could, in my inmost soul, pray that the necessity for it might pass away. Should the worst arrive, I have still hopes of effecting something by means of a ransom; but what will have been the fate of the youthful, and delicate, and lovely, ere we can make ourselves even comprehended by the barbarians? A journey in the desert, as these journeys have been described to me, would be almost certain death to all but the strongest of our party, and even gold may fail of its usual power, when weighed against the evil nature of savages."

"Is there no hope, then, really left us?" demanded Mr. Sharp, when the last speaker had left them to descend to the cabins. "Is it not possible to get the boat into the water, and to make our escape in that?"

"That is an expedient of which I have thought, but it is next to impracticable. As anything is better than capture however, I will make one more close examination of the proceedings of the demons, and look nearer into our own means."

Paul Blunt now got a lead and dropped it over the side of the ship, in the almost forlorn hope that possibly she might lie over some hole on the bottom. The

soundings proved to be, as indeed he expected, but a little more than three fathoms.

"I had no reason to expect otherwise," he said, as he drew in the line, though he spoke like a disappointed man. "Had there been sufficient water the ship might have been scuttled, and the launch would have floated off the deck; but as it is, we should lose the vessel without a sufficient object. It would appear heroic were you and I to contrive to get on the reef, and to proceed to the shore with a view to make terms with the Arabs; but there could be no real use in it, as the treachery of their character is too well established to look for any benefit from such a step."

"Might they not be kept in play, until our friends returned? Providence may befriend us in some unexpected manner in our uttermost peril."

"We will examine them once more with the glass. By a movement among the Arabs, there has probably been a new accession to their numbers."

The two gentlemen now ascended to the top of the hurricane-house again, in feverish haste, and once more they applied the instrument. A minute of close study induced Mr. Blunt to drop the glass, with an expression that denoted increased concern.

"Can anything possibly make our prospects worse?" eagerly inquired his companion.

"Do you not remember a flag that was on board the Dane—that by which we identified his nation?"

"Certainly; it was attached to the halyards, and lay on the quarter-deck."

"The flag is now flying in the camp of these barbarians! You may see it, here, among the tents last pitched by the party that arrived while we were conversing forward."

"And from this, you infer——"

"That our people are captives! That flag was in the ship when we left it; had the Arabs returned before our party got there, the captain would have been back long ere this; and in order to obtain this ensign they must have obtained possession of the wreck, after the arrival of the boats; an event that could scarcely occur without a struggle: I fear the flag is a proof on which side the victory has fallen."

"This then would seem to consummate our misfortunes!"

"It does indeed; for the faint hope that existed, of being relieved by the boats, must now be entirely abandoned."

"In the name of God, look again, and see in what condition the wretches have got their raft?"

A long examination followed, for on this point did the fate of all in the ship now truly seem to depend.

"They work with spirit," said Mr. Blunt, when his examination had continued a long time; "but it seems less like a raft than before—they are lashing spars together lengthwise—here is a dawning of hope, or what would be hope, rather, if the boats had escaped their fangs!"

"God bless you for the words!—what is there encouraging?"

"It is not much," returned Paul Blunt, with a mournful smile; "but trifles become of account in moments of extreme jeopardy. They are making a floating stage, doubtless with the intention to pass from the reef to the ship, and by veering on the chains we may possibly drop astern sufficiently to disappoint them in the length of their bridge. If I saw a hope of the final return of the boats, this expedient would not be without its use, particularly if delayed to the last moment, as it might cause the Arabs to lose another tide, and a reprieve of eight or ten hours is an age to men in our situation."

Mr. Sharp caught eagerly at this suggestion, and the young men walked the deck together for half an hour, discussing its chances, and suggesting various means of turning it to the best account. Still, both felt convinced that the trifling delay which might thus be obtained, would, in the end, be perfectly useless, should Captain Truck and his party have really fallen into the hands of the common enemy. They were thus engaged, sometimes in deep despondency, and sometimes buoyant with revived expectations, when

Saunders, on the part of Mr. Effingham, summoned them below.

On reaching the cabin, whither both immediately hastened, the two gentlemen found the family party in the distress that the circumstances would naturally create. Mr. Effingham was seated, his daughter's head resting on a knee, for she had thrown herself on the carpet, by his side. Mademoiselle Viefville paced the cabin, occasionally stopping to utter a few words of consolation to her young charge, and then again reverting in her mind to the true dangers of their situation, with a force that completely undid all she had said, by betraying the extent of her own apprehensions. Ann Sidley knelt near her young mistress, sometimes praying fervently, though in silence, and at other moments folding her beloved in her arms, as if to protect her from the ruffian grasp of the barbarians. The *femme de chambre* was sobbing in a stateroom, while John Effingham leaned, with his arms folded against a bulkhead, a picture of stern submission rather than of despair. The whole party was now assembled, with the exception of the steward, whose lamentations throughout the morning had not been noiseless, but who was left on deck to watch the movements of the Arabs.

The moment was not one of idle forms, and Eve Effingham, who would have recoiled, under other circumstances, at being seen by her fellow-travelers in her present situation, scarce raised her head in acknowledgment of their melancholy salute, as they entered. She had been weeping, and her hair had fallen in profusion around her shoulders. The tears fell no longer, but a warm flushed look, one which denoted that a struggle of the mind had gotten the better of womanly emotions, had succeeded to deadly paleness, and rendered her loveliness of feature and expression bright and angelic. Both of the young men thought she had never seemed so beautiful, and both felt a secret pang, as the conviction forced itself on them at the same instant that this surpassing beauty was now likely to prove her most dangerous enemy.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Effingham, with apparent calmness, and a dignity that no uneasiness could disturb, "my kinsman has acquainted us with the hopeless nature of our condition, and I have begged the favor of this visit on your own account. *We* cannot separate; the ties of blood and affection unite us, and our fate must be common; but on *you* there is no such obligation. Young, bold, and active, some plan may suggest itself, by which you may possibly escape the barbarians, and at least save yourselves. I know that generous temperaments like yours will not be disposed to listen, at first, to such a suggestion; but reflection will tell you that it is for the interest of us all. You may let our fate be known, earlier than it otherwise would be, to those who will take immediate measures to procure our ransoms."

"This is impossible," Mr. Sharp said firmly. "We can never quit you; could never enjoy a moment's peace under the consciousness of having been guilty of an act so selfish!"

"Mr. Blunt is silent," continued Mr. Effingham, after a short pause, in which he looked from one of the young men to the other. "He thinks better of my proposition, and will listen to his own best interests."

Eve raised her head quickly, but without being conscious of the anxiety she betrayed, and gazed with melancholy intentness at the subject of this remark.

"I do credit to the generous feelings of Mr. Sharp," Paul Blunt now hurriedly answered, "and should be sorry to admit that my own first impulses were less disinterested; but I confess I have already thought of this, and have reflected on all the chances of success or failure. It might be practicable for one who can swim easily to reach the reef; thence to cross the inlet, and possibly to gain the shore under cover of the opposite range of rocks, which are higher than those near us: after which, by following the coast, one might communicate with the boats by signal, or even go quite to the wreck if necessary. All of this I have deliberated on, and once I had determined to propose it; but—"

On reaching the cabin, where both immediately hastened, the two gentlemen found the family party in the distress that the circumstances would naturally create.—*Homeward Bound.*

"But what?" demanded Eve quickly. "Why not execute this plan, and save yourself? Is it a reason, because our case is hopeless, that you should perish? Go, then, at once, for the moments are precious; an hour hence, it may be too late."

"Were it merely to save myself, Miss Effingham, do you really think me capable of this baseness?"

"I do not call it baseness. Why should we draw you down with us in our misery? You have already served us, Powis, in a situation of terrible trials, and is it just that you should always devote yourself in behalf of those who seem fated never to do you good? My father will tell you he thinks it your duty now to save yourself if possible."

"I think it the duty of every man," mildly resumed Mr. Effingham, "when no imperious obligation requires otherwise, to save the life and liberty which God has bestowed. These gentlemen have doubtless ties and claims on them that are independent of us, and why should they inflict a pang on those who love them, in order to share in our disaster?"

"This is placing useless speculations before a miserable certainty," observed John Effingham. "As there can be no hope of reaching the boat, it is vain to discuss the propriety of the step."

"Is this true, Powis? Is there truly no chance of your escaping? You will not deceive us—deceive yourself—on a vain point of empty pride!"

"I can say with truth, almost with joy, for I thank God I am spared the conflict of judging between my duty and my feelings; that there can no longer be any chance of finding the wreck in the possession of our friends," retured Paul, fervently. "There were moments when I thought the attempt should be made; and it would perhaps have properly fallen to my lot to be the adventurer; but we have now proof that the Arabs are masters, and if Captain Truck has escaped at all, it is under circumstances that scarcely admit the possibility of his being near the land. The whole coast must be watched and in possession of the barbarians, and one passing along it could hardly escape being seen."

"Might you not escape into the interior, notwithstanding?" asked Eve, impetuously.

"With what motive? To separate myself from those who have been my fellows in misfortune, only to die of want, or to fall into the hands of another set of masters? It is every way our interest to keep together, and to let those already on the coast become our captors, as the booty of two ships may dispose them to be less exacting with their prisoners."

"Slaves!" muttered John Effingham.

His cousin bowed his head over the delicate form of Eve, which he folded with his arms, as if to shield it from the blasts and evils of the desert.

"As we may be separated immediately on being taken," resumed Paul Blunt, "it will be well to adopt some common mode of acting and a uniform account of ourselves, in order that we may impress the barbarians with the policy of carrying us as soon as possible into the vicinity of Mogadore, with a view to obtaining a speedy ransom."

"Can anything be better than the holy truth?" exclaimed Eve. "No, no, no! Let us not deform this chastening act of God by coloring any thought or word with deception."

"Deception in our case will hardly be needed; but by understanding those facts which will most probably influence the Arabs, we may dwell the most on them. We cannot do better than by impressing on the minds of our captors the circumstances that this is no common ship, a fact their own eyes will corroborate, and that we are not mere mariners, but passengers, who will be likely to reward their forbearance and moderation."

"I think, sir," interrupted Ann Sidley, looking up with tearful eyes from the spot where she still knelt, "that if these people knew how much Miss Eve is sought and beloved, they might be led to respect her as she deserves, and this at least would 'temper the wind to the shorn lamb!'"

"Poor Nanny!" murmured Eve, stretching forth a hand toward her old

nurse, though her face was still buried in her own hair, "thou wilt soon learn that there is another leveler beside the grave!"

"Ma'am!"

"Thou wilt find that Eve, in the hands of barbarians, is not thy Eve. It will now become my turn to become a handmaiden, and to perform for others offices a thousand times more humiliating than any thou hast ever performed for me."

Such a consummation of their misery had never struck the imagination of the simple-minded Ann, and she gazed at her child with tender concern, as if she distrusted her senses.

"This is too improbable, dear Miss Eve," she said, "and you will distress your father by talking so wildly. The Arabs are human beings though they are barbarians, and they will never dream of anything so wicked as this."

Mademoiselle Viefville made a rapid and fervent ejaculation in her own language, that was keenly expressive of her own sense of misery, and Ann Sidley, who always felt uneasiness when anything was said affecting Eve that she could not understand, looked from one to the other, as if she demanded an explanation.

"I'm sure Mamerzelle cannot think any such thing likely to take place," she continued more positively; "and, sir, you at least will not permit Miss Eve to torment herself with any notions as unreasonable, as monstrous as this!"

"We are in the hands of God, my worthy Ann, and you may live to see all your fixed ideas of propriety violated," returned Mr. Effingham. "Let us pray that we may not be separated, for there will at least be a tender consolation in being permitted to share our misery in company. Should we be torn asunder, then indeed will the infliction be one of insupportable agony!"

"And who will think of such a cruelty, sir? *Me* they cannot separate from Miss Eve, for I am her servant, her own long-tried, faithful attendant, who first held her in arms, and nursed her when a helpless infant; and you too, sir, you are her father, her own beloved revered parent; and Mr. John, is he not her kinsman, of her blood and name? And even Mamerzelle also has claims to remain with Miss Eve, for she has taught her many things, I daresay, that it is good to know. Oh! no, no, no! no one has a right to tear us asunder, and no one will have the heart to do it."

"Nanny, Nanny," murmured Eve, "you do not, cannot know the cruel Arabs!"

"They cannot be crueler and more unforgiving than our own savages, ma'am, and they keep the mother with the child; and when they spare life, they take the prisoners into their huts, and treat them as they treat their own. God has caused so many of the wicked to perish for their sins, in these eastern lands, that I do not think a man can be left that is wretch enough to harm one like Miss Eve. Take courage then, sir, and put your trust in his Holy Providence. I know the trial is hard to a tender father's heart, but should their customs require them to keep the men and women asunder, and to separate you from your daughter, for a short time, remember that I shall be with her, as I was in her childhood, when, by the mercy of God, we carried her through so many mortal diseases in safety, and have got her, in the pride of her youth, without a blemish or a defect, the perfect creature she is."

"If the world had no other tenants but such as you, devoted and simple-hearted woman, there would indeed be little cause for apprehension; for you are equally unable to imagine wrong yourself, or to conceive it in others. It would remove a mountain from my heart, could I indeed believe that even you will be permitted to remain near this dependent and fragile girl during the months of suffering and anguish that are likely to occur."

"Father," said Eve, hurriedly drying her eyes, and rising to her feet with a motion so easy, and an effort so slight, that it appeared like the power of mere volition—the superiority of the spirit over her light frame—"father, do not let a thought of me distress you at this awful moment. You have known me only

in happiness and prosperity—an indulged and indolent girl; but I feel a force which is capable of sustaining me, even in this blank desert. The Arabs can have no other motive than to preserve us all, as captives likely to repay their care with a rich ransom. I know that a journey, according to their habits, will be painful and arduous, but it may be borne. Trust, then, more to my spirit than to my feeble body, and you will find that I am not as worthless as I fear you fancy."

Mr. Effingham passed his arm round the slender waist of his child, and folded her almost frantically to his bosom. But Eve was aroused, and gently extricating herself, with bright but tearless eyes, she looked round at her companions, as if she would reverse the order of their sympathies, and direct them to their own wants and hazards.

"I know you think me the most exposed by this dreadful disaster," she said; "that I may not be able to bear up against the probable suffering, and that I shall sink first, because I am the feeblest and frailest in frame; but God permits the reed to bend, when the oak is destroyed. I am stronger, able to bear more than you imagine, and we shall live to meet again, in happier scenes, should it be our present hard fortune to be separated."

As Eve spoke, she cast affectionate looks on those dear to her by habit, and blood, and services; nor did she permit an unnecessary reserve at such a moment to prevent glances of friendly interest towards the young men, whose very souls seemed wrapped in her movements. But words of encouragement from such a source only served to set the frightful truth more vividly before the minds of her auditors, and not one of them heard what she said who did not feel an awful presentiment that a few weeks of the suffering of which she made so light, did she even escape a crueler fate, would consign that form, now so winning and lovely, to the sands. Mr. Effingham now rose, and for the first time the flood of sensations that had been so long gathering in his bosom seemed ready to burst through the restraints of manhood. Struggling to command himself, he turned to his two male companions, and spoke with an impressiveness and dignity that carried with them a double force, from the fact of his ordinary manners being so tempered and calm.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we may serve each other, by coming to an understanding in time; or at least you may confer on me a favor that a life of gratitude would not repay. You are young and vigorous, bold and intelligent, qualities that will command the respect of even savages. The chances that one of you will survive to reach a Christian land are much greater than those of a man of my years, borne down as I shall be with the never-dying anxieties of a parent."

"Father! father!"

"Hush! darling: let me entreat these gentlemen to bear us in mind, should they reach a place of safety; for after all, youth may do that in your behalf which time will deny to John and myself. Money will be of no account, you know, to rescue my child from a fate far worse than death, and it may be some consolation to you, young men, to recollect, at the close of your careers, which I trust will yet be long and happy, that a parent, in his last moments, found a consolation in the justifiable hopes he had placed on your generous exertions."

"Father, I cannot bear this! For you to be the victim of these barbarians is too much; and I would prefer trusting all to a raft on the terrible ocean, to incurring the smallest chance of such a calamity. Mademoiselle, you will join me in the entreaty to the gentlemen to prepare a few planks to receive us, where we can perish together, and at least have the consolation of knowing that our eyes will be closed by friends. The longest survivor will be surrounded and supported by the spirits of those who have gone before, into a world devoid of care."

"I have thought this from the first," returned Mademoiselle Viefville in French, with an energy of manner that betokened a high and resolved character. "I would not expose gentlewomen to the insults and outrages of barbarians; but did not wish

to make a proposition that the feelings of others might reject."

"It is a thousand times preferable to capture, if indeed it be practicable," said John Effingham, looking inquiringly towards Paul. The latter, however, shook his head in the negative, for, the wind blowing on the shore, he knew it would be merely meeting captivity without the appearance of a self-reliance and dignity that might serve to impress their captors favorably.

"It is impossible," said Eve, reading the meaning of the glances, and dropping on her knees before Mr. Effingham, "Well, then, may our trust be in God! We have yet a few minutes of liberty, and let them not be wasted idly, in vain regrets. Father, kiss me, and give me once more that holy and cherished blessing, with which you used to consign me to sleep in those days when we scarce dreamed of, never realized, misfortune."

"Bless you, bless you, my babe; my beloved, my cherished Eve!" said the father solemnly, but with a quivering lip. "May that dread Being whose ways, though mysterious, are perfect wisdom and mercy, sustain you in this trial, and bring you at last, spotless in spirit and person, to his own mansions of peace. God took from me early thy sainted mother, and I had impiously trusted in the hope that thou wert left to be my solace in age. Bless you, my Eve; I shall pray God, without ceasing, that you may pass away as pure and as worthy of His love, as her to whom thou owest thy being."

John Effingham groaned; the effort he made to repress his feelings causing the outbreaking of his soul to be deep though smothered.

"Father, let us pray together. Ann, my good Ann, thou who first taught me to lisp a thanksgiving and a request, kneel here by my side—and you, too, mademoiselle; though of a different creed we have a common God! Cousin John, you pray often, I know, though so little apt to show your emotions; there is a place for you, too, with those of your blood. I know not whether these gentlemen are too proud to pray."

Both the young men knelt with the others, and there was a long pause in which the whole party put up their supplications, each according to his or her habits of thought.

"Father!" resumed Eve, looking up as she still knelt between the knees of Mr. Effingham, and smiling fondly in the face of him she so piously loved; "there is one precious hope of which even the barbarians cannot rob us: we may be separated here, but our final meeting rests only with God!"

Mademoiselle Viefville passed an arm round the waist of her sweet pupil, and pressed her against her heart.

"There is but one abode for the blessed, my dear mademoiselle, and one expiation for us all." Then rising from her knees, Eve said, with the grace and dignity of a gentlewoman, "Cousin Jack, kiss me; we know not when another occasion may offer to manifest to each other our mutual regard. You have been a dear and indulgent kinsman to me, and should I live these twenty years a slave, I shall not cease to think of you with kindness and regret."

John Effingham folded the beautiful and ardent girl in his arms with the freedom and fondness of a parent.

"Gentlemen," continued Eve, with a deepening color, but with eyes that were kind and grateful, "I thank you, too, for lending your supplications to ours. I know that young men in the pride of their security, seldom fancy such a dependence on God necessary; but the strongest are overturned, and pride is a poor substitute for the hope of the meek. I believe you have thought better of me than I merit, and I should never cease to reproach myself with a want of consideration, did I believe that anything more than accident has brought you into this ill-fated vessel. Will you permit me to add one more obligation to the many I feel to you both?" advancing nearer to them, and speaking lower; "you are young, and likely to endure bodily exposure better than my father—that we shall be separated I feel persuaded—and it might be in your power to solace a heart-broken parent. I see,

I know, I may depend on your good offices."

"Eve—my blessed daughter—my only, my beloved child!" exclaimed Mr. Effingham, who overheard her lowest syllable, so deathlike was the stillness of the cabin —"come to me, dearest; no power on earth shall ever tear us asunder!"

Eve turned quickly, and beheld the arms of her parent extended. She threw herself into them, when the pent and irresistible emotions broke loose in both, for they wept together, as she lay on his bosom, with a violence that in a man it was awfully painful to witness.

Mr. Sharp had advanced to take the offered hand of Eve, when she suddenly left him for the purpose just mentioned, and he now felt the grasp of Paul's fingers on his arm, as if they were about to penetrate the bone. Fearful of betraying the extent of their feelings, the two young men rushed on deck together, where they paced backward and forward for many minutes, quite unable to exchange a word, or even a look.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"O Domine Deus! speravi in te;
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me:—
In dura catena,
In miserera pœna,
Desidero te—
Languendo, gemendo
Et genuflectendo,
Adora, imploro, ut liberes me."
—QUEEN MARY.

THE sublime consolations of religion were little felt by either of the two generous minded and ardent young men who were pacing the deck of the *Montauk*. The gentle and the plastic admit the most readily of the divine influence; and of all on board the devoted vessel at that moment, they who were the most resigned to their fate were those who by their physical force were the least able to endure it.

"This heavenly resignation," said Mr. Sharp, half whispering, "is even more heartrending than the outbreakings of despair."

"It is frightful!" returned his companion. "Anything is better than passive submission in such circumstances. I see but little, indeed no hope of escape; but idleness is torture. If I endeavor to raise this boat, will you aid me?"

"Command me like your slave. Would to Heaven there were the faintest prospect of success!"

"There is but little; and should we even succeed, there are no means of getting far from the ship in the launch, as all the oars have been carried off by the captain, and I can hear of neither masts nor sails. Had we the latter, with this wind which is beginning to blow, we might indeed prolong the uncertainty by getting on some of those more distant spits of sand."

"Then, in the name of the blessed Maria!" exclaimed one behind them in French, "delay not an instant, and all on board will join in the labor!"

The gentlemen turned in surprise, and beheld Mademoiselle Viefville standing so near them as to have overheard their conversation. Accustomed to depend on herself, coming of a people among whom woman is more energetic and useful, perhaps, than in any other Christian nation, and resolute of spirit naturally, this cultivated and generous female had come on deck purposely to see if indeed there remained no means by which they might yet escape the Arabs. Had her knowledge of a vessel at all equaled her resolution, it is probable that many fruitless expedients would already have been adopted; but finding herself in a situation so completely novel as that of a ship, until now she had found no occasion to suggest anything to which her companions would be likely to lend themselves. But, seizing the hint of Paul, she pressed it on him with ardor, and, after a few minutes of urging, by her zeal and persuasion she prevailed on the two gentlemen to commence the necessary preparations without further delay. John Effingham and Saunders were immediately summoned by Mademoiselle Viefville herself, who, once engaged in the undertaking, pursued it fervently, while she went in person into the cabins to

make the necessary preparations connected with their subsistence and comforts, should they actually succeed in quitting the vessel.

No experienced mariner could set about the work with more discretion, or with a better knowledge of what was necessary to be done, than Mr. Blunt now showed. Saunders was directed to clear the launch, which had a roof on it, and still contained a respectable provision of poultry, sheep and pigs. The roof he was told not to disturb, since it might answer as a substitute for a deck; but everything was passed rapidly from the inside of the boat, which the steward commenced scrubbing and cleaning with an assiduity that he seldom manifested in his cabins. Fortunately the tackles with which Mr. Leach had raised the sheers and stepped the jury-mast the previous morning were still lying on the deck, and Paul was spared the labor of reeving new ones. He went to work, therefore, to get up two on the substitute for a main-stay; a job that he had completed, through the aid of the two gentlemen on deck, by the time Saunders pronounced the boat to be in a fit condition to receive its cargo. The gripes were now loosened, and the fall of one of the tackles was led to the capstan.

By this time Mademoiselle Viefville, by her energy and decision, had so far aroused Eve and her woman, that Mr. Effingham had left his daughter, and appeared on deck among those who were assisting Paul. So intense was the interest, however, which all took in the result, that the ladies, and even Ann Sidley, with the *femme de chambre*, suspended their own efforts, and stood clustering around the capstan as the gentlemen began to heave, almost breathless between their doubts and hopes; for it was a matter of serious question whether there was sufficient force to lift so heavy a body at all. Turn after turn was made, the fall gradually tightened, until those at the bars felt the full strain of their utmost force.

"Heave together, gentlemen," said Paul Blunt, who directed everything, besides doing so much with his own hands. "We have its weight now, and all we gain is so much towards lifting the boat."

A steady effort was continued for two or three minutes, with but little sensible advantage, when all stopped for breath.

"I fear it will surpass our strength," observed Mr. Sharp. "The boat seems not to have moved, and the ropes are stretched in a way to menace parting."

"We want but the force of a boy added to our own," said Paul, looking doubtingly towards the females; "in such cases, a pound counts for a ton."

"*Allons!*" cried Mademoiselle Viefville, motioning to the *femme de chambre* to follow; "we will not be defeated for the want of such a trifle."

These two resolute women applied their strength to the bars, and the power, which had been so equally balanced, preponderated in favor of the machine. The capstan, which a moment before was scarcely seen to turn, and that only by short and violent efforts, now moved steadily but slowly round, and the end of the launch rose. Eve was only prevented from joining the laborers by Nanny, who held her folded in her arms, fearful that some accident might occur to injure her.

Paul Blunt now cheerfully announced the certainty that they had a force sufficient to raise the boat, though the operation would still be long and laborious. We say cheerfully; for while this almost unhoped-for success promised little relief in the end, there is always something buoyant and encouraging in success of any sort.

"We are masters of the boat," he said, "provided the Arabs do not molest us; and we may drift away, by means of some contrivance of a sail, to such a distance as will keep us out of their power, until all chance of seeing our friends again is finally lost."

"This then is a blessed relief!" exclaimed Mr. Effingham; "and God may yet avert from us the bitterest portion of this calamity!"

The pent emotions again flowed, and Eve once more wept in her father's arms, a species of holy joy mingling with her

tears. In the meantime, Paul, having secured the fall by which they had just been heaving, brought the other to the capstan, when the operation was renewed with the same success. In this manner in the course of half an hour the launch hung suspended from the stay, at a sufficient height to apply the yard-tackles. As the latter, however, were not aloft, Paul having deemed it wise to ascertain their ability to lift the boat at all, before he threw away so much toil, the females renewed their preparations in the cabins, while the gentlemen assisted the young sailor in getting up the purchases. During this pause in the heaving, Saunders was sent below to search for sails and the masts, both of which Paul thought must be somewhere in the ship, as he found the launch was fitted to receive them.

It was apparent, in the mean time, that the Arabs watched their proceedings narrowly; for the moment Paul appeared on the yard a great movement took place among them and several muskets were discharged in the direction of the ship, though the distance rendered the fire harmless. The gentlemen observed with concern, however, that the balls passed the vessel, a fearful proof of the extraordinary power of the arms used by the barbarians. Luckily the reef, which by this time was nearly bare ahead of the ship, was still covered in a few places nearer to the shore to a depth that forbade a passage, except by swimming. John Effingham, however, who was examining the proceedings of the Arabs with a glass, announced that a party appeared disposed to get on the naked rocks nearest the ship, as they had left the shore, dragging some light spars after them, with which they seemed to be about to bridge the different spots of deep water, most of which were sufficiently narrow to admit of being passed in this manner.

Although the operation commenced by the Arabs would necessarily consume a good deal of time, this intelligence quickened the movements of all in the ship. Saunders, in particular, who had returned to report his want of success, worked with redoubled zeal; for, as is usual with those who are the least fortified by reason, he felt the greatest horror of falling into the hands of barbarians. It was a slow and laborious thing, notwithstanding, to get upon the yards the heavy blocks and falls; and had not Paul Blunt been quite as conspicuous for personal strength as he was ready and expert in a knowledge of his profession, he would not have succeeded in the unaided effort; — unaided aloft, though the others, of course, relieved him much by working at the whips on deck. At length this important arrangement was effected, the young man descended, and the capstan was again manned.

This time the females were not required, it being in the power of the gentlemen to heave the launch out to the side of the ship, Paul managing the different falls so adroitly that the heavy boat was brought so near and yet so much above the rail, as to promise to clear it. John Effingham now stood at one of the stay-tackle falls, and Paul at the other, when the latter made a signal to ease away. The launch settled slowly towards the side of the vessel until it reached the rail, against which it lodged. Catching a turn with his fall, Mr. Blunt sprang forward, and bending beneath the boat, he saw that its keel had hit a belaying-pin. One blow from a capstan-bar cleared away this obstruction, and the boat swung off. The stay-tackle falls were let go entirely, and all on board saw, with an exultation that words can scarcely describe, the important craft suspended directly over the sea. No music ever sounded more sweetly to the listeners than the first plash of the massive boat as it fell heavily upon the surface of the water. Its size, its roof, and its great strength gave it an appearance of security, that for the moment deceived them all; for, in contemplating the advantage they had so unexpectedly gained, they forgot the many obstacles that existed to their availing themselves of it.

It was not many minutes before Paul was on the roof of the launch, had loosened the tackles, and had breasted the boat to, at the side of the ship, in readiness to receive the stores that the females had col-

lected. In order that the reader may better understand the nature of the ark that was about to receive those who remained in the *Montauk*, however, it may be well to describe it.

The boat itself was large, strong, and capable of resisting a heavy sea when well managed, and, of course, unwieldy in proportion. To pull it, at a moderate rate, eight or ten large oars were necessary; whereas, all the search of the gentlemen could not find one. They succeeded, however, in discovering a rudder and tiller, appliances not always used in launches, and Paul Blunt shipped them instantly. Around the gunwales of the boat, stanchions, which sustained a slightly-rounded roof, were fitted, a provision that it is usual to make in the packets, in order to protect the stock they carry against the weather. This stock having been turned loose on the deck, and the interior cleaned, the latter now presented a snug and respectable cabin; one coarse and cramped, compared with those of the ship certainly, but on the other hand, one that might be well deemed a palace by shipwrecked mariners. As it would be possible to retain this roof until compelled by bad weather to throw it away, Paul, who had never before seen a boat afloat with such a canopy, regarded it with delight; for it promised a protection to that delicate form he so much cherished in his inmost heart, that he had not even dared to hope for. Between the roof and the gunwale of the boat, shutters buttoned in, so as to fill the entire space; and when these were in their places, the whole of the interior formed an inclosed apartment, of a height sufficient to allow even a man to stand erect without his hat. It is true, this arrangement rendered the boat clumsy, and, to a certain extent, top-heavy and unmanageable; but so long as it could be retained, it also rendered it infinitely more comfortable than it could possibly be without it. The roof, moreover, might be cut away in five minutes, at any time, should circumstances require it.

Paul had just completed a hasty survey of his treasure, for such he now began to consider the launch, when casting his eye upward, with the intention to mount the ship's side, he saw Eve looking down at him, as if to read their fate in the expression of his own countenance.

"The Arabs," she hurriedly remarked, "are moving along the reef, as my father says, faster than he could wish, and all our hopes are centered in you and the boat. The first, I know, will not fail us, so long as means allow; but can we do anything with the launch?"

"For the first time, dearest Miss Effingham, I see a little chance of rescuing ourselves from the grasp of these barbarians. There is no time to lose, but everything must be passed into the boat with as little delay as possible."

"Bless you, bless you, Powis, for this gleam of hope! Your words are cordials, and our lives can scarcely serve to prove the gratitude we owe you."

This was said naturally, and as one expresses a strong feeling, without reflection, or much weighing of words; but even at that fearful moment, it thrilled on every pulse of the young man. The ardent look that he gave the beautiful girl caused her to redden to the temples, and she hastily withdrew.

The gentlemen now began to pass into the boat the different things that had been provided, principally by the foresight of Mademoiselle Viefville, where they were received by Paul, who thrust them beneath the roof without stopping to lose the precious moments in stowage. They included mattresses, the trunks that contained their ordinary sea-attire, or those that were not stowed in the baggage-room, blankets, counterpanes, potted meats, bread, wine, various condiments, and prepared food, from the stores of Saunders, and generally such things as had presented themselves in the hurry of the moment. Nearly half of the articles were rejected by Paul, as unnecessary, though he received many in consideration of the delicacy of his feebler companions, which would otherwise have been cast aside. When he found, however, that food enough had been passed into the boat to supply the wants of the whole party for several weeks, he solicited a truce, declar-

ing it indiscreet to render themselves uselessly uncomfortable in this manner, to say nothing of the effect on the boat. The greater requisite, water, was still wanting, and he now desired that the two domestics might get into the boat to arrange the different articles, while he endeavored to find something that might serve as a substitute for sails, and obtain the all-important supply.

His attention was first given to the water, without which all the other preparations would be rendered totally useless. Before setting about this, however, he stole a moment to look into the state of things among the Arabs. It was indeed time, for the tide had now fallen so low as to leave the rocks nearly bare, and severel hundreds of the barbarians were advancing along the reef, towing their bridge, the slow progress of which alone prevented them from coming up at once to the point opposite the ship. Paul saw there was not a moment to lose, and, calling Saunders, he hurried below.

Three or four small casks were soon found, when the steward brought them to the tank to be filled. Luckily the water had not to be pumped off, but it ran in a stream into the vessel that was placed to receive it. As soon as one cask was ready, it was carried on deck by the gentlemen, and was struck into the boat with as little delay as possible. The shouts of the Arabs now became audible, even to those who were below, and it required great steadiness of nerve to continue the all-important preparation. At length the last of the casks was filled, when Paul rushed on deck, for, by this time, the cries of the barbarians proclaimed their presence near the ship. When he reached the rail, he found the reef covered with them, some hailing the vessel, others menacing, hundreds still busied with their floating bridge, while a few endeavored to frighten those on board by discharging their muskets over their heads. Happily, aim was impossible, so long as care was taken not to expose the body above the bulwarks.

"We have not a moment to lose!" cried Mr. Effingham, on whose bosom Eve lay, nearly incapable of motion. "The food and water are in the boat, and in the name of a merciful God, let us escape from this scene of frightful barbarity?"

"The danger is not yet so inevitable," returned Paul, steadily. "Frightful and pressing as it truly seems, we have a few minutes to think in. Let me entreat that Miss Effingham and Mademoiselle Viefville will receive a drop of this cordial."

He poured into a glass a restorative from a bottle that had been left on the capstan as superfluous in the confusion of providing stores, and held it to the pallid lips of Eve. As she swallowed a mouthful, nearly as helpless as the infant that receives nourishment from the hand of its nurse, the blood returned, and raising herself from her father's arms, she smiled, though with an effort, and thanked him for his care.

"It was a dread moment," she said, passing a hand over her brow; "but it is past, and I am better. Mademoiselle Viefville will be obliged to you, also, for a little of this."

The firm-minded and spirited Frenchwoman, though pale as death, and evidently suffering under extreme apprehension, put aside the glass courteously, declining its contents.

"We are sixty fathoms from the rocks," said Paul calmly, "and they must cross this ditch yet, to reach us. None of them seem disposed to attempt it by swimming, and their bridge, though ingeniously put together, may not prove long enough."

"Would it be safe for the ladies to get into the boat where she lies, exposed as they would be to the muskets of the Arabs?" inquired Mr. Sharp.

"All that shall be remedied," returned Paul. "I cannot quit the deck; would you," slightly bowing to Mr. Sharp, "go below again with Saunders, and look for some light sail? without one, we cannot move away from the ship, even when in the boat. I see a suitable spar and necessary rigging on deck; but the canvas must be looked for in the sail-room. It is a nervous thing, I confess, to be below at

such a moment; but you have too much faith in us to dread being deserted."

Mr. Sharp grasped the hand as a pledge of a perfect reliance on the other's faith, but he could not speak. Calling Saunders, the steward received his instructions, when the two went hastily below.

"I could wish the ladies were in the boat with their women," said Paul, for Ann Sidley and the *femme de chambre* were still in the launch, busied in disposing of its mixed cargo of stores, though concealed from the Arabs by the roof and shutters; "but it would be hazardous to attempt it while exposed to the fire from the reef. We shall have to change the position of the ship in the end, and it may as well be done at once."

Beckoning to John Effingham to follow, he went forward to examine into the movements of the Arabs, once more, before he took any decided step. The two gentlemen placed themselves behind the high defenses of the forecastle, where they had a fair opportunity of reconnoitering their assailants, the greater height of the ship's deck completely concealing all that had passed on it from the sight of those on the rocks.

The barbarians, who seemed to be, and who in truth were, fully apprised of the defenseless and feeble condition of the party on board, were at work, without the smallest apprehension of receiving any injury from that quarter. Their great object was to get possession of the ship, before the returning water should again drive them from the rocks. In order to effect this, they had placed all who were willing and sufficiently subordinate on the bridge, though a hundred were idle, shouting, clapping their hands, menacing, and occasionally discharging a musket, of which there were probably fifty in their possession.

"They work with judgment at their pontoon," said Paul, after he had examined the proceedings of those on the reef for a few minutes. "You may perceive that they have dragged the outer end of the bridge up to windward, and have just shoved it from the rocks with the intention to permit it to drift round, until it shall bring up against the bows of the ship, when they will pour on board like so many tigers. It is a disjointed and loose contrivance, that the least sea would derange; but in this perfectly smooth water it will answer their purpose. It moves slowly, but will surely drift round upon us in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes more; and of this they appear to be quite certain themselves, for they seem as well satisfied with their work as if already assured of its complete success."

"It is, then, important to us to be prompt, since our time will be so brief."

"We will be prompt, but in another mode. If you will assist me a little, I think this effort, at least, may be easily defeated, after which it will be time enough to think of escape."

Paul, aided by John Effingham, now loosened the chains altogether from the bitts, and suffered the ship to drop astern. As this was done silently and stealthily, it occupied several minutes; but the wind being by this time fresh, the huge mass yielded to its power with certainty; and when the bridge had floated round in a direct line from the reef, or dead to leeward, there was a space of water between its end and the ship of more than a hundred feet. The Arabs had rushed on it in readiness to board; but they set up a yell of disappointment as soon as the truth was discovered. A tumult followed; several fell from the wet and slippery spars; but, after a short time wasted in confusion and clamor, the directions of their chiefs were obeyed, and they set to work with energy to break up their bridge, in order to convert its materials into a raft.

By this time Mr. Sharp and Saunders had returned, bringing with them several light sails, such as spare royals and top-gallant studding-sails. Paul next ordered a spare mizzen-top-gallant mast with a top-gallant studding-sail boom, and a quantity of light rope to be laid in the gangway, after which he set about the final step. As time now pressed in earnest, the Arabs working rapidly and with increasing shouts, he called upon all the gentlemen for assistance, giving such di-

rections as should enable them to work with intelligence.

"Bear a hand, Saunders," he said, having taken the steward forward with him, as one more accustomed to ships than the others; "bear a hand, my fine fellow, and light up this chain. Ten minutes just now are of more value than a year at another time."

"'Tis awful, Mr. Blunt, sir—werry awful, I do confirm," returned the steward, blubbering and wiping his eyes between the drags at the chains. "Such a fate to befall such cabins, sir!—and the crockery of the werry best quality out of London or New York! Had I diwined such an issue for the *Montauk*, sir, I never would have counseled Captain Truck to lay in half the stores we did, and most essentially not the new lots of vines. Oh! sir, it is truly awful to have such a calamity wisit so much elegant preparation!"

"Forget it all, my fine fellow, and light up the chain. Ha!—she touches abaft! Ten or fifteen fathoms more will answer."

"I've paid great dewotion to the silver, Mr. Blunt, sir, for it's all in the launch, even to the broken mustard-spoon; and I do hope, if Captain Truck's soul is permitted to superintend the pantry any longer, it will be quite beatified and encouraged with my prudence and oversight. I left all the rest of the table furniture, sir; though I suppose these *muscle*-men will not have much use for any but the oyster-knives, as I am informed they eat with their fingers. I declare it is quite oppressive and unhuman to have such wagabonds rummaging one's lockers!"

"Rouse away, my man, and light up! the ship has caught the breeze on her larboard bow, and begins to take the chain more freely. Remember that precious beings depend on us for safety!"

"Ay, ay, sir; light up, it is. I feel quite a concern for the ladies, sir, and more especially for the stores we abandon to the underwriters. A better-found ship never came out of St. Catherine's Docks or the East River, particularly in the pantry department; and I wonder what these wretches will do with her. They will be quite abashed with her conveniences, sir, and unable to enjoy them. Poor Toast, too! he will have a monstrous unpleasant time with the *muscle*-men; for he never eats fish; and has quite a genteel and ameliorated way with him. I shouldn't wonder if he forgot all I have taken so much pains to teach him, sir, unless he's dead; in which case it will be of no use to him in another world."

"That will do," interrupted Paul, ceasing his labor; "the ship is aground from forward aft. We will now hurry the spars and sails into the boat, and let the ladies get into her."

In order that the reader may better understand the present situation of the ship, it may be necessary to explain what Mr. Powis and the steward had been doing all this time. By paying out the chains, the ship had fallen farther astern, until she took the ground abaft on the edge of the sand-bank so often mentioned; and, once fast at that end, her bows had fallen off, pressed by the wind, as the depth of the water would allow. She now lay aground forward and aft, with her starboard side to the reef, and the launch between the vessel and the naked sands was completely covered from the observation and assaults of the barbarians by the former.

Eve, Mademoiselle Viefville, and Mr. Effingham now got into the launch, while the others still remained in the ship to complete the preparations.

"They get on fast with their raft," said Paul, while he both worked himself and directed the labor of the others, "though we shall be safe here until they actually quit the rocks. Their spars will be certain to float down upon the ship; but the movement will necessarily be slow, as the water is too deep to admit of setting, even if they had poles, of which I see none. Throw these spare sails on the roof of the launch, Saunders. They may be wanted before we reach a port, should God protect us long enough to effect so much. Pass two compasses also into the boat, with all the carpenter's tools that have been collected."

While giving these orders, Paul was busied in sawing off the larger end of the pole-mizzen-top-gallant-mast, to convert it into a spar for the launch. This was done by the time he ceased speaking; a step was made, and, jumping down on the roof of the boat, he cut out a hole to receive it, at a spot he had previously marked for that purpose. By the time he had done, the spar was ready to be entered, and in another minute they had the satisfaction of seeing a very sufficient mast in its place. A royal was also stretched to its yard, and halyards, tack and sheet, being bent, everything was ready to run up a sail at a moment's warning. As this supplied the means of motion, the gentlemen began to breathe more freely, and to bethink them of those minor comforts and essentials that in the hurry of such a scene would be likely to be overlooked. After a few more busy minutes, all was pronounced to be ready, and John Effingham began seriously to urge the party to quit the ship; but Paul still hesitated. He strained his eyes in the direction of the wreck, in the vain hope of yet receiving succor from that quarter; but, of course, uselessly, as it was about the time when Captain Truck was warping off with his raft, in order to obtain an offing. Just at this moment a party of twenty Arabs got upon the spars, which they had brought together into a single body, and began to drift down slowly upon the ship.

Paul cast a look about him to see if anything else that was useful could be found, and his eyes fell upon the gun. It struck him that it might be made serviceable as a scarecrow in forcing their way through the inlet, and he determined to lodge it on the roof of the launch, for the present, at least, and to throw it overboard as soon as they got into rough water, if indeed they should be so fortunate as to get outside of the reef at all. The stay and yard tackles offered the necessary facilities, and he instantly slung the piece. A few rounds of the capstan lifted it from the deck, a few more bore it clear of the side, and then it was easily lowered on the roof, Saunders being sent into the boat to set up a stanchion beneath, in order that its weight might do no injury.

The gentlemen at last got into the launch, with the exception of Paul, who still lingered in the ship, watching the progress of the Arabs, and making his calculations for the future.

It required great steadiness of nerve, perfect self-reliance, and an entire confidence in his resources and knowledge, for one to remain a passive spectator of the slow drift of the raft, while it gradually settled down on the ship. As it approached, Paul was seen by those on it, and, with the usual duplicity of barbarians, they made signs of amity and encouragement. These signs did not deceive the young man, however, who only remained to be a close observer of their conduct, thinking some useful hint might thus be obtained, though his calmness so far imposed on the Arabs that they even made signs to him to throw them a rope. Believing it now time to depart, he answered the signal favorably, and disappeared from their sight.

Even in descending to the boat, this trained and cool young seaman betrayed no haste. His movements were quick, and everything was done with readiness and knowledge certainly, but no confusion or trepidation occasioned the loss of a moment. He hoisted the sail, brought down the tack, and then descended beneath the roof, having first hauled in the painter, and given the boat a long and vigorous shove, to force it from the side of the vessel. By this last expedient he at once placed thirty feet of water between the boat and the *Montauk*, a space that the Arabs had no means of overcoming. As soon as he was beneath the roof the sheet was hauled in, and Paul seized the tiller; which had been made, by means of a narrow cut in the boards, to play in one of the shutters. Mr. Sharp took a position in the bows, where he could see the sands and channels through the crevices, directing the other how to steer; and just as a shout announced the arrival of the raft at the other side of the ship, the flap of their sail gave those in the

boat the welcome intelligence that they had got so far from her cover as to feel the force of the wind.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Speed, gallant bark! richer cargo is thine,
Than Brazilian gem, or Peruvian mine;
And the treasures thou bearest thy destiny wait,
For they, if thou perish, must share in thy fate."
—PARK.

THE departure of the boat was excellently timed. Had it left the side of the ship while the Arabs on the raft were unoccupied, and at a little distance, it would have been exposed to their fire; for at least a dozen of those who boarded had muskets; whereas the boat now glided away to leeward, while they were busy in getting up her side, or were so near the ship as not to be able to see the launch at all. When Paul Powis, who was looking astern through a crevice, saw the first Arab on the deck of the *Montauk*, the launch was already near a cable's length from her, running with a fresh and free wind into one of the numerous little channels that intersected the naked banks of sand. The unusual construction of the boat, with its inclosed roof, and the circumstance that no one was visible on board her, had the effect to keep the barbarians passive, until distance put her beyond the reach of danger. A few muskets were discharged, but they were fired at random, and in the bravado of a semi-savage state of feeling.

Paul kept the launch running off free, until he was near a mile from the ship, when, finding he was approaching the reef to the northward and eastward, and that a favorable sandbank lay a short distance ahead, he put down the helm, let the sheet fly, and the boat's forefoot shot upon the sands. By a little management, the launch was got broadside to the bank, the water being sufficiently deep, and, when it was secured, the females were enabled to land through the opening of a shutter.

The change from the apparent hopelessness of their situation was so great as to render the whole party comparatively happy. Paul and John Effingham united in affirming it would be quite possible to reach one of the islands to leeward in so good a boat, and that they ought to deem themselves fortunate, under the circumstances, in being the masters of a little bark so well found in every essential. Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville, who had fervently returned their thanks to the Great Ruler of events, while in the boat, walked about the hard sand with even a sense of enjoyment, and smiles began again to brighten the beautiful features of the first. Mr. Effingham declared, with a grateful heart, that in no park, or garden, had he ever before met with a promenade that seemed so delightful as this spot of naked and moistened sand, on the sterile coast of the Great Desert. Its charm was its security, for its distance from every point that could be approached by the Arabs, rendered it, in their eyes, a paradise.

Paul Powis, however, though he maintained a cheerful air, and the knowledge that he had been so instrumental in saving the party lightened his heart of a load, and disposed him even to gayety, was not without some lingering remains of uneasiness. He remembered the boats of the Dane, and, as he thought it more than probable Captain Truck had fallen into the hands of the barbarians, he feared that the latter might yet find the means to lay hands on themselves. While he was at work fitting the rigging and preparing a jigger, with a view to render the launch more manageable, he cast frequent uneasy glances to the northward, with a feverish apprehension that one of the so-long-wished-for boats might at length appear. Their friends he no longer expected, but his fears were all directed towards the premature arrival of enemies from that quarter. None appeared, however, and Saunders actually lighted a fire on the bank, and prepared the grateful refreshment of tea for the whole party; none of which had tasted food since morning, though it was now drawing near night.

"Our caterers," said Paul, smiling, as he cast his eyes over the repast which Ann Sidley had spread on the roof of the boat,

where they were all seated on stools, boxes, and trunks, "our caterers have been of the gentle sex, as any one may see, for we have delicacies that are fitter for a banquet than a desert."

"I thought Miss Eve would relish them, sir," Nanny meekly excused herself by saying; "she is not much accustomed to a coarse diet; and mamerzelle, too, likes niceties, as I believe is the case with all of French extraction."

Eve's eyes glistened, though she felt it necessary to say something by way of apology.

"Poor Ann has been so long accustomed to humor the caprices of a petted girl," she said, "that I fear those who will have occasion for all their strength may be the sufferers. I should regret it forever, Mr. Powis, if *you*, who are every way of so much importance to us, should not find the food you required."

"I have very inadvertently and unwittingly drawn down upon myself the suspicion of being one of Mr. Monday's *gourmets*, a plain roast and boiled person," the young man answered laughingly, "when it was merely my desire to express the pleasure I had in perceiving that those whose comfort and ease are of more account than anything else, have been so well cared for. I could almost starve with satisfaction, Miss Effingham, if I saw you free from suffering under the extraordinary circumstances in which we are placed."

Eve looked grateful, and the emotion excited by this speech restored all that beauty which had so lately been chilled by fear.

"Did I not hear a dialogue between you and Mr. Saunders touching the merits of sundry stores that had been left in the ship?" asked John Effingham, turning to Paul by way of relieving his cousin's distress.

"Indeed you might; he relieved the time we were rousing at the chains with a beautiful Jeremiad on the calamities of the lockers. I fancy, steward, that you consider the misfortunes of the pantry as the heaviest disaster that has befallen the *Montauk!*"

Saunders seldom smiled. In this particular he resembled Captain Truck; the one subduing all light emotions from an inveterate habit of serious comicality, and the responsibility of command; and the other having lost most of his disposition to merriment, as the cart-horse loses his propensity to kick, from being overworked. The steward, moreover, had taken up the conceit that it was indicative of a "nigger" to be merry; and, between dignity, a proper regard to his color—which was about half-way between that of a Gold Coast importation, and a rice-plantation overseer, down with the fever in his third season—and dogged submission to unmitigated calls on his time, the prevailing character of the poor fellow's physiognomy was that of a dolorous sentimentality. He believed himself to be materially refined by having had so much intimate communication with gentlemen and ladies suffering under seasickness, and he knew that no man in the ship could use language like that he had always at his finger's ends. While so strongly addicted to melancholy, therefore, he was fond of hearing himself talk; and, palpably encouraged as he had now been by John Effingham and Paul, and a little emboldened by the familiarity of a shipwreck, he did not hesitate about mingling in the discourse, though holding the Effinghams habitually in awe.

"I esteem it a great privilege, ladies and gentlemen," he observed as soon as Paul ceased, "to have the honor of being *wracked* (for so the steward, in conformity with the Doric of the forecastle, pronounced the word) in such company. I should deem it a disgrace to be cast away in some society I could name, although I will predicate, as we say in America, nothing on their absence. As to what inwolves the stores, it suggested itself to me that the ladies would like delicate diet, and I intermated as much to Mrs. Sidley and t'other French waiting-woman. Do you imagine, gentlemen, that the souls of the dead are permitted to look back at such ewents of this life as touches their own private concerns and feelings?"

"That would depend, I should think,

steward, on the nature of the employment of the souls themselves," returned John Effingham. "There must be certain souls to which any occupation would be more agreeable than that of looking behind them. But, may I ask why you inquire?"

"Because, Mr. John Effingham, sir, I do not believe Captain Truck can ever be happy in heaven, as long as the ship is in the hands of the Arabs! If she had been honorably and fairly wracked, and the captain suffercated by drowning, he could go to sleep like another Christian; but, I do think, sir, if there be any special perdition for seamen, it must be to see their vessel rummaged by Arabs. I'll warrant, now, those blackguards have had their fingers in everything already; sugar, chocolate, raisins, coffee, cakes, and all! I wonder who they think would like to use articles they have handled! And there is poor Toast, gentlemen, an aspiring and improving young man; one who had the materials of a good steward in him, though I can hardly say they were completely deweloped. I did look forward to the day when I could consign him to Mr. Leach as my own predecessor, when Captain Truck and I should retire, as I have no doubt we should have done on the same day, but for this distressing accident. I dewotely pray that Toast is deceased, for I would rather any misfortune should befall him in the other world than that he should be compelled to associate with Arab niggers in this. Dead or alive, ladies, I am an advocate for a man's keeping himself respectable and in proper company."

So elastic had the spirits of the whole become by their unlooked-for escape, that Saunders was indulged to the top of his humor, and while he served the meal, passing between his fire on the sands and the roof of the launch, he enjoyed a heartier gossip than any he had had since they left the dock; not even excepting those sniggering scenes with Mr. Toast in the pantry, in which he used to unbend himself a little, forgetting his dignity as steward in the native propensities of the black.

Paul Powis entered but a moment into the trifling, for on him rested the safety of all. He alone could navigate, or even manage the boat in rough water; and, while the others confided so implicitly in his steadiness and skill, he felt the usual burden of responsibility. When the supper was ended, and the party were walking up and down the little islet of sand, he took his station on the roof therefore, and examined the proceedings of the Arabs with the glass; Mr. Sharp, with a species of chivalrous self-denial that was not lost on his companion, foregoing the happiness of walking at the side of Eve, to remain near him.

"The wretches have laid waste the cabins already!" observed Mr. Sharp, when Paul had been looking at the ship some little time. "That which it took months to produce they will destroy in an hour."

"I do not see that," returned Paul; "there are but about fifty in the ship, and their efforts seem to be directed to hauling her over against the rocks. They have no means of landing their plunder where she lies; and I suspect there is a sort of convention that all are to start fair. One or two, who appear to be chiefs, go in and out of the cabins; but the rest are actively engaged in endeavoring to move the ship."

"And with what success?"

"None, apparently. It exceeds their knowledge of mechanics to force so heavy a mass from its position. The wind has driven the ship firmly on the bank, and nothing short of the windlass, or capstan, can remove her. These ignorant creatures have got two or three small ropes between the vessel and the reef, ard are pulling fruitlessly at both ends! But *our* chief concern will be to find an outlet into the ocean, when we will make the best of our way towards the Cape de Verdes."

Paul now commenced a long and close examination of the reef, to ascertain by what openings he might get the launch on the outside. To the northward of the great inlet there was a continued line of rocks, on which he was sorry to perceive armed Arabs beginning to show themselves; a sign that the barbarians still

entertained the hope of capturing the party. Southward of the inlet there were many places in which a boat might pass at half-tide, and he trusted to getting through one of them as soon as it became dark. As the escape in the boat could not have been foreseen, the Arabs had not yet brought down upon them the boats of the wreck; but should morning dawn and find them still within the reef, he saw no hope of final escape against boats that would possess the advantage of oars, ignorant as the barbarians might be of their proper use.

Everything was now ready. The interior of the launch was divided into two apartments by counterpanes, trunks, and boxes; the females spreading their mattresses in the forward room, and the males in the other. Some of those profound interpreters of the law, who illustrate legislation by the devices of trade, had shipped in the *Montauk* several hundred rude leaden busts of Napoleon, with a view to save the distinction in duties between the metal manufactured and the metal unmanufactured. Four or five of these busts had been struck into the launch as a ballast. They were now snugly stowed, together with the water, and all the heavier articles, in the bottom of the boat. The jigger had been made and bent, and a suitable mast was stepped by means of the roof. In short, every provision for comfort or safety that Paul could think of had been attended to; and everything was in readiness to re-embark as soon as the proper hour should arrive.

The gentler portion of the party were seated on the edge of the roof, watching the setting sun, and engaged in a discourse with feelings more attempered to their actual condition than had been the case immediately after their escape. The evening had a little of that wild and watery aspect which, about the same hour, had given Captain Truck so much concern, but the sun dipped gorgeously into the liquid world of the West, and the whole scene, including the endless desert, the black reef, the stranded ship, and the movements of the bustling Arabs, was one of gloomy grandeur.

"Could we foretell the events of a month," said John Effingham, "with what different feelings from the present would life be checkered! When we left London, the twenty days since, our eyes and minds were filled with the movements, cares, refinements, and interest of a great and polished capital, and here we sit, houseless wanderers, gazing at an eventide on the coast of Africa! In this way, young men, and young ladies too, will you find, as life glides away, that the future will disappoint the expectations of the present moment!"

"All futures are not gloomy, cousin Jack," said Eve; "nor is all hope doomed to meet with disappointment. A merciful God cares for us when we are reduced to despair on our own account, and throws a ray of unexpected light on our darkest hours. Certainly we, of all his creatures, ought not to deny this!"

"I do not deny it. We have been rescued in a manner so simple as to seem unavoidable, and yet so unexpected as to be almost miraculous. Had not Mr. Blunt or Mr. Powis, as you call him—although I am not in the secret of the masquerade—but, had not this gentleman been a seaman, it would have surpassed all our means to get this boat into the water, or even to use her properly were she even launched. I look upon his profession as being the first great providential interference, or provision, in our behalf; and his superior skill and readiness in that profession as a circumstance of no less importance to us."

Eve was silent; but the glow in the western sky was scarcely more radiant and bright than the look she cast on the subject of the remark.

"It is no great merit to be a seaman, for the trade is like another, a mere matter of practice and education," observed Paul, after a moment of awkward hesitation. "If, as you say, I have been instrumental in serving you, I shall never regret the accidents—cruel accidents of my early life I had almost called them—that cast my fortunes so early on the ocean."

A falling pin would have been heard, and all hoped the young man would pro-

ceed; but he chose to be silent. Saunders happened to overhear the remark, for he was aiding Ann Sidley in the boat, and he took up the subject where it was left by the other, in a little aside with his companion.

"It is a misfortune that Mr. Dodge is not here to question the gentleman," said the steward to his assistant, "and then we might hear more of his adventures, which, I make no doubt, have been werry pathetic and romantical. Mr. Dodge is a genuine inquisitor, Mistress Ann; not such an inquisitor as burns people and flays them in Spain, where I have been, but such an inquisitor as torments people, and of whom we have lots in America."

"Let the poor man rest in peace," said Nanny, sighing. "He's gone to his great account, steward; and I fear we shall none of us make as good a figure as we might at the final settling. Besides Miss Eve, I never knew a mortal that wasn't more or less a sinner."

"So they all say; and I must allow that my experience leans to the wicked side of the question. Captain Truck, now, was a worthy man; but he had his faults, as well as Toast. In the first place, he would swear when things took him back; and then he had no prewarication about speaking his mind of a fellow-creature, if the coffee happened to be thick, or the poultry didn't take fat kindly. I've known him box the compass with oaths if the ship was got in irons."

"It's very sinful: and it is to be feared that the poor man was made to think of all this in his latter moments."

"If the Arabs undertook to cannibalize him, I think he must have given it to them right and left," continued Saunders, wiping an eye, for between him and the captain there had existed some such affection as the prisoner comes to feel for the handcuffs with which he amuses his *ennui;* "some of his oaths would choke a dog."

"Well, let him rest—let him rest. Providence is kind; and the poor man may have repented in season."

"And Toast, too! I'm sure, Mrs. Ann, I forgive Toast all the little mistakes he made from the bottom of my heart; and particularly that affair of the beefsteak that he let fall into the coffee the morning that Captain Truck took me so flat aback about it; and I pray most dewoutly that the captain, now he has dropped this mortal coil, and that there is nothing left of him but soul, may not find it out, lest it should breed ill-blood between them in heaven."

"Steward, you scarcely know what you say," interrupted Ann, shocked at his ignorance, "and I will speak of it no more."

Mr. Saunders was compelled to acquiesce, and he amused himself by listening to what was said by those on the roof. As Paul did not choose to explain farther, however, the conversation was resumed as if he had said nothing. They talked of their escape, their hopes, and of the supposed fate of the rest of the party; the discourse leaving a feeling of sadness on all, that harmonized with the melancholy but not unpicturesque scene in which they were placed. At length the night set in; and as it threatened to be dark and damp, the ladies early made their arrangements to retire. The gentlemen remained on the sands much later; and it was ten o'clock before Paul Powis and Mr. Sharp, who had assumed the watch, were left alone.

This was about an hour later than the period already described as the moment when Captain Truck disposed himself to sleep in the launch of the Dane. The weather had sensibly altered in the brief interval, and there were signs that, to the understanding of our young seaman, denoted a change. The darkness was intense. So deep and pitchy black, indeed, had the night become, that even the land was no longer to be distinguished, and the only clews the two gentlemen had to its position were the moldering watchfires of the Arab camp, and the direction of the wind.

"We will now make an attempt," said Paul, stopping in his short walk on the sand, and examining the murky vault overhead. "Midnight is near; and by two o'clock the tide will be entirely up.

It is a dark night to thread these narrow channels in, and to go out upon the ocean, too, in so frail a bark! But the alternative is worse."

"Would it not be better to allow the water to rise still higher? I see by these sands that it has not yet done coming in."

"There is not much tide in these low latitudes, and the little rise that is left may help us off a bank, should we strike one. If you will get upon the roof, I will bring in the grapnels and force the boat off."

Mr. Sharp complied, and in a few minutes the launch was floating slowly away from the hospitable bank of sand. Paul hauled out the jigger, a small sprit-sail, that kept itself close hauled from being fastened to a stationary boom, and a little mast stepped quite aft, the effect of which was to press the boat against the wind. This brought the launch's head up, and it was just possible to see, by close attention, that they had a slight motion through the water.

"I quit that bank of sand as one quits a tried friend," said Paul, all the conversation now being in little more than whispers: "when near it, I know where we are; but presently we shall be absolutely lost in this intense darkness."

"We have the fires of the Arabs for lighthouses still."

"They may give us some faint notions of our positions; but light like that is a very treacherous guide in so dark a night. We have little else to do but to keep an eye on the water, and to endeavor to get to windward."

Paul set the lug-sail, into which he had converted the royal, and seated himself directly in the eyes of the boat, with a leg hanging down on each side of the cutwater. He had rigged lines to the tiller, and with one in each hand he steered, as if managing a boat with yoke-lines. Mr. Sharp was seated at hand, holding the sheet of the mainsail; a boat-hook and a light spar lying on the roof near by, in readiness to be used should they ground.

While on the bank, Paul had observed that, by keeping the boat near the wind, he might stretch through one of the widest of the channels for near two miles unless disturbed by currents, and that, when at its southern end, he should be far enough to windward to fetch the inlet, but for the banks of sand that might lie in his way. The distance had prevented his discerning any passage through the roof at the farther end of this channel; but, the boat drawing only two feet of water, he was not without hopes of being able to find one. A chasm, that was deep enough to prevent the passage of the Arabs when the tide was in, would, he thought, certainly suffice for their purpose. The progress of the boat was steady and reasonably fast; but it was like moving in a mass of obscurity. The gentlemen watched the water ahead intently, with a view to avoid the banks, but with little success; for, as they advanced, it was merely one pile of gloom succeeding another. Fortunately the previous observation of Paul availed them, and for more than half an hour their progress was uninterrupted.

"They sleep in security beneath us," said Paul, "while we are steering almost at random. This is a strange and hazardous situation in which we are placed. The obscurity renders all the risks double."

"By the watch-fires, we must have nearly crossed the bay, and I should think we are quite near the southern reef."

"I think the same; but I like not this baffling of the wind. It comes fresher at moments, but it is in puffs, and I fear there will be a shift. It is now my best pilot."

"That and the fires."

"The fires are treacherous always. It looks darker than ever ahead!"

The wind ceased blowing altogether, and the sail fell in heavily. Almost at the same moment the launch lost its way, and Paul had time to thrust the boat-hook forward just in season to prevent its striking a rock.

"This is a part of the reef, then, that is never covered," said he. "If you will

get on the rocks and hold the boat, I will endeavor to examine the place for a passage. Were we one hundred feet to the southward and westward, we should be in the open ocean and comparatively safe."

Mr. Sharp complied, and Paul descended carefully on the reef, feeling his way in the intense darkness by means of the boat-hook. He was absent ten minutes, moving with great caution, as there was the danger of his falling into the sea at every step. His friend began to be uneasy, and the whole of the jeopardy of their situation presented itself vividly to his mind in that brief space of time should accident befall their only guide. He was looking anxiously, in the direction in which Paul had disappeared, when he felt a gripe of his arm.

"Breathe even with care!" whispered Paul hurriedly. "These rocks are covered with Arabs, who have chosen to remain on the dry parts of the reef, in readiness for their plunder in the morning. Thank Heaven! I have found you again; for I was beginning to despair. To have called to you would have been certain capture, as eight or ten of the barbarians are sleeping within fifty feet of us. Get on the roof with the least possible noise, and leave the rest to me."

As soon as Mr. Sharp was in the boat, Paul gave it a violent shove from the rocks, and sprang on the roof at the same moment. This forced the launch astern, and procured a momentary safety. But the wind had shifted. It now came baffling, and in puffs, from the Desert, a circumstance that brought them again to leeward.

"This is the commencement of the trades," said Paul; "they have been interrupted by the late gale, but are returning. Were we outside the reef, our prayers could not be more kindly answered than by giving us this very wind; but here, where we are, it comes unseasonably. Ha!—this at least helps her!"

A puff from the land filled the sails, and the ripple of the water at the stern was just audible. The helm was attended to, and the boat drew slowly from the reef and ahead.

"We have all reason for gratitude! That danger, at least, is avoided. Ha! the boat is aground!"

Sure enough the launch was on the sands. They were still so near the rocks as to require the utmost caution in their proceedings. Using the spar with great care, the gentlemen discovered that the boat hung astern, and there remained no choice but patience.

"It is fortunate the Arabs have no dogs with them on the rocks; you hear them howling incessantly in their camps."

"It is, truly. Think you we can ever find the inlet in this deep obscurity?"

"It is our only course. By following the rocks we should be certain to discover it: but you perceive they are already out of sight, though they cannot be thirty fathoms from us. The helm is free, and the boat must be clear of the bottom again. This last puff has helped us."

Another silence succeeded, during which the launch moved slowly onward, though whither, neither of the gentlemen could tell. But a single fire remained in sight, and that glimmered like a dying blaze. At times the wind came hot and arid, savoring of the Desert, and then intervals of death-like calm would follow. Paul watched the boat narrowly for half an hour, turning every breath of air to the best account, though he was absolutely ignorant of his position. The reef had not been seen again, and three several times they grounded, the tide as often floating them off. The course, too, had been repeatedly varied. The result was that painful and profound sensation of helplessness that overcomes us all when the chain of association is broken and reason becomes an agent less useful than instinct.

"The last fire is out," whispered Paul. "I fear that the day will dawn and find us still within the reef."

"I see an object near us. Can it be a high bank?"

The wind had entirely ceased, and the boat was almost without motion. Paul saw a darkness more intense even than

common ahead of him, and he leaned forward, naturally raising a hand before him in precaution. Something he touched, he knew not what; but feeling a hard smooth surface, that he at first mistook for a rock, he raised his eyes slowly, and discerned, by the little light that lingered in the vault of heaven, a dim tracery that he recognized. His hand was on the quarter of the ship!

"'Tis the *Montauk!*" he whispered breathlessly, "and her decks must be covered with Arabs. Hist!—do you hear nothing?"

They listened, and smothered voices, those of the watch, mingled with low laughter, were quite audible. This was a crisis to disturb the coolness of one less trained and steady than Paul; but he preserved his self-possession.

"There is good as well as evil in this," he whispered, "I now know our precise position; and, God be praised! the inlet is near, could we but reach it.—By a strong shove we can always force the launch from the vessel's side, and prevent their boarding us; and I think, with extreme caution, we may even haul the boat past the ship undetected."

This delicate task was undertaken. It was necessary to avoid even a tread heavier than common, a fall of the boat-hook, or a collision with the vessel, as the slightest noise became distinctly audible in the profound stillness of deep night. Once enlightened as to his real position, however, Paul saw with his mind's eye obstructions that another might not have avoided. He knew exactly where to lay his hand, when to bear off, and when to approach nearer to the side of the ship, as he warily drew the boat along the massive hull.—The yard of the launch luckily leaned towards the reef, and offered no impediment. In this manner, then, the two gentlemen hauled their boat as far as the bows of the ship, and Paul was on the point of giving a last push, with a view to shove it to as great a distance possible ahead of the packet, when its movement was suddenly and violently arrested.

CHAPTER XXV.

"And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment, too, is thine;
It breathes of him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps."
—BRYANT.

It was chilling to meet with this unexpected and sudden check at so critical a moment. The first impression was, that some one of the hundreds of Arabs, who were known to be near, had laid a hand on the launch; but this fear vanished on examination. No one was visible, and the side of the boat was untouched. The boat-hook could find no impediment in the water, and it was not possible that they could again be aground. Raising the boat-hook over his head, Paul soon detected the obstacle. The line used by the barbarians in their efforts to move the ship was stretched from the forecastle to the reef, and it lay against the boat's mast. It was severed with caution; but the short end slipped from the hand of Mr. Sharp, who cut the rope, and fell into the water. The noise was heard, and the watch on the deck of the ship made a rush toward her side.

No time was to be lost; but Paul, who still held the outer end of the line, pulled on it vigorously, hauling the boat swiftly from the ship, and, at the same time, a little in advance. As soon as this was done, he dropped the line and seized the tiller-ropes, in order to keep the launch's head in a direction between the two dangers—the ship and the reef. This was not done without some little noise; the footfall on the roof, and the plash of the water when it received the line, were audible; and even the element washing under the bows of the boat was heard. The Arabs of the ship called to those on the reef, and the latter answered. They took the alarm, and awoke their comrades, for, knowing as they did, that the party of Captain Truck was still at liberty, they apprehended an attack.

The clamor and uproar that succeeded were terrific. Muskets were discharged at random, and the noises from the camp

echoed the cries and tumult from the vessel and the rocks. Those who had been sleeping in the boat were rudely awaked, and Saunders joined in the cries through sheer fright. But the two gentlemen on deck soon caused their companions to understand their situation, and to observe a profound silence.

"They do not appear to see us," whispered Paul to Eve, as he bent over, so as to put his head at an open window; "and a return of the breeze may still save us. There is a great alarm among them, and no doubt they know we are not distant; but so long as they cannot tell precisely where, we are comparatively safe. Their cries do us good service as landmarks, and you may be certain I shall not approach the spots where they are heard. Pray Heaven for a wind, dearest Miss Effingham, pray Heaven for a wind!"

Eve silently, but fervently did pray, while the young man gave all his attention again to the boat. As soon as they were clear of the lee of the ship, the baffling puffs returned, and there were several minutes of a steady little breeze, during which the boat sensibly moved away from the noises of the ship. On the reef, however, the clamor still continued, and the gentlemen were soon satisfied that the Arabs had stationed themselves along the whole line of rocks, wherever the latter were bare at high water, as was now nearly the case, to the northward as well as to the southward of the opening.

"The tide is still entering by the inlet," said Paul, "and we have its current to contend with. It is not strong, but a trifle is important at a moment like this!"

"Would it not be possible to reach the bank inside of us, and to shove the boat ahead by means of these light spars?" asked Mr. Sharp.

The suggestion was a good one; but Paul was afraid the noise in the water might reach the Arabs, and expose the party to their fire, as the utmost distance between the reef and the inner bank at that particular spot did not exceed a hundred fathoms. At length another puff of air from the land pressed upon their sails, and the water once more rippled beneath the bows of the boat. Paul's heart beat hard, and as he managed the tiller-lines, he strained his eyes uselessly in order to penetrate the massive-looking darkness.

"Surely," he said to Mr. Sharp, who stood constantly at his elbow, "these cries are directly ahead of us! We are steering for the Arabs!"

"We have got wrong in the dark then. Lose not a moment to keep the boat away, for here to leeward there are noises."

As all this was self-evident, though confused in his reckoning, Paul put up the helm, and the boat fell off nearly dead before the wind. Her motion being now comparatively rapid, a few minutes produced an obvious change in the direction of the different groups of clamorous Arabs, though they also brought a material lessening in the force of the air.

"I have it!" said Paul, grasping his companion almost convulsively by the arm. "We are at the inlet, and heading, I trust, directly through it! You hear the cries on our right; they come from the end of the northern reef, while these on our left are from the end of the southern. The sounds from the ship, the direction of the land breeze, our distance—all confirm it, and Providence again befriends us!"

"It will be a fearful error should we be mistaken!"

"We cannot be deceived, since nothing else will explain the circumstances. There!—the boat feels the ground-swell—a blessed and certain sign that we are at the inlet! Would that this tide were done, or that we had more wind!"

Fifteen feverish minutes succeeded. At moments the puffs of night-air would force the boat ahead, and then again it was evident by the cries that she fell astern under the influence of an adverse current. Neither was it easy to keep her on the true course, for the slightest variation from the direct line in a tide's way causes a vessel to sheer. To remedy the latter danger, Paul was obliged to watch his helm closely, having no other guide than the noisy and continued vociferations of the Arabs.

"These liftings of the boat are full of hope," resumed Paul; "I think, too, that they increase."

"I perceive but little difference, though I would gladly see all you wish."

"I am certain the swell increases and that the boat rises and falls more frequently. You will allow there is a swell?"

"Quite obviously: I perceived it before we kept the boat away. This variable air is cruelly tantalizing!"

"Sir George Templemore—Mr. Powis," said a soft voice at a window beneath them.

"Miss Effingham!" said Paul, so eager that he suffered the tiller-line to escape him.

"These are frightful cries!—Shall we never be rid of them!"

"If it depended on me—on either of us—they should distress you no more. The boat is slowly entering the inlet, but has to struggle with a head-tide. The wind baffles, and is light, or in ten minutes we should be out of danger."

"Out of this danger, but only to encounter another!"

"Nay, I do not think much of the risk of the ocean in so stout a boat. At the most, we may be compelled to cut away the roof, which makes our little bark somewhat clumsy in appearance, though it adds infinitely to its comfort. I think we shall soon get the trades, before which our launch, with its house even, will be able to make good weather."

"We are certainly nearer those cries than before!"

Paul felt his cheek glow, and his hand hurriedly sought the tiller-line, for the boat had sensibly sheered towards the northern reef. A puff of air helped to repair his oversight, and all in the launch soon perceived that the cries were gradually but distinctly drawing more aft.

"The current lessens," said Paul, "and it is full time; for it must be near high water. We shall soon feel it in our favor, when all will be safe!"

"This is indeed blessed tidings! and no gratitude can ever repay the debt we owe you, Mr. Powis!"

The puffs of air now required all the attention of Paul, for they again became variable, and at last the wind drew directly ahead in a continued current for half an hour. As soon as this change was felt, the sails were trimmed to it, and the boat began to stir the water under her bows.

"The shift was so sudden that we cannot be mistaken in its direction," Paul remarked; "besides, those cries still serve as pilots. Never was uproar more agreeable."

"I feel the bottom with this spar!" said Mr. Sharp, suddenly.

"Merciful Providence protect and shield the weak and lovely——"

"Nay, I feel it no longer: we are already in deeper water.

"It was the rock on which the seaman stood when we entered!" Paul exclaimed, breathing more freely. "I like those voices settling more under our lee, too. We will keep this tack" (the boat's head was to the northward) "until we hit the reef, unless warned off again by the cries."

The boat now moved at the rate of five miles in the hour, or faster than a man walks, even when in quick motion. Its rising and falling denoted the long heavy swell of the ocean, and the wash of water began to be more and more audible as she settled into the sluggish swells.

"That sounds like the surf on the reef," continued Paul, "everything denotes the outside of the rocks."

"God send it prove so!"

"That is clearly a sea breaking on a rock! It is awkwardly near and to leeward, and yet it is sweet to the ear as music."

The boat stood steadily on, making narrow escapes from jutting rocks, as was evinced by the sounds, and once or twice by the sight even; but the cries shifted gradually, and were soon quite astern. Paul knew that the reef trended east soon after passing the inlet, and he felt the hope that they were fast leaving its western extremity, or the part that ran the farthest into the ocean; after effecting which, there would be more water to lee-

ward, his own course being nearly north, as he supposed.

The cries drew still farther aft, and more distant, and the sullen wash of the surf was no longer so near as to seem fresh and tangible.

"Hand me the lead and line that lie at the foot of the mast, if you please," said Paul. "Our water seems sensibly to deepen, and the seas have become more regular."

He hove a cast, and found six fathoms of water; a proof, he thought, that they were quite clear of the reef.

"Now, dear Mr. Effingham, Miss Effingham, mademoiselle," he cried cheerfully, "now I believe we may indeed deem ourselves beyond the reach of the Arabs, unless a gale force us again on their inhospitable shores."

"Is it permitted to speak?" asked Mr. Effingham, who had maintained a steady but almost breathless silence.

"Freely: we are quite beyond the reach of the voice; and this wind, though blowing from a quarter I do not like, is carrying us away from the wretches rapidly."

It was not safe in the darkness, and under the occasional heaves of the boat, for the others to come on the roof; but they opened the shutters, and looked out upon the gloomy water with a sense of security they could not have deemed possible for their situation. The worst was over for the moment, and there is a relief in present escape that temporarily conceals future danger. They could converse without the fear of alarming their enemies, and Paul spoke encouragingly of their prospects. It was his intention to stand to the northward until he reached the wreck, when, failing to get any tidings of their friends, they might make the best of their way to the nearest island to leeward.

With this cheering news the party below again disposed themselves to sleep, while the two young men maintained their posts on the roof.

"We must resemble an ark," said Paul laughing, as he seated himself on a box near the stem of the boat, "and I should think would frighten the Arabs from an attack, had they even the opportunity to make one. This house we carry will prove a troublesome companion, should we encounter a heavy and a head sea."

"You say it may easily be got rid of."

"Nothing would be easier, the whole apparatus being made to ship and unship. *Before* the wind we might carry it a long time, and it would even help us along; but *on* a wind it makes us a little top-heavy, besides giving us a leeward set. In the event of rain, or of bad weather of any sort, it would be a treasure to us all, more especially to the females, and I think we had better keep it as long as possible."

The half hour of breeze already mentioned sufficed to carry the boat some distance to the northward, when it failed, and the puffs from the land returned. Paul supposed they were quite two miles from the inlet, and, trying the lead, he found ten fathoms of water, a proof that they had also gradually receded from the shore. Still nothing but a dense darkness surrounded them, though there could no longer be the smallest doubt of their being in the open ocean.

For near an hour the light baffling air came in puffs, as before, during which time the launch's head was kept, as near as the two gentlemen could judge, to the northward, making but little progress; and then the breeze drew gradually round into one quarter, and commenced blowing with a steadiness that they had not experienced before that night. Paul suspected this change, though he had no certain means of knowing it; for as soon as the wind baffled, his course had got to be conjectural again. As the breeze freshened, the speed of the boat necessarily augmented, though she was kept always on the wind; and after half an hour's progress, the gentlemen became once more uneasy as to the direction.

"It would be a cruel and awkward fate to hit the reef again," said Paul, "and yet I cannot be sure that we are not running directly for it."

"We have compasses: let us strike a light and look into the matter."

"It were better had we done this more

early, for a light might now prove dangerous, should we really have altered the course in this intense darkness. There is no remedy, however, and the risk must be taken. I will first try the lead again."

A cast was made, and the result was two and a half fathoms of water.

"Put the helm down!" cried Paul, springing to the sheet; "lose not a moment, but down with the helm!"

The boat did not work freely under her imperfect sail and with the roof she carried, and a moment of painful anxiety succeeded. Paul managed, however, to get a part of the sail aback, and he felt more secure.

"The boat has stern-way: shift the helm, Mr. Sharp."

This was done, the yard was dipped, and the two young men felt a relief almost equal to that they had experienced on clearing the inlet, when they found the launch again drawing ahead, obedient to her rudder.

"We are near something, reef or shore," said Paul, standing with the lead-line in his hand, in readiness to heave. "I think it can hardly be the first, as we hear no Arabs."

Waiting a few moments, he hove the lead, and, to his infinite joy, got three fathoms fairly.

"That is good news. We are hauling off the danger, whatever it may be," he said, as he felt the mark: "and now for the compass."

Saunders was called, a light was struck, and the compasses were both examined. These faithful but mysterious guides, which have so long served man while they have baffled all his ingenuity to discover the sources of their power, were, as usual, true to their governing principle. The boat was heading north-northwest; the wind was at northeast, and before they had tacked they had doubtless been standing directly for the beach, from which they could not have been distant a half quarter of a mile, if so much. A few more minutes would have carried them into the breakers, capsized the boat, and most probably drowned all below the roof, if not those on it.

Paul shuddered as these facts forced themselves on his attention, and he determined to stand on his present course for two hours, when daylight would render his return towards the land without danger.

"This is the trade," he said, "and it will probably stand. We have a current to contend with, as well as a head-wind; but I think we can weather the cape by morning, when we can get a survey of the wreck by means of the glass. If we discover nothing, I shall bear up at once for the Cape de Verdes."

The two gentlemen now took the helm in turns, he who slept fastening himself to the mast, as a precaution against being rolled into the sea by the motion of the boat. In fifteen fathoms water they tacked again, and stood to the east-southeast, having made certain, by a fresh examination of the compass, that the wind stood in the same quarter as before. The moon rose soon after, and, although the morning was clouded and lowering, there was then sufficient light to remove all danger from the darkness. At length this long and anxious night terminated in the usual streak of day, which gleamed across the desert.

Paul was at the helm steering more by instinct than anything else, and occasionally nodding at his post; for two successive nights of watching and a day of severe toil had overcome his sense of danger and his care for others. Strange fancies beset men at such moments; and his busy imagination was running over some of the scenes of his early youth, when either his sense or his wandering faculties made him hear the usual brief, spirited hail of,

"Boat ahoy!"

Paul opened his eyes, felt that the tiller was in his hand, and was about to close the first again, when the words were more sternly repeated.

"Boat ahoy! — what craft's that? Answer, or expect a shot!"

This was plain English, and Paul was wide awake in an instant. Rubbing his eyes, he saw a line of boats anchored directly on his weather bow, with a raft of spars riding astern.

"Hurrah!" shouted the young man. "This is Heaven's own tidings! Are these the *Montauk's?*"

"Ay, ay. Who the devil are you?"

The truth is, Captain Truck did not recognize his own launch in the royal, roof, and jigger. He had never before seen a boat afloat in such a guise; and in the obscurity of the hour, and fresh awakened from a profound sleep, like Paul, his faculties were a little confused. But the latter soon comprehended the whole matter. He clapped his helm down, let fly the sheet, and in a minute the launch of the packet was riding alongside of the launch of the Dane. Heads were out of the shutters, and every boat gave up its sleepers, for the cry was general throughout the little flotilla.

The party just arrived alone felt joy. They found those whom they had believed dead, or captives, alive and free; whereas the others now learned the extent of the misfortune that had befallen them. For a few minutes this contrast in feeling produced an awkward meeting; but the truth soon brought all down to the same sober level. Captain Truck received the congratulations of his friends like one in a stupor; Toast looked amazed as his friend Saunders shook his hand, and the gentlemen who had been to the wreck met the cheerful greetings of those who had just escaped the Arabs like men who fancied the others mad.

We pass over the explanations that followed, as every one will readily understand them. Captain Truck listened to Paul like one in a trance, and it was some time after the young man had done before he spoke. With a wish to cheer him, he was told of the ample provision of stores that had been brought off in the launch, of the trade winds that had now apparently set in, and of the great probability of their all reaching the islands in safety. Still the old man made no reply; he got on the roof of his own launch, and paced backwards and forwards rapidly, heeding nothing. Even Eve spoke to him unnoticed, and the consolations offered by her father were not attended to. At length he stopped suddenly and called for his mate.

"Mr. Leach?"

"Sir."

"Here is a category for you!"

"Ay, ay, sir; it's bad enough in its way; still we are better off than the Danes."

"You tell me, sir," turning to Paul, "that these foul blackguards were actually on the deck of the ship?"

"Certainly, Captain Truck. They took complete possession; for we had no means of keeping them off."

"And the ship is ashore?"

"Beyond a question."

"Bilged?"

"I think not. There is no swell within the reef, and she lies on sand."

"We might have spared ourselves the trouble, Leach, of culling these cursed spars, as if they had been so many toothpicks."

"That we might, sir; for they will not now serve as oven-wood, for want of the oven."

"A damnable category, Mr. Effingham! I'm glad you are safe, sir; and you, too, my dear young lady—God bless you!—God bless you!—It were better the whole line should be in their power than one like you!"

The old seaman's eyes filled as he shook Eve by the hand, and for a moment he forgot the ship.

"Mr. Leach?"

"Sir."

"Let the people have their breakfasts, and bear a hand about it. We are likely to have a busy morning, sir. Lift the kedge, too, and let us drift down towards these gentry, and take a look at them. We have both wind and current with us, now, and shall make quick work of it."

The kedge was raised, the sails were all set, and, with the two launches lashed together, the whole line of boats and spars began to set to the southward at a rate that would bring them up with the inlet in about two hours.

"This is the course for the Cape de Verdes, gentlemen," said the captain bitterly. "We shall have to pass before our

own door to go and ask hospitality of strangers. But let the people get their breakfasts, Mr. Leach; just let the boys have one comfortable meal before they take to their oars."

Eat himself, however, Mr. Truck would not. He chewed the end of a cigar, and continued walking up and down the roof.

In half an hour the people had ended their meal, the day had fairly opened, and the boats and raft had made good progress.

"Splice and main-brace, Mr. Leach," said the captain, "for we are a little jammed. And you, gentlemen, do me the favor to step this way for a consultation. This much is due to your situation."

Captain Truck assembled his male passengers in the stern of the Dane's launch, where he commenced the following address:

"Gentlemen," he said, "everything in this world has its nature and its principles. This truth I hold you all to be too well informed and well educated to deny. The nature of a traveler is to travel, and see curiosities; the nature of old men is to think on the past, of a young man to hope for the future. The nature of a seaman is to stick by his ship, and of a ship to be treated like a vessel, and not to be ransacked like a town taken by storm, or a nunnery that is rifled. You are but passengers, and doubtless have your own wishes and occupations, as I have mine. Your wishes are, beyond question, to be safe in New York among your friends; and mine are to get the *Montauk* there too, in as little time and with as little injury as possible. You have a good navigator among you; and I now propose that you take the *Montauk's* launch, with such stores as are necessary, and fill away at once for the islands, where, I pray God, you may all arrive in safety, and that when you reach America you may find all your relations in good health, and in no manner uneasy at this little delay. Your effects shall be safely delivered to your respective orders, should it please God to put it in the power of the line to honor your drafts."

"You intend to attempt recapturing the ship!" exclaimed Paul.

"I do, sir," returned Mr. Truck, who, having thus far opened his mind, for the first time that morning gave a vigorous hem! and set about lighting a cigar. "We may do it, gentlemen, or we may not do it. If we do it, you will hear farther from me; if we fail, why, tell them at home that we carried sail as long as a stitch would draw."

The gentlemen looked at each other, the young waiting in respect for the counsel of the old, the old hesitating in deference to the pride and feelings of the young.

"We must join you in this enterprise, captain," said Mr. Sharp quietly, but with the manner of a man of spirit and nerve.

"Certainly, certainly," cried Mr. Monday; "we ought to make a common affair of it; as I daresay Sir George Templemore will agree with me in maintaining; the nobility and gentry are not often backward when their persons are to be risked."

The spurious baronet acquiesced in the proposal as readily as if it had been made by him whom he had temporarily deposed; for, though a weak and a vain young man, he was far from being a dastard.

"This is a serious business," observed Paul, "and it ought to be ordered with method and intelligence. If we have a ship to care for, we have those, also, who are infinitely more precious."

"Very true, Mr. Blunt, very true," interrupted Mr. Dodge, a little eagerly. "It is my maxim to let well alone; and I am certain shipwrecked people can hardly be better off and more comfortable than we are at this very moment. I daresay these gallant sailors, if the question was fairly put to them, would give it by a handsome majority in favor of things as they are. I am a conservative, captain—and I think an appeal ought to be made to the ballot-boxes before we decide on a measure of so much magnitude."

The occasion was too grave for the ordinary pleasantry, and this singular proposition was heard in silence, to Mr. Dodge's great disgust.

"I think it the duty of Captain Truck to

endeavor to retake his vessel," continued Paul; "but the affair will be serious, and success is far from certain. The *Montauk's* launch ought to be left at a safe distance with all the females, and in prudent keeping; for any disaster to the boarding party would probably throw the rest of the boats into the hands of the barbarians, and endanger the safety of those left in the launch.—Mr. Effingham and Mr. John Effingham will of course remain with the ladies."

The father assented with the simplicity of one who did not distrust his own motives, but the eagle-shaped features of his kinsman curled with a cool and sarcastic smile.

"Will *you* remain in the launch?" the latter asked pointedly, turning towards Paul.

"Certainly it would be greatly out of character were I to think of it. My trade is war; and I trust that Captain Truck means to honor me with the command of one of the boats."

"I thought as much, by Jove!" exclaimed the captain, seizing a hand which he shook with the utmost cordiality; "I should as soon expect to see the sheet-anchor wink, or the best bower give a mournful smile, as to see you duck! Still, gentlemen, I am well aware of the difference in our situations. I ask no man to forget his duties to those on shore on my account; and I fancy that my regular people, aided by Mr. Blunt, who can really serve me by his knowledge, will be as likely to do all that can be done as all of us united. It is not numbers that carry ships as much as spirit, promptitude, and resolution."

"But the question has not yet been put to the people," said Mr. Dodge, who was yet a little mystified by the word last used, which he had yet to learn was strictly technical as applied to a vessel's crew.

"It shall, sir," returned Captain Truck, "and I beg you to note the majority. My lads," he continued, rising on a thwart, and speaking aloud, "you know the history of the ship. As to the Arabs, now they have got her, they do not know how to sail her, and it is no more than a kindness to take her out of their hands. For this business I want volunteers; those who are for the reef, and an attack, will rise up and cheer; while they who like an offing have only to sit still and stay where they are."

The words were no sooner spoken than Mr. Leach jumped up on the gunwale and waved his hat. The people rose as one man, and taking the signal from the mate, they gave three as hearty cheers as ever rung over the bottle.

"Dead against you, sir!" observed the captain, nodding to the editor; "and I hope you are now satisfied."

"The ballot might have given it the other way," muttered Mr. Dodge; "there can be no freedom of election without the ballot."

No one, however, thought any longer of Mr. Dodge or his scruples; but the whole disposition for the attack was made with promptitude and caution. It was decided that Mr. Effingham and his own servant should remain in the launch; while the captain compelled his two mates to draw lots which of them should stay behind also, a navigator being indispensable. The chance fell on the second mate, who submitted to his luck with an ill grace.

A bust of Napoleon was cut up, and the pieces of lead were beaten as nearly round as possible, so as to form a dozen leaden balls, and a quantity of slugs, or langrage. The latter were put in canvas bags; while the keg of powder was opened, a flannel shirt or two were torn, and cartridges were filled. Ammunition was also distributed to the people, and Mr. Sharp examined their arms. The gun was got off the roof of the *Montauk's* launch, and placed on a grating forward in that of the Dane. The sails and rigging were cleared out of the boat and secured on the raft when she was properly manned, and the command of her was given to Paul.

The three other boats received their crews, with John Effingham at the head of one, the captain and his mate commanding the others. Mr. Dodge felt com-

pelled to volunteer to go in the launch of the Dane, where Paul had now taken his station, though he did it with a reluctance that escaped the observation of no one who took the pains to observe him. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Monday were with the captain, and the false Sir George Templemore went with Mr. Leach. These arrangements completed, the whole party waited impatiently for the wind and current to set them down towards the reef, the rocks of which by this time were plainly visible, even from the thwarts of the several boats.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Hark! was it not the trumpet's voice I heard?
The soul of battle is awake within me.
The fate of ages and of empires hangs
On this dread hour." —MASSINGER.

THE two launches were still sailing side by side, and Eve now appeared at the open window next the seat of Paul. Her face was pale as when the scene of the cabin occurred, and her lip trembled.

"I do not understand these warlike proceedings," she said; "but I trust, Mr. Blunt, *we* have no concern with the present movement."

"Put your mind at ease on this head, dearest Miss Effingham, for what we now do we do in compliance with a general law of manhood. Were your interests and the interests of those with you alone consulted, we might come to a very different decision: but I think you are in safe hands should our adventure prove unfortunate."

"Unfortunate! It is fearful to be so near a scene like this! I cannot ask you to do anything unworthy of yourself; but, all that we owe you impels me to say, I trust you have too much wisdom, too much true courage, to incur unnecessary risks."

The young man looked volumes of gratitude; but the presence of the others kept its expression within due bounds.

"We old sea dogs," he answered, smiling, "are rather noted for taking care of ourselves. They who are trained to a business like this usually set about it too much in a business-like manner to hazard anything for mere show."

"And very wisely; Mr. Sharp, too,"—Eve's color deepened with a consciousness that Paul would have given worlds to understand—"he has a claim on us we shall never forget. My father can say all this better than I."

Mr. Effingham now expressed his thanks for all that had passed, and earnestly enjoined prudence on the young men. After which Eve withdrew her head and was seen no more. Most of the next hour was passed in prayer by those in the launch.

By this time the boats and raft were within half a mile of the inlet; and Captain Truck ordered the kedge, which had been transferred to the launch of the *Montauk*, to be let go. As soon as this was done, the old seaman threw down his hat, and stood on a thwart in his gray hair.

"Gentlemen, you have your orders," he said with dignity; for from that moment his manner rose with the occasion, and had something of the grandeur of the warrior. "You see the enemy. The reef must first be cleared, and then the ship shall be carried. God knows who will live to see the end; but that end must be success, or the bones of John Truck shall bleach on these sands! Our cry is 'The *Montauk* and our own!' which is a principle Vattel will sustain us in. Give way, men! a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether; each boat in its station!"

He waved his hand, and the oars fell into the water at the same instant. The heavy launch was the last, for she had double-fasts to the other boat. While loosening that forward the second mate deserted his post, stepping nimbly on board the departing boat and concealing himself behind the foremast of the two lug-sails she carried. Almost at the same instant Mr. Dodge reversed this maneuver by pretending to be left clinging to the boat of the *Montauk*, in his zeal to shove off. As the sails were drawing hard, and the oars dashed the spray aside, it was too late to rectify either of these mistakes, had it been desirable.

A few minutes of a stern calm succeeded, each boat keeping its place with beautiful precision. The Arabs had left the northern reef with the light; but, the tide being out, hundreds were strung along the southern range of rocks, especially near the ship. The wind carried the launch ahead, as had been intended, and she soon drew near the inlet.

"Take in the sails," said Mr. Blunt. "See your gun clear forward."

A fine, tall, straight, athletic young seaman stood near the grating, with a heated iron lying in a vessel of live coals before him, in lieu of a loggerhead, the fire being covered with a tarpaulin. As Paul spoke, this young mariner turned towards him with the peculiar grace of a man-of-war's man, and touched his hat.

"Ay, ay, sir. All ready, Mr. Powis."

Paul started, while the other smiled proudly, like one who knew more than his companions.

"We have met before," said the first.

"That have we, sir, and in boat-duty, too. You were the first on board the pirate on the coast of Cuba, and I was second."

A look of recognition and a wave of the hand passed between them, the men cheering involuntarily. It was too late for more, the launch being fairly in the inlet, where she received a general but harmless fire from the Arabs. An order had been given to fire the first shot over the heads of the barbarians; but this assault changed the plan.

"Depress the piece, Brooks," said Paul, "and throw in a bag of slugs."

"All ready, sir," was uttered in another minute.

"Hold water, men—the boat is steady—let them have it."

Men fell at that discharge; but how many was never known, as the bodies were hurried off the reef by those who fled. A few concealed themselves along the rocks, but most scampered towards the shore.

"Bravely done!" cried Captain Truck, as his boat swept past. "Now for the ship, sir!"

The people cheered again, and dashed their oars into the water. To clear the reef was nothing; but to carry the ship was a serious affair. She was defended by four times the number of those in the boats, and there was no retreat. The Arabs, as has already been seen, had suspended their labor during the night, having fruitlessly endeavored to haul the vessel over the reef before the tide rose. More by accident than by calculation, they had made such arrangements by getting a line to the rocks as would probably have set the ship off the sands, when she floated at high water; but this line had been cut by Paul in passing, and the wind coming on shore again, during the confusion and clamor of the barbarians, or at a moment when they thought they were to be attacked, no attention was paid to the circumstance, and the *Montauk* was suffered to drive up still higher on the sands, where she effectually grounded at the very top of the tide. As it was now dead low water, the ship had sewed materially, and was now lying on her bilge, partly sustained by the water, and partly by the bottom.

During the short pause that succeeded, Saunders, who was seated in the captain's boat as a small-arms-man, addressed his subordinate in a low voice.

"Now, Toast," he said, "you are about to contend in battle for the first time; and I diwine, from experience, that the ewent gives you some sentiments that are werry original. My advice to you is, to shut both eyes until the word is given to fire, and then to open them suddenly, as if just awaking from sleep; after which you may present and pull the trigger. Above all, Toast, take care not to kill any of our own friends, most especially not Captain Truck, just at this werry moment."

"I shall do my endeavors, Mr. Saunders," muttered Toast, with the apathy and submissive dependence on others with which the American black usually goes into action. "If I do any harm, I hope it will be overlooked, on account of my want of experience."

"Imitate me, Toast, in coolness and

propriety, and you'll be certain not to offend. I do not mean that you too are to kill the werry same *Muscle*-men that I kill, but that when I kill one you are to kill another. And be werry careful not to hurt Captain Truck, who'll be certain to run right afore the muzzles of our guns if he sees anything to be done there."

Toast growled an assent, and then there was no other noise in the boat than that which was produced by the steady and vigorous falling of the oars. An attempt had been made to lighten the vessel by unloading her, and the bank of sand was already covered with bales and boxes, which had been brought up from the hold by means of a stage, and by sheer animal force. The raft had been extended in size, and brought round to the bank by the stern of the vessel, with the intention to load it, and to transfer the articles already landed to the rocks.

Such was the state of things about the *Montauk* when the boats came into the channel that ran directly up to the bank. The launch led again, her sails having been set as soon as the reef was swept, and she now made another discharge on the deck of the ship, which, inclining towards the gun, offered no shelter. The effect was to bring every Arab, in the twinkling of an eye, down upon the bank.

"Hurrah!" shouted Captain Truck; "that grist has purified the old bark! And now to see who is to own her. 'The thieves are out of the temple,' as my good father would have said."

The four boats were in a line abreast, the launch under one sail only. A good deal of confusion existed on the bank, but the Arabs sought the cover of the bales and boxes, and opened a sharp though irregular fire. Three times, as they advanced, the second mate and that gallant-looking young seaman called Brooks discharged the gun, and at each discharge the Arabs were dislodged and driven to the raft. The cheers of the seamen became animated, though they still plied the oars.

"Steadily, men," said Captain Truck, "and prepare to board."

At this moment the launch grounded, though still twenty yards from the bank, the other boats passing her with loud cheers.

"We are all ready, sir," cried Brooks.

"Let 'em have it. Take in the sail, boys."

The gun was fired, and the tall young seaman sprang upon the grating and cheered. As he looked backward, with a smile of triumph, Paul saw his eyes roll. He leaped into the air, and fell at his length dead upon the water; for such is the passage of a man in battle, from one state of existence to another.

"Where do we hang?" asked Paul, steadily; "forward or aft?"

It was forward, and deeper water ahead of them. The sail was set again, and the people were called aft. The boat tipped, and shot ahead towards the sands, like a courser released from a sudden pull.

All this time the others were not idle. Not a musket was fired from either boat until the whole three struck the bank, almost at the same instant, though at as many different points. Then all leaped ashore, and threw in a fire so close, that the boxes served as much for a cover to the assailants as to the assailed. It was at this critical moment, when the seamen paused to load, that Paul, just clear of the bottom, with his own hand applying the loggerhead, swept the rear of the bank with a most opportune discharge.

"Yardarm and yardarm!" shouted Captain Truck, "lay 'em aboard, boys, and give 'em Jack's play!"

The whole party sprang forward, and from that moment all order ceased. Fists, handspikes, of which many were on the bank, and the buts of muskets, were freely used, and in a way that set the spears and weapons of the Arabs at defiance. The Captain, Mr. Sharp, John Effingham, Mr. Monday, the *soi-disant* Sir George Templemore, and the chief mate, formed a sort of Macedonian phalanx, which penetrated the center of the barbarians, and which kept close to the enemy, following up its advantages with a spirit that admitted of no rallying. On their right and left pressed the men, an athletic, hearty, well-fed

gang. The superiority of the Arabs was in their powers of endurance; for, trained to the whipcord rigidity of racers, force was less their peculiar merit than bottom. Had they acted in concert, however, or had they been on their own desert, mounted, and with room for their subtle evolutions, the result might have been very different; but unused to contend with an enemy who brought them within reach of the arm, their tactics were deranged and all their habits violated. Still, their numbers were formidable, and it is probable that the accident to the launch, after all, decided the matter.

From the moment the *melee* began not a shot was fired, but the assailants pressed upon the assailed, until a large body of the latter had collected near the raft. This was just as the launch reached the shore, and Paul perceived there was great danger that the tide might roll backward from sheer necessity. The gun was loaded, and filled nearly to the muzzle with slugs. He caused the men to raise it on their oars, and to carry it to a large box, a little apart from the confusion of the fight. All this was done in a moment, for three minutes had not yet passed since the captain landed.

Instead of firing, Paul called aloud to his friends to cease fighting. Though chafing like a vexed lion, Captain Truck complied, surprise effecting quite as much as obedience. The Arabs, hardest pressed upon, profited by the pause to fall back on the main body of their friends near the raft. This was all Paul could ask, and he ordered the gun to be pointed at the center of the group, while he advanced himself towards the enemy, making a sign of peace.

"Damn 'em, lay 'em aboard!" cried the captain: "no quarter to the blackguards!"

"I rather think we had better charge again," added Mr. Sharp, who was thoroughly warmed with his late employment.

"Hold, gentlemen; you risk all needlessly. I will show these poor wretches what they have to expect, and they will probably retire. We want the ship, not their blood."

"Well, well," returned the impatient captain, "give 'em plenty of Vattel, for we have 'em now in a category."

The men of the wilderness and of the desert seem to act as much by instinct as by reason. An old sheik advanced, smiling, towards Paul, when the latter was a few yards in advance of his friends, offering his hand with as much cordiality as if they met merely to exchange courtesies. Paul led him quietly to the gun, put his hand in, and drew out a bag of slugs, replaced it, and pointed significantly at the dense crowd of exposed Arabs, and at the heated iron that was ready to discharge the piece. At all this the old Arab smiled, and seemed to express his admiration. He was then shown the strong and well-armed party, all of whom by this time had a musket or a pistol ready to use. Paul then signed to the raft and to the reef, as much as to tell the other to withdraw his party.

The sheik exhibited great coolness and sagacity, and, unused to frays so desperate, he signified his disposition to comply. Truces, Paul knew, were common in the African combats, which are seldom bloody, and he hoped the best from the manner of the sheik, who was now permitted to return to his friends. A short conference succeeded among the Arabs, when several of them smilingly waved their hands, and most of the party crowded on the raft. Others advanced, and asked permission to bear away their wounded, and the bodies of the dead, in both of which offices they were assisted by the seamen, as far as was prudent; for it was all-important to be on the guard against treachery.

In this extraordinary manner the combatants separated, the Arabs hauling themselves over to the reef by a line, their old men smiling and making signs of amity, until they were fairly on the rocks. Here they remained but a very few minutes, for the camels and dromedaries were seen trotting off towards the Dane on the shore; a sign that the compact between the different parties of the barbarians was dissolved, and that each man was about to plunder on his own account. This movement produced great

agitation among the old sheiks and their followers on the reef, and set them in motion with great activity towards the land. So great was their hurry, indeed, that the bodies of all the dead, and of several of the wounded, were fairly abandoned on the rocks, at some distance from the shore.

The first step of the victors, as a matter of course, was to inquire into their own loss. This was much less than would have otherwise been, on account of their good conduct. Every man, without a solitary exception, had ostensibly behaved well; one of the most infallible means of lessening danger. Several of the party had received slight hurts, and divers bullets had passed through hats and jackets. Mr. Sharp, alone, had two through the former, besides one through his coat. Paul had blood drawn on an arm, and Captain Truck, to use his own language, resembled "a horse in fly-time," his skin having been rased in no less than five places. But all these trifling hurts and hairbreadth escapes counted for nothing, as no one was seriously injured by them, or felt sufficient inconvenience even to report himself wounded.

The felicitations were warm and general; even the seamen asking leave to shake their sturdy old commander by the hand. Paul and Mr. Sharp fairly embraced, each expressing his sincere pleasure that the other had escaped unharmed. The latter even shook hands cordially with his counterfeit, who had acted with spirit from the first to the last. John Effingham alone maintained the same cool indifference after the affair that he had shown in it, when it was seen that he had played his part with singular coolness and discretion, dropping two Arabs with his fowling-piece on landing, with a sort of sportsman-like coolness with which he was in the habit of dropping woodcocks at home.

"I fear Mr. Monday is seriously hurt," this gentleman said to the captain, in the midst of his congratulations; "he sits aloof on the box yonder, and looks exhausted."

"Mr. Monday! I hope not, with all my heart and soul. He is a capital *diplomate*, and a stout boarder. And Mr. Dodge, too! I miss Mr. Dodge."

"Mr. Dodge must have remained behind to console the ladies," returned Paul, "finding that your second mate had abandoned them, like a recreant that he is."

The captain shook his disobedient mate by the hand a second time, and swore he was a mutineer for violating his orders, and ended by declaring that the day was not distant when he and Mr. Leach should command two as good liners as ever sailed out of America.

"I'll have nothing to do with either of you as soon as we reach home," he concluded. "There was Leach a foot or two ahead of me the whole time; and as for the second officer, I should be justified in logging him as having run. Well, well; young men will be young men; and so would old men too, Mr. John Effingham, if they knew how. But Mr. Monday does look doleful; and I am afraid we shall be obliged to overhaul the medicine-chest for him."

Mr. Monday, however, was beyond the aid of medicine. A ball had passed through his shoulder-blade in landing; notwithstanding which he had pressed into the *melee*, where, unable to parry it, a spear had been thrust into his chest. The last wound appeared grave, and Captain Truck immediately ordered the sufferer to be carried into the ship; John Effingham, with a tenderness and humanity that were singularly in contrast to his ordinary sarcastic manner, volunteering to take charge of him.

"We have need of all our forces," said Captain Truck, as Mr. Monday was borne away; "and yet it is due to our friends in the launch to let them know the result. Set the ensign, Leach; that will tell them our success, though a verbal communication can alone acquaint them with the particulars."

"If," interrupted Paul, eagerly, "you will lend me the launch of the Dane, Mr. Sharp and myself will beat her up to the raft, let our friends know the result, and bring the spars down to the inlet. This

will save the necessity of any of the men's being absent. We claim the privilege, too, as belonging properly to the party that is now absent."

"Gentlemen, take any privilege you please. You have stood by me like heroes; and I owe you all more than the heel of a worthless old life will ever permit me to pay."

The two young men did not wait for a second invitation, but in five minutes the boat was stretching through one of the channels that led landward; and in five more it was laying out of the inlet with a steady breeze.

The instant Captain Truck retrod the deck of his ship was one of uncontrollable feeling with the weatherbeaten old seaman. The ship had sewed too much to admit of walking with ease, and he sat down on the combings of the main hatch and fairly wept like an infant. So high had his feelings been wrought that this outbreaking was violent, and the men wondered to see their gray-headed, stern old commander so completely unmanned. He seemed at length ashamed of the weakness himself, for, rising like a worried tiger, he began to issue his orders as sternly and promptly as was his wont.

"What the devil are you gaping at, men!" he growled; "did you never see a ship on her bilge before? God knows, and for that matter you all know, there is enough to do, that you stand like so many marines, with their 'eyes right!' and 'pipe-clay.'"

"Take it more kindly, Captain Truck," returned an old sea dog, thrusting out a hand that was all knobs, a fellow whose tobacco had not been displaced even by the fray; "take it kindly, and look upon all these boxes and bales as so much cargo that is to be struck in, in dock. We'll soon stow it, and, barring a few slugs, and one four-pounder, that has cut up a crate of crockery as if it had been a cat in a cupboard, no great harm is done. I look upon this matter as no more than a sudden squall that has compelled us to bear up for a little while, but which will answer for a winch to spin yarns on all the rest of our days. I have fit the French, and the English, and the Turks, in my time; and now I can say I have had a brush with the niggers."

"D——n me, but you're right, old Tom! and I'll make no more account of the matter. Mr. Leach, give the people a little encouragement. There is enough left in the jug that you'll find in the stern sheets of the pinnace; and then turn-to, and strike in all this dunnage, that the Arabs have been scattering on the sands. We'll stow it when we get the ship into an easier bed than the one in which she is now lying."

This was the signal for commencing work; and these straightforward tars, who had just been in the confusion and hazards of a fight, first took their grog, and then commenced their labor in earnest. As they had only, with their knowledge and readiness, to repair the damage done by the ignorant and hurried Arabs, in a short time everything was on board the ship again, when their attention was directed to the situation of the vessel itself. Not to anticipate events, however, we will now return to the party in the launch.

The reader will readily imagine the feelings with which Mr. Effingham and his party listened to the report of the first gun. As they all remained below, they were ignorant who the individual really was that kept pacing the roof over their heads, though it was believed to be the second mate, agreeably to the arrangement made by Captain Truck.

"My eyes grow dim," said Mr. Effingham, who was looking through a glass; "will you try to see what is passing, Eve?"

"Father, I cannot look," returned the pallid girl. "It is misery enough to hear these frightful guns."

"It is awful!" said Nanny, folding her arms about her child, "and I wonder that such gentlemen as Mr. John and Mr. Powis should go on an enterprise so wicked!"

"*Voulez-vous avoir la complaisance, monsieur?*" said Mademoiselle Viefville, taking the glass from the unresisting hand of Mr. Effingham. "*Ha! le combat commence en effet!*"

"Is it the Arabs who now fire?" demanded Eve, unable, in spite of terror, to repress her interest.

"*Non, c' est cet admirable jeune homme, Monsieur Blunt, qui devance tous les autres!*"

"And now, mademoiselle, *that* must surely be the barbarians?"

"*Du tout. Les sauvages fuient. C'est encore du bateau de Monsieur Blunt qu'on tire. Quel beau courage! son bateau est toujours des premiers!*"

"That shout is frightful! Do they close?"

"*On crie des deux parts, je crois. Le vieux capitaine est en avant a present, et Monsieur Blunt s'arrete!*"

"May Heaven avert the danger! Do you see the gentlemen at all, mademoiselle?"

"*La fumee est trop epaisse. Ah! les viola! On tire encore de son bateau.*"

"*Eh bien, mademoiselle?*" said Eve tremulously, after a long pause.

"*C'est deja fini. Les Arabes se retirent et nos amis se sont empares du batiment. Cele a ete l'affaire d'un moment, et que le combat a ete glorieux! Ces jeunes gens sont vraiment dignes d'etre Francais, et le vieux capitaine, aussi.*"

"Are there no tidings for us, mademoiselle?" asked Eve, after another long pause, during which she had poured out her gratitude in trembling, but secret thanksgivings.

"*Non, pas encore. Ils se felicitent, je crois.*"

"It's time, I'm sure, ma'am," said the meek-minded Ann, "to send forth the dove, that it might find the olive branch. War and strife are too sinful to be long indulged in."

"There is a boat making sail in this direction," said Mr. Effingham, who had left the glass with the governess, in complaisance to her wish.

"*Qui, c'est le bateau de Monsieur Blunt.*"

"And who is in it?" demanded the father, for the meed of a world could not have enabled Eve to speak.

"*Je vois Monsieur Sharp—oui, c'est bien lui.*"

"Is he alone?"

"*Non, il y en a deux—mais—oui—c'est Monsieur Blunt—notre jeune heros!*"

Eve bowed her face, and even while her soul melted in gratitude to God, the feelings of her sex caused the tell-tale blood to suffuse her features to the brightness of crimson.

Mr. Effingham now took the glass from the spirited Frenchwoman, whose admiration of brilliant qualities had overcome her fears, and he gave a more detailed and connected account of the situation of things near the ship, as they presented themselves to a spectator at that distance.

Notwithstanding they already knew so much, it was a painful and feverish half hour to those in the launch, the time that intervened between this dialogue and the moment when the boat of the Dane came alongside of their own. Every face was at the windows, and the young men were received like deliverers, in whose safety all felt a deep concern.

"But, cousin Jack," said Eve, across whose speaking countenance apprehension and joy cast their shadows and gleams like April clouds driving athwart a brilliant sky, "my father has not been able to discover his form among those who move about on the bank."

The gentlemen explained the misfortune of Mr. Monday, and related the manner in which John Effingham had assumed the office of nurse. A few delicious minutes passed; for nothing is more grateful than the happiness that first succeeds a victory, and the young men proceeded to lift the kedge, assisted by the servant of Mr. Effingham. The sails were set; and in fifteen minutes the raft—the long-desired and much-coveted raft—approached the inlet.

Paul steered the larger boat, and gave to Mr. Sharp directions how to steer the other. The tide was flowing into the passage; and, by keeping his weatherly position, the young man carried his long train of spars with so much precision into its opening, that, favored by the current, it was drawn through without touching a rock, and brought in triumph to the very

margin of the bank. Here it was secured, the sails and cordage were brought ashore, and the whole party landed.

The last twenty hours seemed like a dream to all the females as they again walked the solid sand in security and hope. They had now assembled every material of safety, and all that remained was to get the ship off the shore and to rig her; Mr. Leach having already reported that she was as tight as the day she left London.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Would I were in an ale-house in London!
I would give all my fame for a pot of ale
and safety." —HENRY V.

MADEMOISELLE VIEFVILLE, with a decision and intelligence that rendered her of great use in moments of need, hastened to offer her services to the wounded man, while Eve, attended by Ann Sidley, ascended the ship and made her way into the cabins, in the best manner the leaning position of the vessel allowed. Here they found less confusion than might have been expected, the scene being ludicrous, rather than painful, for Mr. Monday was in his stateroom excluded from sight.

In the first place, the *soi-disant* Sir George Templemore was counting over his effects, among which he had discovered a sad deficiency in coats and pantaloons. The Arabs had respected the plunder, by compact, with the intention of making a fair distribution on the reef; but, with a view to throw a sop to the more rapacious of their associates, one room had been sacked by the permission of the sheiks. This unfortunate room happened to be that of Sir George Templemore, and the patent razors, the East Indian dressing-case, the divers toys, to say nothing of innumerable vestments which the young man had left paraded in his room, for the mere pleasure of feasting his eyes on them, had disappeared.

"Do me the favor, Miss Effingham," he said, appealing to Eve, of whom he stood habitually in awe, from the pure necessity of addressing her in his distress, or of addressing no one, "do me the favor to look into my room and see the unprincipled manner in which I have been treated. Not a comb nor a razor left; not a garment to make myself decent in! I'm sure such conduct is quite a disgrace to the civilization of barbarians even, and I shall make it a point to have the affair duly represented to his majesty's minister the moment I arrive in New York. I sincerely hope you have been better treated, though I think, after this specimen of their principles, there is little hope for any one: I'm sure we ought to be grateful they did not strip the ship. I trust we shall all make common cause against them the moment we arrive."

"We ought indeed, sir," returned Eve, who, while she had known from the beginning of his being an impostor, was willing to ascribe his fraud to vanity, and who now felt charitable towards him on account of the spirit he had shown in the combat; "though I trust we shall have escaped better. Our effects were principally in the baggage-room, and that, I understand from Captain Truck, has not been touched."

"Indeed you are very fortunate, and I can only wish that the same good luck had happened to myself. But then, you know, Miss Effingham, that one has need of his little comforts, and, as for myself, I confess to rather a weakness in that way."

"Monstrous prodigality and wastefulness!" cried Saunders, as Eve passed on towards her own cabin, willing to escape any more of Sir George's complaints. "Just be so kind, Miss Effingham, ma'am, to look into this here pantry, once! Them niggers, I do believe, have had their fingers in everything, and it will take Toast and me a week to get things decorous and orderly again. Some of the shrieks" (for so the steward styled the chiefs) "have been yelling well in this place, I'll engage, as you may see, by the manner in which they have spilt the mustard and mangled that cold duck. I've a most mortal awersion to a man that cuts up poultry against the fibers; and would you think it, Miss Effingham, ma'am, that the last gun Mr. Blunt fired, dislocated, or other-

wise diwerted, about half a dozen of the fowls that happened to be in the way; for I let all the poor wretches out of the coops, that they might make their own livings should we never come back. I should think that as polite and experienced a gentleman as Mr. Blunt might have shot the Arabs instead of my poultry!"

"So it is," thought Eve, as she glanced into the pantry and proceeded. "What is considered happiness to-day gets to be misery to-morrow, and the rebukes of adversity are forgotten the instant prosperity resumes its influence. Either of these men, a few hours since, would have been most happy to have been in this vessel, as a home, or a covering for their heads, and now they quarrel with their good fortune because it is wanting in some accustomed superfluity or pampered indulgence."

We shall leave her with this wholesome reflection uppermost, to examine into the condition of her own room, and return to the deck.

As the hour was still early, Captain Truck having once quieted his feelings, went to work with zeal, to turn the late success to the best account. The cargo that had been discharged was soon stowed again, and the next great object was to get the ship afloat previously to hoisting in the new spars. As the kedges still lay on the reef, and all the anchors remained in the places where they had originally been placed, there was little to do but to get ready to heave upon the chains as soon as the tide rose. Previously to commencing this task, however, the intervening time was well employed in sending down the imperfect hamper that was aloft, and in getting up shears to hoist out the remains of the foremast, as well as the jury mainmast, the latter of which, it will be remembered, was only fitted two days before. All the appliances used on that occasion being still on deck, and everybody lending a willing hand, this task was completed by noon. The jury-mast gave little trouble, but was soon lying on the bank; and then Captain Truck, the shears having been previously shifted, commenced lifting the broken foremast, and just as the cooks announced that the dinner was ready for the people, the latter safely deposited the spar on the sands.

"'Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowline,'" said Captain Truck to Mr. Blunt, as the crew came up the staging in their way to the galley, in quest of their meal. "I have not beheld the *Montauk* without a mast since the day she lay a new-born child at the shipyards. I see some half a dozen of these mummified scoundrels dodging about on the shore yet, though the great majority, as Mr. Dodge would say, have manifested a decided disposition to amuse themselves with a further acquaintance with the Dane. In my humble opinion, sir, that poor deserted ship will have no more inside of her by night than one of Saunders' ducks that have been dead an hour. That hearty fellow, Mr. Monday, is hit, I fear, between wind and water, Leach?"

"He is in a bad way, indeed, as I understand from Mr. John Effingham, who very properly allows no one to disturb him, keeping the stateroom door closed on all but himself and his own man."

"Ay, ay, that is merciful; a man likes a little quiet when he is killed. As soon as the ship is more fit to be seen, however, it will become my duty to wait on him in order to see that nothing is wanting. We must offer the poor man the consolations of religion, Mr. Blunt."

"They would certainly be desirable had we one qualified for the task."

"I can't say as much in that way for myself, perhaps, as I might, seeing that my father was a priest. But then we masters of packets have occasion to turn our hands to a good many odd jobs. As soon as the ship is snug, I shall certainly take a look at the honest fellow. Pray, sir, what became of Mr. Dodge in the skirmish?"

Paul smiled, but he prudently answered, "I believe he occupied himself in taking notes of the combat, and I make no doubt will do you full justice in the 'Active Inquirer,' as soon as he gets its columns again at his command."

"Too much learning, as my good father used to say, has made him a little mad. But I have a grateful heart to-day, Mr.

Blunt, and will not be critical. I did not perceive Mr. Dodge in the conflict, as Saunders calls it, but there were so many of those rascally Arabs, that one had not an opportunity of seeing much else. We must get the ship outside of this reef with as little delay as possible, for to tell you a secret"—here the captain dropped his voice to a whisper—"there are but two rounds apiece left for the small arms, and only one cartridge for the four-pounder. I own to you a strong desire to be in the offing."

"They will hardly attempt to board us, after the specimen they have had of what we can do."

"No one knows, sir; no one knows. They keep pouring down upon the coast, like crows on the scent of a carrion, and once done with the Dane, we shall see them in hundreds prowling around us like wolves. How much do we want of high-water?"

"An hour, possibly. I do not think there is much time to lose before the people get to work at the windlass."

Captain Truck nodded, and proceeded to look into the condition of his ground tackle. It was a joyous but anxious moment when the handspikes were first handled, and the slack of one of the chains began to come. The ship had been upright several hours, and no one could tell how hard she would hang on the bottom. As the chain tightened, the gentlemen, the officers included, got upon the bows and looked anxiously at the effect of each heave; for it was a nervous thing to be stranded on such a coast, even after all that had occurred.

"She winks, by George!" cried the captain; "heave together, men, and you will stir the sand!"

The men did heave, gaining inch by inch, until no effort could cause the ponderous machine to turn. The mates, and then the captain, applied their strength in succession and but half a turn more was gained. Everybody was now summoned, even to the passengers, and the enormous strain seemed to threaten to tear the fabric asunder; but still the ship was immovable.

"She hangs hardest forward, sir," said Mr. Leach; "suppose we run up the stern boat?"

This expedient was adopted, and so nearly were the counteracting powers balanced, that it prevailed. A strong heave caused the ship to start, and an inch more of tide aided the effort, and then the vast hull yielded slowly to the purchase, gradually turning towards the anchor, until the quick blows of the pall announced that the vessel was fairly afloat again.

"Thank God for that, as for all his mercies!" said Captain Truck. "Heave the hussy up to her anchor, Mr. Leach, when we will cast an eye to her moorings."

All this was done, the ship being effectually secured, with due attention to a change in the wind, that now promised to be permanent. Not a moment was lost; but, the shears being still standing, the foremast of the Dane was floated alongside, fastened to, and hove into its new berth, with as much rapidity as comported with care. When the mast was fairly stepped, Captain Truck rubbed his hands with delight, and immediately commanded his subordinate to rig it, although by this time the turn of the day had considerably passed.

"This is the way with us seamen, Mr. Effingham," he observed; "from the fall to the fight, and then again from the fight to the fall. Our work, like women's, is never done; whereas you landsmen knock off with the sun, and sleep while the corn grows. I have always owed my parents a grudge for bringing me up to a dog's life."

"I had understood it was a choice of your own, captain."

"Ay—so far as running away and shipping without their knowledge was concerned, perhaps it was; but then it was their business to begin at the bottom, and to train me up in such a manner that I would not run away. The Lord forgive me, too, for thinking amiss of the two dear old people; for, to be candid with you, they were much too good to have such a son; and I honestly believe they

loved me more than I loved myself. Well, I've the consolation of knowing I comforted the old lady with many a pound of capital tea after I got into the China trade, ma'amselle."

"She was fond of it?" observed the governess, politely.

"She relished it very much, as a horse takes to oats, or a child to custard. That and snuff and grace composed her principal consolations."

"*Quoi?*" demanded the governess, looking towards Paul for an explanation.

"*Grace, mademoiselle; la grace de Dieu.*"

"*Bien!*"

"It's a sad misfortune, after all, to lose a mother, ma'amselle. It is like cutting all the headfasts, and riding altogether by the stern; for it is letting go the hold of what has gone before to grapple with the future. It is true that I ran away from my mother when a youngster, and thought little of it! but when she took her turn and ran away from me, I began to feel that I had made a wrong use of my legs. What are the tidings from poor Mr. Monday?"

"I understand he does not suffer greatly, but that he grows weaker fast," returned Paul. "I fear there is little hope of his surviving such a hurt."

The captain had got out a cigar, and had beckoned to Toast for a coal; but changing his mind suddenly, he broke the tobacco into snuff, and scattered it about the deck.

"Why the devil is not that rigging going up, Mr. Leach?" he cried, fiercely. "It is not my intention to pass the winter at these moorings, and I solicit a little more expedition."

"Ay ay, sir," returned the mate, one of a class habitually patient and obedient; "bear a hand, my lads, and get the strings into their places."

"Leach," continued the captain, more kindly, and still working his fingers unconsciously, "come this way, my good friend, I have not expressed to you, Mr. Leach, all I wish to say of your good conduct in this late affair. You have stood by me like a gallant fellow throughout the whole business, and I shall not hesitate about saying as much when we get in. It is my intention to write a letter to the owners, which no doubt they'll publish; for whatever they have got to say against America, no one will deny it is easy to get anything published. Publishing is victuals and drink to the nation. You may depend on having justice done you."

"I never doubted it, Captain Truck."

"No, sir; and you never winked. The mainmast does not stand up in a gale firmer than you stood up to the niggers."

"Mr. Effingham, sir—and Mr. Sharp—and particularly Mr. Blunt—"

"Let me alone to deal with them. Even Toast acted like a man. Well, Leach, they tell me poor Monday must slip after all."

"I am very sorry to hear it, sir; Mr. Monday laid about him like a soldier!"

"He did, indeed; but Bonaparte himself has been obliged to give up the ghost, and Wellington must follow him some day; even old Putnam is dead. Either you or I, or both of us, Leach, will have to throw in some of the consolations of religion on this mournful occasion."

"There is Mr. Effingham, sir, or Mr. John Effingham; elderly gentlemen with more scholarship."

"That will never do. All they can offer, no doubt, will be acceptable, but we owe a duty to the ship. The officers of a packet are not graceless horse-jockeys, but sober, discreet men, and it becomes them to show that they have some education, and the right sort of stuff in them on an emergency. I expect you will stand by me, Leach, on this melancholy occasion, as stoutly as you stood by me this morning."

"I humbly hope, sir, not to disgrace the vessel, but it is likely Mr. Monday is a Church of England man, and we both belong to the Saybrook Platform!"

"Ah! the devil!—I forgot that! But religion is religion; old line or new line; and I question if a man so near unmooring will be very particular. The great thing is consolation, and that we must contrive to give him, by hook or by crook, when the proper moment comes; and

now, Mr. Leach, let the people push matters, and we shall have everything up forward, and that mainmast stepped yet by 'sunset;' or it would be more literal to say '*sun-down;*'" Captain Truck, like a true New-England-man, invariably using a provincialism that has got to be so general in America.

The work proceeded with spirit, for every one was anxious to get the ship out of a berth that was so critical, as well from the constant vicinity of the Arabs as from the dangers of the weather. The wind baffled too, as it is usual on the margin of the trades, and at times it blew from the sea, though it continued light, and the changes were of short continuance. As Captain Truck hoped, when the people ceased work at night, the fore and fore-topsail-yards were in their places, the top-gallant-mast was fitted, and, with the exception of the sails, the ship was what is called a-tanto, forward. Aft, less had been done, though, by the assistance of the supernumeraries, who continued to lend their aid, the two lower masts were stepped, though no rigging could be got over them. The men volunteered to work by watches through the night, but to this Captain Truck would not listen, affirming that they had earned their suppers and a good rest, both of which they should have.

The gentlemen, who merely volunteered an occasional drag, cheerfully took the lookouts, and as there were plenty of firearms, though not much powder, little apprehension was entertained of the Arabs. As was expected, the night passed away tranquilly, and every one arose with the dawn refreshed and strengthened.

The return of day, however, brought the Arabs down upon the shore in crowds; for the last gale, which had been unusually severe, and the tidings of the wrecks, which had been spread by means of the dromedaries far and wide, had collected a force on the coast that began to be formidable through sheer numbers. The Dane had been effectually emptied, and plunder had the same effect on these rapacious barbarians that blood is known to produce on the tiger. The taste had begotten an appetite, and from the first appearance of the light, those in the ship saw signs of a disposition to renew the attempt on their liberty

Happily, the heaviest portion of the work was done, and Captain Truck determined, rather than risk another conflict with a force that was so much augmented, to get the spars on board, and to take the ship outside of the reef, without waiting to complete her equipment. His first orders, therefore, when all hands were mustered, were for the boats to get in the kedges and the stream anchor, and otherwise to prepare to move the vessel. In the mean time other gangs were busy in getting the rigging over the mast-heads, and in setting it up. As the lifting of the anchors with boats was heavy work, by the time they were got on board and stowed it was noon, and all the yards were aloft, though not a sail was bent in the vessel.

Captain Truck, while the people were eating, passed through the ship examining every stay and shroud: there were some makeshifts it is true, but on the whole he was satisfied, though he plainly saw that the presence of the Arabs had hurried matters a little, and that a good many drags would have to be given as soon as they got beyond danger, and that some attention must be paid to seizings; still, what had been done would answer very well for moderate weather, and it was too late to stop to change.

The trade wind had returned, and blew steadily as if finally likely to stand; and the water outside of the reef was smooth enough to permit the required alterations, now that the heavier spars were in their places.

The appearance of the *Montauk* certainly was not as stately and commanding as before the wreck, but there was an air of completeness about it that augured well. It was that of a ship of seven hundred tons, fitted with spars intended for a ship of five hundred. The packet a little resembled a man of six feet, in the coat of a man of five feet nine, and yet the discrepancy would not be apt to be noticed by any but the initiated. Everything essential was in

its place, and reasonably well secured, and, as the Dane had been rigged for a stormy sea, Captain Truck felt satisfied he might, in his present plight, venture on the American coast even in winter, without incurring unusual hazard.

As soon as the hour of work arrived, therefore, a boat was sent to drop a kedge as near the inlet as it would be safe to venture, and a little to windward of it. By making a calculation, and inspecting his buoys, which still remained where he had placed them, Captain Truck found that he could get a narrow channel of sufficient directness to permit the ship to be warped as far as this point in a straight line. Everything but the boats was now got on board, the anchor by which they rode was hove up, and the warp was brought to the capstan, when the vessel slowly began to advance towards the inlet.

This movement was a signal to the Arabs, who poured down on both reefs in hundreds, screaming and gesticulating like maniacs. It required good nerves and some self-reliance to advance in the face of such a danger, and this so much the more, as the barbarians showed themselves in the greatest force on the northern range of rocks, which offered a good shelter for their persons, completely raked the channel, and, moreover, lay so near the spot where the kedge had been dropped, that one might have jerked a stone from the one to the other. To add to the awkwardness of the affair, the Arabs began to fire with those muskets that are of so little service in close encounters, but which are notorious for sending their shot with great precision from a distance. The bullets came thick upon the ship, though the stoutness of the bulwarks forward, and their height as yet protected the men.

In this dilemma, Captain Truck hesitated about continuing to haul ahead, and he sent for Mr. Blunt and Mr. Leach for a consultation. Both these gentlemen advised perseverance, and as the counsel of the former will succinctly show the state of things, it shall be given in his own words.

"Indecision is always discouraging to one's friends, and encouraging to one's enemies," he said, "and I recommend perseverance. The nearer we haul to the rocks, the greater will be our command of them, while the more the chances of the Arabs' throwing their bullets on our decks will be diminished. Indeed, so long as we ride head to wind, they cannot fire low enough to effect their object from the northern reef, and on the southern they will not venture very near, for want of cover. It is true it will be impossible for us to bend our sails or to send out a boat in the face of so heavy a fire, while our assailants are so effectually covered; but we may possibly dislodge them with the gun, or with our small-arms, from the decks. If not, I will head a party into the tops, from which I will undertake to drive them out of the reach of our muskets in five minutes."

"Such a step would be very hazardous to those who ventured aloft."

"It would not be without danger, and some loss must be expected; but they who fight must expect risks."

"In which case it will be the business of Mr. Leach and myself to head the parties aloft. If we are obliged to console the dying, damn me, but we are entitled to the privilege of fighting the living."

"Ay, ay, sir," put in the mate; "that stands to reason."

"There are three tops, gentlemen," returned Paul, mildly, "and I respect your rights too much to wish to interfere with them. We can each take one, and the effect will be in proportion to the greater means we employ—one vigorous assault being worth a dozen feints."

Captain Truck shook Paul heartily by the hand, and adopted his advice. When the young man had retired, he turned to the mate, and said—

"After all, these men-of-war's men are a little beyond us in the science of attack and defense, though I think I could give him a hint in the science of signs. I have had two or three touches at privateering in my time, but no regular occupation in your broadside work. Did you see how Mr. Blunt handled his boat yesterday? As much like two double blocks and a

steady drag as one belaying-pin is like another, and as coolly as a great lady in London looks at one of us in a state of nature. For my part, Leach, I was as hot as mustard, and ready to cut the throat of the best friend I had on earth; whereas he was smiling as I rowed past him, though I could hardly see his face for the smoke of his own gun."

"Yes, sir, that's the way with your regular builts. I'll warrant you he began young, and had kicked all the passion out of himself on old salts, by the time he was eighteen. He doesn't seem, neither, like one of the true d—n-my-eye breed; but it's a great privilege to a man in a passion to be allowed to kick when and whom he likes."

"Not he. I say, Leach, perhaps he might lend us a hand when it comes to the pinch with poor Monday. I have a great desire that the worthy fellow should take his departure decently."

"Well, sir, I think you had better propose it. For my part, I'm quite willing to go into all three of the tops alone, rather than disappoint a dying man."

The captain promised to look to the matter, and then they turned their attention to the ship, which in a few more minutes was up as near the kedge as it was prudent to haul her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Speed, gallant bark, the tornado is past;
Staunch and secure thou hast weather'd the blast;
Now spread thy full sails to the wings of the morn,
And soon the glad haven shall greet thy return."
—PARK.

THE *Montauk* now lay close to the inlet, and even a little to windward of its entrance; but the channel was crooked, not a sail was bent, nor was it possible to bend one properly without exposing the men to the muskets of the Arabs, who, from firing loosely, had got to be more wary and deliberate, aiming at the places where a head or an arm was occasionally seen. To prolong this state of things was merely to increase the evil, and Captain Truck determined to make an effort at once to dislodge his enemies.

With this view the gun was loaded inboard, filled nearly to the muzzle with slugs, and then it was raised with care to the top-gallant-forecastle, and cautiously pushed forward near the gunwale. Had the barbarians understood the construction of a vessel, they might have destroyed half the packet's crew while they were thus engaged about the forecastle by firing through the planks; but, ignorant of the weakness of the defenses, they aimed altogether at the openings, or over the rails.

By lowering the gaff the spanker was imperfectly bent; that is to say, it was bent on the upper leach. The boom was got in under cover of the hurricane-house, and of the bundle of the sails; the outhauler was bent, the boom replaced, the sail being hoisted with a little and a hurried lacing to the luff. This was not effected without a good deal of hazard, though the nearness of the bows of the vessel to the rocks prevented most of the Arabs from perceiving what passed so far aft. Still, others nearer to the shore caught glimpses of the actors, and several narrow escapes were the consequences. The second mate, in particular, had a shot through his hat within an inch of his head. By a little management, notwithstanding, the luff of the spanker was made to stand tolerably well; and the ship had at least the benefit of this one sail.

The Dane had been a seaman of the old school; and, instead of the more modern spenser, his ship had been fitted with old-fashioned stay-sails. Of these it was possible to bend the main and mizzen stay-sails in tolerable security, provided the ends of the halyards could be got down. As this, however, would be nearly all aftersail, the captain determined to make an effort to overhaul the buntlines and leachlines of the foresail, at the same time that men were sent aloft after the ends of the halyards. He also thought it possible to set a fore-topmast staysail flying.

No one was deceived in this matter. The danger and the mode of operating were explained clearly, and then Captain Truck asked for volunteers. These were

instantly found; Mr. Leach and the second mate setting the example by stepping forward as the first two. In order that the whole procedure may be understood, however, it shall be explained more fully.

Two men were prepared to run up on the foreyard at the word. Both of these, one of whom was Mr. Leach, carried three small balls of marline, to the end of each of which was attached a cod-hook, the barb being filed off in order to prevent its being caught. By means of these hooks the balls were fastened to the jackets of the adventurers. Two others stood ready at the foot of the main and mizzen riggings. By the gun lay Paul and three men; while several of the passengers, and a few of the best shots among the crew, were stationed on the forecastle, armed with muskets and fowling pieces.

"Is everybody ready?" called out the captain from the quarter-deck.

"All ready!" and "Ay! ay, sir!" were answered from the different points of the ship.

"Haul out the spanker!"

As soon as this sail was set, the stern of the ship swung round towards the inlet, so as to turn the bow on which the gun was placed towards the part of the reef where the Arabs were in greatest numbers.

"Be steady, men! and do not hurry yourselves, though active as wild-cats! Up, and away!"

The two fore-yard men, and the two by the after-masts, sprang into the rigging like squirrels, and were running aloft before the captain had done speaking. At the same instant one of the three by the gun leaped on the bowsprit, and ran out towards the stay. Paul, and the other two, rose and shoved the gun into its berth; and the small-arms men showed themselves at the rails.

So many, all in swift motion, appearing at the same moment in the rigging, distracted the attention of the Arabs for an instant, though scattering shots were fired. Paul knew that the danger would be greatest when the men aloft were stationary, and he was in no haste. Perhaps for half a minute he was busy in choosing his object, and in leveling the gun, and then it was fired. He had chosen the moment well; for Mr. Leach and his fellow-adventurers were already on the fore-yard, and the Arabs had arisen from their covers in the eagerness of taking aim. The small-arms men poured in their volley, and then little more could be done in the way of the offensive, nearly all the powder in the ship having been expended.

It remains to tell the result of this experiment. Among the Arabs a few fell, and those most exposed to the fire from the ship were staggered, losing near a minute in their confusion; but those more remote maintained hot discharges after the first surprise. The whole time occupied in what we are going to relate was about three minutes; the action of the several parts going on simultaneously.

The adventurer forward, though nearest to the enemy, was least exposed. Partly covered by the bowsprit, he ran nimbly out on that spar till he reached the stay. Here he cut the stop of the fore-topmast halyards, overhauled the running part, and let the block swing in. He then hooked a block that he had carried out with him, and in which the bight of a rope had been rove though the thimble, and ran in as fast as possible. This duty, which had appeared the most hazardous of all different adventures, on account of the proximity of the bowsprit to the reef, was the first done, and with the least risk; the man being partly concealed by the smoke of the gun, as well as by the bowsprit. He escaped uninjured.

As the two men aft pursued exactly the same course, the movements of one will explain those of the other. On reaching the yard, the adventurer sprang on it, caught the hook of the halyard-block, and threw himself off without an instant's hesitation, overhauling the halyards by his weight. Men stood in readiness below to check the fall by easing off the other end of the rope, and the hardy fellow reached the deck in safety. This seemed a nervous undertaking to the landsmen; but the seamen who so well understood the

machinery of their vessel, made light of it.

On the fore-yard, Mr. Leach passed out on one yard-arm, and his co-adventurer, a common seaman, on the other. Each left a hook in the knot of the inner buntline, as he went out, and dropped the ball of marline on deck. The same was done at the outer buntlines, and at the leachlines. Here the mate returned, according to his orders, leaped upon the rigging, and thence upon a backstay, when he slid on deck with a velocity that set aim at defiance. Notwithstanding the quickness of his motions, Mr. Leach received a trifling hit on the shoulder, and several bullets whizzed near him.

The seaman on the other yard-arm succeeded equally well, escaping the smallest injury, until he had secured the leachline, when, knowing the usefulness of obtaining it, for he was on the weather side of the ship, he determined to bring in the end of the reef tackle with him. Calling out to let go the rope on the deck, he ran out to the lift, bent over and secured the desired end, and raised himself erect, with the intention to make a run in, on the top of the yard. Captain Truck and the second mate had both commanded him to desist in vain, for impunity from harm had rendered him foolhardy. In this perilous position he even paused to give a cheer. The cry was scarcely ended when he sprang off the yard several feet upwards and fell perpendicularly towards the sea, carrying the rope in his hand. At first, most on board believed the man had jumped into the water as the least hazardous means of getting down, depending on the rope, and on swimming, for his security; but Paul pointed out the spot of blood that stained the surface of the sea, at the point where he had fallen. The reef tackle was rounded cautiously in, and its end rose to the surface without the hand that had so lately grasped it. The man himself never reappeared.

Captain Truck had now the means of setting three stay-sails, the spanker, and the fore-course; sails sufficient, he thought, to answer his present purposes. The end of the reef tackle, that had been so dearly bought, was got in, by means of a light line, which was thrown around it.

The order was now given to brail the spanker, and to clap on and weigh the kedge, which was done by the run. As soon as the ship was free of the bottom, the fore-topmast staysail was set flying, like a jib-topsail, by hauling out the tack, and swaying upon the halyards. The sheet was hauled to windward, and the helm put down; of course the bows of the ship began to fall off, and as soon as her head was sufficiently near her course, the sheet was drawn, and the wheel shifted.

Captain Truck now ordered the foresail, which, by this time was ready, to be set. This important sail was got on the vessel, by bending the buntlines and leachlines to its head, and by hauling out the weather-head cringle by means of the reef tackle. As soon as this broad spread of canvas was on the ship, her motion was accelerated, and she began to move away from the spot, followed by the furious cries and menaces of the Arabs. To the latter no one paid any heed, but they were audible until drowned in distance. Although aided by all her spars, and the force of the wind on her hull, a body as large as the *Montauk* required some little time to overcome the *vis inertiæ*, and several anxious minutes passed before she was so far from the cover of the Arabs as to prevent their clamor from seeming to be in the very ears of those on board. When this did occur, it brought inexpressible relief, though it perhaps increased the danger, by increasing the chances of the bullets hitting objects on deck.

The course at first was nearly before the wind, when the flat rock, so often named, being reached, the ship was compelled to haul up on an easy bowline, in order to pass to windward of it. Here the staysails aft and the spanker were set, which aided in bringing the vessel to the wind, and the foretack was brought down. By laying straight out of the pass, a distance of only a hundred yards, the vessel would be again clear of everything, and beyond all the dangers of the coast, so long as the present breeze stood.

But the tide set the vessel bodily towards the rock, and her condition did not admit of pressing hard upon a bowline. Captain Truck was getting to be uneasy, for he soon perceived that they were nearing the danger, though very gradually, and he began to tremble for his copper. Still the vessel drew steadily ahead, and he had hopes of passing the outer edge of the rocks in safety. The outer edge was a broken, ragged, and pointed fragment, that would break in the planks should the vessel rest upon it an instant, while falling in that constant heaving and settling of the ocean, which now began to be very sensibly felt. After all his jeopardy, the old mariner saw that his safety was at a serious hazard, by one of those unforeseen but common risks that environ the seaman's life.

"Luff! luff! you can," cried Captain Truck, glancing his eye from the rock to the sails, and from the sails to the rock. "Luff, sir—you are at the pinch."

"Luff it is, sir!" answered the man at the wheel, who stood abaft the hurricane-house, covered by its roof, over which he was compelled to look, to get a view of the sails. "Luff I may, and luff it is, sir."

Paul stood at the captain's side, the crew being ordered to keep themselves as much covered as possible, on account of the bullets of the Arabs, which were at this time pattering against the vessel, like hail at the close of a storm.

"We shall not weather that point of ragged rock," exclaimed the young man, quickly; "and if we touch it the ship will be lost."

"Let her claw off," returned the old man sternly. "Her cutwater is up with it already. Let her claw off."

The bows of the ship were certainly up with the danger, and the vessel was slowly drawing ahead; but every moment its broadside was set nearer to the rock, which was now within fifty feet of them. The fore-chains were past the point, though little hope remained of clearing it abaft. A ship turns on her center of gravity as on a pivot, the two ends inclining in opposite directions; and Captain Truck hoped that as the bows were past the danger, it might be possible to throw the after-part of the vessel up to the wind, by keeping away, and thus clear the spot entirely.

"Hard up with your helm!" he shouted; "hard up!—Haul down the mizzen-staysail, and give her sheet!"

The sails were attended to, but no answer came from the wheel, nor did the vessel change her course.

"Hard up, I tell you, sir—hard up! hard up, and be d——d to you!"

The usual reply was not made. Paul sprang through the narrow gangway that led to the wheel. All that passed took but a minute, and yet it was the most critical minute that had yet befallen the *Montauk;* for had she touched that rock but for an instant, human art could hardly have kept her above water an hour.

"Hard up, and be d——d to you!" repeated Captain Truck, in a voice of thunder, as Paul darted round the corner of the hurricane-house.

The seaman stood at the wheel, grasping its spokes firmly, his eyes aloft as usual, but the turns of the tiller rope showed that the order was not obeyed.

"Hard up, man, hard up! are you mad?" Paul uttered these words as he sprang to the wheel, which he made whirl with his own hands in the required direction. As for the seaman, he yielded his hold without resistance, and fell like a log, as the wheel flew round. A ball had entered his back, and passed through his heart, and yet he had stood steadily to the spokes, as the true mariner always clings to the helm while life lasts.

The bows of the ship fell heavily off, and her stern pressed up towards the wind; but the trifling delay so much augmented the risk that nothing saved the vessel but the formation of the run and counter, which, by receding as usual, allowed room to escape the dangerous point as the *Montauk* hove by on a swell.

Paul could not see the nearness of the escape, but the purity of the water permitted Captain Truck and his mates to observe it with a distinctness that almost rendered them breathless. Indeed there was an instant when the sharp rock was

hid beneath the counter, and each momentarily expected to hear the grating of the fragment, as it penetrated the vessel's bottom.

"Relieve that man at the wheel, and send him hither this moment," said Captain Truck, in a calm stern voice, that was more ominous than an oath.

The mate called a seaman, and passed aft himself to execute the order. In a minute he and Paul returned, bearing the body of the dead mariner, when all was explained.

"Lord, thy ways are unsearchable!" muttered the old master, uncovering himself, as the corpse was carried past, "and we are but as grains of seed, and as the vain butterflies in thy hand!"

The rock once cleared, an open ocean lay to leeward of the packet, and bringing the wind a little abaft the beam, she moved steadily from those rocks that had been the witnesses of all her recent dangers. It was not long before she was so distant that all danger from the Arabs ceased. The barbarians, notwithstanding, continued a dropping fire and furious gesticulations, long after their bullets and menaces became matters of indifference to those on board.

The body of the dead man was laid between the masts, and the order was passed to bend the sails. As all was ready, in half an hour the *Montauk* was standing off the land under her three topsails, the reef now distant nearly a league. The courses came next, when the top-gallant yards were crossed and the sails set; the lighter canvas followed, and some time before the sun disappeared the ship was under studding-sails, standing to the westward, before the trades.

For the first time since he received the intelligence that the Arabs were the masters of the ship, Captain Truck now felt real relief. He was momentarily happy after the combat, but new cares had pressed upon him so soon, that he could scarcely be said to be tranquil. Matters were now changed. His vessel was in good order, if not equipped for racing, and, as he was in a low latitude, had the trade winds to befriend him, and no longer entertained any apprehension of his old enemy the *Foam*, he felt as if a mountain had been removed from his breast.

"Thank God," he observed to Paul, "I shall sleep to-night without dreaming of Arabs or rocks, or scowling faces at New York. They may say that another man might have shown more skill in keeping clear of such a scrape, but they will hardly say that another man could have got out of it better. All this handsome outfit, too, will cost the owners nothing—literally nothing; and I question if the poor Dane will ever appear to claim the sails and spars. I do not know that we are in possession of them exactly according to the law of Africa, for of that code I know little; or according to the law of nations, for Vattel, I believe, has nothing on the subject; but we are in possession so effectually, that, barring the nor'westers on the American coast, I feel pretty certain of keeping them until we make the East River."

"It might be better to bury the dead," said Paul; for he knew Eve would scarcely appear on deck as long as the body remained in sight. "Seamen, you know, are superstitious on the subject of corpses."

"I have thought of this, but hoped to cheat those two rascals of sharks that are following in our wake, as if they scented their food. It is an extraordinary thing, Mr. Blunt, that these fish should know when there is a body in a ship, and that they will follow it a hundred leagues to make sure of their prey."

"It would be extraordinary, if true; but in what manner has the fact been ascertained?"

"You see the two rascally pirates astern!" observed Mr. Leach.

"Very true; but we might also see them were there no dead body about the ship. Sharks abound in this latitude, and I have seen several about the reef since we went in."

"They'll be disappointed as to poor Tom Smith," said the mate, "unless they dive deep for him. I have lashed one of Napoleon's busts to the fine fellow's feet, and he'll not fetch up until he's snugly anchored on the bottom."

"This is a fitting hour for solemn feelings," said the captain, gazing about him at the heavens and the gathering gloom of twilight. "Call all hands to bury the dead, Mr. Leach. I confess I should feel easier myself as to the weather, were the body fairly out of the ship."

While the mate went forward to muster the people the captain took Paul aside with a request that he would perform the last offices for the deceased.

"I will read a chapter in the Bible myself," he said, "for I should not like the people to see one of the crew go overboard, and the officers have no word to say in the ceremonies; it might beget disrespect, and throw a slur on our knowledge; but you man-of-war's-men are generally more regularly brought up to prayers than us liners, and if you have a proper book by you, I should feel infinitely obliged if you would give us a lift on this melancholy occasion."

Paul proposed that Mr. Effingham should be asked to officiate, as he knew that gentleman read prayers in his cabin, to his own party, night and morning.

"Does he?" said the captain; "then he is my man, for he must have his hand in, and there will be no stammering or boggling. Ay, ay; he will fetch through on one tack. Toast, go below, and present my compliments to Mr. Effingham, and say I should like to speak to him; and, harkee, Toast, desire him to put a prayer-book in his pocket, and then step into my state-room, and bring up the Bible you will find under the pillow. The Arabs had a full chance at the plunder; but there is something about the book that always takes care of it. Few rogues, I've often remarked, care about a Bible. They would sooner steal ten novels than one copy of the sacred writ. This of mine was my mother's, Mr. Blunt, and I should have been a better man had I overhauled it oftener."

We pass over most of the arrangements, and come at once to the service, and to the state of the ship, just as her inmates were assembled on an occasion which no want of formality can render anything but solemn and admonitory. The courses were hauled up, and the main-topsail had been laid to the mast, a position in which a ship has always an air of stately repose. The body was stretched on a plank that lay across a rail, the leaden bust being enclosed in the hammock that enveloped it. A spot of blood on the cloth alone betrayed the nature of the death. Around the body were grouped the crew, while Captain Truck and his mates stood at the gangway. The passengers were collected on the quarter-deck, with Mr. Effingham, holding a prayer-book, a little in advance.

The sun had just dipped into the ocean, and the whole western horizon was glorious with those soft, pearly, rainbow hues that adorn the evening and the morning of a low latitude, during the soft weather of the autumnal months. To the eastward, the low line of coast was just discernible by the hillocks of sand, leaving the imagination to portray its solitude and wastes. The sea in all other directions was dark and gloomy, and the entire character of the sunset was that of a grand picture of ocean magnificence and extent, relieved by a sky in which the tints came and went like the well-known colors of the dolphin; to this must be added the gathering gloom of twilight.

Eve pressed the arm of John Effingham, and gazed with admiration and awe at the imposing scene.

"This is the seaman's grave!" she whispered.

"And worthy it is to be the tomb of so gallant a fellow. The man died clinging to his post; and Powis tells me that his hand was loosened from the wheel with difficulty."

They were silent, for Captain Truck uncovered himself, as did all around him, placed his spectacles, and opened the sacred volume. The old mariner was far from critical in his selections of readings, and he usually chose some subject that he thought would most interest his hearers, which were ordinarily those that most interested himself. To him Bible was Bible, and he now turned to the passage in the Acts of the Apostles in which the voyage of St. Paul from Judea to Rome is related. This he read with steadiness, some quaint-

ness of pronunciation, and with a sort of breathing elasticity, whenever he came to those verses that touched particularly on the navigation.

Paul maintained his perfect self-command during this extraordinary exhibition, but an unbidden smile lingered around the handsome and chiseled mouth of Mr. Sharp. John Effingham's curved face was sedate and composed, while the females were too much impressed to exhibit any levity. As to the crew, they listened in profound attention, occasionally exchanging glances whenever any of the nautical expedients struck them as being out of rule.

As soon as this edifying chapter was ended, Mr. Effingham commenced the solemn rites for the dead. At the first sound of his voice, a calm fell on the vessel as if the Spirit of God had alighted from the clouds, and a thrill passed through the frames of the listeners. Those solemn words of the Apostle commencing with "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet he shall live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, he shall never die," could not have been better delivered. The voice, intonation, utterance, and manner of Mr. Effingham were eminently those of a gentleman; without pretension, quiet, simple, and mellow, while, on the other hand, they were feeling, dignified, distinct and measured.

When he pronounced the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though, after my skin, worms destroy my body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," etc., etc., the men stared about them as if a real voice from heaven had made the declaration, and Captain Truck looked aloft like one expecting a trumpet-blast. The tears of Eve began to flow as she listened to the much-loved tones; and the stoutest heart in that much-tried ship quailed. John Effingham made the responses of the psalm steadily, and Mr. Sharp and Paul soon joined him. But the profoundest effect was produced when the office reached those consoling but startling words from the Revelations, commencing with, "I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," etc. Captain Truck afterwards confessed that he thought he heard the very voice, and the men actually pressed together in their alarm. The plunge of the body was also a solemn instant. It went off the end of the plank feet foremost, and, carried rapidly down by the great weight of the lead, the water closed above it, obliterating every trace of the seaman's grave. Eve thought that its exit resembled the few brief hours that draw the veil of oblivion around the mass of mortals when they disappear from earth.

Instead of asking for the benediction at the close of the ceremony, Mr. Effingham devoutly and calmly commenced the psalm of thanksgiving for victory, "if the Lord had not been on our side, now may we say, if the Lord himself had not been on our side, when men rose up against us, they would have swallowed us up quick, when they were so wrathfully displeased with us." Most of the gentlemen joined in the responses, and the silvery voice of Eve sounded sweet and holy amid the breathings of the ocean. *Te Deum Laudamus*, "We praise thee, O God! we acknowledge thee to be the Lord! All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting;" closed the offices, when Mr. Effingham dismissed the congregation with the usual layman's request for the benediction.

Captain Truck had never been so deeply impressed with any religious ceremony, and when it ceased he looked wistfully over the side at the spot where the body had fallen, or where it might be supposed to have fallen—for the ship had drifted some distance—as one takes a last look at the grave of a friend.

"Shall we fill the main-topsail, sir?" demanded Mr. Leach, after waiting a minute or two in deference to his commander's feelings; "or shall we hook on the yard-tackles, and stow the launch?"

"Not yet, Leach; not yet. It will be unkind to poor Jack to hurry away from his grave so indecently. I have observed

that the people about the river always keep in sight till the last sod is stowed, and the rubbish is cleared away. The fine fellow stood to those spokes as a close-reefed topsail in a gale stands the surges of the wind, and we owe him this little respect."

"The boats, sir?"

"Let them tow a while longer. It will seem like deserting him to be rattling the yard-tackles, and stowing boats directly over his head. Your gran'ther was a priest, Leach, and I wonder you don't see the impropriety of hurrying away from a grave. A little reflection will hurt none of us."

The mate admired at a mood so novel for his commander, but he was fain to submit. The day was fast closing notwithstanding, and the skies were losing their brilliancy in hues that were still softer and more melancholy, as if nature delighted, too, in sympathizing with the feelings of these lone mariners!

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain."—LEAR.

THE barbarians had done much less injury to the ship and her contents than under the circumstances could have been reasonably hoped. The fact that nothing could be effectually landed where she lay was probably the cause, the bales that had actually been got out of the ship, having been put upon the bank with a view to lighten her, more than for any other reason. The compact, too, between the chiefs had its influence probably, though it could not have lasted long with so strong temptations to violate it constantly before the eyes of men habitually rapacious.

Of course, one of the first things after each individual had ascertained his own losses, was to inquire into those of his neighbors, and the usual party in the ladies' cabin was seated around the sofa of Eve, about nine in the evening, conversing on this topic, after having held a short but serious discourse on their recent escape.

"You tell me, John, that Mr. Monday has a desire to sleep?" observed Mr. Effingham, in the manner in which one puts an interrogation?

"He is easier, and dozes. I have left my man with him, with orders to summon me the instant he awakes."

A melancholy pause succeeded, and then the discourse took the channel from which it had been diverted.

"Is the extent of our losses in effects known?" asked Mr. Sharp. "My man reports some trifling *deficit*, but nothing of any value."

"Your counterfeit," returned Eve, smiling, "has been the principal sufferer. One would think by his plaints that not a toy is left in Christendom."

"So long as they have not stolen from him his good name I shall not complain, as I may have some use for it when we reach America, of which now, God be praised, there are some flattering prospects."

"I understand from my connections that the person who is known in the main cabin as Sir George Templemore is not the person who is known as such in this," observed John Effingham, bowing to Mr. Sharp, who returned his salute as one acknowledges an informal introduction. "There are certain weak men to be found in high stations all over the world, but you will probably think I am doing honor to my own sagacity, when I say, that I suspected from the first that he was not the true Amphitryon. I had heard of Sir George Templemore, and had been taught to expect more in him than even a man of fashion—a man of the world—while this poor substitute can scarcely lay claim to be either."

John Effingham so seldom complimented that his kind words usually told, and Mr. Sharp acknowledged the politeness, more gratified than he was probably willing to acknowledge to himself. The other could have heard of him only from Eve and her father, and it was doubly grateful to be spoken of favorably in such a quarter: he thought there was a consciousness in the slight suffusion that appeared on the face of the daughter, which led him to

hope that even the latter had not considered him unworthy of recollection; for he cared but little for the remembrances of Mr. Effingham, if they could all be transferred to his child.

"This person, who does me the honor to relieve me from the trouble of bearing my own name," he resumed, "cannot be of very lofty pretensions, or he would have aspired higher. I suspect him of being merely one of those silly young countrymen of mine, of whom so many crowd stage-coaches and packets, to swagger over their less ambitious fellow-mortals with the strut and exactions of the hour."

"And yet, apart from his folly in 'sailing under false colors,' as our worthy captain would call it, the man seems well enough."

"A folly, cousin Jack," said Eve with laughing eyes, though she maintained a perfect demureness with her beautiful features—"that he shares in common with so many others!"

"Very true, though I suspect he has climbed to commit it, while others have been content to descend. The man himself behaved well yesterday, showing steadiness as well as spirit in the fray."

"I forgive him his usurpation for his conduct on that occasion," returned Mr. Sharp, "and wish with all my heart the Arabs had discovered less affection for his curiosities. I should think that they must find themselves embarrassed to ascertain the uses of some of their prizes; such for instance, as the button-hooks, the shoehorn, knives with twenty blades, and other objects that denote a profound civilization."

"You have not spoken of your luck, Mr. Powis," added Mr. Effingham; "I trust you have fared as well as most of us, though, had they visited their enemies according to the injury received from them, you would be among the heaviest of the sufferers.

"My loss," replied Paul, mournfully, "is not much in pecuniary value, though irreparable to me."

A look of concern betrayed the general interest, for as he really seemed sad, there was a secret apprehension that his loss even exceeded that which his words would give them reason to suppose. Perceiving the curiosity that was awakened, and which was only suppressed by politeness, the young man added—

"I miss a miniature that, to me, is of inestimable value."

Eve's heart throbbed, while her eyes sunk to the carpet. The others seemed amazed, and, after a brief pause, Mr. Sharp observed—

"A painting on its own account would hardly possess much value with such barbarians. Was the setting valuable?"

"It was of gold, of course, and had some merit in the way of workmanship. It has probably been taken as curious rather than for its specific value; though to me, as I have just said, the ship itself could scarcely be of more account—certainly not as much prized."

"Many light articles have been merely mislaid; taken away through curiosity or idleness, and left where the individual happened to be at the moment of changing his mind," said John Effingham; "several things of mine have been scattered through the cabins in this manner, and I understand that divers vestments of the ladies have found their way into the staterooms of the other cabin; particularly a night-cap of Mademoiselle Viefville's, that has been discovered in Captain Truck's room, and which that gallant seaman has forthwith condemned as a lawful waif. As he never uses such a device on his head, he will be compelled to wear it next his heart. He will be compelled to convert it into a *liberty*-cap."

"*Ciel!* if the excellent captain will carry us safe to New York," coolly returned the governess, "he shall have the prize, *de tout mon cœur; c'est un homme brave, et c'est aussi un brave homme, a sa facon.*"

"Here are *two* hearts concerned in the affair already, and no one can foresee the consequences, but," turning to Paul, "describe this miniature, if you please, for there are many in the vessel, and yours is not the only one that has been mislaid."

"It was a miniature of a female, and

one, too, I think, that would be remarked for her beauty."

Eve felt a chill at her heart.

"If, sir, it is the miniature of an elderly lady," said Ann Sidley, "perhaps it is this which I found in Miss Eve's room, and which I intended to give to Captain Truck in order that it might reach the hands of its right owner."

Paul took the miniature, which he regarded coldly for a moment, and then returned to the nurse.

"Mine is the miniature of a female under twenty," he said, coloring as he spoke; "and is every way different from this."

This was the painful and humiliating moment when Eve Effingham was made to feel the extent and the nature of the interest she took in Paul Powis. On all the previous occasions in which her feelings had been strongly awakened on his account she had succeeded in deceiving herself as to the motive, but now the truth was felt in that overwhelming form that no sensitive heart can distrust.

No one had seen the miniature, though all observed the emotion with which Paul spoke of it, and all secretly wondered of whom it could be.

"The Arabs appear to have some such taste for the fine arts as distinguishes the population of a mushroom American city," said John Effingham; "or one that runs to portraits, which are admired while the novelty lasts, and then are consigned to the first spot that offers to receive them."

"Are *your* miniatures all safe, Eve?" Mr. Effingham inquired with interest; for among them was one of her mother that he had yielded to her only through strong parental affection, but which it would have given him deep pain to discover was lost, though John Effingham, unknown to him, possessed a copy.

"It is with the jewelry in the baggage-room, dearest father, and untouched of course. We are fortunate that our passing wants did not extend beyond our comforts, and luckily they are not of a nature to be much prized by barbarians. Coquetry and a ship have little in common, and Mademoiselle Viefville and myself had not much out to tempt the marauders."

As Eve uttered this, both the young men involuntarily turned their eyes towards her, each thinking that a being so fair stood less in need than common of the factitious aid of ornaments. She was dressed in a dark French chintz, that her maid had fitted to her person in a manner that it would seem none but a French assistant can accomplish, setting off her falling shoulders, finely molded bust, and slender, rounded waist, in a way to present a modest outline of their perfection. The dress had that polished medium between fashion and its exaggeration that always denotes a high association, and perhaps a cultivated mind—certainly a cultivated taste—offending neither usage on the one hand, nor self-respect and a chaste appreciation of beauty on the other. Indeed Eve was distinguished for that important acquisition to a gentlewoman, an intellectual or refined toilette; not intellect and refinement in extravagance and caricature, but as they are displayed in fitness, simplicity, elegance, and the proportions. This much, perhaps, she owed to native taste, as the slight air of fashion, and the high air of a gentlewoman, that were thrown about her person and attire, were the fruits of an intimate connection with the best society of half the capitals of the European continent. As an unmarried female, modesty, the habits of the part of the world in which she had so long dwelt, and her own sense of propriety, caused her to respect simplicity of appearance; but through this, as it might be in spite of herself, shone qualities of a superior order. The little hand and foot, so beautiful and delicate, the latter just peeping from the dress under which it was usually concealed, appeared as if formed expressly to adorn a taste that was every way feminine and alluring.

"It is one of the mysteries of the grand designs of Providence, that men should exist in conditions so widely distant from each other," said John Effingham abruptly, "with a common nature that can be so much varied by circumstances. It is

almost humiliating to find one's self a man, when beings like these Arabs are to be classed as fellows."

"The most instructed and refined, cousin Jack, may get a useful lesson, notwithstanding your disrelish for the consanguinity, from this very identity of nature," said Eve, who made a rally to overcome feelings that she deemed girlish and weak. "By showing us what we might be ourselves, we get an admonition of humility; or by reflecting on the difference that is made by education, does it not strike you that there is an encouragement to persevere until better things are attained!"

"This globe is but a ball, and a ball, too, insignificant, even when compared with the powers of man," continued the other. "How many navigators now circle it! even you, sir, may have done this, young as you still are," turning to Paul, who made a bow of assent; "and yet, within these narrow limits, what wonderful varieties of physical appearance, civilization, laws, and even of color, do we find, all mixed up with points of startling affinity."

"So far as a limited experience has enabled me to judge," observed Paul, "I have everywhere found, not only the same nature, but a common innate sentiment of justice that seems universal; for even amidst the wildest scenes of violence, or of the most ungovernable outrages, this sentiment glimmers through the more brutal features of the being. The rights of property, for instance, are everywhere acknowledged; the very wretch who steals whenever he can, appearing conscious of his crime, by doing it clandestinely, as a deed that shuns observation. All seem to have the same general notions of natural justice, and they are forgotten only through the policy of systems, irresistible temptation, the pressure of want, or the result of contention."

"Yet, as a rule, man everywhere oppresses his weaker fellow."

"True; but he betrays consciousness of his error, directly or indirectly. One can show his sense of the magnitude of his crime even by the manner of defending it. As respects our late enemies, I cannot say I felt any emotion of animosity while the hottest engaged against them, for their usages have rendered their proceedings lawful."

"They tell me," interrupted Mr. Effingham, "that it is owing to your presence of mind and steadiness that more blood was not shed unnecessarily."

"It may be questioned," continued Paul, noticing this compliment merely by an inclination of the head, "if civilized people have not reasoned themselves, under the influences of interest, into the commission of deeds quite as much opposed to natural justice as anything done by these barbarians. Perhaps no nation is perfectly free from the just imputation of having adopted some policy quite as unjustifiable in itself as the system of plunder maintained among the Arabs."

"Do you count the rights of hospitality as nothing?"

"Look at France, a nation distinguished for refinement, among its rulers at least. It was but the other day that the effects of the stranger who died in her territory were appropriated to the uses of a monarch wallowing in luxury. Compare this law with the treaties that invited strangers to repair to the country, and the wants of the monarch who exhibited the rapacity, to the situation of the barbarians from whom we have escaped, and the magnitude of the temptation we offered, and it does not appear that the advantage is much with Christians. But the fate of shipwrecked mariners all over the world is notorious, in countries the most advanced in civilization they are plundered, if there is an opportunity, and, at need, frequently murdered."

"This is a frightful picture of humanity," said Eve shuddering. "I do not think that this charge can be justly brought against America."

"That is far from certain. America has many advantages to weaken the temptation to crime, but she is very far from perfect. The people on some of her coasts have been accused of resorting to the old English practice of showing false lights, with a view to mislead vessels, and

of committing cruel depradations on the wrecked. In all things I believe there is a disposition in man to make misfortune weigh heaviest on the unfortunate. Even the coffin in which we inter a friend costs more than any other piece of work of the same amount of labor and materials."

"This is a gloomy picture of humanity, to be drawn by one so young," Mr. Effingham mildly rejoined.

"I think it true. All men do not exhibit their selfishness and ferocity in the same way; but there are few who do not exhibit both. As for America, Miss Effingham, she is fast getting vices peculiar to herself and her system, and, I think, vices which bid fair to bring her down, ere long, to the common level, although I do not go quite so far in describing her demerits as some of the countrymen of Mademoiselle Viefville have gone."

"And what may that have been?" asked the governess, eagerly, in English.

"*Pourrie avant d'etre mure. Mure* America is certainly far from being; but I am not disposed to accuse her yet of being quite *pourrie.*"

"We had flattered ourselves," said Eve, a little reproachfully, "with having at last found a countryman in Mr. Powis."

"And how would that change the question? Or, do you admit that an American can be no American, unless blind to the faults of the country, however great?"

"Would it be generous for a child to turn upon a parent that all others assail?"

"You put the case ingeniously, but scarcely with fairness. It is the duty of the parents to educate and correct the child, but it is the duty of the citizen to reform and improve the character of his country. How can the latter be done, if nothing but eulogies are dealt in? With foreigners, one should not deal too freely with the faults of his country, though even with the liberal among them one would wish to be liberal, for foreigners cannot repair the evil; but with one's countrymen I see little use and much danger in observing a silence as to faults. The American, of all others, it appears to me, should be the boldest in denouncing the common and national vices, since he is one of those who, by the institutions themselves, has the power to apply the remedy."

"But America is an exception, I think, or perhaps it would be better to say I *feel*, since all other people deride at, mock her, and dislike her. You will admit this yourself, Sir George Templemore?"

"By no means; in England, now, I consider America to be particularly well esteemed."

Eve held up her pretty hands, and even Mademoiselle Viefville, usually so well-toned and self-restrained, gave a visible shrug.

"Sir George means in his county," dryly observed John Effingham.

"Perhaps the parties would better understand each other," said Paul, coolly, "were Sir George Templemore to descend to particulars. He belongs himself to the liberal school, and may be considered a safe witness."

"I shall be compelled to protest against a cross-examination on such a subject," returned the baronet, laughing. "You will be satisfied, I am certain, with my simple declaration. Perhaps we still regard the Americans as *tant soit peu* rebels; but that is a feeling that will soon cease."

"That is precisely the point on which I think liberal Englishmen usually do great justice to America, while it is on other points that they betray a national dislike."

"England believes America hostile to herself; and if love creates love, dislike creates dislike."

"This is at least something like admitting the truth of the charge, Miss Effingham," said John Effingham, smiling, "and we may dismiss the accused. It is odd enough that England should consider America as rebellious, as is the case with many Englishmen, I acknowledge, while, in truth, England herself was the rebel, and this, too, in connection with the very questions that produced the American revolution."

"This is quite new," said Sir George, "and I confess some curiosity to see how it can be made out."

John Effingham did not hesitate about stating his case.

"In the first place, you are to forget professions and names," he said, "and to look only at facts and things. When America was settled, a compact was made, either in the way of charters or of organic laws, by which all the colonies had distinct rights, while, on the other hand, they confessed allegiance to the king. But in that age the English monarch *was* a king. He used his veto on the laws, for instance, and otherwise exercised his prerogatives. Of the two, he influenced parliament more than parliament influenced him. In such a state of things, countries separated by an ocean might be supposed to be governed equitably, the common monarch feeling a common parental regard for all his subjects. Perhaps distance might render him even more tender of the interest of those who were not present to protect themselves."

"This is putting the case loyally, at least," said Sir George, as the other paused for a moment.

"It is precisely in that light that I wish to present it. The degree of power that parliament possessed over the colonies was a disputed point; but I am willing to allow that parliament had all power."

"In doing which, I fear, you will concede all the merits," said Mr. Effingham.

"I think not. Parliament then ruled the colonies absolutely and legally, if you please, under the Stuarts; but the English rebelled against these Stuarts, dethroned them, and gave the crown to an entirely new family—one with only a remote alliance with the reigning branch. Not satisfied with this, the king was curtailed in his authority; the prince, who might with justice be supposed to feel a common interest in all his subjects, became a mere machine in the hands of a body who represented little more than themselves, in fact, or a mere fragment of the empire, even in theory; transferring the control of the colonial interest from the sovereign himself to a portion of his people, and that, too, a small portion. This was no longer a government of a prince who felt a parental concern for all his subjects, but a government of a *clique* of his subjects, who felt a selfish concern only for their own interests."

"And did the Americans urge this reason for the revolt?" asked Sir George. "It sounds new to me."

"They quarreled with the results, rather than with the cause. When they found that legislation was to be chiefly in the interests of England, they took the alarm, and seized their arms, without stopping to analyze causes. They probably were mystified too much with names and professions to see the real truth, though they got some noble glimpses of it."

"I have never before heard this case put so strongly," cried Paul Powis, "and yet I think it contains the whole merit of the controversy as a principle."

"It is extraordinary how nationality blinds us," observed Sir George, laughing. "I confess, Powis"—the late events had produced a close intimacy and a sincere regard between these two fine young men—"that I stand in need of an explanation."

"You can conceive of a monarch," continued John Effingham, "who possesses an extensive and efficient power?"

"Beyond doubt; nothing can be plainer than that."

"Fancy this monarch to fall into the hands of a fragment of his subjects, who reduce his authority to a mere profession, and begin to wield it for their own especial benefit, no longer leaving him a free agent, though always using the authority in his name."

"Even that is easily imagined."

"History is full of such instances. A part of the subjects, unwilling to be the dupes of such a fraud, revolt against the monarch in name, against the cabal in fact. Now who are the real rebels? Profession is nothing. Hyder Ally never seated himself in the presence of the prince he had deposed, though he held him captive during life."

"But did not America acquiesce in the dethronement of the Stuarts?" asked Eve, in whom the love of the right was stronger even than the love of country.

"Beyond a doubt, though America neither foresaw nor acquiesced in all the results. The English themselves, probably, did not foresee the consequences of their own revolution; for we now find England almost in arms against the consequences of the very subversion of the kingly power of which I have spoken. In England it placed a portion of the higher classes in possession of authority, at the expense of all the rest of the nation; whereas, as respects America, it set a remote people to rule over her, instead of a prince, who had the same connection with his colonies as with all the rest of his subjects. The late English reform is a peaceable revolution; and America would very gladly have done the same thing, could she have extricated herself from the consequences, by mere acts of Congress. The whole difference is, that America, pressed upon by peculiar circumstances, preceded England in the revolt about sixty years, and that this revolt was against an usurper, and not against the legitimate monarch, or against the sovereign himself."

"I confess all this is novel to me," exclaimed Sir George.

"I have told you, Sir George Templemore, that, if you stay long enough in America, many novel ideas will suggest themselves. You have too much sense to travel through the country seeking for petty exceptions that may sustain your aristocratic prejudices, or opinions, if you like that better; but will be disposed to judge a nation, not according to preconceived notions, but according to visible facts."

"They tell me there is a strong bias to aristocracy in America; at least such is the report of most European travelers."

"The report of men who do not reflect closely on the meaning of words. That there are real aristocrats in opinion in America is very true; there are also a few monarchists, or those who fancy themselves monarchists."

"Can a man be deceived on such a point?"

"Nothing is more easy. He who would set up a king merely in name, for instance, is not a monarchist, but a visionary, who confounds names with things."

"I see you will not admit of a balance in the state."

"I shall contend that there must be a preponderating authority in every government, from which it derives its character; and if this be not the king, that government is not a real monarchy, let the laws be administered in whose name they may. Calling an idol Jupiter does not convert it into a god. I question if there be a real monarchist left in the English empire at this very moment. They who make the loudest professions that way strike me as being the rankest aristocrats, and a real political aristocrat is, and always has been, the most efficient enemy of kings."

"But we consider loyalty to the prince as attachment to the system."

"That is another matter; for in that you may be right enough, though it is ambiguous as to terms."

"Sir—gentlemen—Mr. John Effingham, sir," interrupted Saunders, "Mr. Monday is awake, and so werry conwalescent—I fear he will not live long. The ship herself is not so much conwerted by these new spars as poor Mr. Monday is conwerted since he went to sleep."

"I feared this, sir," observed John Effingham, rising. "Acquaint Captain Truck with the fact, steward: he desired to be sent for at any crisis."

He then quitted the cabin, leaving the rest of the party wondering that they could have been already so lost to the situation of one of their late companions, however different from themselves he might be in opinions and character. But in this they merely showed their common connection with all the rest of the great family of man, who uniformly forget sorrows that do not press too hard on self, in the reaction of their feelings.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?"—ISAIAH.

THE principal hurt of Mr. Monday was one of those wounds that usually produce

death within eight-and-forty hours. He had borne the pain with resolution; and, as yet, had discovered no consciousness of the imminent danger that was so apparent to all around him. But a film had suddenly passed from before his senses; and, a man of mere habits, prejudices, and animal enjoyment, he had awakened at the very termination of his brief existence to something like a consciousness of his true position in the moral world, as well as of his real physical condition. Under the first impulse of such an alarm, John Effingham had been sent for; and he, as has been seen, ordered Captain Truck to be summoned. In consequence of the previous understanding, these two gentlemen and Mr. Leach appeared at the stateroom door at the same instant. The apartment being small, it was arranged between them that the former should enter first, having been expressly sent for; and that the others should be introduced at the pleasure of the wounded man.

"I have brought my Bible, Mr. Leach," said the captain when he and the mate were left alone, "for a chapter is the very least we can give a cabin-passenger, though I am a little at a loss to know what particular passage will be the most suitable for the occasion. Something from the book of Kings would be likely to suit Mr. Monday, as he is a thorough-going king's man."

"It is so long since I read that particular book, sir," returned the mate, diligently thumbing his watch key, "that I should be diffident about expressing an opinion. I think, however, a little Bible might do him good."

"It is not an easy matter to hit a conscience exactly between wind and water. I once thought of producing an impression on the ship's company by reading the account of Jonah and the whale as a subject likely to attract their attention, and to show them the hazards we seamen run; but, in the end, I discovered that the narration struck them all aback as a thing not likely to be true. Jack can stand anything but a fish story, you know, Leach."

"It is always better to keep clear of miracles at sea, I believe, sir, when the people are to be spoken to: I saw some of the men this evening wince about that ship of St. Paul's carrying out anchors in a gale."

"The graceless rascals ought to be thankful they are not at this very moment trotting through the great desert lashed to dromedaries' tails! Had I known that, Leach, I would have read the verse twice! But Mr. Monday is altogether a different man, and will listen to reason. There is the story of Absalom, which is quite interesting; and perhaps the account of the battle might be suitable for one who dies in consequence of a battle; but, on the whole, I remember my worthy old father used to say that a sinner ought to be well shaken up at such a moment."

"I fancy, sir, Mr. Monday has been a reasonably steady man as the world goes. Seeing that he is a passenger, I should try and ease him off handsomely and without any of those Methodist surges."

"You may be right, Leach, you may be right; do as you would be done by is the golden rule after all. But, here comes Mr. John Effingham; so I fancy we may enter."

The captain was not mistaken, for Mr. Monday had just taken a restorative, and had expressed a desire to see the two officers. The stateroom was a small, neat, and even beautifully finished apartment, about seven feet square. It had originally been fitted with two berths; but, previously to taking possession of the place, John Effingham had caused the carpenter to remove the upper, and Mr. Monday now lay in what had been the lower bed. The situation placed him below his attendant, and in a position where he might be the more easily assisted. A shaded lamp lighted the room, by means of which the captain caught the anxious expression of the dying man's eye, as he took a seat himself.

"I grieve to see you in this state, Mr. Monday," said the master, "and this all the more since it has happened in consequence of your bravery in fighting to regain my ship. By rights this accident ought to have befallen one of the *Mon-*

tauk's people, or Mr. Leach, here, or even myself, before it befell you."

Mr. Monday looked at the speaker as if the intended consolation had failed of its effect, and the captain began to suspect that he should find a difficult subject for his new ministrations. By way of gaining time, he thrust an elbow into the mate's side as a hint that it was now his turn to offer something.

"It might have been worse, Mr. Monday," observed Leach, shifting his attitude like a man whose moral and physical action moved *pari passu:* "it might have been much worse. I once saw a man shot in the under jaw, and he lived a fortnight without any sort of nourishment!"

Still Mr. Monday gazed at the mate as if he thought matters could not be much worse.

"That *was* a hard case," put in the captain; "why, the poor fellow had no opportunity to recover without victuals."

"No, sir, nor any drink. He never swallowed a mouthful of liquor of any sort from the time he was hit, until he took the plunge when we threw him overboard."

Perhaps there is truth in saying that "misery loves company," for the eye of Mr. Monday turned towards the table on which the bottle of cordial still stood, and from which John Effingham had just before helped him to a swallow under the impression that it was of no moment what he took. The captain understood the appeal, and influenced by the same opinion concerning the hopelessness of the patient's condition, besides being kindly anxious to console him, he poured out a small glass, all of which he permitted the other to drink. The effect was instantaneous, for it would seem this treacherous friend is ever to produce a momentary pleasure as a poor compensation for its lasting pains.

"I don't feel so bad, gentlemen," returned the wounded man with a force of voice that startled his visitors. "I feel better—much better, and am very glad to see you. Captain Truck, I have the honor to drink your health."

The captain looked at the mate as if he thought their visit was twenty-four hours too soon, for live, all felt sure, Mr. Monday could not. But Leach, better placed to observe the countenance of the patient, whispered his commander that it was merely a "catspaw, and will not stand."

"I am very glad to see you both, gentlemen," continued Mr. Monday, "and beg you to help yourselves."

The captain changed his tactics. Finding his patient so strong and cheerful, he thought consolation would be more easily received just at that moment, than it might be even half an hour later.

"We are all mortal, Mr. Monday—"

"Yes, sir; all very mortal."

"And even the strongest and boldest ought occasionally to think of their end."

"Quite true, sir; quite true. The strongest and boldest. When do you think we shall get in, gentlemen?"

Captain Truck afterwards affirmed that he was "never before taken so flat aback by a question as by this." Still he extricated himself from the dilemma with dexterity, the spirit of proselytism apparently arising within him in proportion as the other manifested indifference to his offices.

"There is a port to which we are all steering, my dear sir," he said; "and of which we ought always to bear in mind the landmarks and beacons, and that port is Heaven."

"Yes," added Mr. Leach, "a port that, sooner or later, will fetch us all up."

Mr. Monday gazed from one to the other, and something like the state of feeling, from which he had been aroused by the cordial, began to return.

"Do you think me so bad, gentlemen?" he inquired, with a little of the eagerness of a startled man.

"As bad as one bound direct to so good a place as I hope and trust is the case with you, can be," returned the captain, determined to follow up the advantage he had gained. "Your wound, we fear, is mortal, and people seldom remain long in this wicked world with such sort of hurts."

"If he stands that," thought the captain, "I shall turn him over, at once, to Mr. Effingham."

Mr. Monday did not stand it. The illusion produced by the liquor, although the latter still sustained his pulses, had begun to evaporate, and the melancholy truth resumed its power.

"I believe, indeed, that I am near my end, gentlemen," he said faintly; "and am thankful—for—for this consolation."

"Now will be a good time to throw in the chapter," whispered Leach; "he seems quite conscious, and very contrite."

Captain Truck, in pure despair, and conscious of his own want of judgment, had determined to leave the question of the selection of this chapter to be decided by chance. Perhaps a little of that mysterious dependence on Providence, which renders all men more or less superstitious, influenced him; and that he hoped a wisdom surpassing his own might direct him to a choice. Fortunately, the book of psalms is near the middle of the sacred volume, and a better disposition of this sublime repository of pious praise and spiritual wisdom could not have been made; for the chance-directed peruser of the Bible will perhaps oftener open among its pages than at any other place.

If we should say that Mr. Monday felt any very profound spiritual relief from the reading of Captain Truck, we should both overrate the manner of the honest sailor, and the intelligence of the dying man. Still the solemn language of praise and admonition had an effect, and, for the first time since childhood, the soul of the latter was moved. God and judgment passed before his imagination, and he gasped for breath in a way that induced the two seamen to suppose the fatal moment had come, even sooner than they expected. The cold sweat stood upon the forehead of the patient, and his eyes glared wildly from one to the other. The paroxysm, however, was transient, and he soon settled down into a state of comparative calmness, pushing away the glass that Captain Truck offered, in mistaken kindness, with a manner of loathing.

"We must comfort him, Leach," whispered the captain; "for I see he is fetching up in the old way, as was duly laid down by our ancestors in the platform. First, groanings and views of the devil, and then consolation and hope. We have got him into the first category, and we ought now, in justice, to bring-to, and heave a strain to help him through it."

"They generally give 'em prayer, in the river, in this stage of the attack," said Leach. "If you can remember a short prayer, sir, it might ease him off."

Captain Truck and his mate, notwithstanding the quaintness of their thoughts and language, were themselves solemnly impressed with the scene, and actuated by the kindest motives. Nothing of levity mingled with their notions, but they felt the responsibility of officers of a packet, besides entertaining a generous interest in the fate of a stranger who had fallen, fighting manfully at their side. The old man looked awkwardly about him, turned the key of the door, wiped his eyes, gazed wistfully at the patient, gave his mate a nudge with his elbow to follow his example, and knelt down with a heart momentarily as devout as is often the case with those who minister at the alter. He retained the words of the Lord's prayer, and these he repeated aloud, distinctly, and with fervor, though not with a literal conformity to the text. Once Mr. Leach had to help him to the word. When he rose, perspiration stood on his forehead, as if he had been engaged in severe toil.

Perhaps nothing could have occurred more likely to strike the imagination of Mr. Monday than to see one, of the known character and habits of Captain Truck, thus wrestling with the Lord in his own behalf. Always obtuse and dull of thought, the first impression was that of wonder; awe and contrition followed. Even the mate was touched, and he afterwards told his companion on deck, that "the hardest day's work he had ever done, was lending a hand to rouse the captain through that prayer."

"I thank you, sir," gasped Mr. Monday, "I thank you—Mr. John Effingham—now, let me see Mr. John Effingham. I have no time to lose, and wish to see *him*."

The captain rose to comply, with the feelings of a man who had done his duty, and, from that moment, he had a secret satisfaction at having so manfully acquitted himself. Indeed, it has been remarked by those who have listened to his whole narrative of the passage, that he invariably lays more stress on the scene in the stateroom, than on the readiness and skill with which he repaired the damages sustained by his own ship, through the means obtained from the Dane, or the spirit with which he retook her from the Arabs.

John Effingham appeared in the stateroom, where the captain and Mr. Leach left him alone with the patient. Like all strong-minded men, who are conscious of their superiority over the rest of their fellow-creatures, this gentleman felt disposed to concede most to those who were the least able to contend with him. Habitually sarcastic and stern, and sometimes forbidding, he was now mild and discreet. He saw, at a glance, that Mr. Monday's mind was alive to novel feelings, and aware that the approach of death frequently removes moral clouds that have concealed the powers of the spirit while the animal part of the being was in full vigor, he was surprised at observing the sudden change that was so apparent in the countenance of the dying man.

"I believe, sir, I have been a great sinner," commenced Mr. Monday, who spoke more feebly as the influence of the cordial evaporated, and in short and broken sentences.

"In that you share the lot of all," returned John Effingham. "We are taught that no man of himself, no unaided soul, is competent to its own salvation. Christians look to the Redeemer for succor."

"I believe I understand you, but I am a business man, sir, and have been taught that reparation is the best atonement for a wrong."

"It certainly should be the *first*."

"Yes, indeed it should, sir. I am but the son of poor parents, and may have been tempted to some things that are improper. My mother, too, I was her only support. Well, the Lord will pardon it, if it were wrong, as I dare say it might have been. I think I should have drunk less and thought more, but for this affair —perhaps it is not yet too late."

John Effingham listened with surprise, but with the coolness and sagacity that marked his character. He saw the necessity, or at least the prudence, of there being another witness present. Taking advantage of the exhaustion of the speaker, he stepped to the door of Eve's cabin, and signed Paul to follow him. They entered the stateroom together, when John Effingham took Mr. Monday soothingly by the hand, offering him a nourishment less exciting than the cordial, but which had the effect to revive him.

"I understand you, sir," continued Mr. Monday, looking at Paul; "it is all very proper; but I have little to say—the papers will explain it all. Those keys, sir—the upper drawer of the bureau, and the red morocco case—take it all—this is the key. I have kept everything together, from a misgiving that an hour would come. In New York you will have time —it is not yet too late."

As the wounded man spoke at intervals, and with difficulty, John Effingham had complied with his directions before he ceased. He found the red morocco case, took the key from the ring, and showed both to Mr. Monday, who smiled and nodded approbation. The bureau contained paper, wax, and all the other appliances of writing. John Effingham inclosed the case in a strong envelope, and affixed to it three seals, which he impressed with his own arms; he then asked Paul for his watch, that the same might be done with the seal of his companion. After this precaution, he wrote a brief declaration that the contents had been delivered to the two, for the purpose of examination, and for the benefit of the parties concerned, whoever they might be, and signed it. Paul did the same, and the paper was handed to Mr. Monday, who had still strength to add his own signature.

"Men do not usually trifle at such moments," said John Effingham, "and this case may contain matter of moment to

wronged and innocent persons. The world little knows the extent of the enormities that are thus committed. Take the case, Mr. Powis, and lock it up with your effects, until the moment for the examination shall come."

Mr. Monday was certainly much relieved after this consignment of the case into safe hands, trifles satisfying the compunctions of the obtuse. For more than an hour he slumbered. During this interval of rest, Captain Truck appeared at the door of the stateroom to inquire into the condition of the patient, and, hearing a report so favorable, in common with all whose duty did not require them to watch, he retired to rest. Paul had also returned and offered his services, as indeed did most of the gentlemen; but John Effingham dismissed his own servant even, and declared it was his intention not to quit the place that night. Mr. Monday had reposed confidence in him, appeared to be gratified by his attentions and presence, and he felt it to be a sort of duty, under such circumstances, not to desert a fellow-creature in his extremity. Anything beyond some slight alleviation of the sufferer's pains was hopeless; but this, he rightly believed, he was as capable of administering as another.

Death is appalling to those of the most iron nerves, when it comes quietly and in the stillness and solitude of night. John Effingham was such a man; but he felt all the peculiarity of his situation as he sat alone in the stateroom by the side of Mr. Monday, listening to the washing of the waters that the ship shoved aside, and to the unquiet breathing of his patient. Several times he felt a disposition to steal away for a few minutes, and to refresh himself by exercise in the pure air of the ocean; but as often was the inclination checked by jealous glances from the glazed eye of the dying man, who appeared to cherish his presence as his own last hope of life. When John Effingham wetted the feverish lips, the look he received spoke of gratitude and thanks, and once or twice these feelings were audible in whispers. He could not desert a being so helpless, so dependent; and, although conscious that he was of no material service beyond sustaining his patient by his presence, he felt that this was sufficient to exact much heavier sacrifices.

During one of the troubled slumbers of the dying man, his attendant sat watching the struggles of his countenance, which seemed to betray the workings of the soul that was about to quit its tenement, and he mused on the character and fate of the being whose departure for the world of spirits he himself was so singularly called on to witness!

"Of his origin I know nothing," thought John Effingham, "except by his own passing declarations, and the evident fact that, as regards station, it can scarcely have reached mediocrity. He is one of those who appear to live for the most vulgar motives that are admissible among men of any culture, and whose refinement, such as it is, is purely of the conventional class of habits. Ignorant, beyond the current opinions of a set; prejudiced in all that relates to nations, religions, and characters; wily with an air of blustering honesty; credulous and intolerant; bold in denunciations and critical remarks, without a spark of discrimination, or any knowledge but that which has been acquired under a designing dictation; as incapable of generalizing as he is obstinate in trifles; good-humored by nature, and yet querulous from imitation:—for what purposes was such a creature brought into existence to be hurried out of it in this eventful manner?"

The conversation of the evening recurred to John Effingham, and he inwardly said, "If there exist such varieties of the human race among nations, there are certainly as many species in a moral sense, in civilized life itself. This man has his counterpart in a particular feature in the everyday American absorbed in the pursuit of gain; and yet how widely different are the two in the minor points of character! While the other allows himself no rest, no relaxation, no mitigation of the eternal gnawing of the vulture rapacity, this man has made self-indulgence the constant companion of his toil; while the other has centered all his pleasures in

gain, this Englishman, with the same object in view, but obedient to national usages, has fancied he has been alleviating his labors by sensual enjoyments. In what will their ends differ? From the eyes of the American the veil will be torn aside when it too late, perhaps, and the object of his earthly pursuit will be made the instrument of his punishment, as he sees himself compelled to quit it all for the dark uncertainty of the grave; while the blusterer and the bottle companion sinks into a forced and appalled repentance, as the animal that has hitherto upheld him loses its ascendency."

A groan from Mr. Monday, who now opened his glassy eyes, interrupted these musings. The patient signed for the nourishment and he revived a little.

"What is the day of the week?" he asked, with an anxiety that surprised his kind attendant.

"It is, or rather it *was* Monday; for we are now past midnight."

"I am glad of it, sir—very glad of it."

"Why should the day of the week be of consequence to you now?"

"There is a saying, sir—I have faith in sayings—they told me I was born of a Monday, and should die of a Monday."

The other was shocked at this evidence of a lingering and abject superstition in one who could not probably survive many hours, and he spoke to him of the Saviour, and of his mediation for man. All this could John Effingham do at need; and he could do it well, too, for few had clearer perceptions of this state of probation than himself. His weak point was in the pride and strength of his character; qualities that indisposed him in his own practice to rely on any but himself, under the very circumstances which would impress on others the necessity of relying solely on God. The dying man heard him attentively, and the words made a momentary impression.

"I do not wish to die, sir," Mr. Monday said suddenly, after a long pause.

"It is the general fate; when the moment arrives, we ought to prepare ourselves to meet it."

"I am no coward, Mr. Effingham."

"In one sense I know you are not, for I have seen you proved. I hope you will not be one in any sense. You are now in a situation in which manhood will avail you nothing; your dependence should be placed altogether on God."

"I know it, sir—I try to feel thus; but I do not wish to die."

"The love of Christ is illimitable," said John Effingham, powerfully affected by the other's hopeless misery.

"I know it—I hope it—I wish to believe it. Have *you* a mother, Mr. Effingham?"

"She has been dead many years."

"A wife?"

John Effingham gasped for breath, and one might have mistaken him, at the moment, for the sufferer.

"None: I am without parent, brother, sister, wife or child. My nearest relatives are in this ship."

"I am of little value; but, such as I am, mother will miss me. We can have but one mother, sir."

"This is very true. If you have any commission or message for your mother, Mr. Monday, I shall have great satisfaction in attending to your wishes."

"I thank you, sir; I know of none. She has her notions on religion, and—I think it would lessen her sorrow to hear that I had a Christian burial."

"Set your heart at rest on that subject: all that our situation will allow shall be done."

"Of what account will it all be, Mr. Effingham? I wish I had drunk less and thought more."

John Effingham could say nothing to a compunction that was so necessary, though so tardy.

"I fear we think too little of this moment in our health and strength, sir."

"The greater the necessity, Mr. Monday, of turning our thoughts towards that divine mediation which alone can avail us, while there is yet opportunity."

But Mr. Monday was startled by the near approach of death, rather than repentant. He had indurated his feelings by the long and continued practice of deadening self-indulgence, and he was

now like a man who unexpectedly finds himself in the presence of an imminent and overwhelming danger, without any visible means of mitigation or escape. He groaned and looked around him, as if he sought something to cling to, the spirit he had shown in the pride of his strength availing nothing. All these, however, were but passing emotions, and the natural obtusity of the man returned.

"I do not think, sir," he said, gazing intently at John Effingham, "that I have been a very great sinner."

"I hope not my good friend: yet none of us are so free from spot as not to require the aid of God to fit us for his holy presence."

"Very true, sir—very true, sir. I was duly baptized and properly confirmed."

"Offices which are but pledges that we are expected to redeem."

"By a regular priest and bishop, sir;—orthodox and dignified clergymen!"

"No doubt: England wants none of the forms of religion. But the contrite heart, Mr. Monday, will be sure to meet with mercy."

"I feel contrite, sir; very contrite."

A pause of half an hour succeeded, and John Effingham thought at first that his patient had again slumbered; but, looking more closely at his situation, he perceived that his eyes often opened and wandered over objects near him. Unwilling to disturb his apparent tranquillity, the minutes were permitted to pass away uninterrupted, until Mr. Monday spoke again of his own accord.

"Mr. Effingham—sir—Mr. Effingham," said the dying man.

"I am near you, Mr. Monday, and will not leave the room."

"Bless you, bless you, do not *you* desert me!"

"I shall remain: set your heart at rest, and let me know your wants."

"I want life, sir!"

"That is the gift of God, and its possession depends solely on his pleasure. Ask pardon for your sins, and remember the mercy and love of the blessed Redeemer."

"I try, sir. I do not think I have been a *very* great sinner."

"I hope not: but God can pardon the penitent, however great their offenses."

"Yes sir, I know it—I know it. This affair has been so unexpected. I have even been at the communion-table, sir: yes, my mother made me commune. Nothing was neglected, sir."

John Effingham was often proud and self-willed in his communications with men, the inferiority of most of his fellow-creatures to himself, in principles as well as mind, being too plainly apparent not to influence the opinions of one who did not too closely study his own failings; but as respects God, he was habitually reverent and meek. Spiritual pride formed no part of his character, for he felt his own deficiency in the Christian qualities, the main defect arising more from a habit of regarding the infirmities of others than from dwelling too much on his own merits. In comparing himself with perfection, no one could be more humble; but in limiting the comparison to those around him, few were prouder, or few more justly so, were it permitted to make such a comparison at all. Prayer with him was not habitual, or always well ordered, but he was not ashamed to pray; and when he did bow down his spirit in this manner, it was with the force, comprehensiveness, and energy of his character. He was now moved by the feeble and commonplace consolations that Mr. Monday endeavored to extract from his situation. He saw the peculiarly deluding and cruel substitution of forms for the substance of piety that distinguishes the policy of all established churches, though, unlike many of his own countrymen, his mind was superior to those narrow exaggerations that, on the other hand, too often convert innocence into sin, and puff up the votary with the conceit of a sectarian and his self-righteousness.

"I will pray with you, Mr. Monday," he said, kneeling at the side of the dying man's bed: "we will ask mercy of God together, and he may lessen these doubts."

Mr. Monday made a sign of eager assent, and John Effingham prayed in a voice that was distinctly audible to the other. The petition was short, beautiful,

and even lofty in language, without a particle of Scripture jargon, or of the cant of professed devotees; but it was a fervent, direct, comprehensive, and humble appeal to the Deity for mercy on the being who now found himself in extremity. A child might have understood it, while the heart of a man would have melted with its affecting and meek sincerity. It is to be hoped that the Great Being, whose Spirit pervades the universe, and whose clemency is commensurate with his power, also admitted the force of the petition, for Mr. Monday smiled with pleasure when John Effingham arose.

"Thank you, sir—a thousand thanks," muttered the dying man, pressing the hand of the other. "This is better than all."

After this Mr. Monday was easier, and hours passed away in nearly a continued silence. John Effingham was now convinced that his patient slumbered, and he allowed himself to fall into a doze. It was after the morning watch was called that he was aroused by a movement in the berth. Believing his patient required nourishment, or some fluid to moisten his lips, John Effingham offered both, but they were declined. Mr. Monday had clasped his hands on his breast, with the fingers uppermost. as painters and sculptors are apt to delineate them when they represent saints in the act of addressing the Deity, and his lips moved, though the words were whispered. John Effingham kneeled, and placed his ear so close as to catch the sounds. His patient was uttering the simple but beautiful petition transmitted by Christ himself to man, as the model of all prayer.

As soon as the other had done, John Effingham repeated the same prayer fervently and aloud himself, and when he opened his eyes, after this solemn homage to God, Mr. Monday was dead.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Let me alone:—dost thou use to write
Thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an
Honest, plain-dealing man?" —JACK CADE.

AT a later hour, the body of the deceased was consigned to the ocean with the forms that had been observed the previous night at the burial of the seaman. These two ceremonies were sad remembrances of the scene the travelers had passed through; and, for many days, the melancholy that they naturally excited pervaded the ship. But, as no one connected by blood with any of the living had fallen, and it is not the disposition of men to mourn always, this feeling gradually subsided, and at the end of three weeks the deaths had lost most of their influence, or were recalled only at moments by those who thought it was wise to dwell on such solemn subjects.

Captain Truck had regained his spirits; for, if he felt mortified at the extraordinary difficulties and dangers that had befallen his ship, he also felt proud of the manner in which he had extricated himself from them. As for the mates and crew, they had already returned to their ordinary habits of toil and fun, the accidents of life making but brief and superficial impression on natures accustomed to vicissitudes and losses.

Mr. Dodge appeared to be nearly forgotten during the first week after the ship succeeded in effecting her escape; for he had the sagacity to keep himself in the background, in the hope that all connected with himself might be overlooked in the hurry and excitement of events. At the end of that period, however, he resumed his intrigues, and was soon actively engaged in endeavoring to get up a "public opinion," by means of which he proposed to himself to obtain some reputation for spirit and courage. With what success this deeply laid scheme was likely to meet, as well as the more familiar condition of the cabins, may be gathered by a conversation that took place in the pantry, where Saunders and Toast were preparing the hot punch for the last of the Saturday nights that Captain Truck expected to be at sea. This discourse was held while the few who chose to join in jollification that peculiarly recalled the recollection of Mr. Monday, were slowly assembling round the great table at the urgent request of the master.

"Well, I must say, Mr. Toast," the

steward commenced, as he kept stirring the punch, "that I am werry much rejoiced Captain Truck has resuscertated his old nature, and remembers the festivals and fasts, as is becoming the master of a liner. I can see no good reason because a ship is under jury-masts that the passengers should forego their natural rest and diet. Mr. Monday made a good end, they say, and he had as handsome a burial as I ever laid eyes on at sea. I don't think his own friends could have interred him more efficaciously, or more piously, had he been on shore."

"It is something, Mr. Saunders, to be able to reflect beforehand on the respectable funeral that your friends have just given you. There is a great gratification to contemplate on such an ewent."

"You improve in language, Toast, that I will allow; but you sometimes get the words a little wrong. We suspect before a thing recurs, and reflect on it after it has ewentuated. You might have suspected the death of poor Mr. Monday after he was wounded, and reflected on it after he was interred in the water. I agree with you that it is consoling to know we have our funeral rights properly delineated. Talking of the battle, Mr. Toast, I shall take this occasion to express to you the high opinion I entertain of your own good conduct. I was a little afraid you might injure Captain Truck in the conflict; but, so far as I have ascertained, on close inwestigation, you hurt nobody. We colored people have some prejudices against us, and I always rejoice when I meet with one who assists to put them down by his conduct."

"They say Mr. Dodge didn't do much harm, either," returned Toast. "For my part I saw nothing of him after I opened my eyes; though I don't think I ever stared about me so much in my life."

Saunders laid a finger on his nose, and shook his head significantly.

"You may speak to me with confidence and mistrust, Toast," he said, "for we are friends of the same color, besides being officers in the same pantry. Has Mr. Dodge conwersed with you concerning the ewents of those two or three werry ewentful days?"

"He has insinevated considerable, Mr. Saunders; though I do not think Mr. Dodge is ever a werry free talker."

"Has he surgested the propriety of having an account of the whole affair made out by the people, and sustained by affidavits?"

"Well, sir, I imagine he has. At all ewents, he has been much on the forecastle lately, endeavoring to persuade the people that *they* retook the ship, and that the passengers were so many encumbrancers in the affair."

"And are the people such *non composse* as to believe him, Toast?"

"Why, sir, it is agreeable to humanity to think well of ourselves. I do not say that anybody actually *believes* this; but in my poor judgment, Mr. Saunders, there are men in the ship that would find it *pleasant* to believe it, if they could."

"Werry true; for that is natural. Your hint, Toast, has enlightened my mind on a little obscurity that has lately prewailed over my conceptions. There are Johnson, and Briggs, and Hewson, three of the greatest skulks in the ship, the only men who prewaricated in the least, so much as by a cold look, in the fight; and these three men have told me that Mr. Dodge was the person who had the gun put on the box; and that he druv the Arabs upon the raft. Now, I say, no men with their eyes open could have made such a mistake, except they made it on purpose. Do you corroborate or contrawerse this statement, Toast?"

"I contrawerse it, sir; for in my poor judgment it was Mr. Blunt."

"I am glad we are of the same opinion. I shall say nothing till the proper moment arrives, and then I shall exhibit my sentiments, Mr. Toast, without recrimination or anxiety, for truth is truth."

"I am happy to observe that the ladies are quite relaxed from their melancholy, and that they now seem to enjoy themselves ostensibly."

Saunders threw a look of envy at his subordinate, whose progress in refinement really alarmed his own sense of superi-

ority; but suppressing the jealous feeling, he replied with dignity—

"The remark is quite just, Mr. Toast, and denotes penetration. I am always rejoiced when I perceive you elewating your thoughts to superior objects, for the honor of the color."

"Mister Saunders," called out the captain from his seat in the armchair, at the head of the table.

"Captain Truck, sir."

"Let us taste your liquors."

This was the signal that the Saturday-night was about to commence, and the officers of the pantry presented their compounds in good earnest. On this occasion the ladies had quietly, but firmly, declined being present, but the earnest appeals of the well-meaning captain had overcome the scruples of the gentlemen, all of whom, to avoid the appearance of disrespect to his wishes, had consented to appear.

"This is the last Saturday-night, gentlemen, that I shall probably ever have the honor of passing in your good company," said Captain Truck, as he disposed of the pitchers and glasses before him, so that he had a perfect command of the appliances of the occasion, "and I feel it to be a gratification with which I would not willingly dispense. We are now to the westward of the Gulf, and, according to my observations and calculations, within a hundred miles of Sandy Hook, which, with this mild southwest wind, and our weatherly position, I hope to be able to show you some time about eight o'clock to-morrow morning. Quicker passages have been made certainly, but forty days, after all, is no great matter for the westerly run, considering that we have had a look at Africa, and are walking on crutches."

"We owe a great deal to the trades," observed Mr. Effingham; "which have treated us as kindly towards the end of the passage, as they seemed reluctant to join us in the commencement. It has been a momentous month, and I hope we shall all retain healthful recollections of it as long as we live."

"No one will retain as *grateful* recollections of it as myself, gentlemen," resumed the captain. "You had no agency in getting us into this scrape, but the greatest possible agency in getting us out of it. Without the knowledge, prudence, and courage that you have all displayed, God knows what would have become of the poor *Montauk*, and from the bottom of my heart I thank you each and all, while I have the heartfelt satisfaction of seeing you around me, and of drinking to your future health, happiness and prosperity."

The passengers acknowledged their thanks in return, by bows, among which that of Mr. Dodge was the most elaborate and conspicuous. The honest captain was too much touched to observe this little piece of audacity, but, at that moment, he could have taken even Mr. Dodge in his arms, and pressed him to his heart.

"Come, gentlemen," he continued; "let us fill and do honor to the night. God has us all in his holy keeping, and we drift about in the squalls of life, pretty much as he orders the wind to blow. 'Sweethearts and wives!' and, Mr. Effingham, we will not forget beautiful, spirited, sensible, and charming daughters."

After this piece of nautical gallantry, the glass began to circulate. The captain, Sir George Templemore—as the false baronet was still called in the cabin, and believed to be by all but those who belonged to the *coterie* of Eve—and Mr. Dodge, indulged freely, though the first was too careful of the reputation of his ship to forget that he was on the American coast in November. The others partook more sparingly, though even they submitted in a slight degree to the influence of good cheer, and for the first time since their escape, the laugh was heard in the cabin as was wont before to be the case. An hour of such indulgence produced again some of the freedom and ease which mark the associations of a ship, after the ice is fairly broken, and even Mr. Dodge began to be tolerated. This person, notwithstanding his conduct on the occasion of the battle, had contrived to maintain his ground with the spurious baronet, by dint of assiduity and flattery, while the others had rather felt

pity than aversion, on account of his abject cowardice. The gentlemen did not mention his desertion at the critical moment (though Mr. Dodge never forgave those who witnessed it), for they looked upon his conduct as the result of a natural and unconquerable infirmity, that rendered him as much the subject of compassion as of reproach.

Encouraged by this forbearance, and mistaking its motives, he had begun to hope his absence had not been detected in the confusion of the fight, and he had even carried his audacity so far as to make an attempt to persuade Mr. Sharp that he had actually been one of those who went in the launch of the Dane, to bring down the other boat and raft to the reef, after the ship had been recaptured. It is true, in this attempt he had met with a cold repulse, but it was so gentlemanlike and distant, that he had still hopes of succeeding in persuading the other to believe what he affirmed; by way of doing which, he endeavored all he could to believe it himself. So much confusion existed in his own faculties during the fray, that Mr. Dodge was fain to fancy others also might not have been able to distinguish things very accurately.

Under the influence of these feelings, Captain Truck, when the glass had circulated a little freely, called on the editor of the "Active Inquirer," to favor the company with more extracts from the journal. Little persuasion was necessary, and Mr. Dodge went into his stateroom to bring forth the valuable records of his observations and opinions, with a conviction that all was forgotten, and that he was once more about to resume his proper place in the social relations of the ship. As for the four gentlemen who had been over the ground the other pretended to describe, they prepared to listen, as men of the world would be apt to listen to the superficial and valueless comments of a tyro, though not without some expectations of amusement.

"I propose that we shift the scene to London," said Captain Truck, "in order that a plain seaman, like myself, may judge of the merits of the writer—which, I make no doubt, are very great; though I cannot now swear to it with as free a conscience as I could wish."

"If I knew the pleasure of the majority," returned Mr. Dodge, dropping the journal, and looking about him inquiringly, "I would cheerfully comply with it; for I think the majority should always rule. Paris, London, or the Rhine, are the same to me; I have seen them all, and am just as well qualified to describe the one as to describe the other."

"No one doubts it, my dear sir; but I am not as well qualified to understand one of your descriptions as I am to understand another. Perhaps even you, sir, may express yourself more readily, and have better understood what was said to you in English, than in a foreign tongue."

"As for that, I do not think the value of my remarks is lessened by the one circumstance, or enhanced by the other, sir. I make it a rule always to be right, if possible; and that, I fancy, is as much as the natives of the countries themselves can very well effect. You have only to decide, gentlemen, whether it shall be England, or France, or the Continent."

"I confess an inclination to the *Continent*," said John Effingham; "for one could scarcely wish to limit a comprehensiveness like that of Mr. Dodge's to an island, or even to France."

"I see how it is," exclaimed the captain; "we must put the traveler through all his paces, and have a little of both; so Mr. Dodge will have the kindness to touch on all things in heaven and earth, London and Paris inclusive."

On this hint the journalist turned over a few pages carelessly, and then commenced:

"'Reached *Bruxelles* (Mr. Dodge pronounced this word Brucksills) at seven in the evening, and put up at the best house in the place, called the Silver Lamb, which is quite near the celebrated town-house, and, of course, in the very center of the *beau* quarter. As we did not leave until after breakfast next morning, the reader may expect a description of this ancient capital. It lies altogether on a bit of low, level land—'"

"Nay, Mr. Dodge," interrupted the *soi-disant* Sir George, "I think *that* must be an error. I have been at Brussels, and I declare, now, it struck me as lying a good deal on the side of a very steep hill!"

"All a mistake, sir, I do assure you. There is no more hill at *Brucksills* than on the deck of this ship. You have been in too great a hurry, my dear Sir George; that is the way with most travelers; they do not give themselves time to note particulars. You English especially, my dear Sir George, are a little apt to precipitate; and I daresay, you traveled post, with four horses, a mode of getting on by which a man may very well transfer a hill, in his imagination, from one town to another. I traveled chiely in a *voitury*, which afforded leisure for remarks."

Here Mr. Dodge laughed; for he felt that he had got the best of it.

"I think you are bound to submit, *Sir George Templemore*," said John Effingham, with an emphasis on the name that raised a smile among his friends; "Brussels certainly lies on a flat, and the hill you saw has, doubtless, been brought up with you from Holland in your haste. Mr. Dodge enjoyed a great advantage in his mode of traveling; for, by entering a town in the evening, and quitting it only in the morning, he had the whole night to look about him."

"That was just my mode of proceeding, Mr. John Effingham; I made it a rule to pass an entire night in every large town I came to."

"A circumstance that will give a double value to your opinions with our countrymen, Mr. Dodge, since they very seldom give themselves half that leisure when once in motion. I trust you have not passed over the institutions of Belgium, sir; and most particularly the state of society in the capital, of which you saw so much?"

"By no means; here are my remarks on these subjects—

"'Belgium, or *The Belges*, as the country is now called, is one of the upstart kingdoms that have arisen in our times; and which, from signs that cannot be mistaken, is fated soon to be overturned by the glorious principles of freedom. The people are ground down, as usual, by the oppression of hard task-masters, and bloody-minded priests. The monarch, who is a bigoted Catholic of the House of Saxony, being a son of the king of that country, and a presumptive heir to the throne of Great Britain, in right of his first wife, devoting all his thoughts to miracles and saints. The nobles form a class by themselves, indulging in all sorts of vices.'—I beg pardon, Sir George, but the truth must be told in our country, or one had better never speak.—'All sorts of vices, and otherwise betraying the monstrous tendencies of the system.'"

"Pray, Mr. Dodge," interrupted John Effingham, "have you said nothing as to the manner in which the inhabitants relieve the eternal *ennui* of always walking on a level surface?"

"I am afraid not, sir. My attention was chiefly given to the institutions, and to the state of society, although I can readily imagine they must get to be heartily tired of a dead flat."

"Why, sir, they have contrived to run a street up and down the roof of the cathedral; and up and down this street they trot at all hours of the day."

Mr. Dodge looked distrustful; but John Effingham maintained his gravity. After a pause the former continued—

"'The usages of *Brucksills* are a mixture of Low Dutch and High Dutch habits, as is the language. The king being a Polander, and a grandson of Augustus, king of Poland, is anxious to introduce the customs of the Russians into his court; while his amiable young queen, who was born in New Jersey when her illustrious father kept the school at Haddonfield, early imbibed those notions of republicanism which so eminently distinguish his Grace the Honorable Louis Philippe Orleans, the present king of the French.'"

"Nay, Mr. Dodge," said Mr. Sharp, "you will have all the historians ready to cut your throat with envy!"

"Why, sir, I feel it a duty not to throw away the great opportunities I have enjoyed; and America is a country in which

an editor may never hope to mystify his readers. We deal with them in facts, Mr. Sharp; and, although this may not be your English practice, we think that truth is powerful and will prevail. To continue—'The kingdom of *The Belges* is about as large as the northeast corner of Connecticut, including one town in Rhode Island; and the whole population may be about equal to that of *our* tribe of Creek Indians, who dwell in the wilder parts of *our* State of Georgia.'"

"This particularity is very convincing," observed Paul; "and then it has the merit, too, of coming from an eye-witness."

"I will now, gentlemen, return with you to Paris, where I stayed all of three weeks, and of the society of which my knowledge of the language will, of course, enable me to give a still more valuable account."

"You mean to publish these hints, I trust, sir?" inquired the captain.

"I shall probably collect them, and enlarge them in the way of a book; but they have already been laid before the American public in the columns of the 'Active Inquirer.' I can assure you, gentlemen, that my colleagues of the press have spoken quite favorably of the letters as they appeared. Perhaps you would like to hear some of their opinions?"

Hereupon Mr. Dodge opened a pocket-book, out of which he took six or eight slips of printed paper, that had been preserved with care, though obviously well thumbed. Opening one, he read as follows:

"'Our friend Dodge, of the "Active Inquirer," is instructing his readers, and edifying mankind in general, with some very excellent and pungent remarks on the state of Europe, which part of the world he is now exploring with some such enterprise and perseverance as Columbus discovered when he entered the unknown waste of the Atlantic. His opinions meet with our unqualified approbation, being sound, American, and discriminating. We fancy these Europeans will begin to think in time that Jonathan has some pretty shrewd notions concerning themselves, the critturs!' This was extracted from the 'People's Advocate,' a journal edited with great ability, by Peleg Pond, esquire, a thorough-going republican, and a profound observer of mankind."

"In his own parish in particular," quaintly added John Effingham. "Pray, sir, have you any more of these critical *morceaux?*"

"At least a dozen," beginning to read again:—"'Steadfast Dodge, esquire, the editor of the "Active Inquirer," is now traveling in Europe, and is illuminating the public mind at home by letters that are Johnsonian in style, Chesterfieldian in taste and in knowledge of the world, with the redeeming qualities of nationality, and republicanism, and truth. We rejoice to perceive by these valuable contributions to American literature, that Steadfast Dodge, esquire, finds no reason to envy the inhabitants of the Old World any of their boasted civilization; but that, on the contrary, he is impressed with the superiority of our condition over all countries, every post that he progresses. America has produced but few men like Dodge; and even Walter Scott might not be ashamed to own some of his descriptions. We hope he may long continue to travel.'"

"*Voitury,*" added John Effingham gravely. "You perceive, gentlemen, how modestly these editors set forth their intimacy with the traveler—'our friend Dodge, of the "Active Inquirer,"' and 'Steadfast Dodge, esquire!'—a mode of expression that speaks volumes for their own taste, and their profound deference for their readers!"

"We always speak of each other in this manner, Mr. John Effingham—that is our *esprit du corps.*"

"And I should think that there would be an *esprit du corps* in the public to resist it," observed Paul Blunt.

The distinction was lost on Mr. Dodge, who turned over to one of his most elaborate strictures on the state of society in France, with all the self-complacency of besotted ignorance and provincial superciliousness. Searching out a place to his mind, this profound observer of men and

manners, who had studied a foreign people, whose language when spoken was gibberish to him, by traveling five days in a public coach, and living four weeks in taverns and eating-houses, besides visiting three theaters, in which he did not understand a single word that was uttered, proceeded to lay before his auditors the results of his observations.

"'The state of female society in France is truly awful,'" he resumed, "'the French Revolution, as is universally known, having left neither decorum, modesty, nor beauty in the nation. I walk nightly in the galleries of the Palais Royal, where I locate myself, and get every opportunity of observing the peculiarities of ladies of the first taste and fashion in the metropolis of Europe. There is one duchess in particular, whose grace and *enbonpoint* have, I confess, attracted my admiration. This lady, as my *lacquais de place* informs me, is sometimes termed *la mere du peuple*, from her popularity and affability. The young ladies of France, judging from the specimens I have seen here —which must be of the highest class in the capital, as the spot is under the windows of one of the royal palaces—are by no means observable for that quiet reserve and modest diffidence that distinguish the fair among our own young countrywomen; but it must be admitted they are remarkable for the manner in which they walk alone, in my judgment a most masculine and unbecoming practice. Woman was not made to live alone, and I shall contend that she was not made to walk alone. At the same time, I confess there is a certain charm in the manner in which these ladies place a hand in each pocket of their aprons, and balance their bodies, as they move like duchesses through the galleries. If I might humbly suggest, the American fair might do worse than imitate this Parisian step; for, as a traveler, I feel it a duty to exhibit any superior quality that other nations possess. I would also remark on the general suavity of manners that the ladies of quality (this word Mr. Dodge pronounced *qua-a-lity*) observe in their promenades in and about this genteel quarter of Paris.'"

"The French ladies ought to be much flattered with this notice of them," cried the captain, filling Mr. Dodge's glass. "In the name of truth and penetration, sir, proceed."

"'I have lately been invited to attend a ball in one of the first families of France, which resides in the Rue St. Jaques, or the St. James' of Paris. The company was select, and composed of many of the first persons in the kingdom of *des Francais*. The best possible manners were to be seen here, and the dancing was remarkable for its grace and beauty. The air with which the ladies turned their heads on one side, and inclined their bodies in advancing and retiring, was in the first style of the court of Terpsichore. They were all of the very first families of France. I heard one excuse herself for going away so early, as *Madame la Duchesse* expected her; and another observed that she was to leave town in the morning with *Madame la Vicomtesse*. The gentlemen, with few exceptions, were in fancy dresses, appearing in coats, some of sky-blue, some green, some scarlet, and some navy-blue, as fancy dictated, and all more or less laced on the seams; much in the manner as was the case with the Honorable the King the morning I saw him leave for *Nully*. This entertainment was altogether the best conducted of any I ever attended, the gentlemen being condescending, and without the least pride, and the ladies all grace.'"

"Graces would be more expressive, if you will excuse my suggesting a word, sir," observed John Effingham, as the other paused to take breath.

"'I have observed that the people in most monarchies are abject and low-minded in their deportment. Thus the men take off their hats when they enter churches, although the minister be not present; and even the boys take off their hats when they enter private houses. This is commencing servility young. I have even seen men kneeling on the cold pavements of the churches in the most abject manner, and otherwise betraying the feeling naturally created by slavish institutions.'"

"Lord help 'em!" exclaimed the captain, "if they begin so young, what a bowing and kneeling set of blackguards they will get to be in time."

"It is to be presumed that Mr. Dodge has pointed out the consequences in the instance of the abject old men mentioned, who probably commenced their servility by entering houses with their hats off," said John Effingham.

"Just so, sir," rejoined the editor. "I throw in these little popular traits because I think they show the differences between nations."

"From which I infer," said Mr. Sharp, "that in your part of America boys do not take off their hats when they enter houses, nor men kneel in churches?"

"Certainly not, sir. Our people get their ideas of manliness early; and as for kneeling in churches, we have some superstitious sects—I do not mention them; but, on the whole, no nation can treat the house of God more rationally than we do in America."

"That I will vouch for," rejoined John Effingham; "for the last time I was at home I attended a concert in one of them, where an *artiste* of singular nasal merit favored the company with that admirable piece of conjoined sentiment and music entitled 'Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row!'"

"I'll engage for it," cried Mr. Dodge, swelling with national pride; "and felt all the time as independent and easy as if he was in a tavern. Oh! superstition is quite extinct in *Ameriky!* But I have a few remarks on the church in my notes upon England: perhaps you would like to hear them?"

"Let me entreat you to read them," said the true Sir Georgo Templemore, a little eagerly.

"Now, I protest against any illiberality," added the false Sir George, shaking his finger.

Mr. Dodge disregarded both; but, turning to the place, he read aloud with his usual self-complacency and unction.

"'To-day, I attended public worship in St. —— Church, Minories. The congregation was composed of many of the first people of England, among whom were present Sir Solomon Snore, formerly HIGH sheriff of London, a gentleman of the first consideration in the empire, and the celebrated Mr. Shilling, of the firm of Pound, Shilling, and Pence. There was certainly a fine air of polite life in the congregation, but a little too much idolatry. Sir Solomon and Mr. Shilling were both received with distinction, which was very proper, when we remember their elevated rank; but the genuflexions and chaunting met with my very unqualified disapprobation.'"

"Sir Solomon and the other personage you mention were a little *pursy*, perhaps," observed Mr. Sharp, "which destroyed their grace."

"I disapprove of all kneeling, on general principles, sir. If we kneel to one, we shall get to kneel to another, and no one can tell where it will end. 'The exclusive manner in which the congregation were seated in pews, with sides so high that it was difficult to see your nearest neighbor; and these pews (Mr. Dodge pronounced this word *poohs*) have often curtains that completely inclose their owners, a system of selfishness that would not be long tolerated in *Ameriky*.'"

"Do individuals own their pews in America?" inquired Mr. Sharp.

"Often," returned John Effingham; "always, except in those particular portions of the country where it is deemed invidious, and contrary to the public rights, to be better off than one's neighbor, by owning anything that all the community has not a better claim to than its proprietor."

"And cannot the owner of a pew curtain it, with a view to withdraw into himself at public worship?"

"America and England are the antipodes of each other in all these things. I daresay, now, that you have come among us with an idea that our liberty is so very licentious, that a man may read a newspaper by himself?"

"I confess, certainly, to that much," returned Mr. Sharp, smiling.

"We shall teach him better than this, Mr. Dodge, before we let him depart. No,

sir, you have very contracted ideas of liberty, I perceive. With us everything is settled by majorities. We eat when the majority eats; drink, when the majority drinks; sleep, when the majority sleeps; pray, when the majority prays. So far from burying ourselves in deep wells of pews, with curtains round their edges, we have raised the floors, amphitheater fashion, so that everybody can see everybody; have taken away the sides of the pews, which we have converted into free and equal seats, and have cut down the side of the pulpit so that we can look at the clergyman; but I understand there is actually a project on foot to put the congregation into the pulpit, and the parson into the aisle, by way of letting the latter see that he is no better than he should be. This would be a capital arrangement, Mr. Dodge, for the 'Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row.'"

The editor of the "Active Inquirer" was a little distrustful of John Effingham, and he was not sorry to continue his extracts, although he was obliged to bring himself still further under the fire of his assailant.

"'This morning,'" Mr. Dodge resumed, "'I stepped into the coffee-room of the "Shovel and Tongs" public-house to read the morning paper, and, taking a seat by the side of a gentleman who was reading the "Times," and drawing to me the leaves of the journal, so that it would be more convenient to peruse, the man insolently and arrogantly demanded of me, "What the devil I meant?" This intolerance in the English character is owing to the narrowness of the institutions, under which men come to fancy liberty applies to persons instead of majorities.'"

"You perceive, Mr. Sharp," said John Effingham, "how much more able a stranger is to point out the defects of national character than a native. I daresay that in indulging your individuality, hitherto, you have imagined you were enjoying liberty."

"I fear I have committed some such weakness—but Mr. Dodge will have the goodness to proceed."

The editor complied as follows:—

"'Nothing has surprised me more than the groveling propensities of the English on the subject of names. Thus this very inn, which in America would be styled the "Eagle Tavern," or the "Oriental or Occidental Hotel," or the "Anglo-Saxon Democratical Coffee-house," or some other equally noble and dignified appellation, is called the "Shovel and Tongs." One tavern, which might very appropriately be termed "The Saloon of Peace," is very vulgarly called "Dolly's Chop-house."'"

All the gentlemen, not excepting Mr. Sharp, murmured their disgust at so coarse a taste. But most of the party began now to tire of this pretending ignorance and provincial vulgarity, and, one by one, most of them soon after left the table. Captain Truck, however, sent for Mr. Leach, and these two worthies, with Mr. Dodge and the spurious baronet, sat an hour longer, when all retired to their berths.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"I'll meet thee at Philippi."—SHAKESPEARE.

HAPPY is the man who arrives on the coast of New York, with the wind at the southward, in the month of November. There are two particular conditions of the weather, in which the stranger receives the most unfavorable impressions of the climate that has been much and unjustly abused, but which two particular conditions warrant all the evil that has been said of it. One is a sweltering day in summer, and the other an autumnal day in which the dry north wind scarce seems to leave any marrow in the bones.

The passengers of the *Montauk* escaped both these evils, and now approached the coast with a bland southwest breeze, and a soft sky. The ship had been busy in the night, and when the party assembled on deck in the morning, Captain Truck told them that in an hour they should have a sight of the long-desired western continent. As the packet was running in at the rate of nine knots, under topmast and topgallant studding-sails, being to windward of her port, this was a promise that

the gallant vessel seemed likely enough to redeem.

"Toast!" called out the captain, who had dropped into his old habits as naturally as if nothing had occurred, "bring me a coal; and you, master steward, look well to the breakfast this morning. If the wind stands six hours longer, I shall have the grief of parting with this good company, and you the grief of knowing you will never set another meal before them. These are moments to awaken sentiment, and yet I never knew an officer of the pantry that did not begin to grin as he drew near his port."

"It is usually a cheerful moment with every one, I believe, Captain Truck," said Eve, "and most of all should it be one of heartfelt gratitude with us."

"Ay, ay, my dear young lady; and yet I fancy Mr. Saunders will explain it rather differently. Has no one sung out 'land,' yet, from aloft, Mr. Leach? The sands of New Jersey ought to be visible before this."

"We have seen the haze of the land since daylight, but not land itself."

"Then, like old Columbus, the flowered doublet is mine—land, ho!"

The mates and the people laughed, and looking ahead, they nodded to each other, and the word "land" passed from mouth to mouth, with the indifference with which mariners first see it in short passages. Not so with the rest. They crowded together, and endeavored to catch a glimpse of the coveted shore, though, with the exception of Paul, neither could perceive it.

"We must call on you for assistance," said Eve, who now seldom addressed the handsome young seaman without a flush on her own beautiful face; "for we are all so lubberly that none of us can see that which we so earnestly desire."

"Have the kindness to look over the stock of that anchor," said Paul, glad of an excuse to place himself nearer to Eve; "and you will discover an object on the water."

"I do," said Eve, "but is it not a vessel?"

"It is; but a little to the right of that vessel do you not perceive a hazy object at some elevation above the sea?"

"The cloud, you mean—a dim, ill-defined, dark body of vapor?"

"So it may seem to you, but to me it appears to be the land. That is the bluff-like termination of the celebrated highlands of Navesink. By watching it for half an hour, you will perceive its form and surface grow gradually more distinct."

Eve eagerly pointed out the place to Mademoiselle Viefville and her father, and from that moment, for near an hour, most of the passengers kept it steadily in view. As Paul had said, the blue of this hazy object deepened; then its base became connected with the water, and it ceased to resemble a cloud at all. In twenty more minutes, the faces and angles of the hills became visible, and trees started out of their sides. In the end a pair of twin lights were seen perched on the summit.

But the *Montauk* edged away from these highlands, and shaped her course towards a long low spit of sand that lay several miles to the northward of them. In this direction, fifty small sails were gathering into, or diverging from the pass, their high, gaunt looking canvas resembling so many church towers on the plains of Lombardy. These were coasters, steering towards their several havens. Two or three outward bound ships were among them, holding their way in the direction of China, the Pacific Ocean, or Europe.

About nine, the *Montauk* met a large ship standing on a bowline, with everything set that would draw, and heaping the water under her bows. A few minutes after Captain Truck, whose attention had been much diverted from the surrounding objects by the care of his ship, came near the group of passengers and once more entered into conversation.

"Here we are, my dear young lady," he cried, "within five leagues of Sandy Hook, which lies hereaway, under our lee bow; as pretty a position as heart could wish. This lank, hungry-looking schooner in-shore of us is a news vessel, and, as soon as she is done with the brig near her, we shall have her in chase, when there will be a good opportunity to get rid of

all our spare lies. This little fellow to leeward, who is clawing up towards us, is the pilot; after whose arrival my functions cease, and I shall have little to do but to rattle off Saunders and Toast, and to feed the pigs."

"And who is this gentleman ahead of us, with his main-topsail to the mast, his courses in the brails, and his helm a-lee?" asked Paul.

"Some chap, who has forgotten his knee buckles and has been obliged to send a boat up to town to hunt for them," coolly rejoined the captain, while he sought the focus of the glass, and leveled it at the vessel in question. The look was long and steady, and twice Captain Truck lowered the instrument to wipe the moisture from his own eye. At length, he called out, to the amazement of everybody.

"Stand by to in all studding-sails, and to ware to the eastward. . Be lively, men, be lively! The eternal *Foam*, as I am a miserable sinner!"

Paul laid a hand on the arm of Captain Truck, and stopped him, as the other was about to spring towards the forecastle, with a view to aid and encourage his people.

"You forget that we have neither spars nor sails suited to a chase," said the young man. "If we haul off to seaward on any tack we can try, the corvette will be too much for us now, and excuse me if I say that a different course will be advisable."

The captain had learned to respect the opinion of Paul and he took the interference kindly.

"What choice remains, but to run down into the very jaws of the lion," he asked, "or to wear round, and stand to the eastward?"

"We have two alternatives. We may pass unnoticed, the ship being so much altered; or we may haul up on the tack we are on, and get into shallow water."

"He draws as little as this ship, sir, and would follow. There is no port short of Egg Harbor, and into that I should be bashful about entering with a vessel of this size; whereas, by running to the eastward, and doubling Montauk, which would owe us shelter on account of our name, I might get into the Sound, or New London, at need, and then claim the sweepstakes, as having won the race."

"This would be impossible, Captain Truck, allow me to say. Dead before the wind, we cannot escape, for the land would fetch us up in a couple of hours; to enter by Sandy Hook, if known, is impossible, on account of the corvette, and, in a chase of a hundred and twenty miles, we should be certain to be overtaken."

"I fear you are right, my dear sir, I fear you are right. The studding-sails are now in, and I will haul up for the highlands, and anchor under them, should it be necessary. We can then give this fellow Vattel in large quantities, for I hardly think he will venture to seize us while we have an anchor fast to good American ground."

"How near dare you stand to the shore?"

"Within a mile ahead of us; but to enter the Hook, the bar must be crossed a league or two off."

"The latter is unlucky; but, by all means, get the vessel in with the land; so near as to leave no doubt as to our being in American waters."

"We'll try him, sir, we'll try him. After having escaped the Arabs, the deuce is in it, if we cannot weather upon John Bull! I beg your pardon, Mr. Sharp; but this is a question that must be settled by some of the niceties of the great authorities."

The yards were now braced forward, and the ship was brought to the wind, so as to head in a little to the northward of the bathing-houses at Long Branch. But for this sudden change of course, the *Montauk* would have run down dead upon the corvette, and possibly might have passed her undetected, owing to the change made in her appearance by the Dane. So long as she continued "bows on," standing towards them, not a soul on board the *Foam* suspected her real character, though, now that she acted so strangely, and offered her broadside to view, the

truth became known in an instant. The main-yard of the corvette was swung and her sails were filled on the same course as that on which the packet was steering. The two vessels were about ten miles from the land, the *Foam* a little ahead, but fully a league to leeward. The latter, however, soon tacked and stood inshore. This brought the vessels nearly abreast of each other, the corvette a mile or more dead to leeward, and distant now some six miles from the coast. The great superiority of the corvette's sailing was soon apparent to all on board both vessels, for she apparently went two feet to the packet's one.

The history of this meeting, so unexpected to Captain Truck, was very simple. When the gale had abated, the corvette, which had received no damage, hauled up along the African coast, keeping as near as possible to the supposed track of the packet, and failing to fall in with her chase, she had filled away for New York. On making the Hook she took a pilot, and inquired if the *Montauk* had arrived. From the pilot she learned that the vessel of which she was in quest had not yet made its appearance, and she sent on an officer up to the town to communicate with the British Consul. On the return of this officer, the corvette stood away from the land, and commenced cruising in the offing. For a week she had now been thus occupied, it being her practice to run close in, in the morning, and to remain hovering about the bar until near night, when she made sail for an offing. When first seen from the *Montauk*, she had been lying-to, to take in stores sent from the town, and to communicate with a news-boat.

The passengers of the *Montauk* had just finished their breakfast, when the mate reported that the ship was fast shoaling her water, and that it would be necessary to alter the course in a few minutes, or to anchor. On repairing to the deck Captain Truck and his companions perceived the land less than a mile ahead of them, and the corvette about half that distance to the leeward, and nearly abeam.

"That is a bold fellow," exclaimed the captain, "or he has got a Sandy Hook pilot on board him."

"Most probably the latter," said Paul: "he would scarcely be here on this duty, and neglect so simple a precaution."

"I think this would satisfy Mr. Vattel, sir," returned Captain Truck, as the man in the chains sung out, "and a half three!" "Hard up with the helm and lay the yards square, Mr. Leach."

"Now we shall soon know the virtue of Vattel," said John Effingham, "as ten minutes will suffice to raise the question very fairly."

The *Foam* put her helm down, and tacked beautifully to the southeast. As soon as the *Montauk*—which vessel was now running alongshore, keeping in about four fathoms of water, the sea being as smooth as a pond—was abeam, the corvette wore round, and began to close with her chase, keeping on her eastern or outer board.

"Were we an enemy, and a match for that sloop," said Paul, "this smooth water and yardarm attitude would make quick work."

"Her captain is in the gangway, taking our measure," observed Mr. Truck: "here is the glass; I wish you to examine his face, and tell me if you think him a man with whom the law of nations will avail anything. See the anchor clear, Mr. Leach, for I'm determined to bring up all standing, if the gentleman intends to renew the old tricks of John Bull on our coast. What do you make of him, Mr. Blunt?"

Paul did not answer, but laying down the glass, he paced the deck rapidly with the manner of one much disturbed. All observed this sudden change, though no one presumed to comment on it. In the meantime the sloop-of-war came up fast, and in a few minutes her larboard fore-yardarm was within twenty feet of the starboard main-yardarm of the *Montauk*, the two vessels running on parallel lines. The corvette now hauled up her fore-course, and let her topgallant sails settle on the caps, though a dead silence reigned in her.

"Give me the trumpet," said Captain

Truck, stepping to the rail; "the gentleman is about to give us a piece of his mind."

The English captain, who was easily known by his two epaulettes, also held a trumpet; but neither of the two commanders used his instrument, the distance being sufficiently near for the natural voice.

"I believe, sir," commenced the man-of-war's man, "that I have the pleasure to see Captain Truck, of the *Montauk*, London packet?"

"Ay, ay, I'll warrant you he has my name alongside of John Doe and Richard Roe," muttered Mr. Truck, "spelt as carefully as it could be in a primer.—I am Captain Truck, and this is the *Montauk*. May I ask the name of your vessel, and your own, sir?"

"This is his Britannic Majesty's ship, the *Foam*, Captain Ducie."

"The Honorable Captain Ducie!" exclaimed Mr. Sharp. "I thought I recognized the voice: I know him intimately well."

"Will he stand Vattel?" anxiously demanded Mr. Truck.

"Nay, as for that, I must refer you to himself."

"You appear to have suffered in the gale," resumed Captain Ducie, whose smile was very visible, as he thus addressed them like an old acquaintance. "We fared better ourselves, for I believe we did not part a rope-yarn."

"The ship pitched every stick out of her," returned Captain Truck, "and has given us the trouble of a new outfit."

"In which you appear to have succeeded admirably. Your spars and sails are a size or two too small; but everything stands like a church."

"Ay, ay, now we have got on our new clothes, we are not ashamed to be seen."

"May I ask if you have been in port to do all this?"

"No, sir; picked them up alongshore."

The Honorable Captain Ducie thought he was quizzed, and his manner became a little more cold, though it still retained its gentlemanlike tone.

"I wish much to see you in private, sir, on an affair of some magnitude, and I greatly regret it was not in my power to speak you the night you left Portsmouth. I am quite aware you are in your own waters, and I feel a strong reluctance to retain your passengers when so near their port; but I shall feel it as a particular favor if you will permit me to repair on board for a few minutes."

"With all my heart," cried Captain Truck: "if you will give me room, I will back my main-topsail, but I wish to lay my head off shore. This gentleman understands Vattel, and we shall have no trouble with him. Keep the anchor clear, Mr. Leach, for 'fair words butter no parsnips.' Still, he is a gentleman:—and, Saunders, put a bottle of the old Madeira on the cabin table."

Captain Ducie now left the rigging in which he had stood, and the corvette luffed off to the eastward, to give room to the packet, where she hove-to with her fore-topsail aback. The *Montauk* followed, taking a position under her lee. A quarter-boat was lowered, and in five minutes its oars were tossed at the packet's lee gangway, when the commander of the corvette ascended the ship's side, followed by a middle-aged man in the dress of a civilian, and a chubby-faced midshipman.

No one could mistake Captain Ducie for anything but a gentleman. He was handsome, well-formed, and about five-and-twenty. The bow he made to Eve, with whose beauty and air he seemed instantly struck, would have become a drawing-room; but he was too much of an officer to permit any further attention to escape him until he had paid his respects to, and received the compliments of, Captain Truck. He then turned to the ladies and Mr. Effingham, and repeated his salutations.

"I fear," he said, "my duty has made me the unwilling instrument of prolonging your passage, for I believe few ladies love the ocean sufficiently, easily to forgive those who lengthen its disagreeables."

"We are old travelers, and know how to allow for the obligations of duty," Mr. Effingham civilly answered.

"That they do, sir," put in Captain

Truck; "and it was never my good fortune to have a more agreeable set of passengers. Mr. Effingham, the Honorable Captain Ducie;—the Honorable Captain Ducie, Mr. Effingham;—Mr. John Effingham, Mam'sell V. A. V.," endeavoring always to imitate Eve's pronunciation of the name;—Mr. Dodge, the Honorable Captain Ducie; the Honorable Captain Ducie, Mr. Dodge."

The Honorable Captain Ducie and all the others, the editor of the "Active Inquirer" excepted, smiled slightly, though they respectively bowed and curtseyed; but Mr. Dodge, who conceived himself entitled to be formally introduced to every one he met, and to know all he saw, whether introduced or not, stepped forward promptly, and shook Mr. Ducie cordially by the hand.

Captain Truck now turned in quest of some one else to introduce; Mr. Sharp stood near the capstan, and Paul had retired as far aft as the hurricane-house.

"I am happy to see you in the *Montauk*," added Captain Truck, insensibly leading the other towards the capstan, "and am sorry I had not the satisfaction of meeting you in England. The Honorable Captain Ducie, Mr. Sharp: Mr. Sharp, the Honorable Captain—"

"George Templemore!" exclaimed the commander of the corvette, looking from one to the other.

"Charles Ducie!" exclaimed the *soi-disant* Mr. Sharp.

"Here then is an end of part of my hopes, and we have been on a wrong scent the whole time."

"Perhaps not, Ducie: explain yourself."

"You must have perceived my endeavors to speak you, from the moment you sailed!"

"To *speak* us!" cried Captain Truck. "Yes, sir, we *did* observe your endeavors to *speak us*."

"It was because I was given to understand that one *calling* himself Sir George Templemore, an impostor, however, had taken passage in this ship; and here I find that we have been misled, by the real Sir George Templemore's having chosen to come this way instead of coming by the Liverpool ship. So much for your confounded fashionable caprices, Templemore, which never lets you know in the morning whether you are to shoot yourself or to get married before night."

"And is this gentleman Sir George Templemore!" pithily demanded Captain Truck.

"For that I can vouch, on the knowledge of my whole life."

"And we know this to be true, and have known it since the day we sailed," observed Mr. Effingham.

Captain Truck was accustomed to passengers under false names, but never before had he been so completely mystified.

"And pray, sir," he inquired of the baronet, "are you a member of Parliament?"

"I have that honor."

"And Templemore Hall is your residence, and you have come out to look at the Canadas?"

"I am the owner of Templemore Hall, and hope to look at the Canadas before I return."

"And," turning to Captain Ducie, "you sailed in quest of another Sir George Templemore—a false one?"

"That is a part of my errand," returned Captain Ducie, smiling.

"Nothing else—you are certain, sir, that this is the whole of your errand?"

"I confess to another motive," rejoined the other, scarce knowing how to take Captain Truck's question; "but this one will suffice for the present, I hope."

"This business requires frankness. I mean nothing disrespectful; but I am in American waters, and should be sorry, after all, to be obliged to throw myself on Vattel."

"Let me act as mediator," interrupted Sir George Templemore. "Some one has been a defaulter, Ducie; is it not so?"

"This is the simple truth: an unfortunate, but silly young man, of the name of Sandon. He was intrusted with a large sum of the public money, and has absconded with quite forty thousand pounds."

"And this person, you fancy, did me the honor to travel under my name?"

"Of that we are certain. Mr. Green here," motioning to the civilian, "comes from the same office, and traced the delinquent, under your name, some distance on the Portsmouth road. When we heard that a Sir George Templemore had actually embarked in the *Montauk*, the admiral made no scruple in sending me after the packet. This has been an unlucky mistake for me, as it would have been a feather in the cap of so young a commander to catch the rogue."

"You may choose your feather, sir," returned Captain Truck, "for you will have a right to wear it. The unfortunate young man you seek is, out of question, in this ship."

Captain Truck now explained that there was a person below who had been known to him as Sir George Templemore, and who, doubtless, was the unhappy delinquent sought. But Captain Ducie did not betray the attention or satisfaction that one would have expected from this information, his eye being riveted on Paul, who stood beneath the hurricane-house. When the latter saw that he attracted attention he advanced slowly, even reluctantly, upon the quarter-deck. The meeting between these two gentlemen was embarrassed, though each maintained his self-possession.

"Mr. Powis, I believe?" said the officer, bowing haughtily.

"Captain Ducie, if I am not mistaken?" returned the other, lifting his hat steadily, though his face became flushed.

The manner of the two, however, was but little noticed at the moment, though all heard the words. Captain Truck drew a long "whe—e—e—w!" for this was rather more than even he was accustomed to in the way of masquerades. His eye was on the two gentlemen as they walked aft together, and alone, when he felt a touch upon his arm. It was the little hand of Eve, between whom and the old seaman there existed a good deal of trifling, blended with the most entire good-will. The young lady laughed with her sweet eyes, shook her fair curls, and said mockingly—

"Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt; Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp!"

"And were you in the secret all this time, my dear young lady?"

"Every minute of it; from the buoys of Portsmouth to this very spot."

"I shall be obliged to introduce my passengers all over again!"

"Certainly; and I would recommend that each should show a certificate of baptism, or a passport, before you announce his or her name."

"*You* are, at least, the beautiful Miss Effingham, my dear young lady?"

"I'll not vouch for that, even," said Eve, blushing and laughing.

"That is Mr. John Effingham, I hope!"

"For that I *can* vouch. There are not *two* cousin Jacks on earth."

"I wish I knew what the other business of this gentleman is! He seems amicably disposed, except as regards Mr. Blunt. They looked coldly and suspiciously at each other."

Eve thought so too, and she lost all her desire for pleasantry. Just at this moment Captain Ducie quitted his companion, both touching their hats distantly, and returned to the group he had so unceremoniously left a few minutes before.

"I believe, Captain Truck, you now know my errand," he said, "and can say whether you will consent to my examining the person whom you have mentioned?"

"I know *one* of your errands, sir; you spoke of having *two*."

"Both will find their completion in this ship, with your permission."

"Permission! That sounds well, at least, my dear young lady. Permit me to inquire, Captain Ducie, has either of your errands the flavor of tobacco about it?"

The young man looked surprised, and he began to suspect another mystification.

"The question is so singular that it is not very intelligible."

"I wish to know, Captain Ducie, if you have anything to say to this ship in the way of smuggling?"

"Certainly not. I am not a custom-

house officer, sir, nor on the revenue duty; and I had supposed this vessel a regular packet, whose interest is too plain to enter into such a pursuit."

"You have supposed nothing but the truth, sir; though we cannot always answer for the honesty or discretion of our people. A single pound of tobacco might forfeit this noble ship; and, observing the perseverance with which you have chased me, I was afraid all was not right with the excise."

"You have had a needless alarm, then, for my two objects in coming to America are completely answered by meeting with Mr. Powis and Mr. Sandon, who, I have been given to understand, is in his stateroom below."

The party looked at each other, but nothing was said.

"Such being the facts, Captain Ducie, I beg to offer you every facility so far as the hospitality of my ship is concerned."

"You will permit us to have an interview with Mr. Sandon?"

"Beyond a doubt. I see, sir, you have read Vattel, and understand the rights of neutrals, or of independent nations. As this interview most probably will be interesting, you may desire to have it held in private, and a stateroom will be too small for the purpose. My dear young lady, will you have the complaisance to lend us your cabin for half an hour?"

Eve bowed assent, and Captain Truck then invited the two Englishmen below.

"My presence at this interview is of little moment," observed Captain Ducie; "Mr. Green is master of the whole affair, and I have a matter of importance to arrange with Mr. Powis. If one or two of you gentlemen will have the kindness to be present, and witness of what passes between Mr. Sandon and Mr. Green, it would be a great favor. Templemore, I may claim this of you?"

"With all my heart, though it is an unpleasant office to see guilt exposed. Should I presume too much by asking Mr. John Effingham to be of our party?"

"I was about to make the same request," put in the captain. "We shall then be two Englishmen and two Yankees—if Mr. John Effingham will allow me so to style him?"

"Until we get within the Hook, Captain Truck, I am a Yankee; once *in* the country, I belong to the Middle States, if you will allow me the favor to choose."

The last speaker was stopped by a nudge from Captain Truck, who seized an opportunity to whisper.

"Make no such distinction between outside and inside, I beg of you, my dear sir. I hold that the ship is, at this identical moment, in the United States of America in a positive sense, as well as by a legal fiction; and I think Vattel will bear me out in it."

"Let it pass for that, then. I will be present at your interview with the fugitive. If the case is not clear against him, he shall be protected."

Things were now soon arranged; it being decided that Mr. Green, who belonged to one of the English offices, accompanied by the gentlemen just named, should descend to the cabin of Miss Effingham, in order to receive the delinquent; while Captain Ducie should have his interview with Paul Powis in the stateroom of the latter.

The first party went below immediately; but Captain Ducie remained on deck a minute or two to give an order to the midshipman of his boat, who immediately quitted the *Montauk*, and pulled to the corvette. During this brief delay Paul approached the ladies, to whom he spoke with a forced indifference, though it was not possible to avoid seeing his concern.

His servant, too, was observed watching his movements with great interest; and when the two gentlemen went below in company, the man shrugged his shoulders, and actually held up his hands, as one is wont to do at the occurrence of any surprising or distressing circumstance.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Norfolk, for thee remains a heavy doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce."
—SHAKESPEARE.

THE history of the unfortunate young man, who, after escaping all the hazards

and adventures of the passage, was now so unexpectedly overtaken as he was about to reach what he fancied an asylum, was no more than one of those commonplace tissue of events that lead, through vanity and weakness, to crime. His father had held an office under the British government. Marrying late, and leaving a son and daughter just issuing into life at the time of his decease, the situation he had himself filled had been given to the first, out of respect to the unwearied toil of a faithful servant.

The young man was one of those who, without principles or high motives, live only for vanity. Of prominent vices he had none, for there were no salient points in his character on which to hang any quality of sufficient boldness to encourage crime of that nature. Perhaps he owed his ruin to the circumstance that he had a tolerable person, and was six feet high, as much as to any one other thing. His father had been a short, solid, square-built little man, whose ambition never towered above his stature, and who, having entered fairly on the path of industry and integrity early in life, had sedulously persevered in it to the end. Not so with the son. He read so much about aristocratic stature, aristocratic ears, aristocratic hands, aristocratic feet, and aristocratic air, that he was delighted to find that in all these high qualities he was not easily to be distinguished from most of the young men of rank he occasionally saw riding in the parks or met in the streets; and though he very well knew he was not a lord, he began to fancy it a happiness to be thought one by strangers, for an hour or two in a week.

His passion for trifles and toys was inherent, and it had been increased by reading two or three caricatures of fashionable men in the novels of the day, until his happiness was chiefly centered in its indulgence. This was an expensive foible; and its gratification ere long exhausted his legitimate means. One or two trifling and undetected peculations favored his folly, until a large sum happening to lie at his sole mercy for a week or two, he made such an inroad on it as compelled a flight. Having made up his mind to quit England, he thought it would be as easy to escape with forty thousand pounds as with the few hundreds he had already appropriated to himself. This capital mistake was the cause of his destruction; for the magnitude of the sum induced the government to take unusual steps to recover it, and was the true cause of its having dispatched the cruiser in chase of the *Montauk*.

The Mr. Green who had been sent to identify the fugitive was a cold, methodical man, every way resembling the delinquent's father, whose office-companion he had been, and in whose track of undeviating attention to business and negative honesty he had faithfully followed. He felt the peculation, or robbery, for it scarce deserved a milder term, to be a reproach on the corps to which he belonged, besides leaving a stigma on the name of one to whom he had himself looked up as to a model for his own imitation and government. It will readily be supposed, therefore, that this person was not prepared to meet the delinquent in a very forgiving mood.

"Saunders," said Captain Truck, in the stern tone with which he often hailed a-top, and which implied that instant obedience was a condition of his forbearance, "go to the stateroom of the person who has *called* himself Sir George Templemore—give him my compliments—be very particular, Mr. Saunders—and say Captain Truck's compliments, and then tell him I expect the honor of his company in this cabin—the *honor* of his company, remember, in this cabin. If that don't bring him out of his stateroom, I'll contrive something that shall."

The steward turned up the white of his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, and proceeded forthwith on the errand. He found time, however, to stop in the pantry, and to inform Toast that their suspicions were at least in part true.

"This elucidates the circumstance of his having no attendant with him, like other gentlemen on board, and a wariety of other incidents, that much needed dewelopment. Mr. Blunt, I do collect from a few hints

on deck, turns out to be a Mr. Powis, a much genteeler name; and as they spoke to some one in the ladies' cabin as 'Sir George,' I should not be overcome with astonishment should Mr. Sharp actually eventuate as the real baronite."

There was time for no more, and Saunders proceeded to summon the delinquent.

"This is the most unpleasant part of the duty of a packet-master between England and America," continued Captain Truck, as soon as Saunders was out of sight. "Scarce a ship sails that it has not some runaway or other, either in the steerage or in the cabins, and we are often called on to aid the civil authorities on both sides of the water."

"America seems to be a favorite country with our English rogues," observed the office-man, dryly. "This is the third that has gone from our own department within as many years."

"Your department appears to be fruitful of such characters, sir," returned Captain Truck, pretty much in the spirit in which the first remark had been given.

Mr. Green was as thorough-going an Englishman as any of his class in the island. Methodical, plodding, industrious, and regular in all his habits, he was honest by rule, and had no leisure or inclination for any other opinions than those which were obtained with the smallest effort. In consequence of the limited sphere in which he dwelt, in a moral sense at least, he was a mass of the prejudices that were most prevalent at the period when he first obtained his notions. His hatred of France was unconquerable, for he had early learned to consider her as the fast enemy of England; and as to America, he deemed her to be the general asylum of all the rogues of his own country—the possession of a people who had rebelled against their king because the restraints of law were inherently disagreeable to them. This opinion he had no more wish to proclaim than he felt a desire to go up and down declaring that Satan was the father of sin; but the fact in the one case was just as well established in his mind as in the other. If he occasionally betrayed the existence of these sentiments, it was as a man coughs; not because he particularly wishes to cough, but because he cannot help it. Finding the subject so naturally introduced, therefore, it is no wonder if some of his peculiar notions escaped him in the short dialogue that followed.

"We have our share of bad men, I presume, sir," he rejoined to the thrust of Captain Truck; "but the thing that has most attracted comment with us, is the fact that they all go to America."

"And we receive our share of rogues, I presume, sir; and it is the subject of animadversion with *us*, that they all come from England."

Mr. Green did not feel the force of this retort; but he wiped his spectacles as he quietly composed his features into a look of dignified gravity.

"Some of your most considerable men in America, I believe, sir," he continued, "have been Englishmen, who preferred a residence in the colonies to a residence at home."

"I never heard of them," returned the captain; "will you have the goodness to name just one?"

"Why, to begin, there was your Washington. I have often heard my father say that he went to school with him in Warwickshire, and that he was thought anything but clever, too, while he lived in England."

"You perceive, then, that we made something of him when we got him over on this side; for he turned out in the end to be a very decent and respectable sort of a person. Judging from the language of some of your prints, sir, I should suppose that King William enjoyed the reputation of being a respectable man in your country?"

Although startled to hear his sovereign spoken of in this irreverent manner, Mr. Green answered promptly—

"He is a king, sir, and comports himself as a king."

"And all the better, I daresay, for the thrashing he got when a youngster, from the Vermont tailor."

Now Captain Truck quite as religiously believed in this vulgar tale concerning the prince in question, as Mr. Green believed

that Washington had commenced his career as one no better than he should be, or as implicitly as Mr. Steadfast Dodge gave credit to the ridiculous history of the schoolmaster of Haddonfield; all three of the legends belonging to the same high class of historical truths.

Sir George Templemore looked with surprise at John Effingham, who gravely remarked—

"Elegant extracts, sir, from the vulgar rumors of two great nations. We deal largely in these legends, and you are not quite guiltless of them. I daresay, now, if you would be frank, that you yourself have not always been deaf to the reports against America."

"You surely do not imagine that I am so ignorant of the career of Washington?"

"Of that I fully acquit you; nor do *I* exactly suppose that your present monarch was flogged by a tailor in Vermont, or that Louis Philippe kept school in New Jersey. Our position in the world raises us beyond these elegancies; but do you not fancy some hard things of America, more especially concerning her disposition to harbor rogues, if they come with full pockets."

The baronet laughed, but he colored. He wished to be liberal, for he well knew that liberality distinguishes the man of the world, and was an indispensable requisite for a gentleman; but it is very hard for an Englishman to manifest true liberality towards the *ci-devant* colonies, and this he felt in the whole of his moral system, notwithstanding every effort to the contrary.

"I will confess that case of Stephenson made an unfavorable impression in England," he said with some reluctance.

"You mean the absconding member of Parliament," returned John Effingham, with emphasis on the four last words. "You cannot mean to reproach us with his selection of a place of refuge; for he was picked up at sea by a foreign ship that was accidentally bound to America."

"Certainly not with that circumstance, which, as you say, was purely an accident. But was there not something extraordinary in his liberation from arrest?"

"Sir George Templemore, there are few Englishmen with whom I would dwell an instant on this subject," said John Effingham gravely; "but you are one of those who have taught me to respect you, and I feel a strong regret whenever I trace any of these mistaken notions in a man of your really generous disposition. A moment's reflection will show you that no civilized society could exist with the disposition you hint at; and as for the particular case you have mentioned, the man did not bring money of any moment with him, and was liberated from the arrest on a principle common to all law, where law is stronger than political power, and which principle we derive directly from Great Britain. Depend on it, so far from there being a desire to receive rich rogues in America from other countries, there is a growing indisposition to receive emigrants at all; for their number is getting to be inconvenient to the native population."

"Why does not America pass reciprocal laws with us, then, for the mutual delivery of criminals?"

"One insuperable objection to such reciprocity arises from the nature of our government, as a confederation, since there is no identity in our own criminal jurisprudence: but a chief reason is the exceedingly artificial condition of your society, which is the very opposite of our own, and indisposes the American to visit trifling crimes with so heavy punishments. The American, who has a voice in this matter, you will remember, is not prepared to hang a half-starved wretch for a theft or to send a man to Botany Bay for poaching. The facility with which men obtain a livelihood in America has hitherto converted most rogues into comparatively honest men when they get there; though I think the day is near, now your own police is so much improved, when we shall find it necessary in self-defense to change our policy. The common language, as I am told, induces many knaves, who now find England too hot to hold them, to migrate to America."

"Captain Ducie is anxious to know whether Mr. Truck will quietly permit

this criminal to be transferred to the *Foam.*"

"I do not think he will permit it at all without being overpowered, if the request be urged in any manner as a right. In that case, he will very properly think that the maintenance of his national character is of more importance than the escape of a dozen rogues. *You* may put a harsh construction on his course; but *I* shall think him right in resisting an unjust and an illegal invasion of his rights. I had thought Captain Ducie, however, more peaceably disposed from what has passed."

"Perhaps I have expressed myself too strongly. I know he would wish to take back the criminal; but I scarce think that he meditates more than persuasion. Ducie is a fine fellow, and every way a gentleman."

"He appears to have found an acquaintance in our young friend, Powis."

"The meeting between these two gentlemen has surprised me, for it can scarcely be termed amicable: and yet it seems to occupy more of Ducie's thoughts just now than the affair of the runaway."

Both now became silent and thoughtful, for John Effingham had too many unpleasant suspicions to wish to speak, and the baronet was too generous to suggest a doubt concerning one whom he felt to be his rival, and whom, in truth, he had begun sincerely to respect, as well as to like. In the mean time, a discussion, which had gradually been growing more dogged and sullen on the part of Mr. Green, and more biting and caustic on that of Captain Truck, was suddenly terminated by the reluctant and tardy appearance of Mr. Sandon.

Guilt, that powerful vindicator of the justice of Providence, as it proves the existence of the inward monitor, conscience, was painfully impressed on a countenance that, in general, expressed little beyond a vacant vanity. Although of a tall and athletic person, his limbs trembled in a way to refuse to support him, and when he saw the well-known face of Mr. Green, the unhappy young man sank into a seat, from a real inability to stand. The other regarded him sternly through his spectacles, for more than a minute.

"This is a melancholy picture, Henry Sandon!" he at length said. "I am, at least, glad that you do not affect to brazen out your crime, but that you show a proper sense of its enormity. What would your upright and painstaking father have said, had he lived to see his only son in this situation?"

"He is dead!" returned the young man, hoarsely. "He is dead, and never can know anything about it."

The unhappy delinquent experienced a sense of frightful pleasure as he uttered these words.

"It is true, he is dead; but there are others to suffer by your misconduct. Your innocent sister is living, and feels all your disgrace."

"She will marry Jones, and forget it all. I gave her a thousand pounds, and she is married before this."

"In that you are mistaken. She has returned the money, for she is, indeed, John Sandon's daughter, and Mr. Jones refuses to marry the sister of a thief."

The delinquent was vain and unreflecting, rather than selfish, and he had a natural attachment to his sister, the only other child of his parents. The blow, therefore, fell on his conscience with double force, coming from this quarter.

"Julia can compel him to marry her," said the startled brother; "he is bound by a solemn engagement, and the law will protect her."

"No law can make a man marry against his will, and your poor unfortunate sister is too tender of your feelings, whatever you may have been of hers, to wish to give Mr. Jones an opportunity of defending himself by exposing your crime. But this is wasting words, Mr. Sandon, for I am wanted in the office, where I have left things in the hands of an inexperienced substitute. Of course you are not prepared to defend an act that your conscience must tell you is inexcusable."

"I am afraid, Mr. Green, I have been a little thoughtless; or, perhaps, it would be better to say, unlucky."

Mr. Sandon had fallen into the general

and delusive mistake of those who err, in supposing himself unfortunate rather than criminal. With an ingenuity, that, exercised in a better cause, would have made him a respectable man, he had been endeavoring to excuse his crime to himself, on various pleas of necessity, and he had even got at last to justify his act, by fancying that some trifling wrong he had received, or which he fancied he had received, in the settlement of his own private account, in some measure excused his fraud, although his own denied claim amounted merely to the sum of twenty pounds, and that which he had taken was so large. It was under the influence of such feelings that he made the answer just given.

"A little thoughtless! unlucky! And is this the way, Henry Sandon, that you name a crime that might almost raise your upright father from his grave? But I will speak no more of feelings that you do not seem to understand. You confess to have taken forty thousand pounds of the public money, to which you have no right or claim?"

"I certainly have in my hands some money, which I do not deny belongs to government."

"It is well; and here is my authority to receive it from you. Gentlemen, will you have the kindness to see that my powers are regular and authentic?"

John Effingham and the others cast their eyes over the papers, which seemed to be in rule, and they said as much,

"Now, sir," resumed Mr. Green, "in the first place, I demand the bills you received in London for this money, and your regular indorsement in my favor."

The culprit appeared to have made up his mind to this demand, and, with the same recklessness with which he had appropriated the money to his own use, he was now ready to restore it, without proposing a condition for his own safety. The bills were in his pocket, and, seating himself at a table, he made the required indorsement, and handed them to Mr. Green.

"Here are bills for thirty-eight thousand pounds," said that methodical person, after he had examined the drafts, one by one, and counted their amount; "and you are known to have taken forty thousand. I demand the remainder."

"Would you leave me in a strange country penniless?" exclaimed the culprit, in a tone of reproach.

"Strange country! penniless!" repeated Mr. Green, looking over his spectacles, first at Mr. Truck and then at Mr. Sandon. "That to which you have no claim must be restored, though it strip you to the skin. Every pound you have belongs to the public, and to no one else."

"Your pardon, Mr. Green, and green enough you are, if you lay down that doctrine," interrupted Captain Truck, "in which neither Vattel nor the revised statutes will bear you out. A passenger cannot remove his effects from a ship, until his passage be first paid."

"That, sir, I dispute, in a question affecting the king's revenues. The claims of government precede all others, and the money that has once belonged to the crown, and which has not been regularly paid away by the crown, is the crown's still."

"Crowns and coronations! Perhaps, Master Green, you think you are in Somerset House at this present speaking?"

Now Mr. Green was so completely a star of a confined orbit, that his ideas seldom described a tangent to their ordinary revolutions. He was so much accustomed to hear of England ruling colonies, the East and the West, Canada, the Cape, and New South Wales, that it was not an easy matter for him to conceive himself to be without the influence of the British laws. Had he quitted home with the intention to emigrate, or even to travel, it is probable that his mind would have kept a more equal pace with his body, but summoned in haste from his desk, and with the office spectacles on his nose, it is not so much a matter of wonder that he hardly realized the truth of his present situation. The man-of-war, in which everything was His Majesty's, sustained this feeling, and it was too sudden a change to expect such a man to abandon all his most cherished notions at a moment's warning. The irreverent exclamation of Captain Truck shocked him, and he did not fail to show as much by the disgust pictured in his countenance.

"I am in one of His Majesty's packets, sir, I presume, where, you will permit me to say, a greater deference for the high ceremonies of the kingdom ought to be found."

"This would make even old Joe Bunk laugh. You are in a New York liner, sir, over which no majesty has any control, but their majesties John Griswold and Co. Why, my good sir, the sea has unsettled your brain!"

Now, Mr. Green did know that the United States of America had obtained their independence, but the whole proceeding was so mixed up with rebellion, and a French alliance, in his mind, that he always doubted whether the new re-

public had a legal existence at all, and he had been heard to express his surprise that the twelve judges had not long since decided this state of things to be unconstitutional, and overturned the American government by *mandamus*. His disgust increased accordingly, as Captain Truck's irreverence manifested itself in stronger terms, and there was great danger that the harmony, which had hitherto prevailed between the parties, would be brought to a violent termination.

"The respect for the crown in a truly loyal subject, sir," Mr. Green returned sharply, "is not to be unsettled by the sea; not in my case, at least, whatever it might have been in your own."

"My own! why, the devil, sir, do you take me for a *subject?*"

"A truant one, I fear, though you may have been born in London itself."

"Why, my dear sir," said Captain Truck, taking the other by a button, as if he pitied his hallucination, "you don't breed such men in London. I came from the river, which never had a subject in it, or any other majesty than that of the Saybrook Platform. I begin to understand you, at last: you are one of those well-meaning men who fancy the earth but a casing to the island of Great Britain. Well, I suppose it is more the fault of your education than of your nature, and one must overlook the mistake. May I ask what is your farther wish in reference to this unhappy young man?"

"He must refund every pound of the public money that remains in his possession."

"That is just, and I say yea."

"And all who have received from him any portion of this money, under whatever pretenses, must restore it to the crown."

"My good sir, you can have no notion of the quantity of champagne and other good things this unfortunate young man has consumed in this ship. Although but a sham baronet, he has fared like a real lord; and you cannot have the heart to exact from the owners the keeping of your rogues."

"Government makes no distinction, sir, and always claims its own."

"Nay, Mr. Green," interrupted Sir George Templemore, "I much question if government would assert a right to money that a peculator or a defaulter fairly spends, even in England; much less does it seem to me it can pretend to the few pounds that Captain Truck has lawfully earned."

"The money has not been lawfully earned, sir. It is contrary to law to assist a felon to quit the kingdom, and I am not certain there are no penalties for that act alone; and as for the public money, it can never legally quit the treasury without the proper office forms."

"My dear Sir George," put in the captain, "leave me to settle this with Mr. Green, who, no doubt, is authorized to give a receipt in full. What is to be done with the delinquent, sir, now that you are in possession of his money?"

"Of course he will be carried back in the *Foam*, and I mourn to be compelled to say, that he must be left in the hands of the law."

"What, with or without my permission?"

Mr. Green stared, for his mind was precisely one of those which would conceive it to be a high act of audacity in a *ci-devant* colonist to claim the rights of an old country, even did he really understand the legality and completeness of the separation.

"He has committed forgery, sir, to conceal his peculation. It is an awful crime; but they that commit it cannot hope to escape the consequences."

"Miserable impostor! is this true?" Captain Truck sternly demanded of the trembling culprit.

"He calls an oversight forgery, sir," returned the latter huskily. "I have done nothing to affect my life or liberty."

At this moment Captain Ducie, accompanied by Paul Powis, entered the cabin, their faces flushed, and their manner to each other a little disturbed, though it was formally courteous. At the same instant, Mr. Dodge, who had been dying to be present at the secret conference, watched his opportunity to slip in also.

"I am glad you have come, sir," said Mr. Green, "for here may be occasion for the services of his Majesty's officers. Mr. Sandon has given up these bills, but two thousand pounds remain unaccounted for, and I have traced thirty-five, quite clearly, to the master of this ship, who has received it in the way of passage-money."

"Yes, sir, the fact is as plain as the highlands of Navesink from the deck," dryly added Captain Truck.

"One thousand of this money has been returned by the defaulter's sister," observed Captain Ducie.

"Very true, sir; I had forgotten to give him credit for that."

"The remainder has probably been wasted in those silly trifles of which you have told me the unhappy man was so fond, and for which he has bartered respectability and peace of mind. As for the money paid this ship for the passage,

it has been fairly earned, nor do I know that government has any power to reclaim it."

Mr. Green heard this opinion with still greater disgust than he had felt towards the language of Captain Truck, nor could he very well prevent his feelings escaping him in words.

"We truly live in perilous times," he muttered, speaking more particularly to John Effingham, out of respect to his appearance, "when the scions of the nobility entertain notions so loose. We have vainly fancied in England that the enormities of the French revolution were neutralized by Billy Pitt; but, sir, we still live in perilous times, for the disease has fairly reached the highest classes. I hear that designs are seriously entertained against the wigs of the judges and bishops, and the next thing will be the throne! All our venerable institutions are in danger."

"I should think the throne might indeed be in danger, sir," returned John Effingham, gravely, "if it reposes on wigs."

"It is my duty, Captain Truck," continued Captain Ducie, who was a man so very different from his associate that he scarcely seemed to belong to the same species, "to request you will deliver to us the person of the culprit, with his effects, when we can relieve you and your passengers from the pain of witnessing any more of this unpleasant scene."

At the sound of the delivery of his person, all the danger of his situation rushed forcibly before the imagination of the culprit. His face flushed and became pale, and his legs refused to support him, though he made a desperate effort to rise.

After an instant of silence, he turned to the commander of the corvette, and, in piteous accents, appealed to him for mercy.

"I have been punished severely already," he continued, as his voice returned, "for the savage Arabs robbed me of everything I had of any value. These gentlemen know that they took my dressing-case, several other curious and valuable articles for the toilet, and nearly all my clothes."

"This man is scarcely a responsible being," said John Effingham, "for a childish vanity supplies the place of principles, self-respect, and duty. With a sister scorned on account of his crimes, conviction beyond denial, and a dread punishment staring him in the face, his thoughts still run on trifles."

Captain Ducie gave a look of pity at the miserable young man, and, by his countenance, it was plain to see that he felt no relish for his duty. Still he felt himself bound to urge on Captain Truck a compliance with his request. The master of the packet was a good deal divided by an inherent dislike of seeming to yield anything to a British naval officer, a class of men whom he learned in early life most heartily to dislike; his kind feelings towards this particular specimen of the class; a reluctance to give a man up to a probable death, or some other severe punishment; and a distaste to being thought desirous of harboring a rogue. In this dilemma, therefore, he addressed himself to John Effingham for counsel.

"I should be pleased to hear your opinion, sir, on this matter," he said, looking at the gentleman just named, "for I own myself to be in a category. Ought we, or not, to deliver up the culprit?"

"*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum,*" answered John Effingham, who never fancied any one could be ignorant of the meaning of these familiar words.

"That I believe indeed to be Vattel," said Captain Truck; "but exceptions alter rules. This young man has some claims on us on account of his conduct when in front of the Arabs."

"He fought for himself, sir, and has the merit of preferring liberty in a ship to slavery in the desert."

"I think with Mr. John Effingham," observed Mr. Dodge, "and can see no redeeming quality in his conduct on that occasion. He did what we all did, or, as Mr. John Effingham has so pithily expressed it, he preferred liberty in our company to being an Arab's slave."

"You will not deliver me up, Captain Truck!" exclaimed the delinquent. "They will hang me, if once in their power. Oh! you will not have the heart to let them hang me!"

Captain Truck was startled at this appeal, but he sternly reminded the culprit that it was too late to remember the punishment, when the crime was committed.

"Never fear, Mr. Sandon," said the office-man with a sneer; "these gentlemen will take you to New York, for the sake of the thousand pounds, if they can. A rogue is pretty certain of a kind reception in America, I hear."

"Then, sir," exclaimed Captain Truck, "you had better go in with us."

"Mr. Green, Mr. Green, this is indiscreet, to call it by no worse a term," interposed Captain Ducie, who, while he was not free from a good deal of the prejudices of his companion, was infinitely better bred, and more in the habit of commanding himself.

"Mr. John Effingham, you have heard this wanton insult," continued Captain

Truck, suppressing his wrath as well as he could: "in what manner ought it to be resented?"

"Command the offender to quit your ship instantly," said John Effingham, firmly.

Captain Ducie started, and his face flushed, but disregarding him altogether, Captain Truck walked deliberately up to Mr. Green and ordered him to go into the corvette's boat.

"I shall allow of neither parley nor delay," added the exasperated old seaman, struggling to appear cool and dignified, though his vocation was little for the latter. "Do me the favor, sir, to permit me to see you into your boat, sir. Saunders, go on deck, and tell Mr. Leach to have the side manned—with *three* side boys, Saunders;—and now I ask it as the greatest possible favor that you will walk on deck with me, or—or—damn me, but I'll drag you there, neck and heels!"

It was too much for Captain Truck to seem calm when he was in a towering passion, and the outbreak at the close of this speech was accompanied by a gesture with a hand which was open, it is true, but from which none of the arts of his more polite days could erase the knobs and hue that had been acquired in early life.

"This is strong language, sir, to use to a British officer, under the guns of a British cruiser," exclaimed the commander of the corvette.

"And his was strong language to use to a man in his own country and in his own ship. To you, Captain Ducie, I have nothing to say, unless it be to say you are welcome. But your companion has indulged in a coarse insult on my country, and damn me if I submit to it, if I never see St. Catherine's Docks again. I had too much of this when a young man, to wish to find it repeated while an old one."

Captain Ducie bit his lip, and he looked exceedingly vexed. Although he had himself blindly imbibed the notion that America would gladly receive the devil himself if he came with a full pocket, he was shocked with the coarseness that would throw such an innuendo into the very faces of the people of the country. On the other hand, his pride as an officer was hurt at the menace of Captain Truck, and all the former harmony of the scene was threatened with a sudden termination. Captain Ducie had been struck with the gentlemanlike appearance of both the Effinghams, to say nothing of Eve, the instant his foot touched the deck of the *Montauk*, and he now turned with a manner of reproach to John Effingham, and said—

"Surely, sir, *you* cannot sustain Mr. Truck in his extraordinary conduct!"

"You will pardon me if I say I do. The man has been permitted to remain longer in the ship than I would have suffered."

"And, Mr. Powis, what is your opinion?"

"I fear," said Paul, smiling coldly, "that I should have knocked him down on the spot."

"Templemore, are you, too, of this way of thinking?"

"I fear the speech of Mr. Green has been without sufficient thought. On reflection he will recall it."

But Mr. Green would sooner part with life than part with a prejudice, and he shook his head in the negative in a way to show that his mind was made up.

"This is trifling," added Captain Truck. "Saunders, go on deck, and tell Mr. Leach to send down through the skylight a single whip, that we may whip this polite personage on deck; and, harkee, Saunders, let there be another on the yard, that we may send him into his boat like an anker of gin!"

"This is proceeding too far," said Captain Ducie. "Mr. Green, you will oblige me by retiring; there can be no suspicion cast on a vessel of war for conceding a little to an unarmed ship."

"A vessel of war should not insult an unarmed ship, sir!" rejoined Captain Truck, pithily.

Captain Ducie again colored; but as he had decided on his course, he had the prudence to remain silent. In the meantime Mr. Green sullenly took his hat and papers and withdrew into the boat; though, on his return to London, he did not fail to give such a version of the affair as went altogether to corroborate all his own, and his friends' previous notions of America; and, what is equally singular, he religiously believed all he had said on the occasion.

"What is now to be done with this unhappy man?" inquired Captain Ducie when order was a little restored.

The misunderstanding was an unfortunate affair for the culprit. Captain Truck felt a strong reluctance to deliver him up to justice after all they had gone through together; but the gentlemanlike conduct of the English commander, the consciousness of having triumphed in the late conflict, and a deep regard for the law, united on the other hand to urge him to yield the unfortunate and weak-minded offender to his own authorities.

"You do not claim a right to take him out of an American ship by violence, if I understand you, Captain Ducie?"

Leach, stepping out of the gangway to give way to Paul, who stood nearest to the ladder.

The latter was about to proceed, when he was touched lightly on the shoulder by Captain Ducie, who smiled, Eve thought haughtily, and intimated a desire to precede him. Paul colored, bowed, and falling back, permitted the English officer to enter his own boat first.

"*Apparemment ce capitaine Anglais est un peu sans facon—Voila qui est poli!*" whispered Mademoiselle Viefville.

"These commanders of vessels of war are little kings," quietly observed Mr. Effingham, who had unavoidably noticed the whole procedure.

The gig was soon clear of the ship, and both the gentlemen repeated their adieus to those on deck. To reach the corvette, to enter her, and to have the gig swinging on her quarter occupied but five minutes.

Both ships now filled away, and the corvette began to throw out one sheet of cloth after another until she was under a cloud of canvas, again standing to the eastward, with studding-sails alow and aloft. On the other hand, the *Montauk* laid her yards square, and ran down to the Hook. The pilot from the corvette had been sent on board the packet, and, the wind standing, by eleven o'clock the latter had crossed the bar. At this moment the low dark stern of the *Foam* resembled a small black spot on the sea sustaining a pyramid of cloud.

"You were not on deck, John, to take leave of your young friend Powis," said Mr. Effingham, reproachfully.

"I do not wish to witness a ceremony of this extraordinary nature. And yet it might have been better if I had."

"Better, cousin Jack!"

"Better. Poor Monday committed to my care certain papers that, I fancy, are of moment to some one, and these I intrusted to Mr. Powis with a view to examine them together when we should get in. In the hurry of parting he has carried them off."

"They may be reclaimed by writing to London," said Mr. Effingham. "Have you his address?"

"I asked him for it; but the question appeared to embarrass him."

"Embarrass, cousin Jack!"

"Embarrass, Miss Effingham."

The subject was now dropped by common consent. A few moments of awkward silence succeeded, when the interest inseparable from a return home, after an absence of years, began to resume its influence, and objects on the land were noticed. The sudden departure of Paul was not forgotten, however; for it continued the subject of wonder with all for weeks, though little more was said on the subject.

The ship was soon abreast of the Hook, which Eve compared, to the disadvantage of the celebrated American haven, with the rocky promontories and picturesque towers of the Mediterranean.

"This portion of our bay, at least, is not very admirable," she said, "though there is a promise of something better above."

"Some New York cockney, who has wandered from the crackling heat of his Nott stove, has taken it into his poetica imagination to liken this bay to that of Naples," said John Effingham; "and his fellow-citizens greedily swallow the absurdity, although there is scarcely a feature in common to give the foolish opinion value."

"But the bay above *is* beautiful!"

"Barely pretty: when one has seen it alone, for many years, and has forgotten the features of other bays, it does not appear amiss; but *you*, fresh from the bolder landscapes of Southern Europe, will be disappointed."

Eve, an ardent admirer of nature, heard this with regret, for she had as much confidence in the taste of her kinsman as in his love of truth. She knew he was superior to the vulgar vanity of giving an undue merit to a thing because he had a right of property in it; was a man of the world, and knew what he uttered on all such matters; had not an atom of provincial admiration or of provincial weakness in his composition; and, although as ready as another, and far more able than most, to defend his country and her institutions from the rude assault of her revilers, that he seldom made the capital mistake of attempting to defend a weak point.

The scenery greatly improved, in fact, however, as the ship advanced; and while she went through the pass called the Narrows, Eve expressed her delight. Mademoiselle Viefville was in ecstasies, not so much with the beauties of the place as with the change from the monotony of the ocean to the movement and liveliness of the shore.

"You think this noble scenery?" said John Effingham.

"As far from it as possible, cousin Jack. I see much meanness and poverty in the view, but at the same time it has fine parts. The islands are not Italian, certainly; nor these hills, nor yet that line of distant rocks; but, together, they

form a pretty bay, and a noble one in extent and uses at least."

"All this is true. Perhaps the earth does not contain another port with so many advantages for commerce. In this respect I think it positively unequaled; but I know a hundred bays that surpass it in beauty. Indeed in the Mediterranean it is not easy to find a natural haven that does not."

Eve was too fresh from the gorgeous coast of Italy to be in ecstasies with the meager villages and villas that, more or less, lined the bay of New York; but when they reached a point where the view of the two rivers, separated by the town, came before them, with the heights of Brooklyn, heights comparatively if not positively, on one side, and the receding wall of the palisades on the other, Eve insisted that the scene was positively fine.

"You have well chosen your spot," said John Effingham; "but even this is barely good. There is nothing surpassing about it."

"But it is home, cousin Jack."

"It is *home*, Miss Effingham," he answered, gaping; "and as you have no cargo to sell, I fear you will find it an exceedingly dull one."

"We shall see—we shall see," returned Eve, laughing. Then, looking about her for a few minutes, she added with a manner in which real and affected vexation were prettily blended, "In one thing I do confess myself disappointed."

"You will be happy, my dear, if it be in only one."

"These smaller vessels are less picturesque than those I have been accustomed to see."

"You have hit upon a very sound criticism, and, by going a little deeper into the subject, you will discover a singular deficiency in this part of an American landscape. The great height of the spars of all the smaller vessels of these waters, when compared with the tame and level coast, river banks, and the formation of the country in general, has the effect to diminish still more the outlines of any particular scene. Beautiful as it is, beyond all competition, the Hudson would seem still more so, were it not for these high and ungainly spars."

The pilot now began to shorten sail, and the ship drew into that arm of the sea which, by a misnomer peculiarly American, it is the fashion to call the East River. Here our heroine candidly expressed her disappointment, the town seeming mean and insignificant. The Battery, of which she remembered a little, and had heard so much, although beautifully placed, disappointed her, for it had neither the extent and magnificence of a park, nor the embellishments and luxurious shades of a garden. As she had been told that her countrymen were almost ignorant of the art of landscape gardening, she was not so much disappointed with this spot, however, as with the air of the town, and the extreme filth and poverty of the quays. Unwilling to encourage John Effingham in his disposition to censure, she concealed her opinions for a time.

"There is less improvement here than even I expected," said Mr. Effingham, as they got into a coach on the wharf. "They had taught me, John, to expect great improvements."

"And great, very great improvements have been made in your absence. If you could see this place as you knew it in youth, the alterations would seem marvelous."

"I cannot admit this. With Eve, I think the place mean in appearance, rather than imposing, and so decidedly provincial as not to possess a single feature of a capital."

"The two things are not irreconcilable, Ned, if you will take the trouble to tax your memory. The place *is* mean and provincial; but thirty years since it was still meaner and more provincial than it is to-day. A century hence it will begin to resemble a large European town."

"What odious objects these posts are!" cried Eve. "They give the streets the air of a village, and I do not see their uses."

"Those posts are for awnings, and of themselves they prove the peculiar country character of the place. If you will reflect, however, you will see it could not well be otherwise. This town to-day contains near three hundred thousand souls, two-thirds of whom are in truth emigrants from the interior of some foreign country; and such a collection of people cannot in a day give a town any other character than that which belongs to themselves. It is not a crime to be provincial and rustic; it is only ridiculous to fancy yourselves otherwise, when the fact is apparent."

"The streets seem deserted. I had thought New York a crowded town."

"And yet this is Broadway, a street that every American will tell you is so crowded as to render respiration impossible."

"John Effingham excepted," said Mr. Effingham smiling.

"Is *this* Broadway?" cried Eve, fairly appalled.

"Beyond a question. Are you not smothered?"

Eve continued silent until the carriage reached the door of her father's house. On the other hand, Mademoiselle Viefville expressed herself delighted with all she saw, a circumstance that might have deceived a native of the country, who did not know how to explain raptures. In the first place she was a Frenchwoman, and accustomed to say pleasant things; then she was just relieved from an element she detested, and the land was pleasant in her eyes. But the principal reason is still in reserve: Mademoiselle Viefville, like most Europeans, had regarded America not merely as a provincial country, and this without a high standard of civilization for a province, as the truth would have shown, but as a semi-barbarous quarter of the world; and the things she saw so much surpassed her expectations, that she was delighted, as it might be, by contrast.

As we shall have a future occasion to speak of the dwelling of Mr. Effingham, and to accompany the reader much further in the histories of our several characters, we shall pass over the feelings of Eve when fairly established that night under her own roof. The next morning, however, when she descended to breakfast, she was met by John Effingham, who gravely pointed to the following paragraph in one of the daily journals:

"The *Montauk*, London packet, which has been a little out of time, arrived yesterday, as reported in our marine news. The ship has met with various interesting adventures, that, we are happy to hear, will shortly be laid before the world by one of her passengers, a gentleman every way qualified for the task. Among the distinguished persons arrived in this ship is our contemporary, Steadfast Dodge, esquire, whose amusing and instructing letters from Europe are already before the world. We are glad to hear that Mr. Dodge returns home better satisfied than ever with his own country, which he declares to be quite good enough for him. It is whispered that our literary friend has played a conspicuous part in some recent events on the coast of Africa, though his extreme and well-known modesty renders him indisposed to speak of the affair; but we forbear ourselves, out of respect to a sensibility that we know how to esteem!

"His Britannic Majesty's ship, *Foam*, whose arrival we noticed a day or two since, boarded the *Montauk* off the Hook, and took out of her two criminals, one of whom, we are told, was a defaulter for one hundred and forty thousand pounds, and the other a deserter from the king's service, though a scion of a noble house. More of this to-morrow."

The morrow never came, for some new incident took the place of the promised narration. A people who do not give themselves time to eat, and with whom "go ahead" has got to be the substitute of even religion, little troubling themselves to go back twenty-four hours in search of a fact.

"This must be a base falsehood, cousin Jack," said Eve, as she laid down the paper, her brow flushed with an indignation that, for the moment, proved too strong for even apprehension.

"I hope it may turn out to be so, and yet I consider the affair sufficiently singular to render suspicion at least natural."

How Eve both thought and acted in the matter will appear hereafter.

THE END OF VOLUME FIVE.